

WISE WORDS.

The possibilities in a case do not prove it.

Instruction is but an incidental part of education.

To educate is to unfold, and to instruct is to enfold.

A breakfast-table or a long voyage for close acquaintance.

Most men are willing to die for their country at old age.

Once your friend does you an ill turn he will never forgive you.

Inherited wealth does not necessarily render a man despicable.

Loosen your grip on others sometimes, but never upon yourself.

Most women nowadays are fair just in proportion as they are false.

Longing for the future has its pendent in regret for the past.

Imagination is what makes a butterfly of the grub called observation.

No one knows the right way so well as one who has once been misled.

Sometimes genius may be bound or barred for a time, but she will out.

To enjoy one's work is no less necessary than to enjoy the definite result of it.

Emergency occasions substitutes, and nature is the first alchemist in the art of substitution.

It must be an unusual and peculiar case which can require a person to so far forgive and forget an injury as to place himself in a position to invite a repetition of the offense.

Buried in an Angel of Steel.

"Everybody has read Mark Twain's story of the man who got woven into fourteen yards of carpet, how they gave the strip containing the remains to his widow, who had it buried standing up for a monument," said O. P. Wesley, of Baltimore. "Well, that was a funny enough conceit, but when I was traveling in England six or seven years ago, a thing occurred in actual life which discounts the carpet story. A workman named Moriarty was engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance, at Woolwich arsenal, when he lost his balance and fell into a huge ingot containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and of course the unfortunate man was utterly consumed in less time than it has taken me to tell it. The English respect for the dead is praiseworthy enough, but in this instance it was carried to a ridiculous extreme. The solemn old fogies of the War Department held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the steel in the manufacture of ordnance, and that enormous chunk of metal was actually interred, and a Church of England clergyman read the services for the dead over it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How a Chinese Official Lives.

"China little time is devoted by the natives to amusement and recreation," said Lieutenant O. P. Florence last night. "To the poor, who form an immense majority of the population, life is a never-ending struggle against starvation. The middle class are extremely busy, but take life more easily. Many of the officials have leisure time, but those who are high in office and in favor with the Emperor are sadly overworked. I once asked a member of the Chinese Cabinet for a statement of his daily routine. He told me that he left home every morning at 2 o'clock, as he was on duty at the palace from 3 until 6. As a member of the Privy Council he was engaged in that body from 6 till 9. From 9 until 11 he was at the War Department, of which he was President. Being a member of the Board of Punishment, or Supreme Court, he was in attendance at the office of that body daily from 12 till 2, and as one of the Senior Ministers of the Foreign Office he spent every day from 2 until 6 in the afternoon there. These were his regular daily duties, and, in addition to them, he was frequently appointed to serve on special boards or committees, and these he sandwiched in between his other duties as best he could."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nervous

Troubles Originate in

Impure Blood

Therefore the True Method of Cure Is to Take

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which cures Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Rheumatism and other Diseases, because it

Purifies The Blood

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25c.

McELREES' WINE OF CARDUI.

For Female Diseases.

A VAST NATIONAL EVIL.

HORRORS OF ABSINTHE DRINKING IN FRANCE.

Its Chief Ingredient is Wormwood, and it Poisons the Body and Burns the Brains of Its Victims.

DURING the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were made in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as the most effective febrifuge. The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless, happy-go-lucky privates grow to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But when absinthe alone began to usurp the time-honored place of claret in the affections of the French army, the evil became an unmitigated one.

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine on an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so widespread through all classes of Parisian society—and Paris gives the cue to France—that French men of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe drinking as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the use—and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful degree. Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terrible grotesque passion for the pleasant green poison. In one of his mad fancies, this minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an odd fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside.

Paul Verlaine, a French literature and criminal, still living, who had a poem in the May number of Mr. Astor's English magazine, is another absinthe fiend, and Guy de Maupassant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emeraldine flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable. Far worse than alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the fierceness of its clutch on poor humanity. Yet, we take it occasionally as an after dinner settler of digestive debits in this country, and quite often as an appetizer or tonic before meals, while in New Orleans, throughout the old quarter, little cabarets devoted almost exclusively to the sale of it, are quite common.

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so. Absinthe may be technically described as redistillation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things, potatoes, for instance), in which to give it the final character, absinthe with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound, called absinthe, which is the bitter principle. The alcohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds their volatile oils in solution.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Turn down collars are a new feature of capes.

There are in the United States 30,500,000 women.

The tinkling, jingling chateleaines are coming back again.

Less severe than the English shapes are the French sailor hats.

Women gardeners are in great demand in England and Germany.

The latest fad in underclothing is white silk garments, trimmed with black lace.

In Astoria, La. I., many of the largest hot houses are controlled and managed by women.

Dear Isle, Me., has women for town stewards, assessors of taxes and superintendents of schools.

"Ouida" dislikes intensely to shake hands, a salutation she pronounces to be of all forms the most vulgar.

The origin of the bustle is not known, but it was worn by French ladies of fashion as early as 1598.

Some late fashion notes are to the effect that the long reign of wool for street costumes is waning in favor of silk.

Greyhounds, roosters, lizards and tortoises are made in jewelry for the women who like those pin designs.

Open work embroidered corn bastes, lined with white or colored silk, is used for full vests in black silk gowns.

Cotton grenadines are exceedingly drowsy. Like the silk and wool fabrics, they are lined, and with charming effect.

Mrs. Fleming, the assistant of Professor Pickering at Harvard observatory, has recently discovered four new variable stars.

Hair cloth and alpaca skirts made with three ruffles up the back and a steel in the bottom are prophetic of the crinoline scare.

Yachting dresses are made of cream white or blue serge, with red sailor collar, cuffs and panel trimmed with gilt braid and buttons.

Moiré ribbons in delicate colors and chine patterns are in use for trimming black dresses and giving a touch of color to black crepon gowns.

The health of Miss Florence Nightingale has been steadily failing since the death of her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, with whom she made her home.

In New Orleans one of the finest orchestras is composed entirely of women, and the leader and her corps of well trained musicians are seen at every entertainment of note in that gay city.

Long jackets fall at the bottom prevail. They have applique embroidery of braid and cloth and are trimmed with enormous buttons.

White cloth revers and collars are considered smart.

The height of elegance in garniture is realized by the association of lace and jet. One choice trimming of this kind presents a succession of fans made of jet beads and cabochons and edged with box plaited point d'esprit lace.

It has been decided that the deacons of the Methodist Church shall wear black gowns, with gathered or plaited skirts, bishop sleeves, round waists, turn down collars and white cuffs. They may "friz" their hair if they desire to do so.

A new dress material is called "Venetian," and is to take the place of cashmere; and a silk check called "Scotch llama" is very soft and fine in texture. Tiny checks are becoming very popular for walking dresses, bicycling costumes, etc.

Married women are being deposed from service in the public schools of the Australian colony of Victoria. Under a new law when a woman marries she must resign her place. The main design of the change is to give advantage to single women.

Six weeks ago a young girl, who lives in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., applied a bleaching preparation to her hair, and since then she has been confined to her bed with threatened congestion of the brain. Her hair and the skin on her head have both come off.

Black stockings, either in silk, halle thread or balbriggan, remain in favor. Tan colored are the only rivals, which are often chosen to go with tan suede slippers. With evening toilets, stockings match the slippers, which are of satin, moire or material of dress.

The most delicate tints in fancy straws are to be found this season both in hats and bonnets. Among the new dyes are pinks from deep rose color to palest cameo shades, violets from purple to rosy mauve, green shading from laurel to faint sea and willow dyes; also tints in blue from marine to silver and turquoise, and grays from stone color to silver white.

A most dainty fan for a young lady is of white mother-of-pearl, each stick wreathed with tiny pink roses and enriched with gilding. The ornamentation is interrupted by an inch-wide band of vellum, gracefully painted with wreaths of flowers. Above this the sticks are again seen and are richly gilded. The leaf is of white silk, and has soft, green medallions surrounded by silver spangles.

Miss Julie R. Janney, a daughter of Colonel E. S. Janney, one of the best known lawyers of Central New York, has been admitted to the bar at the general term in Syracuse. Miss Janney was a member of a class of twelve law students, all young men except herself, who were examined at the same time. The examiners say that she was splendidly successful and predict for her a brilliant career.

The capability of Miss Wilkinson, who is the successful landscape-gardener of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association of London, has suggested to American women a new vocation that may in time be opened to them, a vocation both healthful and delightful. As a step towards it it is proposed by a number of people in Philadelphia that six young women having a taste for out-of-door life study forestry under a specialist.

S. D. Mitchell, of Greene Lake, Mich., has in his possession the petrified remains of a duck recently dug up at Marquette.

BUTTER FOR THE NAVY.

FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS PURCHASED AT A TIME—HOW THE BUTTER IS PACKED AND SUPPLIED UNCLE SAM'S SHIPS.

Fifty thousand pounds purchased at a time—How the Butter is Packed and Inspected.

I ASKED Paymaster-General Stewart of the United States Navy, who is the Commissary General for that branch of the public service, where he gets the butter that is used by the officers and men on Uncle Sam's ships at sea.

"We advertise every spring in the newspapers for butter, just as we do for any other kind of supplies," he replied, "and then we send out specifications to the different manufacturers throughout the country for the information of bidders. These specifications stipulate that we shall be furnished with extra creamy butter, made in June or October, put up in tins and packed directly into the tins at the place of manufacture. The tins must be made of the best charcoal tin, redipped before soldering, each tin to contain three pounds, the weight of the tins not included. The tins must be packed in sawdust, in substantial wooden boxes, two dozen in each, with two hoop-iron straps around each box, one at each end. Each tin must be carefully wrapped in paper, the tops of the boxes fastened with screws, and the tins and boxes marked with the contents, the name of the contractor and the date of the packing. Directions for opening must also be placed on each package, and an instrument for opening the tins must be furnished with each 500 pounds of butter. Contractors must guarantee that the butter shall keep in good condition for two years from the date of delivery."

"How much do you usually buy, and where does it come from?"

"We usually call for about 50,000 pounds and give the contract to the lowest responsible bidder, but we are always very careful to ascertain if the bidder is responsible and whether he knows how to do the business, because we do not want to send our boys to sea with bad butter and no prospect of getting better. A Boston firm has furnished our supplies for several years, but last year a new company, whose dairies are in Western New York, put in a lower bid and got the business. Before we gave them their contract I sent out an inspector to examine their dairies and their process of manufacture, which turned out to be satisfactory. After they had been doing the work for a few months I happened to meet the Boston man, and he asked me how the butter contract was going on. I replied that he had sent a man out to watch his competitor for several weeks to see whether the work was being properly done."

"Where are the Boston firm's dairies?"

"They are situated somewhere in Iowa, and all the packing is done out there. They furnished the butter to the navy so long, and the result was so satisfactory, that we permitted them to do it without inspection."

"Does the butter keep well for two years?"

"After a can of butter has gone around the world up and down the tropics from one temperature to another, and melted and hardened three or four times, you cannot expect it to be as good as it was when it came out of the dairy, but it seldom gets so bad that one cannot eat it. In fact, under the circumstances it is usually very satisfactory."

"Have you ever used the foreign butter—that which is packed in Holland and Denmark for the tropical trade?"

"Yes, we have used a good deal of it, but under the law we are compelled to purchase all our supplies in the United States, except in emergencies. The Danish butter is very fine. I think I would rather take my chances with it for a long voyage than the American product. They put it up beautifully in glass jars, and their method of packing is probably superior to that used in the United States, but at the same time it is much more expensive. The Danish butter packed in glass jars costs from sixty to seventy cents a pound, while ours packed in tin costs from twenty-two cents to twenty-five cents a pound. We are now paying under the present contract 24-10 cents a pound. I have never used the Holland butter, and know very little about it."

"Do the Danes and the Dutchmen use a good deal of our oleomargarine and cottonseed oil to adulterate their butter?"

"I do not know. Of course, I have heard of such things, but I have never made an investigation, and have no reliable information on the subject."—Chicago Record.

One View of Higher Education.

When a girl is making good, wholesome bread, digestible pies and cake, and keeping a house homelike and comfortable for her father, mother and brothers, it is said she is missing the "higher education" necessary to a woman's life. This "higher education" is one of the mushrooms that grow in the brain of poets, spiritualists, theosophists and fools. It means that her father, mother and brothers should be content to eat soggy bread and grow dyspeptic on canned goods, while she sits on the bank of a stream and reflects upon a lot of things that do her harm. Every good and useful woman avoids what is popularly known as the "higher life," the literal meaning of which is the higher foolishness.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

The Greatest of Equilibrists.

No one has really seen a stork until he has watched him stand on one leg beside his nest. After one has seen this feat he is sure it was a stork. Nothing in the animal kingdom is more marvelous than the way this great bird can balance his long body on a piece of bone which is no thicker than a wheat straw, and to behold also the perfect ease with which he goes to sleep while still poised in this critical position.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

France does an annual business with her collection of \$175,000,000.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PROSE.

When skies are blue
And threads through
With streaks of sunlight spangles,
And breezes blow
Quite soft and low
Amid the tree-top tangles.

When summer has the world in thrall,
And joy is sovereign over all,
'Tis curious that a little bird
Should utter such a wistful word
As "Poor me! poor me!"

When days are long,
And limbs are strong,
And blithe with youth the season,
When everything
Is tuned to spring
And rhyme, and not to reason;

When life is all a holiday
—A naught of care and much of play,
'Tis sinful that a little maid
Should such complaining words have said
As "Poor me! poor me!"

—JULIE M. LITTMAN in St. Nicholas.

GRAVEYARD FOR DOGS.

London has a pet dog cemetery. In this town when a very dear and beloved doggie dies he must be buried all alone by himself, because the regular cemeteries have officials and lot owners who object to receiving other than human corpses within their gates. The London Dog's Cemetery is near the Victoria Gate in Hyde Park.

In the rear of the gatekeeper's lodge is a plot of ground which looks like a tiny garden. In the midst of the flowers, however, are a number of small marble tombstones arranged in rows, each bearing some tender inscription, with tiny gravel paths between and an arch of ivy to greet the spectator, one counts about forty of these pretty tokens of remembrance.

"Poor Little Prince" is the inscription over the grave of the Duke of Cambridge's dead-and-gone pet. Others among the dead have the names of Jack, Tip, Topsy, Flo, Sprite, Vic, Darling and Zoe. Each grave has its well-trimmed bushes of evergreen, and here and there are ornaments in the shape of large white shells.

Very few people in London, apart from those whose pets sleep their last in this peaceful little spot, are aware of its existence. Should it be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic, there is no doubt the tiny burial plots would be readily sold. The Pet Dog Society, for instance, would naturally be interested in such an institution, and many tender-hearted women and some animal-loving men would be glad to bury their dead pets in just this sort of a place.—New York Journal.

ASSAILED BY WILD HOGS.

In "Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley" the author relates an adventure with wild hogs which befell him in 1835. As the reader is aware, droves of hogs left to wander in the woods and forage for themselves sometimes become fierce and dangerous.

I was strolling along the bank of the Wabash, says the writer, at some distance from my brother's cabin, when I suddenly heard a confused cracking of bushes, rattling of stones and gnashing of teeth, with a loud boo-boo-ing from the ravine below. Instantly I realized the terrors of my situation; it was one of the droves of wild hogs of which my brother had spoken warningly.

I took to my heels and ran to the summit of the hill, making for a large oak tree with the intention of climbing it. On my way I seized a stout maple limb.

The trunk was so lofty that I was unable to climb the oak, but I stood with my back against it and faced my assailants, which were now upon me, squealing and grunting fiercely, a dozen of them.

I shouted for help and wielded my bludgeon with good effect. The hogs were eager to get at me. First one and then another would advance, snapping its ugly jaws. A blow from my club would send it squealing to the rear. My brother had told me that these hogs would make nothing of devouring a man, clothes and all, if they got a chance at him.

For fifteen minutes I kept them at bay with my club, but they were becoming bolder and fiercer. One had torn a piece from my pantaloons, and I was fearful that I should be unable to hold them off longer, when, to my relief, I heard my brother's voice.

He soon came up, gun in hand. He had heard my cries for help. The loud report of his gun frightened the hogs, and with many loud oops and squeals they scampered down the hill. But for this fortunate arrival I probably should not be alive to tell this tale.—Atlanta Constitution.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it is almost impossible to kill.

A \$50,000 Hand-Organ.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, has what he calls a \$50,000 hand-organ in his barn at Cohasset. That organ was one of the properties of "The Cadi," an ill-starred play on which Mr. Robson lost \$50,000. The hand-organ is all that the comedian saved out of the wreck. In spite of the fact that it thus becomes the most expensive hand-organ in the world it is devoted wholly to the amusement of the children.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.



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"Dead" Languages.

"The expression, 'dead language' is almost constantly used in a misleading connection," said Professor Arthur Dutton, of Boston. "There are doubtless hundreds of dead languages, of which none but antiquarians have any knowledge, but the dead languages taught in our universities and colleges have a good deal of life left in them yet. The name is almost universally applied to Greek, Hebrew and Latin. A quarter of a century ago it certainly looked as though Greek was dying out of existence altogether, but since modern Greece has surprised even its best friends by the new life it has taken up, the purest Greek is being spoken in and around Athens. It is quite a mistake to suggest that modern Greek differs so much from that of the former rulers of the world that the man who knows one cannot understand the other. The tendency of modern times has been rather to bridge over the differences, and not Greek now spoken is very pure. Not only is Latin in use now among church dignitaries and others with scarcely any variation since the days of Virgil and Cæsar, but there are thousands of people in Europe who use it in their everyday life, although, of course, it is not at all like the language of the Italians. As to Hebrew, it has always been maintained in its purity, and cannot by any stretch of reasoning be regarded as a dead language."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wonderful Mosaic.

A picture, measuring scarcely more than 5x8 inches in its frame, and yet composed of 40,000 minute pieces of natural-colored woods, has just been hung upon the wall of Memorial Hall. This wonderful triumph of mosaic work was put together by an Italian artist, of course, its builder having been Professor Orsattini, of Florence. It was sent over the sea to the World's Fair, and finally came to find a resting place in the Industrial Museum. It represents Christopher Columbus at the moment of discovery, when the sailors are crying, "Land! Land!" It is a remarkably beautiful mosaic of marquette. The gift was made by Camello Riochardi, an Italian, who represented the Royal Siamese Commission at the White City.—Philadelphia Record.

An Ironclad Railroad.

A railroad which the Germans have built in Asia Minor, extending from Ismid, a harbor about sixty miles east of Constantinople, east by south 303 miles to Angora, has as little wood in it, perhaps, as any in the world. Not only the rails and bridges, but the ties and telegraph poles are of iron, nine-tenths of it furnished by German works; and chiefly by Krupp. There are no less than 1200 bridges on the line, one measuring 590 feet, one 445, and three 327 feet. There are sixteen tunnels, the longest measuring 1430 feet. This is the only railroad which penetrates into the interior of Asiatic Turkey.—Railroad Gazette.

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Mystery of Indian Corn.

The Indian corn, or maize, was first found under cultivation by the natives. Its origin has never been determined beyond all question though many ingenious guesses have been current. Dr. John W. Harshberger, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently made a botanical and economical study of the plant, and contends that its original native home must have been, "in all probability," north of the twenty-second degree north latitude, near the ancient seat of the Maya tribes.—New York Independent.

An Ordinary Teenage holds about six ounces of fluid and a tumbler about ten.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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JAPAN is to have an exposition in 1895 at Kyoto, the old capital of the empire.

Ka-o's "Clover Root," the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

The German Colonial Society urges imperial action for a German protectorate over Samoa.

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