Subject: "Celestial Sympathizers."

Text: "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."—I Corinthians xv., 32.

Crossing the Alps by the Mount Cenis pass or through the Mount Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Veronia, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examinthat y and in a tew inflations begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—
the amphitheatre. The whole building
sweeps around you in a circle. You stand
in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the twenty-five thousand ex-

cited spectators.

At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst they are let out upon some victim who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively but literally that he had "fought with

beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senstors, great men and small, thousands upon thousands, come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtleth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right band. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of

Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasted strength, he comes up with flercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and

sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race, but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a com-

The fact is toat every Christain man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die and you shall be victor, through Christ! Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of

your soul!
Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one You have tried to fight it back horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen-reach up and get it from God's armory-the sword of the With that thou mayest drive him

back and conquer! But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration. the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roar-

ing lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy! Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that

you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number.

"Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

cloud of witnesses."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot! I hall you to day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalyses waiting to the services. for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought

with beasts at Echesus. In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward?" "One more stroke?" "Look out?" "Fail back?" Huzza! Huzza!" "Look out?" "Fail back?" Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out, "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Carrist!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep sun. They make the weikin ring with shouting and hallelulahs,

I look again and I see the gallery of the

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died the night the truth preached, and so he died the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who parished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of

Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of ome, and her children. While they were Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was believed. At last the mother

occame a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven. Yonder is
John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I halten heads they should all fall off for Christ!" should all fall off for Christ!"

The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animais and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and then set on fire! the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over as

bright as noonday. And now they sit yonder in the martyr's gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed, and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardships, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation.
They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena.

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!" cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!"
I look again and see another gallery, that
of eminent Christians. What strikes me
strangely is the mixing in companionship of
those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the pres-bytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits be-cause they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montzomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started

And there the band of missionaries-David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adorram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's iccy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were another and see us falter in the presence of the light of the light. the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts address ing us in his old hymn, only a little changed

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas? Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take: Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake. While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little

A charge to keep you have,

A charge to keep you have,
A God to giorify:
A never dying soul to save,
And fit if for the skyl
t rook again and t see the gauery of our
departed. Many of those in the other
galleries we have heard of; but these we
knew. Oh how familiar their these we Oh, how familiar their faces! sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry."

do not worry."

They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call to, saying: "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp toe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying: "Se thou faithful unto death, and

you shall have a crown?"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and indext! On majestic circles of light and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe! Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again! How shall we ever become discourage again! How we ever feel lonely again!

With God for as, and anges for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Sor of God, who diet die to save us. No! we appear to the save us. save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched receive us. No! we will never surrender

Sure I must fight if I would reign— Be faithful to my Lord; And bear the Cross, endure the pain, Supported by Thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die; They see the triumph from afar And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In roces of victory through the skies. The glory shall be Thine.

My hearer, shall we die in the arens or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Carist we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our name will be called in the muster role of the pardoned and giorifled, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we cry, "Here! Here!"

ENGLAND, Spain and Italy are said to have entered into an arrangement for partitioning Morocco among themselves. Of course no objections to the process which Morocco herself may raise will receive attention. No interests of hers will be considered. But France, Russia and Germany may one call have some remonstrances to present, some interests to urge against the scheme. If so, the objections will be heeded. Possibly the long-expected general war in Europe may come by way of Africa.

RICHARD BEVERLEY, of Buena Vista, Va., is not one of the pampered and overpaid officials of the Postoffice Department. He walks 36 miles every day in the year except Sunday, carrying the mail to and from Pleasant View, in Amberst County, and gets \$350 a year for the



Fichus are still la mode. Belts are worn in al! shapes. Purses come in heart shapes.

High heels are not fashionable. Sleeves are becoming elaborate. Suede gloves are not so much worn.

Kansas has twenty-two women editors. Cut velvets in double width are an innovation.

Buffalo (N. Y.) has a Business Women's Club.

Green is to be a favorite, if not the favorite color.

Many sensible women have discarded pointed toed shoes.

Ribbon garniture is now made use of in dressing the hair. There is a perfect craze for old silver

ornaments just now. One thousand American misses are studying art in Paris.

Women teachers are subject to a peculiar throat affection. The Empress of China travels with

3000 frocks in her wardrobe. A school of law is soon to be opened

in Tokio for Japanese women. English matrons are now wearing

their diamonds in the morning. There seems to be very little doubt that the umbrella skirt is doomed.

Newark, N. J., has a woman manufacturer of umbrellas and parasols.

A Western girl, Miss Amy Johnson, has started on an 800-mile bicycle trip. There are said to be 200 American women who practice law or edit legal

publications. The London Geographical Society and the Zoological Society both admit women as fellows.

We are pretty sure to have a revival of the polonaise, with pretty up-to-date adaptations.

Lavender kid gloves, with broad black stitching, are still the height of fashionable handgear.

"Jane Eyre" was the first work of Charlotte Bronte, written when she was twenty-two years old.

An asylum for mothers-in-law is being built in Austria by a wealthy Austrian woman, and provision has been made for 500 occupants.

A beautiful material for trimming bonnets is a sort of gauze covered with gold bees and flies. It is soft and comes in different colors.

In addition to her accomplishment as a horse-woman the Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, has the reputation of being a skilful pestry cook. A black pearl necklace worn by Lady

to be worth \$125,000. Tacre is only a single row of the gems. Brocade silks of the richest varieties, such as were made 300 years ago in gorgeous flowers on black grounds, are

Hichester at a recent entertainment is said

promised for winter wear. The Socialistic Congress at Tours, France, passed, among others, a resolution forbidding married women to work

outside of their own houses. In the city of Rome, N. Y., there is a colored colony whose spiritual wants for the past four years have been ministered to by a colored woman, Mrs. M. R.

Villodas. Velvet promises to be in high favor the coming season for dress garniture applied as bands, lapels, collars, cuffs, yokes and lower sleeves, the upper sleeves being in one or two puffs.

A hairdresser of fashionable repute says every woman would be a great deal happier and more comfortable if she had her head shaved and wore a wig. It is "so much cooler."

Silkoline is a very fascinating material. Often, not always, it is as soft as silk. The designs, too, are most often graceful and delicately covered, and to

crown all it is very inexpensive. The Russians have become so alive to the value of women physicians that the Imperial Government has granted \$200,-000 for a medical school for women, to be established at St. Petersburg. The

site has been given by the city. When withering age had deepened the wrinkles in Queen Elizabeth's face, mirrors were banished from the rooms she frequented. During the last twenty years of her life she had not the heart to look at her reflection in the glass.

Mrs. Mary Coons, the wife of Captain James Coons, the owner and navigator of two of the largest passenger boats on the Ocklawaha River, Florida, is a practical engineer, having studied civil engineering and received her diploma.

The only known lady chime-player, it is stated, is Miss Bertha Thomas, assistant organist of Grace Church, New York City. She doesn't have to climb into the steeple to play the chimes, which she handles from below by the aid of an electrical device.

One of the few women who were privileged to call Prime Minister Gladstone "William" died recently near Liverpool in her eighty-seventh year. She was Mary Ann McKean, and for more than half a century she was in the service of the Gladstone family.

The last British Ministry was remarkable for the number of brilliant women surrounding it. There were Lady Salisbury, Lady Cadogan, Lady Londonderry and Lady Zetland among others. With the new Ministry it is quite different. The great age of Mrs. Gladstone exempts her from many social duties. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Home Affairs and the Lord Secretary for Ireland are widowers.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING COPPER AND BRASS UTENSILS. Copper or brass articles may be thoroughly cleaned and made to look as bright as new by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with the expenditure of little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing stains from either brass or copper.-Detroit Free Press.

WAY TO WASH FLANNELS.

The average washerwoman does not seem to know that every time she rubs her woolens on the wash-board she is destroying their softness and pliability. Flannels should be squeezed through strong, warm suds, in which there is a little ammonia, and not rubbed at all. The rinse water should also be warm. In washing a Shetland shawl the same care should be exercised as in doing up fine laces. Dip your shawl in a warm lather of boiled soap, and gently squeeze through your hands. When clean, plunge into clear, warm water, and when rinsed squeeze once more, and pin on a sheet to dry. If the washing has been properly done, the shawl will look like new .- New York News.

PRESERVATION OF PRESERVES.

When the jams, jellies or preserves are ready to be put into pots have by your side a basin full of boiling water, plunge the pots carefully into the water, and do the same with the preserve labels (called also vegetable parchment) with which the pots are to be covered. Then, with the aid of a pair of nippers, which have also been dipped into the boiling water, lift out the pots, reverse them to drain them well (without wiping them), fill them full of jam and cover them without delay with the parchment covers, which the person helping you will tie securely immediately with string (these jam covers are to be found in all stationers' shops). From this moment the preservation of the jam is assured, and if all the precautions have been thoroughly taken the am will keep perfectly good, unless the paper has a hole in it or is torn .-- New York World.

TO PREVENT CANDIES BECOMING STICKY. All boiled candies are liable to become sticky if exposed to the action of the air. They should be kept in closely-covered jars or boxes. The best plan, however, that we know of toprevent caudies, such as taffies, peanut bar, walnut bar, clear candies, nougat, and all similar goods, from becoming sticky, which is caused by their absorbing the moisture of the atmosphere, is that which we have always adoped when we desired to keep such articles for any length of time, and one that has always proved satisfactory: When the candies are first made, and cut into bars or pieces, varnish or cover each bar or article by means of a soft brush with a thin alcoholic solution of gum benzoin. Varnish them all over with this preparation and let them dry; this forms a thin, impervious skin or them, which effectually prevents the air from acting on the candies, besides it gives them a fine gloss. Benzoin has a fragrant odor with very little taste, and is easily pulverized; it is a stimulant and expectorant, and is sometimes used in pectoral affections. This varish may be made in advance and kept in a closely covered jar or bottle, for use at any time. It is also an excellent varnish for glossing chocolate creams, etc.-Confectioners' Journal.

POULTICES FOR THE SICK ROOM.

Poultices, or cataplasm, are recommended on account of the warmth and moisture they contain and convey, and are applied when the skin, or the underlying structure, is inflamed. They mitigate pain by relaxing tension and promoting perspiration. Some of the best known poultices are made as follows:

Linseed Meal Poultice-Boiling water should be poured into a heated bowl, and into this the meal quickly sprinkled with one hand, while the moisture is constantly stirred by means of a knife or spatula until thin, smooth dough is formed. If the water be added to the meal little knots and chunks or dough are apt to collect, hence we recommend making this plaster as you do cornmeal mush. The dough should be quickly spread on a warmed linen rag already torn or cut to the required shape, or put into a bag and applied. Linseed meal retains heat and moisture for a long time, but is liable to

irritate a delicate or inflamed skin. Bread Poultice-Put slices of bread into a basin, pour over them boiling water, and place by the fire for a few minutes, when the water should be poured off, replaced by fresh boiling water, and this again poured off, and the bread then pressed, beaten with a fork, and made into a poultice. Bread poultices are valuable for their bland, non-

irritating properties. Charcoal Poultice-Mix charcoal uniformly with bread for a poultice, and just before application sprinkle the surface with a layer of charcoal. This sort of poultice corrects offensive smells from foul sores, and favors a healthier action.

Carrot Poultice-Boil carrots until quite soft, mash them with a fork and apply in the ordinary way. This poultice will purify a wound.

To retain heat for a long time poultices should be covered with oiled silk, or a layer of cotton wool. Either one of these methods is preferable to a very thick poultice, which from its weight might cause inconvenience or pain.-Detroit Free Press.

The United States have more than 5 00,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21, 000,000 pineapple trees.

It was at Freyburg Academy, in Maine, which recently celebrated its centennial, that Daniel Webster began the study of law.

Fertile Alaska.

The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. The scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fair weather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon.

Colossal heights mantled in never melting snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadow o these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and grace fully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found. where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and sever and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is lost below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature though chilly at night, has an average of sixty-five degrees in the daytime .-Century.

1s it Any Wonder

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The Hebrew population of Jerusalem numbers about 33,000 out a total of

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ficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it my self for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

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and Arts, 118 on Literauy, Spais, Raly; 386 / *** One British Constitution and Law, 131 on Misce-shacens Subjects and Historical Explanations, 135 on Ancient History, Hebrews, Babylon and, Arayrians, etc., 98 on Mythology and Grecian History, 85 on Ancient History, Hebrews, Babylon and, Arayrians, etc., 98 on Mythology and Grecian History, 85 on Ancient Greces—Credible History, 285 on Ancient Roman and Medieval History, 85 on History of All Nations, Here are some abbreviated extracts: Light travels 152,000 miles in a second—See page 50. William Shakes, care, the grea est of all poets and dramstists was born 1561; ded 1618—page 143. The famous Spanish and an extremely and the Pharaoha, and are from 20.0 to 4.059 years ord—page 256. The Pyramios are monumental tombs of the Pharaoha, and are from 20.0 to 4.059 years ord—page 256. The hound travels at the rate of 1,128 free per second—page 45. Asop, the famous writer of fabres, was a Greek slave, who lived in the 6th century, 5. C—page 108. Ambrosia, in Mythology, was the food of the Gods—page 244. The great earthquake which some carthquake which some page 256. No common 8 Temple was descripted in the year 70—page 238. The class of the Gods—page 256. Socomon 8 Temple was descripted in the year 70—page 238. The class of the Gods—page 256. Socomon 8 Temple was descripted in the year 70—page 256. The Complete Was a king in Asia, renowned for bits great wealth—256. The Complete and the State of the Complete State of the State of the Complete State o

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