REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Secret Place of Thunder."

Text: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."-Psalms lxxxi., 7.

It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sun-rise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, trowels with which these two were built were none the less powerful be-cause invisible. Such walls had never before

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lan-tern of cloud hung over this chasm between tern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a pide of the thunder. There is some secret place of the thunder. them light, and the back of the lattern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thun-der like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refeshing shower. but charged and surcharged with threats of

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret

God says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder,"
Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about that tack them; it was by terrorizing thunto attack them, it was by terrorizing thun-der they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solomnized on this reverbaration of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of His power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saving, "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given or the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christly

triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggest there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the castle with lead county must have ing the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild mon-sters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness elec-tricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after the world there are mysteries about the skyey reson ance and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and nega-tive electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret

Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law, as there is a secret piace of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only a dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conver-There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and trans-

A young man sat in one of the front pews.

He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To ality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the door-bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonand life All the neighborhood was aston-ished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him Chour his coul's wilfare.
On amother his of the same church sat

an cld calcur. He paid his pew rent, but was hard ca the poor, and had no interest in nay philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great immortance about minister: "Piesse to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self control enough to say, "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, beonly revolutionized in heart but in life, be-gan to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer.

In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costlist favors that were ever danced, and the costlist favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never. and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfaction.

social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her: "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation. It is not than that lapse of time between them the lapse of the lapse of time between them the lapse of the lapse of the lapse of the lapse of time between the lapse of the lap

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastoy and the officers would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and what is it!" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person-just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turns I out that these marvelous in-stances of conversion were the result of that

hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million— not one out of ten million—prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not second in a century when prayers are not second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual is the secret place of thunder.
In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping

in the Winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklia Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men, all of them gone now except. Eather men-all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them; "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in atten-dance and they are attentive and respectful. but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret, and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great com-posure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual and stiences and soleminities of such unusual power that the worshipers looked into each other's facea, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the follow-ing Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eteroity. There may be in this building many who were brought to find during that great increasing but for jod during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when cople will find out the velocity, the ma-Webrag jesty, the multipotence of prayer. about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twentyfour hours, but here is something by which four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears. prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement. or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea-the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by taking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place

of thunder." This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything, especially, increasing not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental facuity or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment

you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this? To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tailow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the injustrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father

twice, are gathere i at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food. and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfactiou.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and toid the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her

get away from it.

Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a mechanic, another a minister of the Gersel executive. the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From ac-cidental circumstances? No, they had noth-ing of what is called astounding good luck. I think we will take a train and ride to the

depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the vil-lage graveyard andsee the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On over the country road we ride-the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again with out breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is mow where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill eggs before Easter. There is the doorshi upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all kneit—the father there, the mother there and the boys and girls there.

We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last. That is the place gracious innuances at last. Inat is the place that decided those seven earthly and im-mortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are sel-dom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I

have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, 'Oh, pshaw!" and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a reinfluence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental un-dertaking. Do not waste your time in read-ing flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place

of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June
At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June If next, on the steamer City of New York, I expect to sail for Liverpool, to be gone until September. It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preaching the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. I want to see how many souls I can gather for the kingdom of God. Those countries have for many years belonged to my parish, and I go to speak to them and shake hands with them. I want to visit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and

But who is sufficient for the work I under-take? I call upon you who have long been my coadjutors to go into the secret place of the Almight, and every day from now until my work is done on the other side of the sea, to have me in your prayers. proportion to the intensity and continuance and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder.

God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall preach in churches, in chapels and in the fields. I will make it a campaign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absence a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return than I ever yet have been. For, bretiren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefainess will soon be gone, and we shall have our facis uplifted to the throne of judg-ment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret thunder, for all the thunders will There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting waves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting heavens. Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom!

But all that dim and uproar and caash will find us unaffrighted, and will leave us undismayed if we have made Christ our confidence, and as after an August shower, when the whole heavens have been an unlimbered battery cannonading the earth the fields are more green. ing the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the carbuncle of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the suprise of eternal gladness the more em-purpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos de-scribed, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty thundering?" Amen!

Escaped a Cloud Burst.

Cab Lee, of the Amargosa Valley, tells of sleeping near the mouth of Furnace Creek canon one night years ago with a bug hunter, as the desert-tramping scientists are called in camp. It was so hot that the bug hunter could not sleep. About midnight he heard a roaring noise up the canon, which, as it increased in volume, caused him to look up that way. To his surprise he saw, as he supposed, the sky that appeared between the canon walls grow suddenly white. At that moment Lee rolled over and the bug hunter asked him what ailed the sky. Lee gave one glance, and then

yelled: "Cloud burst! Climb!" They scrambled up the steep wall just in time to save their lives. Lee thinks that the foaming wall of water that had whitened the cky was not less than 100 feet high.-Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Prohibiting Marriage.

The provisional diet of Styria in Austria has taken a very curious step backward in the direction of medieval legislation by the passage of a law prohibiting indigent people to marry without a license to be issued by the authorities, which means that no licenses shall be granted to the poor. -Chicago Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are said to be 20,000 kinds of butterflies.

A gorilla is so rare in captivity that one brings \$20,000. Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's

crust. It is the bed rock of the world. A North Carolina woman only learned to write after she had passed the age of

eighty-two. No chemical black ink has yet been made which will write black immediately

on exposure. Patsy Sears, of Howard County, Ind., aged 108 years, has been a church mem-

ber a hundred years. Except in cooking their scanty meals the poor Italians seldom have a fire even in the severest winter weather.

A gentleman in Fort Smith, Ark., has hanged eighty persons sentenced to death by the United States court. Cornell University has opened a diary

school, where cheese and butter making breeds and feeding are the subject for study. The agricultural society of Paris is ex-

perimenting in the making of artificial clouds to preserve plants from the effects of frost. Wax came into use for candles in the twelfth century, and wax candles were

esteemed a luxury in 1300, being but little used. It would take forty years for all the water in the great lakes to pour over Niagara at the rate of one million cubic

feet a second. A West Philadelphia clergyman recently received an envelope containing an old fashioned copper penny as his fee for performing a wedding ceremony.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

The bones of Jumbo, Barnum's big elephant, that was killed a few years ago at St. Thomas, Canada, weighed even 2400 pounds. The total weight of the body, bones and all, was six tons.

Not until the tenth day is the Zuni shild put into the cradle. The baby's arms are placed by its sides, and it is so strapped in its cradle that it cannot move s hand. These cradles have hoodshaped tops, and over the whole thick coverings are placed, and it is a wonder the child does not smother.

In England in the reign of Edward IV., 1481, riders on post-horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots, and Richard III. improved the system of couriers in 1483.

A cat born in Germany with only two legs (the hinder pair) is healthy, and goes about easily, the body in the nor-mal condition. When startled or watching anything, it raises itself to the attitude of a kangaroo, using its tail as a support. It has twice borne kittens, in both cases two, one of which had four and the other only two feet.

Quaint and Curious Epitaphs.

Would you go to a graveyard to find wit and humor? Hardly. And yet there are scattered through the graveyards of the world inscriptions which come under this head. Some are evidently meant to be funny, while in others the humor is as evidently unintentional. A New Hampshire epitaph writer makes this bull:

Sacred to the memory Of three twins of Mrs. Smith,

A Block Island sea captain who had been engaged in the fishing business wrote this terse epitaph to be placed on his tombstone:

He's done a-catching cod And gone to meet his God.

A Mr. Anderson, Provost of Dundee, having shuffled of this mortal coil, it was resolved that an epitaph should be composed by his four surviving colleagues. They decided upon a rhymed stanza of four lines, one line to be contributed by each. They put their heads together and with great labor and much formality produced the following effusion: Here lies John Anderson, Provost of Dun-

dee, Here lies him, here lies He, Hallelujah, Hallelujee! A-B-C-D-E-F-G!

This remarkable joint composition was engraved upon the tombstone of the defunct Provost, and the composers received a vote of thanks from their delighted fellow townsmen.

In a Western churchyard lies the body of the victim of a stage coach accident with his epitaph on the tombstone: Weep, stranger, for the father spilled From a stage coach and thereby killed. His name, J. Skyes, a maker of sassingers,

Siain with three other outside passengers. And here is another from the same

Listen, mother, aunt and me Were silled. Here we be. We should have no time to missle Had they blown the engine's whistle, -New York Mail and Express.



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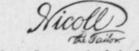
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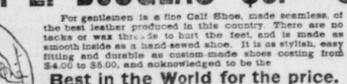
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