### LYING TO GOD.

They claimed to bring the whole in consecration,
With willing heart;
But secretly withheld the reservation!
They kept a part.

At their dread doom with fear my soul is smitten,
Its awful tone
Their story speaks to me, as it were written
For me alone.

I freely brought to him in consecration
My life and heart;
But, with sinful, secret reservation,
Kept back a part!

My own poor plans and selfish ways profaning,
Though His work waits!
His perfect kingdom temp'ry soul delaying,
To cherish hate!

O Thou, with heart all loving, eyes all seeing,
I come anew:
Help me to bring the whole; in act and being,
Help me be true!

—May Greenwood, in the Sunday School Times.

## THE HAUNTED SHIP.

There is nothing that should be fuller of ghosts than an old ship, and the Dimsdale had once upon a time been said to be haunted. I remember one of these yarns; it was told to me by the doctor, who had been at sea for many years, was an old man and knew the history of all such craft as the Dimsdale. He said that in 1851, I think it was, there had been a row among the crew, an Italian seaman stabbed an Englishman, who bled to death. To avenge his fellahman's death the rest of the crew, who were chiefly English, thrust the Italian into the forepeak and let him lie there in darkness.

I don't believe myself that any stories which had been told the men about the ship impressed them much. Sailors are very superstitious, but they are not to be scared till some thing has happened to frighten them. One night I had the first watch. It was about two bells. There was a nice wind, sea smooth and a fine moon crawling up over our starboard beam. We were under all plain sail, leaning away from the wind a trifle, and the water washed along under the bends in lines through which the starlight was glimmering. I was thinking over the five or six months' voyage which had buckets after the pattern of this ship took in getting to India, when seeing a squall coming along, I sung out for the mizzen-top-gallant ballards. It drove down dark, and not knowing what was behind, I ordered the mainroyal to be clewed up and furled. Two youngsters went aloft. By the time they were on the yard the squall thinned, but I fancied there was another bearing down, and thought it best to let the ordinary seamen roll the sail up. On a sudden down they trotted hand over hand, leaving the sail flopping in the clutch of the clewlines.

I roared out "What d'ye mean by coming down before you're furled that sail?"

They stood together in the main rigging and one of them answered, "Please, sir, there's a ghost somewhere up aloft on the foretopsail yard."

"A ghost, you fool!" I cried.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "He says, 'Jim, your mother wants you,' in the hollowest o' voices. Dick here heard it. There's no one aloft forards, sir."

I sang out to them to jump aloft again, and finding that they didn't move, I made a spring, on which they dropped like lightning on deck and began to pray and beg of me in the most eager manner not to send them aloft, as they were too frightened to hold on. Indeed, the fellow named Jim actually began to blow and cry when I threatened him; so as the royal had to be furled, I sent an able seaman aloft who, after rolling up the sail, came down and said that no voice had called to him and that he rather reckoned it was a bit of sky-larking on the part of the boys toret out of stowing the sail. However, I noticed that the man was wonderfully quick over the job and that afterward the watch on deck stood talking in low voices in the waist.

Jim was a fool, but a youth, but Dick was a smart lad, aged about 17, and good-looking, with a lively tongue, and I heard afterward that he could spin a yarn to perfection all out of his imagination. I called him to me and asked if he had really heard a voice, and he swore he had.

"Did it say," said I, Jim, your mother wants you?"

"Ay, sir," he answered with a bit of a shudder, "as plain as you yourself say it. It seemed to come off the foretopyard, where I fancied I saw something dark amoving, but I was too frightened to take particular notice."

It was not many days after this, about 11 o'clock in the morning, that the captain being on deck, the cook steps out of the galley, comes walking along the poop and, going up to the captain, touches his cap and stands looking at him.

"What d'ye want?" said Captain Rothery, eyeing him as if he took him to be mad.

"Didn't you call, sir?" said the cook.

"Call?" cried the speaker. "Certainly not."

The man looked stupid with surprise, and muttering thing some to himself, went forward.

A few days rolled by without anything particular happening. One night it came to my turn to have the first watch. It was a quiet night with wind enough to keep the sails still while the old ship went drowsily rolling along her course to the African port. Suddenly I heard a commotion forward, and, fearing that some accident had happened, I called out to know what was the matter. A voice answered: "Ghost or no ghost, there's somebody stalking in the forehold; come and listen, sir." The silence that followed suggested a good deal of alarm. I sang out as I approached the men, "Perhaps there is a stowaway below."

"It's no living voice," was the reply; "it sounds as if it came from a skelington."

I found a crowd of men standing in awed postures near the hatch and the most frightened of all looked to me to be the ordinary seaman Dick, who had backed away on the other side of the hatch, and stood looking on leaning with his hands on his knees and staring as if he were fascinated. I waited two or three minutes, which in a business like this seems a long time, and hearing nothing, I was going to ridicule the men for their nervousness, when a hollow, voice under the hatch said distinctly, "I am the one bis thing to be a ghost and not be able to get out." I was greatly startled and ran aft to tell the captain, who agreed with me that there must be a stowaway in the hold, and that he had gone mad. We both went forward and the hatch was lifted and we looked on top of the coal, and I was about to ask some of the men to join me in a search in the forepeak, for, upon my word, I had no taste for it, when the voice, now speaking at such a moment, when the voice said: "There is no use looking, you'll never find me; I'm not to be seen."

"Confound me!" cried Captain Rothery, polishing his forehead with a pocket handkerchief, "if I ever heard of such a thing. I'll tell you what it is," he shouted, looking into the hatch, "dead men can't talk, and as you're bound to be alive you'd better come up out of that, and smartly, too, d'ye hear? or you'll find this the worst attempt at skylarking that was ever minded."

There was a short silence, and one saw all hands straining their ears, for there was light enough for that given out by a lantern one of the men held.

"You couldn't catch me because you couldn't see me," said the voice in a die away tone, and this time it came from the direction of the mainhatch, as though it had flitted aft.

"Well," said the captain, "may be d——" And without another word he walked away on to the poop.

I told the men to clap the hatches on again, and they did this in double quick time, evidently afraid that the ghost might pop up out of the hold if they did not mind their eye.

All this made us very superstitious from the captain down to the boy. We talked it over in the cabin, and the second mate was incredulous and disposed to ridicule me.

"Anyway," said he, "it's strange that this voice is only heard on your watch. It's never favored me with any remarks. The creaking and groaning of an old wooden ship is often like spoken words, and what you've been hearing may be nothing but a deception of the ear."

"If it's anybody's ghost," said I, "it must be the Italian's—the chap that was starved in the forepeak."

"I doubt that," said Captain Rothery. "I didn't detect anything foreign in what he said. To my mind it sounded more Whitechapel than Italian." I went down the poop on the lookout for a deeper shadow upon the sea to indicate the approach of wind, when a man came to the ladder and said: "There's someone a-talking to the ship under the bows."

"Are you awake?" said I.

"Heaven help me as I stand here, sir," exclaimed the fellow, solemnly, "if that there voice which talked in the hold t'other day isn't now over the side."

I ran forward and found most of the watch huddled together near the starboard cathead. I peered over, and there was a dead silence.

"What are you looking over that side for? I'm here!" said a thin, faint voice that seemed more in the air than in the sea.

"There!" exclaimed one of the seamen in a hoarse whisper, "that's the third time. Whichever way we look, he's on the other."

"But there must be someone in the water," said another man. "Anybody use his houtline. Cuss me if I couldn't swear I see a chap swimmin' just now."

"No no," answered someone gruffly, "nothing but phosphorus. Jon and the right sort of fellow, too, for if this ain't Old Nick—

"You're a liar, Sam," came the voice, clear and, as one could swear, plain from over the side. There was a general recoil and sort of groan among the men. At the same moment I collared a figure standing near me and slued him around to bring his face fair to the starlight clear of the staysail. "Come along with me, Master Dick," said I, and I marched him off to the forecastle along the main deck and up on the poop. "So you're the ghost, eh?" said I. "Why, to have kept your secret so long should have given my elbow wider berth. No wonder the voice only makes observations in my watch. You're too lazy. I suppose, to learn your wonderful power on the second mate, eh? Now, see here," said I, finding him silent, and noticing how white his face glimmered in the stars; "I know you to be a fine man, so you'd better confess. Own the truth and I'll keep your secret. I would you bellay all tricks of this same kind long than you're the ghost and I'll speak to the captain and set the men upon you."

This fairly frightened him. "Well, sir, its true. I'm the voice, sir, but for God's sake keep the secret, sir. The men 'ud have my life if they found out that it was me as scared them."

This confession was what I needed, for, though, when standing pretty close to him on the forecastle, I could have sworn it was he who uttered the words which perplexed and awed the men, yet so perfect was the deception, so fine, in short, was his skill as a ventriloquist, that had he stoutly denied and gone on denying that he was the voice I should have believed him and continued sharing in the wonder and superstition of the crew. I kept his secret as I promised, but somehow or other it leaked out in time that he could deceive the ear by apparently pitching his voice among the rigging or under the deck or over the side, though the discovery was not made for a long time after the "ghost" had caused to trouble the ship's company and until the men's superstitious awe had faded away and they had recovered their old cheerfulness. We then sent for Dick to the cabin, where he gave us a real entertainment as a ventriloquist, imitating all sorts of animals and producing sounds as of women in distress and men singing out for help in the bottom of boats, indeed, such was his skill that I would often see the skipper and second mate turning startled to look in the direction whence the voice proceeded. He made his living with the men by amusing them in the same way; so that, instead of getting the rope's ending aft and the pummeling forward which he deserved, he was treated as a real and general favorite and one of the most amusing fellows that a man was ever shipmate with. I used to tell him that if he chose to perform ashore he was sure to make plenty of money, since such ventriloqual powers as his were the rarest thing in the world; and I'd sometimes fancy he meant to take my advice. But whether he did or kept going to sea I don't know, for after he left the ship I never saw or heard of him again.—San Francisco Call.

**A Member of Women.**

"I don't think there is any chance for me with Miss Daisy."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't seem to care anything about me."

"How does she treat you?"

"Jolly and haughtily. Every other fellow she treats kindly, but me—well, I guess there's no chance for me."

"The man, you see, is the one she has to be a ghost and not be able to get out." I was greatly startled and ran aft to tell the captain, who agreed with me that there must be a stowaway in the hold, and that he had gone mad. We both went forward and the hatch was lifted and we looked on top of the coal, and I was about to ask some of the men to join me in a search in the forepeak, for, upon my word, I had no taste for it, when the voice, now speaking at such a moment, when the voice said: "There is no use looking, you'll never find me; I'm not to be seen."

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## RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

### QUEER PRANKS THAT ENGINES SOME TIMES PLAY.

**Thrilling Story of a Life and Death Chase After a Runaway Machine—Narrow Escape from a Great Disaster.**

"Wild engines? Well yes; I have seen a few in my day," said an old engineer to a Courier-Journal writer. The subject had been brought up by the discussion of the peculiar actions of a runaway engine.

"I will tell about an accident which happened about nine years ago on the Louisville line division. Engine No. 27, was standing at East Louisville. The fireman and engineer were in the office. She was headed toward Anchorage.

"Suddenly and without warning the wheels began to spin around. For an instant the old machine stood still, then with a snort leaped forward like a spirited horse that had suddenly freed itself from the rein. I was standing near the end of the depot farthest from the engine. My fireman had up a full head of steam on No. 197.

"I waved to him and he brought her up. I boosted the throttle and slowed up. We threw the throttle wide open, and Bill filled the furnace. Then began a race that I will never forget. The engineer of the runaway and the operator stood on the platform with mouths wide open, staring in astonishment at the vanishing engine.

"As I passed them for an instant my heart stopped beating. Catching my breath I turned to yell to the operator, but he was too far behind. I turned and looked at No. 27. She seemed to be going faster and faster and faster. I looked at Bill. His face was pale as death.

"Our eyes met, and he muttered 'No.' I nodded my head and turned away. My old horse was rolling from side to side. For an instant I stood aghast as I thought what would happen when No. 1 and this wild engine met. I was startled by a muffled voice: 'By God, we must dart,' and turning saw Bill working away like a maniac at the fireman.

"I eased up on the lever, pulled out the throttle to the last notch, and the iron horse seemed a thing of life as it leaped forward in answer. We could feel her pulse throb and beat, and her breath came short and thick as like a thoroughbred race horse." She strained every nerve and muscle in that mad endeavor to overtake that screaming, flying, tireless machine ahead.

"Our faces were set and determined as we worked to save the lives of those on the fast train, which was thundering to its doom—to certain death and destruction unless we stopped that engine.

"Clifton, Galt's President Hill, had been passed. On we thundered, gaining slowly but surely on the crazy machine in front. Would we have time to reach it?

"When we passed the operator on our mad ride he stood for some seconds taking with the deserted engineer when, reinforcing No. 1. She rushed to his instrument. She must be stopped at Anchorage. He dropped helplessly in the chair when the words came back: 'No it just pulled out.'

"We were going sixty miles an hour. What was to be done I did not know. No 1 was almost due at Anchorage, and I had two minutes. As we struggled up the grade to Ormsby's we gained perceptibly on the flying runaway.

"There is a long side track there. I heard the whistle of No. 1 as she passed Lakeland, and my heart stood still. Three more minutes and we would see him and women crushed, mangled and scalded and probably burned. My God! how I suffered and prayed for the help that came. A section gang were working near the switch. They had left it open.

"When we were heard thundering along the boss started for the switch. As he reached it the runaway dashed into the switch, ripped it from its bolts and dashed by on the main track. The wild engine for an instant spun along on the wheels of one side, and I prayed that it might turn completely over.

"My prayer was not answered. As is settled back we came abreast of it. Bill leaped for his and hundreds of other lives. It was a breathless moment. He caught with one hand to the handle of the cab and swung for one breathless second and then disappeared in the cab. I looked forward, and again my hair rose on end and my heart ceased to beat, for within a few hundred yards around the curve thundered the fast train. I reversed my engine and waited.

"She seemed to rise in the air like a spirited steed checked while at full speed by the steel curb. Struggling and lunging forward, she swayed from side to side, the wheels spinning backward, while the momentum carried her forward. The fast train still came on.

"Bill had reversed and his engine was tearing herself to pieces in a mad effort to reach the main track, but a shattered wreck. Bill breathed free as my old favorite began to move, for the engineer of the passenger had reversed. We will got nearer, but I kept going so rapidly the other so slowly when we touched that hardly a jar was felt.

"The runaway was at a stand-still a few feet from the main track, with Bill a dead faint in the bottom of the cab. We got back to Louisville, and I was taken down with brain fever from which I recovered after a long struggle. So ended my last experience with wild engines.

**Pope's Pine.**

Insects have recently destroyed whole forests in Powhatan county, Virginia, and among other trees the famous Pope's pine, which has been a mark in the old dominion. It stood for years on an eminence from which it was visible for twenty miles or more around, and towered high above all surrounding trees. In old times Col. Pope, a local patriot, put a liberty cap like that stamped on our copper cent pieces on top of the tree, and every year when Fourth of July came around he celebrated the anniversary by holding a barbecue at the foot of the pine. His Col. Pope, who lived to be 90 years old, knew personally every president from Washington to Polk, and was a famous character in Virginia.

**Snake Bite and Snake Charming.**

When a snake has bitten several times the poison is quite exhausted for the time being, rendering the animal comparatively harmless. It is said to be this fact which enables the Indian snake charmers to handle their charges without danger. They tease them into anger, when they will readily bite a stick or bundle of rags and so exhaust their venom. Perhaps it would be well here to say a few more words in regard to snake charmers. Many kinds of serpents, especially the hooded cobra of India, are thought to be affected by music. In capturing them for exhibition the Indian takes his bagpipe and stationing himself near an old well or ruin begins to play. A cobra is almost certain to make its appearance soon, for they are very numerous in that country. They are held in sacred reverence, the little children calling them 'uncle' and setting saucers of milk for them to drink, and they are looked upon as guardian angels. Should one be killed the slayer would suffer death in punishment. As the music of the bagpipe goes and comes the cobra seems to sway slowly to and fro, and all unconscious is seized by the musician's confederate. In this state of musical excitement the snakes are said to be quite safe to handle, although I think I should not care to try it myself.—St Nicholas.

### A SERIOUS QUESTION.

**Which is the Mother of the Chickens? Two Hens and a Cat.**

Mrs. Mary Gowan of Birmingham, Ala., had an experience she is fond of relating. One of her hens had been trying for some time to hatch, but she had been "broken up" on two or three successive nests.

At last she found a nest away back under the house with five eggs in it, and she felt sure that nest, as if she had struck upon a bonanza. There she sat patiently and triumphantly day after day till her time had lengthened out to two weeks. Once she came on the nest and Mrs. Gowan looking back under the house saw the family cat back there in the nest. She was very glad of it, for she indicated that the eggs would go. Next day, however, the hen was back on the nest as usual, and there was no way to get back to her. Finally when about two weeks had gone by the hen came out and Mrs. Gowan determined to capture her before she could get back. In order to make sure of it she called in the assistance of the fifteen-year old son of a neighbor, who in order to "head off" the hen threw a little too hard with his stone, and as a result the hen fluttered and died.

This was the last of the hen, and as Mrs. Gowan thought it was the last of the nest and eggs. Her surprise may be imagined when on just a week from that day she heard a commotion under the house and found that it was caused by the cat trying to keep track of four little downy young chickens. After quite a while they all got out from under the house, and were at once transferred to the kitchen, where since then they have been "petted and children have been doing well." Mrs. Gowan now has an interesting question to propound to all listeners. Which is the mother of the chickens—the hen that laid the eggs, or the hen that did the setting for two weeks, or the cat that finished the operation.

### THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

**Tact on the Part of the Lady May Prevent Unpleasantness.**

So few men know how to propose well. Almost always directly a man says "I love you," there comes a pause in the conversation and silence is quickly fill ideas on his part. It is a good thing to lift the strain a little for a man by saying something ordinary and commonplace, after the proposal is over. Of course if it is a proposal you are going to accept he kisses you some and starts the conversation comfortably again or else renders it impossible.

But it is different when you refuse a man, says the San Francisco Examiner. Of course it is not really fair to let a man kiss you under such circumstances, unless you know you want to see how he does it and this is going to be your last chance. Some men are so queer, you know, after they are refused. If you are going to let him kiss you better get in some quaint little remark right off to set things going again. I have a friend who always says that he can tell when he knows that her hair does not curl and that she could not think of accepting a man who had asked her while under the impression that she did curl her hair.

This sort of thing however, sometimes only makes a man ask you all over again. It may be better to be wistful and bored and say, "Now you have gone and spoiled everything. What did you do it for?" This gives a man time to think what he did do it for, and just as often as not it does not himself know. One ought always to give a man a chance like that whether one means to accept or not.

**Matrimonial Item.**

Friend—Is it possible, Mr. Oldboy, that you got married again in spite of your sixty years of age?

Mr. Oldboy—Certainly, my dear friend, and I am exceedingly happy.

Friend—Is that so; how about your wife?—Texas Siftings.

**Shifting Up the Old Gentleman.**

Old Gentleman—Don't you think it is cruel to shut up a bird in a little cage like that?

Little Girl—Oh, I don't know. I have a pretty good time and I live in a fist.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An artist's rule—as he calls it—"Those carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes, or the complexion."

Among other things taken by thieves who broke into the residence of J. B. Stearns at Cambridge, Mass., was the gold medal awarded Mr. Stearns by the American institute of New York for the invention of the duplex telegraph.

The rapid growth of the habit of sobriety and temperance is one of the characteristics of the American railway service. It is said that the 5,000 laborers who were employed in changing the grade of the Great Western railway last year the actual falls upon their selves during working hours with anything stronger than oatmeal water.

A man after getting out of a cab in front of a hotel in New York the other morning gave a cigar stump a wage. A beggar who was passing seized it and placed the lighted part to his shirt. He then said to the gentleman "that in throwing away his cigar he had in throwing away his cigar he had nearly set fire to him with it and destroyed his shirt." The man was caught and gave the fellow a dollar.

Somebody suggests the following new English words: "Typine, a type writing machine; the actual falls upon the last syllable, type-een); "typer," a male operator on the typing "typess," a female operator on the typing "typo," a typing machine; "typoed," "typoedly," type written or type written manuscript.

While a party of men were out hunting in the vicinity of Marietta, Ga., they had quite a novel adventure. After tramping about for some time they discovered a squirrel up a tree, and, while waiting for an opportunity to shoot it, something was observed to fall from the top of the tree. Upon examination it proved to be a large snake, which was coiled tightly round the squirrel.


JOLLY TAR PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

CATCHES THEM ALL

READ THE FOLLOWING.

"I CHEW JOLLY TAR because it gives me more good, solid Tobacco for the money than I can get in any other brand."

The Carpenter.

"JOLLY TAR suits me and I mean to stick to it. It is the largest and best piece of Tobacco I have ever been able to find."

The Bricklayer.

"I KNOW a good thing when I see it. JOLLY TAR fills the bill. It gives both quantity and quality." The Blacksmith.

"WHEN I chew I want the best. I have tied to JOLLY TAR and could not be induced to change." The Engineer.

"I AM of the same opinion as Bill. JOLLY TAR is king of them all." The Fireman.

"WHAT fellows want the most for our money always, JOLLY TAR gives it to us in good Chewing Tobacco. It is our stand-by." The Printer.

AND THUS THEY ALL SAY. JOLLY TAR IS A GENERAL FAVORITE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS. LOUISVILLE, KY.

WANTED, FOR SALE, EXCHANGE.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—A good housekeeper can find permanent employment in small family by calling at this office. A middle aged woman preferred.

FOR SALE.—Horse, harness, carriage, etc., cheap. 12 Birmingham, Mich.

Family horse for sale cheap. Five year old sorrel pacing mare; fair size; gentle and sound. Call at this office. tf

I have for sale two extra choice Shropshire rams, one a yearling and the other two years old. Call and see them on my farm in Troy and get prices.

MASON N. LEONARD.

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FOR SALE.—The easiest riding and roomiest road cart in town. No horse motion. Cost $75; will sell for $25 and take part pay in trade. A bargain for any one wanting a good cart.

J. E. QUICK.

FOR SALE.—Grey mare, 8 years old, weighs about 1,150 lbs; perfectly sound; well broke; single and double; a good worker. Price reasonable—cash or endorsed note. Enquire of G. C. Gibbs, Big Beaver. Also good harness and harness.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—Five well bred sows and two fine boars, for sheep or pigs. Address L. Wolf Birmingham, or on Pats-an's farm southwest of Birmingham.

FOR SALE.

The property which was owned and occupied by the late Dr. O. W. Hewitt as a family residence. Situated on the corner of Townsend and Pierce streets, and in every way desirable for a nice home. There are six lots with a good house and barn; city water, all kinds of fruit trees. Will sell all together, or in lots separately, to suit purchaser. This property must be sold soon. My price is low; no speculation. See the owner, corner of Townsend and Pierce streets.

NOTICE.

To enable us to make a partnership settlement, it is necessary that our customers settle with us before Oct. 15. We prefer cash, but if necessary will take notes. This is a case of necessity and knows no friendship.

JONES & FREDRICKS.

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Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsville, Ind., says: "I have been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health is gone; I had been doctoring constantly with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $5 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." Warranted the most wonderful stomach and nerve sure ever known. Trial bottles 15 cents. Sold by all druggists, Hagerman, Druggist, Birmingham, Mich.

WHY IS THE W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or any thing else to hurt the feet; it fits like a glove; it holds its shape; it wears longer than any other shoe; it equals hand-sewed shoes which cost from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered at $5.00 for the money.

$4.00 Hand-sewed $4.00 Welt, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best value ever offered at $4.00 for the money.

$3.50 Police Shoe, Extra Fine, $3.50 Fine Calf, Congress and Lace, $3.50 Extra Value Calf, $3.50 Calf, Congress and Lace, $3.50 Calf, Congress and Lace, $3.50 Calf, Congress and Lace