

A NEW TRIUMPH

The Dreaded Consumption Can be Cured.

T. A. Simpson, the Great Chemist and Scientist, has discovered a new and reliable cure for Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be better, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Simpson, M. C., of New York City.

He has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away, and to make its great merits known, will send three free bottles of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of the Post.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The doctor considers it not only his professional duty, but his religious duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

He has provided the "dreaded consumption" climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of "heartfelt testimonials of gratitude" from those benefited and cured, in all parts of the world.

Catarrhal and Lung Troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. Don't delay until it is too late. Simply write T. A. Simpson, M. C., 28 Pine Street, New York, giving express and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the Doctor you saw his offer in the Post.

Capital Stock, 500,000 Shares of \$10.00 each, fully paid and non-assessable, of which 250,000 Shares are now offered for subscriptions at par.

SPECIAL NOTICE

There are many persons who desire to go to the gold fields of Alaska the coming season, who have not enough ready money available to enable them to do so.

To all such, we would advise the desirability of forming a local syndicate of three or more persons, and jointly purchase 900 shares of our stock, and select one of your number to go and prospect and mine for joint account.

With parties forming such syndicate, this Company will contract to send out one of their number for each 900 shares of stock purchased for a year from the date of arrival at the gold fields, supplying him with food, tools, and all things requisite to enable him to prospect for gold, and with help to develop and work all good claims located by him—the claims to be located in the name of the syndicate and the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Co., and to be owned jointly and equally, share and share alike.

Write for Circular—Full Particulars.

DIRECTORS

James Rice, late Secretary State of Colorado; Wm. Shaw, capitalist, Chicago; E. M. Titcomb, Vice President and General Manager Eastman Fruit Dispatch Co.; H. C. Fash, member Maritime Exchange, New York; Geo. W. Morgan, Circle City, Alaska; John E. Lowther, New York; George T. Durfee, Fall River, Mass.

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The business of the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Company will be to run a line of steamers on the Yukon River, and between Seattle and the different parts of Alaska, open supply stores at the different camps, do a general transportation, commercial and banking business, and, in addition, deal in Mining Claims, and work the mines already owned and that may hereafter be acquired by the Company.

The Company controls the following properties:

Eight Gold Placer Claims aggregating 100 Acres in extent, located on Forty Mile Creek under United States mining laws. Development has proved the pay streak to be five feet thick, and has yielded placer dirt that pans from \$10 to \$15 to the pan. Five Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 100 Acres in extent, on Porcupine River, that pans from 25 cents to \$10 to a pan. Ten Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 100 acres on the Tanana River, panning from \$10 to \$50 a yard.

A fine gold quartz lode in Alaska, which assays from \$15 to \$500 per ton. The lode shows an enormous output of free milling ore, vein at surface being 12 feet thick. On this property have made 12 locations of 1500 feet by 300 feet, equaling 120 acres. We don't claim that it is the mother lode, but we do know it is without an equal for prospective values.

The estimates and statement above are of necessity based upon information obtained from our Superintendent, and are believed and accepted by the company.

This company having acquired extensive holdings of rich placer and gold quartz properties, capable of earning large dividends on its stock, offers to investors advantages that insure large and profitable returns.

Mr. George W. Morgan, our Superintendent, has been on the Yukon for the past year working in the interest of this company. Therefore, we are not asking any one to contribute to a project untried, but to one thoroughly matured. This company, with its able aids, extensive knowledge, and great resources, is certain to become one of the richest companies operating in Alaska.

Our President takes pleasure in referring you to the following list of references:

James E. Dewey, Mills & Co., Bankers, Detroit, Mich.; Louis C. Tetard, Commissioner World's Fair from Mexico, "The Bookery," Chicago, Ill; Senator H. M. Teller, of Colorado; John Shafer, Representative to Congress, Colorado; J. M. Bell, Representative to Congress, Colorado; G. C. Clement, Washington Trust Co. Building, Washington, D. C.; Joseph C. Helm, ex-Chief Justice of Colorado; Charles D. Hoyt, Chief Justice of Colorado; C. B. Maughan, 219 Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill; Maurice Joyce, Electro Picture, Star Building, Washington, D. C.; Capt. J. J. Lambert, Owner and Editor Chief-Cain, Pueblo, Col.; A. L. Hilleman, Tax Agent M. P. R. R. St. Louis, Mo.; E. K. Goswa, Drexel Co., Philadelphia.

The full-paid stock is now offered TEN DOLLARS per share. Send your orders to the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Co., 28 Pine Street, New York.

WHO DIED JUST NOW?

Who's dead? Who at this moment died, Or far away or close at hand— Out where the ocean furies bleed— Or on the crime-infested road? Who, when you bend to read this line (No matter where, no matter how Death came to him and gave the sign Of beckoning), who died just now?

King, was it? Bishop? Robber? Wife? Or babe in some worn mother's arms? Or patriarch just finding life Possessed of never, fresher charms? Perhaps it was a boy, whose face Was bright with youth—perhaps a bride— Perhaps a chief of some wild race, Stretched on his bullhide shield—who died.

And where? In fair and sunny Spain? Or in the endless northern night? Or on the parched Sahara plain Or on some stony mountain height? Touched Death some islet of the sea? Where oceans part and oceans meet. Or did he come a guest to be Within the house across the street?

Who died just now? Each human breath Is but a tally for a death In this great hive of men, somewhere, Somewhere just now o'er trembling lips There passes forth life's final sign, Just as the disappearing ships Drop down below the line of sky?

Who died just now in all the world? For some one, statisticians say, Is for each passing moment hurried Down Asrael's dark and gloomy way, To stand, gaunt-eyed and white and awed, Where Clarion's boatlights dully shine. Who was it died just now? Pray God Not some one of your kith—or mine. —Chicago Record.

A TIGER EPISODE.

BY AQUILA KEMPSTER.

REMEMBER IT? What a question! It's ten years gone and more, yet I wake in the night with the cold sweat pouring from me and the echo of that last awful cry ringing in my ears. Forget it? I wish to God that I could, but—well, this is the story: We were stationed at Nasirabad, the hottest and slowest hole in the whole Indian empire. The only thing to break the awful monotony was hunting, and after two years there I was naturally something of an expert. Game, outside round the Ajmere hills, was pretty thick—this is, deer, neilghai and such like—while well up Chandi way there were lots of tigers to be had for the potting.

Now, when one of the officers goes off hunting he generally picks on one of us "Tommys" who knows the ropes and takes us along. As there's generally tidy good picking for Tommy, the job is well liked; so when young Simpson—our latest sub—asked me to go along and show him around, why, I naturally jumps at it and packs my kit before I knew where we were bound. When I heard no other place than Chandi jungle was to be our stamping ground I kind of squirmed a little, 'cause I'd been there before and knew the particular kind of place it was. It's full of tigers, and they're always hungry. Why, when the locomotive is plugging up the hill at night the stokers have to throw open the fire-box door and let out the light so as to scare the brutes off with the glare on the outside of that little patch of jungle, and half a dozen Parsee fremen have been clawed off the tender by the brutes as the engine grunted past. The hill is so steep there that you can't make more than 12 miles an hour with those old rattletrap locomotives anyway.

Of course I wasn't frightened; but taking a beginner out to a place like that isn't fun. There's no telling what a fellow'll do when stacked up against big game for the first time; the finest shots in the world will go to pieces at their first sniff of a tiger or a hawk—not that elephants are particularly dangerous—but when your finest pigeon and target shots tremble so that they can't hit a deer at 50 yards it's no joke to take a beginner up in the woods at Chandi. I tried to hold him, but he wouldn't hear of it; told me as how he had promised a skin to a young lady back home for her birthday, and a skin he was going to have. So we started.

We took the night express and dropped off early in the morning at Chandi village, where I got the stuff for our camp, a bundle of bamboos, some stout cord and a young kid for bait. We then struck across country, keeping well in the open, for the Chandi river, a little half-dried-up stream that quenches the thirst of more tigers in a week than all the other rivers in a month. We crossed this stream about three in the afternoon, and on the edge of the jungle I found a banyan tree, up which I scrambled with the help of the youngster, and in a short time had hacked a space clear to fix my bamboos, which I nailed and lashed into a kind of platform, strong and roomy enough to hold us both comfortably. Then I slipped down by a knotted rope, which was to serve us as a ladder.

Next we drove a stake deep down in the bank of the stream and tied the kid to it, scratching its hind leg with a knife so it would bleat; and, having chucked our grub, blankets and rifles up, we shinned up the rope ourselves and made everything comfortable. Then I began to breathe a little easier, for it would take a pretty clever tiger to get at us up there.

We were none too soon, for night drops quick out there, and the long gray shadows were creeping over the land before we were safely housed. We had a hearty meal and had a good slug of brandy to keep the chills off; then we lay smoking and talking in whispers, with our eyes and our Martinis sighted on the vague form of the kid that was dimly visible in the gloom.

Later the moon came out, a great, big, round, creamy thing, looking somehow awful solemn sailing up there so still and morose-like; and the plaintive cry of that poor little kid as it snifed round after its mother all added to the solemnity of the scene.

I'm not superstitious, but I own I did feel uncommon queer that night.

I think maybe I got a trifle drowsy; anyway, my eyes were so misty that I lost sight of the tip of the gun and the kid together. Then there was a loud rustle, and I was back in Chandi jungle with a jump that fetched my heart into my mouth. But it wasn't a tiger, just a ring buck; but, say, what a buck! In all my hunting days in India I never clapped eyes on his equal. He stood for a moment sniffing kind of suspicious, then walked up to the kid and began nosing it. I felt Simpson stir in the shadow where he lay, and the next moment his Martinis spoke and the buck dropped—a fine shot, yes; but he had such good light he couldn't miss it. So far it was all right, but what next?

"Jones," says he, "keep a good watch out; I must have the skin before a tiger spoils it. I never saw such a fine one in all my life, and I wouldn't miss it for a fortune."

An' he up's to go down the tree. Well, a'we'll! me! you might have knocked me down with a feather. That kid had been howling for a tiger to come and eat him for an hour or more, and now this crack-brained idiot must go and add himself to the brute's supper!

Well, I raved and I prayed and I cursed at him; it wasn't a bit of good; his British blood was up, and, like thousands of other youngsters who make the backbone and glory of our army and navy, he didn't know what fear was, but just grinned. They're great daredevil fighters, but they haven't any more sense than a sucking calf. There's only two places on earth where they can be safely trusted—in bed and leading a forlorn hope. When I saw he was bent on it I just gritted my teeth and pulled up my gun as he slid down the rope. In two minutes he had skipped over the stream and had his knife at work on the buck, the kid meantime trying to pull up to him as if he were its mother.

Well, sir, I just lay there with the muzzle of my gun sighted on his head—when the thumping of my heart didn't shake it off. If the tiger would only try to sneak out on him—for I felt an awful certainty that he would come—I could save him; but if the brute sprang, God help him! Not a man in the empire could pot a tiger on the jump except by a fluke.

As he knelt there in the moonlight I saw him push back from his side the scabbard of an Indian tulwar—a present, I believe, from the rajah of Ajmere—to prevent the blood from staining it. While I was admiring his coolness and cursing his cussedness, even at that moment there was the flash of a long black shadow across the moonlit space, the



THE WHIRL OF A FLYING BODY.

whirl of a flying body, and a huge tiger swung himself on him.

She overshot the mark and would have cleared his stooping form and given me a chance, but he must have felt, rather than seen, the danger. With one desperate wrench he drew the sword from its sheath in a long upward sweep that caught the brute fair in the middle and clove it clean through flesh and muscle to the backbone.

There was a frightful cry of rage, and as the beast's great hind paw contracted in death agony it caught poor Simpson's skull, literally tearing it off. With an awful haunting cry he fell down across the buck and the three lay there dead, while the kid covered away, bleating with fear.

Yes, I think I went mad then. Hunger at last drove me down from the tree two days after. How I got to the railroad track I don't know, but the express stopped and the hands brought Simpson's body in. I lay in the hospital with brain fever for nearly three months, then they shipped me home.

I'm a married man now and have little ones around me, and much of the horror has worn away; but the sight of the harvest moon brings on a fit of trembling that all the love of the wife can scarce quiet.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clerical Justification. One who ministered in the only magnificent church north of the Tweed, being Rome, had a private interview with the pope. When he came back, he was severely catechised whether he had knelt down to the Son of Perdition. "Yes, I did. And I am prepared to justify it. Kneeling, in Scotland, has no religious significance. That was all right. But if, while the pope was speaking to me, I had lounged, and stared about me, and frequently yawned, and looked in any direction save that of his holiness, that would have been most improper in a minister of the kirk. For that would have been adopting, in speaking to a mortal man, the well-known attitude of public prayer." Several individuals, hearing this, declared that the eminent preacher would certainly go to perdition for making such an observation. But nobody attempted to answer it.—Longman's.

—How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties.—George MacDonald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for February 12, 1906.—The Call of Matthew.—Matt. 9:9-17.

[Arranged from Peabody's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—Follow me.—Matt. 9:9. THE SECTION includes merely the lesson with its parallels; with a glance also at the course of Matthew's story as told in PARALLELS.—Mark 1:23-25; Luke 5:27-28.

TIME.—The discourses at Matthew's banquet belong to the autumn of A. D. 26, after the Sermon on the Mount. Matthew's call, given here to introduce the feast, took place in the previous spring.

PLACE.—Capernaum, at the custom house, Matthew's place of business; and at his home in the city.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. The Call of Matthew.—9. "And as Jesus passed forth," from his house in Capernaum, where He had healed a paralytic (Va. 1-8). "He saw a man," a publican (Luke 5:27), "named Matthew." Luke calls him Levi, the name he went by when engaged in business, before his conversion. "Sitting at the receipt of custom:" Toll-house, or custom house, for the collection of the taxes on fish, or duties on the merchandise which passed along the great roads to Jerusalem, Tyre and Damascus and the east, which centered at Capernaum. "And He saith unto him: 'Follow me,'" both in heart as his Saviour, Teacher and Master, and literally by taking his place among our Lord's constant attendants. "And he arose" from his place in the office "and followed him." Without doubt, leaving his business in competent hands. There were plenty to do the work.

II. The Banquet and Reception at Matthew's House.—Va. 10-13. 10. "And it came to pass:" Some weeks after the call of Matthew and his subsequent choice as one of the twelve. "Jesus sat at meat in the house" of Matthew (Luke). "Many publicans and sinners:" Disreputable sinners and outcasts, notorious offenders. The Pharisees were quite as great sinners, but in another way. "Come," probably at Matthew's invitation, to meet "Jesus . . . and His disciples," in order that they might come under their influence and be saved.

11. "And when the Pharisees:" They were a large and influential sect of Jews, who prided themselves on the strictness with which they kept the ceremonial law, which they often made a substitute for the morality of the heart. "Saw it:" The Pharisees were not guests, but freely came into the house and looked on, according to the custom of the east. "Said unto His disciples:" Who were probably nearer. "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" The substance of their charge was not that he taught sinners, but that he ate with them—that is, mingled with them on terms of social equality.

12. "When Jesus heard that He said unto them:" He made two answers to their criticism, one from analogy (V. 12), the other from the Scriptures (V. 13). It is only "they that are sick" who need a physician. So that the very things on account of which the Pharisees objected and found fault with Jesus were the reason why He should go among publicans and sinners.

13. "But go ye" to the Scriptures, with which the scribes were familiar; but they often knew more about the husk than the corn, the shell of the nut than the meat. "And learn:" Get at the real meaning. "What that meaneth:" He quotes from Hosea 6:6. "I will have," I wish in my people, "mercy," deeds of kindness to those in need, pity and help for the sinful, "and not sacrifice," the external forms of religion, without the heart and the deeds they signify. "For I am not come to call the righteous," those who are already good, "but sinners to repentance," for they need the call.

III. New Methods for New Times.—Va. 14-17. 14. "Then came to Him:" At the same banquet of Matthew. "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?"

The reply was by a familiar illustration. 15. "Can the children of the bride chamber mourn:" Jesus' reply means that fasting, to be real, must not be a mere form, but the outward expression of a deep and sincere sorrow for sin. He, the Bridegroom, was with His disciples, and they should rejoice rather than fast. "But the days will come," etc., when at Jesus' death they will feel like mourning, so sad and troubled that fasting will be the natural expression of their hearts.

16. "No man putteth a piece of new cloth," unfilled, unshrunk, rather than "undressed," as in R. V., which is an unfamiliar manufacturer's term. "Unto an old garment," as a patch. "Taket it from the garment," etc. The patch, exactly fitting the rent in the old garment, would shrink more and more, till the older and weaker cloth gave way under the strain, and the rent became larger than before.

17. "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles:" R. V. rightly, wine skins, i. e., skins of animals from which the body is withdrawn, leaving the skins whole except the neck, which becomes the mouth of the bottle, and the legs, which are tied up. "Else the bottles break," with the pressure of the gases produced by the process of fermentation upon leather weakened and cracked by age.

Ram's Horns Blasts. Some guns kick. Revenge is one of them. The dullest man has in him something original. It is sin. The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong. The waters of Lethe drown the past. The blood of Jesus cleanses it. "Christianity is all very well, but a man must live." Yes, to all eternity. For an epitaph: "He believed in a free Gospel; it never cost him a cent." —Encyclopedists have to be rewritten every ten years; the old Bible is still up to date.

HOME DYING MAYPOLE SOAP.

A Pleasure at Last.

WASHES AND DYES AT ONE OPERATION . . . ANY COLOR.

The Cleanest, Fastest Dye for Sailed or Faded Shirt Waists, Blouses, Ribbons, Curtains, Underlines, etc., whether Silk, Satin, Cotton or Wool. Sold in All Colors by Grocers and Druggists, or mailed free for 15 cents; Address, THE MAYPOLE SOAP DEPOT, 127 Duane Street, New York.

In Clarksburg, W. Va., it is reported,

the church social has evolved into a "weighing party." All in attendance are decorated with ribbons, and when the girl is found with the same color of ribbon that is worn by one of the beaux of the occasion, the aforesaid beaux and young ladies are expected to march up under an evergreen arch, and both are weighed. Some one quick at figures subtracts the difference in avoirdupois, and the gentleman pays for the excess at a penny a pound. That is all there is of it—the church gets the young man's money, and he gets the girl, whose mission it is to take him to the dining-room, where a tempting lunch is served.

Once upon a time a "blizzard" was a dreadful outbreak of the elements and was supposed to be a native of the wild prairies of the west. People out there probably so regard it still. But newspapers in this part of the world had an opportunity to "write up" a genuine blizzard, and ever since that memorable occasion they have employed the term to designate what the irreverent would call "any old snowstorm." Perhaps the ranchers as they fight their way through real blizzards smile grimly at the fervid imaginations of easterners.

Reuben Lane, a rugged man, walked on crutches from Barnesborough, Pa., to Topeka, Kan., a distance of 507 miles, to marry Mrs. Eliza Ann Parker. When he arrived there she refused to have him. He has employed a lawyer and will commence action for breach of promise. He is a widower 33 years old. She is a widow 60 years old. They became engaged through a matrimonial agency. It took Lane 36 days to make the trip.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Widows' Appraisements under the 1890 law, have been filed with the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Snyder County for Confirmation on Monday, the 28th day of Feb., 1906.

Appraisement of Frany Arbogast, widow of Nathan Arbogast, late of Perry Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd, elected to be taken under the \$500 exemption law.

Appraisement of Mary Snyder, widow of C. L. Snyder, late of Franklin Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd, elected to be taken under the \$500 exemption law. G. M. SHINDEL, Clerk, O. C.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their Administrators', Guardians' and Executors' accounts in the Register's Office of Snyder County, and the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Court House in Middleburgh, Monday, Feb. 28, 1906.

Second and final account of Henry T. Cook and Jesse Cornelius, executors of the estate of Robert Cornelius, late of Jackson Twp., deceased.

First and final account of Ephraim Stuck, administrator of the estate of Anthony Stuck, late of Spring Twp., deceased.

First and final account of Ira A. Kline, administrator of the estate of Josiah Kline, late of Spring Twp., Snyder County, Pa., deceased.

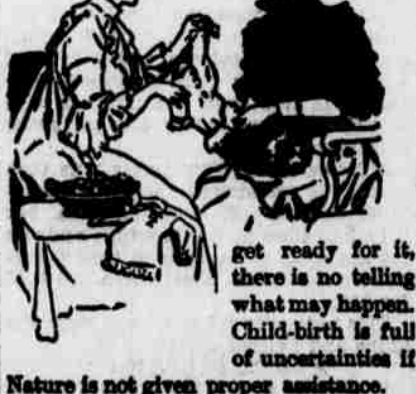
First and final account of F. B. Bolig and C. M. Showers, administrators of the estate of John E. Lichtenwiler, late of Centre Twp., Snyder County Pa., deceased.

First and final account of Henry Hosterman, executor of the estate of Peter Hosterman, late of Penn Twp., deceased.

JOHN H. WILLIS, Register.

GETTING READY

Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not



got ready for it, there is no telling what may happen. Child-birth is full of uncertainties if Nature is not given proper assistance.

Mother's Friend

is the best help you can use at this time. It is a liniment, and when regularly applied several months before baby comes, it makes the advent easy and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents "morning sickness," relaxes the overstrained muscles, relieves the distended feeling, shortens labor, makes recovery rapid and certain without any dangerous after-effects. Mother's Friend is good for only one purpose, viz.: to relieve motherhood of danger and pain. At dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. From Doan's, containing valuable information for women, will be sent to any address upon application to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.



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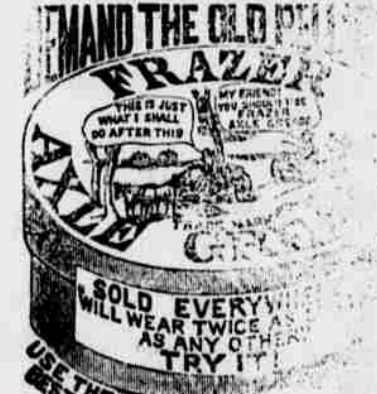
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Does it Pay to be Sick?

Besides the discomfort and suffering, illness of any kind is expensive. Hundreds of people consult the doctors every day about coughs and colds. This is better than to suffer the disease to run along, but who gets any Otto's Cure for the throat and lungs do better still. It costs less than cure is certain. You can get a trial bottle free of our agents, W. H. Norman, Troy, N. Y.; Middleburgh, U. S. A.; or H. A. Ehrhart, Alton. Large sizes 25c and 50c.

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Cascaret Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medicinal discovery of the age, pleases and refreshes to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, indigestion and all impurities. Please buy and try a box of C. C. Candy, 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.



WANT THE OLD



A SUMMER SAIL

in ladies' shoes is a pleasant voyage afoot. For the pleasure it gives, there's no sail like our sale. Crowds are enjoying it, and securing the prettiest, coolest and best fitting Summer shoes now manufactured, at prices which buyers find it a pleasure to pay. For house or street wear, pleasure or every-day practical purposes, walking, riding, or driving, we supply the ideal shoes demanded by fashion and the dictates of individual taste. Ladies whoever claims your hands by all means surrender your feet to these shoes. G. E. GIBSON, Sole Agent.