REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Lay Hold of Christ-The Helpfulness of Religion in Fighting Life's Battle-Be Bold For the Right and Trust in the Son of God.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for all those in any kind of struggle. The text is Isaiah xxv., 11, "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

In the summer season multitudes of people wade into the Bends and lakes and

ple wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water all men a world the most of which is water all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke introduced by George Pewters in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the overhand stroke invented by Gardener, the expert who by it won the 500 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illuspossible, and you thus unconsciously lilus-trate the meaning of my text, "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an ex-pert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock and, in a place where no fisherman has and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the gospel need always be fishing in the same stream and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths

You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Well," says your friend. "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends. I think we are too much not to my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a mil-lion who has ever noticed the all sugges-tive and powerful picture in the words of

spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught: some of school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while sum-mering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after perhaps have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or

McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to shve Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves bimself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was es-tablished in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and mouogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drown-ing. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul. And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in all our language. One man says it is "home," another says it is the word "mother," another says it the word "Jesus," but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loatbsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the har rowing, and that word is "sin." You spel it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in cannot pronounce it without giving the siss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature-sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our

own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became ins so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was the voice of conscience. and no man ever does anything wrong, however great or smail, but the conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says, paralysis; sin is a consumption, sin is pollu-tion; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its first stages, but let it get under full sway, and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees of the moral and eternat rescue of vented for the moral and eternat rescue of the moral and eternate rescue of the

would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer a said swimmer.

then what do we want? A swimmer—as strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall sprend forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue any one he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandais of heaven, and his feet were free, and then he stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in his side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of anguish. Then, rising above the mark of anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And whea Christ sprang into the deep to save us He threw His entire nature into it—all His godhead, His omniscience, His goodness His love His compicatence head. ness, His love, His omnipotence, head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will!" and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of heaven feared He would go down under the waves and instead of saving others would Himself perish; but, putting His breast to the foam and shaking the surf from His locks. He came on of every one here, eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save,

even unto the uttermost. Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the de-mons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a mons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw his grandeur, his glory, his might, his wisdom, his omnipotence and his eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross were not both hands nailed? On the cross were not both hands nailed? On the cross were not both feet spiked? His entire nature invoived in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone.

independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a life-boat, and if he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up and bear another up he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us. He had no life buoy. His Father did not help Him. Alone in the wine press, alone in the pang, alone in the darkness, alone on the mountain, alone in the sea! Oh, if He saves us He shall have all the credit, for "there was now to belo". was none to help," no oar, no wing, no ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal my text.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shail spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadath forth."

"A whole army to cheer him. When Marshai Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the borse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilia that spilled down in the spurs till the borse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilia that spilled down in the spurs till the borse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilia that spilled him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilia that spilled him. But Jesus alone! spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

> Behold, then, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer! I believe it was in 1848 when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth fusileers who were hanging to a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squail three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightly for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their tops through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shoreman that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhile they heard their cry, "Heip, help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them and brought them to

If you have been much by the water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking! Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick, be quick! On, I wish you all understood how urgent this gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it and leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than quick as had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now that the dove of God's convicting, converting and saving spirits might flash from the throne upon your soul and that you, tak-ing hold of its potent wing, might live and

The world has had strong swimmers besides the one of the text, perhaps the greatest among them Matthew Webb, of the British mercantile marine service. He leaped from the deck of the Russia, the Cun-ard steamer, to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard. No wonder the passengers subscribed for him a large reward and the Royal Humane Society of London decorated him with honors. A mighty swimmer was he, by the strength of his own arm and foot pushing through the waters from Blackwall pler to Graves-end pier, eighteen miles, and from Dover to Calais. 39 miles, where he crossed, yet ne was drowned at last in our Niagara's whirlpool. But the strong swimmer of my text put out alone to swim a wrathier sea and for vaster distance, even from world to world, to save us who were swamped in guilt and woe, and brought us to the shore of safety, although He at last went down into the whirlpool of human and satanic rage. "He descended into hell!"

New modes have been invented for rescuing a drowning body, but there has been no new invention for rescuing a drowning soul. In 1785 Lionel Lukin, a London coach builder, fitted up a Norway yawi as a lifeboat and called it the Insubmergible, and that has been improved upon until from all the coasts of the round world perfect lifeboats against the transfer the from all the coasts of the round world perfect lifeboats are ready to put out for the relief of marine disasters. In sixteen years the French Society For Saving Life From Shipwreck saved 2129 lives. The German Association For the Rescue of Life From Shipwreck, the Royal Nation Lifeboat institution and our United States life saving service have done a work beyond the power of statistics to commemorate. What rocket lines and sling life buoys and tally boards and mortars and hammocks and cork mattresses and life saving stations filled with machinery for saving the bodies of the drowning! But let me here and now make it plain that there has been no new way invented for the moral and eternal rescue of a struggling soul. Five hundred attempts

A good story is being told in St. Petersburg of the The Russian police, which the papers pronounce to be exceedingly characteristic. A new governor was sent to a certain town in the interior, and the inhabitants at once began to complain that the police were badly organized, since however much they were wanted they never would come when they were sent for. The governor determined to test this for himself, so one night he set out for the barracks, where the police and the fire brigade were quartered. He accosted the sentry: "Do you know me?" 'Yes, your excellency." "If a man was being murdered close by would you quit your post?" "Never, your excellency." "Good," said the governor, "you know your duty. Well, what would you do?" "I should blow my whistle to rouse the guard." "Good. Let us suppose some one is being murdered here. Whistle." The soldier blew, but not a soul answered. He blew again and again, but the same silence prevailed. "That will do," said the governor, at last, "you have whistled your utmost, and nobody has come, but, at any rate, your conscience is tranquil, now you can go to sleep. The man could have been murdered two or three times over. It is unnecessary to overdo it by trying to wake your comrades, who appear to sleep like the dead. The czar should be proud of such steady soldiers." With that the governor went off, congratulating himself that no one would be likely to accuse his police of having a share in the midnight murders of the town.-London Globe.

Rides to the Hounds at Eighty-Eight.

Old age, virility, and the love of sport seldom coexist in a mere striking way than in one of whom a friend writes me from Fayette Springs, Pa. The place is perhaps 80 miles from Pittsburg and two miles from the grave of General Braddock, while beyond is the site of Fort Necessity, where the American and British forces retreated after Braddock's defeat. Along the Washington and Braddock road the National Turnpike from Baltimore to Wheeling was constructed. In the house from which my friend writes were ent rtained Lafayette. General Jackson, Aaron Burr, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, President William Henry Harrison, President Tyler, General Zach Taylor and other notabilities. The owner of this historic and large estate is still living at the age of 88, and, writes my friend, "is anxious to have me go fox hunting with him to-morrow-over the same ground that he travelled with Henry Clay many years ago. The old man still keeps his pack of imported English bounds. The sporting blood of his English (Quaker) ancestry still flows through his veins, and he told me yesterday that the fox bunt was about the only great pleasure left him." This is the first instance that has come to my notice of an American who rode to the hounds at the age of 88 .- Boston Transcript.

The World's Coldest Place.

Vercholausk is considered to be the coldest place in the world. It is a small collection of native log houses, planted near to, but not on, the Yukon river. The street, if so it may be called, extends on either side of a parrow sheet of water, a kind of creek formed by the autumn overflow of the Yana. and which in winter forms a frozen promenade or driving place for sleds. It is a dreary place enough. The summer lasts only four month, and during the other eight of the year it is bitterly cold; the thermometer sometimes indicates 86 degrees below zero and seldom goes above 50 degrees until April 30th.

Corn will not grow in this desolate region. Barley and oats have been sown, but have always succumbed to the early frosts. Of vegetables, there are only the radish and the turnip, with, perhaps, an occasional and very precarious crop of potatoes. Cabbages all run to leaf. The ground rarely thaws, even during the hot season, beyond 12 or 18 inches deep, and in places most exposed to the cold never beyond a yard. Most of the dwellings are rakut huts, built of fir trees against a square framework and covered thickly with mud to keep out the cold.

The Common Brick.

The earliest bricks were rudely shaped. evidently made without a mould, and had their upper faces arched, each brick being marked by way of stamp with the impress of the maker's thumb. These, which were found in some quantity in the very lowest strata excavated at Telloh and Nippur, are considerably more than eight the usand years old. Next to these came the bricks made for the city of Sirpula, bearing the ancient cognizance of that city, an eagle with a lion's head. And so we go through the stamped and dated bricks of kings like Eanuadu, who reigned in Babylonia some four thousand years before our era, to the beautifully painted and glazed ones found by Lavard on the site of ancient Baby-

in one respect, says Nature, the Madras University is ahead of English universities, since it requires students of history to possess some knowledge of ethnology and comparative philology, which is not the case in the British universities.

Seventy-five per cent, of the population of Manitou, Col., are invalids and exiles from their homes. Nearly every State and Territory and civilized country in the world is represented.

Five ex-mayors of Boston are living, Green, Martin, Hart, Matthews and AN EMPEROR'S ROMANCE.

In the study of Kaiser Franz Josef of Austria, who, by the way, entered his 70th year recently, hangs a framed but withered bunch of flowers, to which a romantic little story is attached. A few weeks before the announcement of his engagement Kaiser Franz Josef and his fiancee were walking between Ischl and Lauffen, when she saw a meadow bright with gayly colored wild flowers. "Wait, I will pick you a posy," she exclaimed, and a few minutes afterward handed her betrothed a little bouquet.

The future Empress Elizabeth took the black velvet riband which bound her magnificent hair and tied it round the flowers, offering them with a playful courtesy to the kaiser, who kissed them before placing them in the outer pocket of his military tunic. Suddenly as they neared Ischl, the kaiser discovered that the precious posy was

A Deadly Insult. To salute with the left hand is a

deadly insult to Mohammedans in the

Why Do You Scratch? When you can cure yourself for fifty cents? All skin diseases, such as tetter, salt rheum, ringworm, eczema, etc. can be surely cured by an ointment called Tetterine. Any number of testimonials shown for the asking. Nothing else is as good. Unless your druggist has it, send 50c. in stamps to the manufacturer, J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for a box postpaid.

Not Qualified to Judge. Benedict-I have about decided to go

to Mexico for the summer. Bachelor-Why, that's the hottest place on the face of the earth. Benedict-Excuse me; but you're not married .- Richmond Dispatch,

She Knew What That Meant. Little Helen-Boo-hoo! I don't want to take that nasty, bitter stuff. Her Mamma-But how do you know it's nasty and bitter? You haven't tasted it. Little Helen-You said it would be good for me.-Stray Stories,

Save the Nickels.

from saving, comes having. Ask your grocer how you can save 15c by investing 5c. He can tell you just how you can get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

The construction of a cigar box may seem a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through nineteen different pro-cesses before it is ready to receive the ci-

Vienna will soon celebrate the 500th anniversary of the foundation of its medica

From the Brock for Times, Oct. 10, 1899.)

Brockton's prosperity is so closely allied to the prosperity of the sho-industry that it will, no doubt, prove a matter of interest to a large number of people to learn the actual average earning capacity of each individual employed in the making of the world-famed Brockton shoe. For illustration:/ At the Iactory of the W. L. Douglass Shoe Company the pay roll for the week ending Sept. 30, excluding superintendent, foremen, salesmen and all clerical help, shows the average earnings of the employes, large and small, to be \$15.54 per week. This was not an extraordinary week. It was the customary payroll.

The amount earned per week, however, does not always tell the story of prosperity. The number of weeks employed each year is the determining factor in the wage earners' prosperity. The Douglass factory has been closed but one week this year, and that for the usual summer stock taking, and it will be closed but three days the latter part of December. This would make but nine days out of the year that the factory is closed, which is surely as steady work as the most industrious shoemaker could desire.

Owing to increased business, another addition is to be made to the Douglass factory, it will be 100 feet long. 40 feet wide, and five stories high. It will be ready for occupancy early in December. This addition increases the capacity 25 per cent. The W. L. Douglass Shoe Company has the largest factory in the world, producing an advertised line \$3.00 and \$3.00 shoes.

Mr. Douglass says that the prospect for successful business for Brockton manutacturers was never so good as now, and that collections are better than for years.

In a mine near Butte, Mont., live hundreds From the BROCKTON TIMES, Oct. 10 1899

In a mine near Butte, Mont., live hundreds

of cats that have never seen the light of day. How's This.

Mow's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

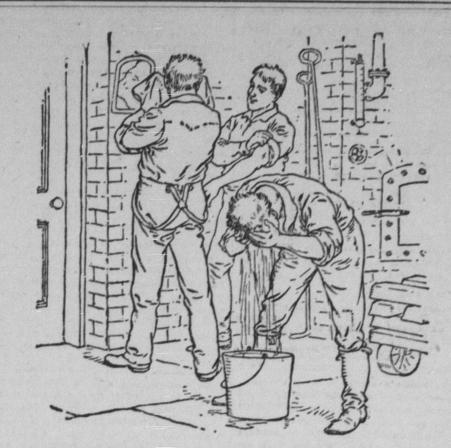
Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

EASY CORRESPONDENCE How a Clever New Orleans Couple Manage It.

One of the houses on my route is the home of a traveling man who spends about half his time out of town, said a New Orleans letter-carrier to a Times-Democrat reporter. When he goes on a trip he and his wife exchange a postal card every day, regular as the clock. The lady always gives me her cards to mail, and I couldn't help noticing that both they and the ones she received were always perfectly blank. All they ever contained was the address, and those that came to the wife had even that printed instead of written. I confess the thing made me curious, and I thought up all kinds of theories-sympathetic fik, secret marks on the edges and a lot of other nonsense for which I never discovered any evidence. I happened to know the drummer pretty well, and, meeting him one day, I couldn't resist asking him about the blank cards. "So you've been trying to read 'em, have you?" he said, laughing. I expected that, and took it good-naturedly. Then he explained. "My wife and I are naturally poor letter writers," he said. "but we want to hear from each other every day, so as to know that nothing has gone wrong.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

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Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "New RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

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Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best. Beautiful to the control of the cont

NEWSPAPERS

Have Done More to Suppress Crime

Than Any Other Agency. New Orleans Times-Democrat: "I see is going to start a paper that won't print any reports of crime," news is immoral and harmful to the public, and if he was in my line of business I dare say he would change his mind. The old-time professional crooks who went in for big game have ceased aimost entirely to operate, and it is very seldom that one hears of a great bank robbery, a burglary on a large scale or a confidence game involving more than a few hundred dollars. In my opinion this is due entirely to the newspapers. When a big crime is committed it gets wide publicity, descriptions of suspects are circulated all over the country and the public generally is put on the alert. This greatly increases the chances of catching the criminals, and has made such jobs so dangerous that, as I said before they have been practically abandoned. The newspapers have undoubtedly broken up 'bunko' and other dangerous confidence games that used to gather in thousands of victims every year. They did it by exposing them so thoroughly that at last it became next to impossible to find a 'sucker' who wasn't posted in the scheme from top to bottom. Not long ago I was talking to a chap who used to be in the green goods business in New Jersey. He cursed the newspapers very bitterly and declared they had taken the bread out of his mouth, to say nothing of the Perfecto cigars and two bit whisky he formerly put into it. am absolutely certain that that gentle man would cordially indorse the new journal without any criminal items.]

regarded such news as highly damag-

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE Whiters

than the poorest.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives revisif and curse worst ease. Book of testimonials and 10 days to estimonials and 70 days to estimonials and 70 days.

ing to commercial interests."

Light Housekeeping.

"You advertised for a girl for light housekeeping and-"

"Well, this is the lightest house in ne eigger than some of the others, but it's a frame said an old detective. "He thinks such house, while they're all stone or brick.

> Man is an imitative creature, whoever is foremost leads the herd



tells you about every-thing you buy, quotes wholesale prices to con-sumers on over 100,000 different articles, and has over 10,000 different

different articles, and has over 10,000 different illustrations.

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