

WOMEN AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Admitting That She Ever Gets There, That Is Her Most Charming Age.

In reality, at 35 a woman is still pausing at the height of her personal charm. She gained the height perhaps seven or eight years before, has had small experience of sorrow and pain and apprehension, has not had too hard work for mind or body, has had but little illness, has kept her temper and spared herself worry, she has not fairly begun the descent; or if she has, then there is a slightly pathetic charm about her, says Harper's Bazar, as about the golden tarnish of rose that drops its first petal, but is still the rose.

For into the beauty of 20, gradually unfolding and expanding up to 25 or 26, the soul unfolding and expanding, too, has infiltrated a new quality, one which is wanting to youth except in extraordinary instances, and this beauty of spirit and of intellect has been added to beauty of flesh with ever-increasing power. And then just as the contours begin to yield and the beauty of the flesh assumes a doubtful part, when diet and exercise and massage and sleep, and the right colors, and not too much light, all have to be carefully considered, and a veil is needed to hide the fine lines when in the sun—and if Betty gives "the cheek a touch of red" and the hair a dust of gold powder it is not our affair to know of it, nor does it diminish the fascination she unconsciously exerts—then, if she improves the years, come the second stage—the stage of a superior captivation to that exercised by the mere fleshy beauty. It is in the years of this period that unconsciously and unwillingly women charm men much rounder than themselves, and always men of rather extraordinary intellectual power, into proposals of marriage. At this time a woman understands herself and knows how to balance and counterbalance the circumstances of the world about her. She has probably read many books, she has seen many people; if she amounts to anything worth considering she has had skill and ease of manner, she has learned something of the intricacies of human nature and of the secrets of the heart; she has learned how to render not only herself but her surroundings attractive; she is no longer exacting; she makes people near her comfortable; she puts them into conceit of themselves—that inexplicably pleasant mood. And people seek her presently for the sake of being comfortable, and for the delightful atmosphere that her presence seems to create; men adore her, women adore her, young people follow her; she is a social power; and is of more weight and consequence than any young person not upon a throne—for although she live to threescore and ten, her throne is upon men's hearts.

They Fear His Pen.

The secretary bird of South Africa can whip any snake of twice its size, and Stanley says the reptiles crawl away from this bird's shadow in wild fear.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

About 28,000,000 pounds of Egyptian cotton were imported last year.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Stamps for making goods were in use at Rome before the Christian era.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25c, 50c, \$1.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than in any other. It is a disease that is incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Identified by J. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts from reliable people proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Be Sure to get Hood's Cures Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

P. N. U. 39

EASTMAN COLLEGE, FORTHEMPTON, N. Y., offers both sexes the highest educational and financial advantages. Healthful, best influences; elective studies; superior instruction. Departments of Bookkeeping and Business Studies; shorthand and Typewriting; English and Modern Languages; French, Spanish and Drawing. The Commercial branch has NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. For particulars apply to CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 40 Washington Street, Fortheampton, New York.

CORN This Crop is a Failure all over the West and not up to an average anywhere. What is now at lowest price of forty bushels. Here are two life-time opportunities to speculate. You can buy 1000 bushels on \$10 margin and get the benefit of all advances same as if bought outright. Send for our free booklet "How to Trade." C. F. VAN WINKLE & CO., Room 45, 212 La Salle Street, Chicago.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 12 yrs in last war, 10 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Throat Good, Use in time. CONSUMPTION.

THE BOBOLINK.

Out in the clover blowing free As the white clouds roll away In a mad-cap ripple of ecstasy He's pouring his merry lay.

Neath the blue of the peaceful summer skies, Where the bees round the flowers throng, His wake, as o'er the field he flies, Is a bubbling trail of song.

Oh, bobolink, by fancy led, What a happy fate to wing O'er the sea of clover billowy red, With nothing to do but sing. B. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Bazar.

SHEEPFOLD APPLES.

BY GEORGE W. SYMONDS.



APPLES, oranges, nuts, Malaga grapes and fine confectionery! It was the shrill, yet, withal, musical voice of the train-boy, calling out his wares, that awoke Eben Hallet from the comfortable doze that he was taking.

He started up with an air which said as plainly as though he had spoken, "I was not asleep, ladies and gentlemen—just thinking!" and he took a quick survey of the Pullman car, in which, after an absence of eighteen years, he was being whirled back to what his fellow ranchers on the great plains of Western Texas called the "States."

There were only a few through passengers, and they did not interest him. The oncoming train-boy did, or at least the pile of ruddy-cheeked apples in one corner of the basket he carried did.

"I saw!" muttered Eben, rubbing his eyes. "Those look like the 'sheepfold apples' that used to grow on the old farm. How little Annie Davis and I—"

He stopped very suddenly, and his bronzed face grew stern and grave. It was the first time that name had passed his lips in all the years of his exile.

"Apples, sir?" It was the train-boy who asked the question, for his quick eye had seen whether the burly passenger's glances were directed, and he held up a tempting specimen of the fruit.

"They are delicious eating, sir—the most delicious of flavors—can recommend them. Two for five cents."

"Recommend them, do you?" said Eben, quizzically.

"Yes, sirree!" "Eat 'em yourself?" "I might say that I was raised on those apples, sir. They grow on our place. I live a mile from Talbot, the next station beyond—get off there and take the west-bound express back to Clinton. Have come, sir?"

"They look nice," said Eben, meditatively. "What variety are they?" "We call 'em the sheepfold apples."

"What?" The exclamation came with such suddenness that the boy started back and glanced at his prospective customer apprehensively.

Eben had sprung from his seat, and his sinewy fingers were clutched about the lad's arm in a vise like grip. "Say that again!" he cried. "Not sheepfold apples?"

"That's what I said," answered the boy, recovering his courage after one glance at the Texan's good-natured face. "Only please don't grip my arm so tight. It hurts."

"Oh—ah—forgive me! I forgot myself," stammered Eben; and he sank back in the seat again. "But that name and the sight of those apples carried me back a great many years, to people and a place that I—"

He did not finish the sentence, for there was a sudden jar, a grinding wrench that seemed to twist the long, straight car to a spiral, and Eben, the train-boy, the basket of fruit and confectionery, the car seats, Eben's two valises and a confused mass of broken timbers and bent rods and girders were crushed together in an indistinguishable mass of wreckage.

The New York and Chicago Limited had jumped the track, owing to a defective rail, and the six cars composing the train had tumbled over a steep bank, and lay a wreck in the rocky ravine at its base.

Eben Hallett was momentarily stunned by the shock, but he speedily recovered himself, wormed his way out from under the debris that was piled upon him, and crawled through a shattered window of the car.

"That was a close shave!" he exclaimed, recovering his wonted coolness as soon as he discovered that, with the exception of a few scratches and a slight cut on the back of his hand, he was uninjured. "Gracious me—the apple boy!"

With the instinctive chivalry of a brave man, he had leaped down upon the car again, upon finding that he was unhurt, eager to render assistance to his less fortunate fellow-passengers, who were moaning with pain or shouting with terror under the heap of wreckage.

The first sight that met his eyes as he peered through the window was the face of the train-boy, half hidden among the debris.

It was white as death, and Eben's heart throbbed sympathetically and sorrowfully.

"Those seats pin him down," he muttered. "I'll soon have him out. Hope he isn't dead."

He seized hold upon the wreckage, and exerting his giant strength, soon had enough of it removed to be able to lift the boy in his arms.

Tightly clutched in one of the lad's hands was a sheepfold apple. Pushing the body through the window, Eben crawled out, and taking up his burden again, carried it to the side of the ravine, where there was a pile of dead leaves.

He noticed that the boy's right leg hung limp and distorted, and he laid him down very tenderly.

For a moment he bent over the boy and straightened out the broken limb. A feeble moan issued from the white lips.

"Thank the fates! He lives!" cried Eben; and he rushed back to the work of rescue.

The newspaper accounts of the accident paid glowing tribute to "the courage and gallantry of one of the Pullman passengers, Eben Hallet, Esq., a Texas cattle baron, whose noble work of rescue was instrumental in saving many lives."

It was the truth, for before all the wounds were removed, the wreck caught fire, and the few whose lives and limbs, like Eben's had been miraculously spared, would never have been able to have gotten out their less fortunate fellow-travelers, but for the burly Texan's herculean labors.

Skirting the ravine where the wreck lay was a woodland, and beyond that a succession of fertile Ohio farms.

To the nearest house, ran a brake-man for assistance.

Soon the whole neighborhood was aroused, and farmers in their wagons, filled with straw, came flocking to the spot.

Only three persons had been killed, but more than two-score were wounded, and it taxed the capacity of the big wagons to the utmost to accommodate the sufferers.

The locomotive, fortunately, had kept the track, and as soon as the nature of the wreck became known, the engineer put on all steam and dashed on to Talbot for surgical assistance.

Having helped to remove the last of the wounded from the wreck, Eben Hallet returned to his young friend, the train-boy.

The lad was still in a swoon, but Eben laid the white face with water brought in his doubled hands from a near-by pond, and forced a swallow between the boy's colorless lips.

These ministrations caused him to open his blue eyes wonderingly, and then close them again with a moan of pain.

"You're all right," said Eben, soothingly. "Your leg is broken, but it will soon heal. Lay perfectly quiet, and trust to me."

The boy raised his hand; it was the one in which he still clutched the apple.

At sight of it he smiled feebly. "I remember now," he whispered, faintly. "We were talking about the sheepfolds. What happened?"

"Train jumped the track," answered Eben.

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He was very kind to me. He was about buying some of the sheepfolds when the train jumped the track."

It must have been the picture of long ago that that name conjured up which caused Eben Hallet to start and his swarthy face to flush.

The wounded lad's aunt glanced at him sharply and then uttered a low cry.

"Eben Hallet!" she gasped. "You?" She held out her hands, and there was something in the expression of her face that caused the Texan to seize them in a firm grasp and lead her from the room.

It was under an apple tree similar to the one on the old Massachusetts farm—in fact, it had been grafted with a scion from the parent stem—that the two halted.

What they said to each other does not interest the reader.

A great mistake had been made years before because of the idle and malicious gossip of the girl who had written Eben that letter from his old home, which had hardened his heart against all women.

"I—somehow thought that you should meet again, Eben!" said Annie Davis, when, holding her in his strong arms, he told her of the love that even belief in her perfidy had never driven out of his heart; "and—and—I'm so happy!"

"And so am I!" cried Eben, kissing her. "I'm the happiest man in America, and when we're married and I take you back to my ranch in Texas, we'll carry along a whole box of scions, and I'll graft every apple tree on my place with sheepfolds."—Saturday Night.

How Desert Plants Live.

F. V. Coville, Botanist to the United States Department of Agriculture, in his admirable "Flora of the Death Valley Expedition," dwells on a point incidentally treated on by other authors, that apparently herbaceous plants in our "American deserts" have really underground trunks, often going to great depths into the earth.

In this way plants can live through long droughts with very little loss of moisture. Mr. Coville also remarks on the comparatively small foliage surface of the plants of these regions, large-leaved plants being very rare. Out of forty-one species of woolly plants, the leaves of which were measured, only four had leaves of over the fifth of a square inch.

Plants which in other parts of the world have berried or pulpy fruits, have allied representatives here bearing dry fruits. How these desert plants become so related to the circumstances is a great question. Some contend that they gradually changed through the influence of many years of environment, while others contend that the geological and geographical conditions, known under the general term environment, were not of gradual but of somewhat sudden introductions, and that plants unsuited to these sudden changes would all have died before the change in their constitutions could have been effected.

The great question of origin of this peculiar desert flora will possibly be settled when more facts are brought to bear on the generalizations.—New York Independent.

To Build a Tunnel for Moving a Library.

It is known to only a few that a tunnel is to be constructed in Washington from the crypt of the Capitol under the east park to the vaults of the great building for the Congressional Library, now in course of construction. The plans for the tunnel have been completed and work upon it will soon be begun, that it may be finished in season to be used for the transportation of the nearly 1,000,000 books and pamphlets which make up the vast bulk of the library from the old rooms to the new. It is probable that a temporary railway will be laid in the tunnel that cars may be employed to carry a large quantity of books at once.

One of the most remarkable transfers of the kind in the history of libraries was that in Berlin some years ago, when a regiment of soldiers were put to the work, received their burdens, and marched and counter-marched under perfect discipline, accomplishing in a short time the vast labor of removal.

It is possible that when the new building is occupied a pneumatic tube may be laid through the tunnel that Congressmen may immediately receive books which they desire to consult without the trouble and loss of time which would be entailed in going to the library in person or awaiting a trip by a messenger. It is not expected that the work of removal will begin before the spring of 1893.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sleeper.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps.

Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Extraordinary Insect.

The "raft spider," found in Terra del Fuego, is a most extraordinary insect. It derives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of matted leaves and pieces of wool, which it uses to pursue its prey on the water.

Raft spiders travel in fours. They make their oars out of twigs and generally row a thirty-two stroke, although they have been known at times to increase the speed to thirty-six.—Chicago Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A piano contains nearly a mile of wire.

In China when a pupil is reciting his lesson he turns his back to his teacher.

The earliest book in which copper-plate engravings were used was issued in 1470.

A five-pound eel was found in the water tank of a locomotive at Boston the other day.

At Rotterdam poor people who cannot pay a fee must marry on Wednesday before noon.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

The Scots Guards Regiment has one company averaging six feet 2; the tallest six feet seven, none under six feet.

A cotton shower, looking exactly like a snow storm, is a common sight in the cotton-wood groves in Colorado.

A man in Lexington, Ky., has sued a neighbor for \$2500 damages sustained to a suit of clothes through a dog's ferocity.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 5000 miles long, seventy wide, and from 7000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

The tallest man of whom there are authenticated measurements was Fannam, of Scotland, eleven feet and a little more than six inches.

Long ear lobes are deemed very beautiful by some nations. In the Burmese statues of Gautama his ears come down below his waist.

At a depth of 1000 feet from the surface of Ithaca, N. Y., there is a solid stratum of rock salt of an excellent quality, nearly 300 feet thick.

The fattest man was Daniel Lambert. A few days before his death, in his fortieth year, he was weighed and turned the balance at 730 pounds.

Birds and bees frequently fight pitched battles over honey stored in trees. Sometimes one side and sometimes the other comes out victorious.

The leaf of the cocoon tree is nearly thirty feet long. A single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon affords shade for fifteen or twenty persons.

The earliest Greek inscription to which a date can be given is that at Abu Sniebel cut in a statue guarding the Greek temple. The date is about 600 B. C.

Mark L. Gilbert, who began following the sea with his father at the age of ten, is now, at the age of seven, master of the schooner Addie Wessels, running between Rockland, Me., and New York, and is probably the youngest sea captain in the merchant service.

Fish hawks get their entire food supply from the water. Their eyes are so constructed that even at great heights they can see fish that swim near the surface, and then dive with lightning speed. The fish is caught in the claws and taken to the nest of the bird before being eaten.

The three Winter brothers, of Berks, Penn., whose combined ages make 270 years are outdoors in this respect by three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Ewing, aged ninety-two; Mrs. Elizabeth Zell, ninety-four, and Mrs. Martha Morrison, ninety-seven, who live at Lancaster, in the same State. Their combined ages amount to thirteen years more than the aggregate of the Winter brothers' ages.

An Unpleasant Experience.

You can say what you please about the English compartment cars," said T. M. Harper, "but I don't want any further experience with them. I rode from London to Liverpool. My only companion was an old man who looked like a retired professional man. He was neatly attired, but was pale as though suffering from disease. We were locked up in the coach, and soon after the train started my companion arose and began to feel his head naming the bumps as he proceeded. 'Not a valuable life,' he muttered, and then proceeded to make a further examination. 'I must note it carefully,' he said. 'I can't understand the combination. I must get it and then see if it is the same on the inside. Now is my time to prove the truth of my science. He pulled a murderous-looking knife from his pocket and ran his finger along the edge. I was too paralyzed with fear to make any resistance, and felt that my time had come to join the silent majority. Just then the train stopped, the door opened and I jumped out, leaving the insane phrenologist alone. I don't want to ever travel in an English railway carriage again.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cooked Honey.

On a farm near New Windsor, Md., is an elm tree supposed to be hundreds of years old. Its trunk is thirty feet in length to the lower limbs, and measures twenty-eight feet nine inches in circumference. The limbs that remain are as large as ordinary forest trees. Nearly fifty years ago some of these limbs had fallen and the broken stumps decayed and became hollow. A swarm of bees took possession of one of these hollow places and deposited a large amount of honey, which was not removed. On July 5 the tree was struck by lightning, but apparently not damaged very much. Several days afterward smoke was seen issuing from one of the broken limbs, and the tree was discovered to be on fire. The tree burned very slowly on account of the honey and honey comb in the tree. It burned for three weeks and caused some of the limbs to fall off. The fire was subsequently extinguished by a heavy rain.—New York Sun.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

How Helena Started. The mines which built the city of Helena, in Montana, were discovered by a party of four prospectors who were on their way to a well-known camp in the Kootenai country.

Learning that the diggings in that quarter had failed, they turned aside to prospect in another direction, and for some time wandered about, digging holes here and there, but finding nothing that they considered worth working. About noon of the 15th day of July, 1864, they arrived on the site of the city of Helena, halted for dinner and to rest their horses. Dinner over, their horses were saddled, when one of their number walked down to the stream to get a drink before mounting. From mere force of habit he began mechanically scratching the gravel with his hands, when to his astonishment he drew out a nugget as big as a gold dollar. A hundred dollars' worth of gold was taken out in about twenty minutes. The men then immediately settled down and located claims. In a short time news of their success spread abroad. Hundreds of other miners flocked to the spot, and a mining camp of unprecedented richness was established. The city of Helena grew up on the spot, and it is said that one of the banks of that city is situated on a portion of the first claim located by the lucky quartet.

Real Beauty. A reply which was at once wise and witty was said to have been made by a gentleman to whose decision in regard to a certain matter two pretty young girls appealed. They were discussing the question as to what constitutes beauty in a hand, and differed greatly in opinion. At last they referred the matter to the old man, of whom they were both very fond.

"My dears," said the old gentleman, with a kindly smile, "the question is too hard a one for me to decide. But ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives the most freely."

And Now Magnetize Them. A late invention is a scheme to illuminate keyholes.

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUARING. \$5. CORDOYAN, FINEST GUM SOLE. \$4.35 FINE DALE & KANGAROO. \$3.85 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.85 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.75 Boys' School Shoes. LADIES' BEST GONGOLA. SEND CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at large and cheap prices. State size and depth you want to drill. We value given more than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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