Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Surface Observation.

The remarks made by a countryman when he gets his first view of the ocean are not always remarkable for depth and appropriateness. A stroller on the beach of a Massachusetts seaport overheard the opening remarks of a farmer and his wife who had come from northern New Hampshire, as he subsequently learned from their conversation. "Well, I feel to be glad we've come, William," said the woman, with a sigh of pleasure, turning from the sea to face her spouse. "Would you ever have believed there was such a sight of water in one place in this world?" "No, I wouldn't," returned William. "And when you consider that we can't see any but just what's on top, it's all the more astonishin', Sarah, now ain't it?"

A MAMMOTH INSTITUTION.

To those who are accustomed to sending away from home for their goods it is of the greatest importance to know the character and reliability of the establishments selling goods to families from catalogues. The great emporium of the John M. Smyth Co., located at 150 to 166 West Madison street, Chicago, has been established for a third of a century, and has furnished over a half a million homes in Chicago and vicinity alone. This firm enjoys the confidence of the public by its many years of fair dealing. It issues an immense illustrated catalogue that should be in every family, as it describes and gives the price of every article required for household use. A sample of the extraordinary values offered by this firm is shown in the illustration of the lady's ulster in another column of this paper. These garments are indeed wonderful values, and yet they are bit a sample of the thousand and one useful articles illustrated and described in the beautiful catalogue of the John M. Smyth Company.

Madagascar has a flower that emits the odor of putrid flesh.

TO CALIFORNIA.

Via the Midland Route.

Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for San Francisco, carrying first and second-class passengers, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City (with stop-over privileges at Salt Lake City), for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. The Tourist Car berth rate from Chicago to San Francisco is only $6.00, and the sleeping car berths should be reserved a few days in advance of departure of train. Through tickets and sleeping car accommodations can be secured from any agent in the east, or by applying at the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Depot or City Ticket Offices in Chicago. Send for our free illustrated California folders. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Have a syringe handy when the foal puts in an appearance.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

Regret.

Boston Traveler: Young Wife—The new servant girl is a treasure! She is a good cook, is so economical, never goes out and never answers back. Husband—Why didn't I meet her before we were married?

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM

DISPELS COLDS EFFECTUALLY, HEADACHES & FEVERS

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

TO GET PERMANENTLY ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MANUFD BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

BIG WAGES for fall and winter to Gent goods in their own country. Introducing our E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York City.

THREE WARNINGS.

Dr. Townly's lips twitched, but he controlled himself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright.

Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Saline Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed—and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the county—nobody would be found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her failing. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townly's first resolve was that she should sleep that night—but kept his own counsel.

He really feared the poor lady would die of fright.

After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to keep the flies and the light out, and conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that she had not had much time to investigate the matter.

She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraphed her that her presence was required in Torbett.

The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said anything to her until she had slept over the first warning.

"She told me it looked like an angel with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there."

The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly: "Where?"

"They were on a melon—a watermelon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse—on the little bench of land very near the ravine."

"Well?" growled the doctor.

"I did see the second warning myself."

"What was it like?"

"It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was

SHE GOT THE THIRD WARNING.

just like the branches of a weeping willow."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half dozen of the neighbors saw it."

"How big was the tree—the branches, I mean?"

"They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it as a sign she was going to die? Suppose the melon hadn't been pulled—or somebody else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melon—her little nephew, Tommy—he's about 6 years old—he brought the melons in to her. There was an old patch back there somewhere—she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens—and run there and found the melons."

"Then she went to bed, did she?"

"No. She wondered what it meant—asked me what I thought. And I daren't say what I thought. It was the first 'sign' I ever saw. And I hope I may never see another."

"Did she show any signs of fright—did she lose her appetite or cry? Was she nervous? Or did she talk much?"

"Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us, as much as to say: 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea."

"Well—and then?"

"She got the third warning."

"What was it?"

"It was on another melon. It's not as plain as the others. But hundreds have seen it. It was an overripe melon. Kind of fadyd away now. She said when Tommy brought it in 'that she did not need such a plain warning,' said she ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it."

"What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn—the same as you see any place."

"Humph!"

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thing she never did in her life. 'I am going to die soon,' she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected then she had another warning, but I waited to see what she would say—sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the melon. I declare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true.

Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom—or, rather, the dying-room, as it was now called.

The leading druggist pooh-poohed the story. He had a theory. He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done—it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Saline Jones was surely but certainly failing. She could not live a week, in the doctor's opinion, if she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor lingo still found utterance when he was puzzled.

His thoughts turned toward the melon patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the melon patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyond their noses.

On his way out to his buggy he asked for Tommy. Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance.

He was very much alarmed when the doctor asked him to take a little ride with him—as far as the end of the lane.

"Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could.

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor.

A heavy growth of locust screened the old back lot from Miss Jones' house. The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. He remained in it ten minutes or more.

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgle like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest heaved and his head shook convulsively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy said afterward, "The doctor cried"), and, placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence, drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and, summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closeted himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes facsimiles of the picture they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his brisk, set tone, "I want you all to come to the dying-room with me."

The whish of skirts that Miss Jones's sable wash-suit was the wings of the angel's face would carry her to heaven proved to be the setting that attended the doctor, fully resolved to carry out his somewhat vague instructions.

The pale face of the sufferer flushed slightly as the room filled with her friends.

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a hearty voice, "I've brought these ladies here for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am going to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed potatoes as they can prepare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll pay for the bill if it's permitted—in short, nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to order the shroud to the poor board—you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel to my buggy."

Miss Jones craned her head—she was not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of luminar faces. She sat up and faced all the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it, he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithereens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big enough to gather weight——"

The doctor never finished his remarks.

Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter, and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing—that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her visitors.

Returned the Compliment.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travelers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper: An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house by an usher, who bowed low and said: "The door is open, prince." The Englishman glanced at him, and, without extending the expected fee, simply said: "Thank you very much, viscount."

A Gentle Hint.

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up, and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In return he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow or sheep or a sum of money.

PRINCE OF GAMBLERS

BUT JOHN BULL DIED IN A POOR HOUSE.

Boston's Best Dressed Man—During the Civil War He Was in the Secret Service and Did Many Deeds of Daring.

John Bull is dead. His body lies in a pauper's grave in the shadow of the Tewksbury almshouse. Once the best-dressed man in Boston, once the wearer of flashy, costly diamonds, once the special servant of the United States government, once the confidant of Gov. Andrew, once the prince of gamblers and a man of wondrous power, he died alone, forsaken, disregarded, among strangers, with only the hand of charity to minister to his last earthly wants. Once he walked the streets of Boston admired for his splendid physique and attractive carriage, handsome but for the mark of smallpox; disliked for his domineering spirit ever manifested; loved for his deeds of charity; hated for his dealings with the police—strange combinations of characteristics. In the days of his power never in want, trusted with the care of the most important information of vital interest to a whole nation, sought for and recognized as a strong ally, a habitue of the haunts of gamblers and crooks, admitted into the sphere of the highest authorities in the land, trusted and feared and loved and hated.

The halcyon days of his powers have passed these fifteen years and his latter years were passed in want, in misery and in loneliness. He was shunned by former associates, became disregardless of dress, begged where once he could have loaned, dragged his weary way by aid of staff and crutch, his fine physique gone, his body bent with age and pain, with none to extend the hand of friendship. On Aug. 7 he dragged his last steps to the Tewksbury almshouse, pulled down by dread consumption. He lingered for some time and passed to his reward a few days ago, his once checkered record of a remarkable career ended. His real name was James Donohue, although the records at Boston police headquarters give his name as "John" Donohue. The appellation of John Bull, by which he was known the country over, came to him in something in this wise: On one occasion when he thrashed a fighter of considerable local repute, he was referred to as that "John Bull," on account of his birthplace, and the name stuck to him through life.

James Donohue was born in London, England, Aug. 17, 1832. In 1849 his parents crossed the Atlantic and settled in Boston. After having worked as a "fly-boy" and assistant pressman from 1846 to 1852, in the press room of the Boston Herald, he took to gambling and became a full-fledged sport. He had grown into a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet two inches, weighing 200 pounds, possessing strong features, swarthy complexion, dark, piercing eyes, a heavy black mustache and a full head of jet black curly hair. Attired always in the fashion of the period he was a typical sport.

After eight years of experience as a gambler, during which he had among his associates the roughest and crookedest elements in the New England states, he went to New Orleans in the spring of 1860. A year later the southern city having become too warm for him on account of his previous residence, he had to return to Boston.

When the war broke out he was appointed provost detective at Boston, this because of his keen intelligence, shrewdness and large acquaintance, both north and south. In 1862 he was assigned to Washington, where he and Pardon Worseley were supplied with a team and wagon and sent outside the lines, ostensibly to trade pies for tobacco, but in reality to endeavor to intercept mail that was being sent from Baltimore and Washington to Mosby's command. They brought in three bags of mail, from which Gen. Augur obtained evidence that caused the seizure of fifteen or twenty stores in Baltimore and as many more in Washington. This ended their usefulness in that vicinity.

DONOHUE AS A PARIS.

Then Donohue became a confidential agent of Gov. Andrew. While acting in this capacity he intercepted in Canada dispatches from the rebel commissioners at Montreal. Three dispatches were turned over to Consul-General Thurston and by him sent in cipher to Washington. The same year, when the rebel forces threatened Washington and communications were cut off between it and the north, he was sent to the capital by Gov. Andrew and Gen. Dix as the bearer of important dispatches, and accomplished his mission so successfully that he was highly complimented. About the time that the Chesapeake, running between Boston and the Maine coast, was captured by rebels disguised as passengers, Bull was employed on several steamers of New York and New England lines with a view to keeping an eye on such southerners as might attempt to board these vessels. Through his efforts a number of southern men were taken into custody. When the exciting period of the war was over, a time that offered Donohue employment of a character thoroughly congenial, he remained in the service of the state for about a year, and then he became a curbstone dealer in diamonds. It is claimed that he obtained the chief part of his supplies of precious stones from thieves.

At any rate, for two years he did a flourishing business. He carried his stock in his pockets, and could go into almost any pocket and pull out a handful of diamonds. The year 1869 found him broke, and employed as a private detective.

It will be then that he returned to his old haunts, and from being the proprietor of high-toned resorts, manager of the Boylston museum and a no mean political power, he descended through successive stages until the end. In 1871 he was arrested for receiving stolen goods and was sent to state prison for a year and a half. For a period of over ten years the public knew or heard little of him. He was buried in the gaming haunts of the west end, that ran much freer than now. It was not until 1885 that he again came to

JAMES DONOHUE.
(In His Palmy Days.)

public notice, and that in the most thrilling episode of his varied life. He was engaged for a sum of $1,000 and expenses to murder a beautiful English girl in Baltimore. Donohue at first considered the scheme merely a coup of the state police to catch him, but it appeared subsequently to be an actual fact. Donohue gave himself completely over to the diabolical scheme, but all the while kept the police informed of every move that the conspirators were making and thus presumably saved the life of the girl. There is some talk of removing John Bull's remains from the pauper's grave and of giving them burial in some Boston cemetery.

MURDER TO CONCEAL ROBBERY

Coroner Marsh of Rockford, Ill., has received a letter from Jonas Carlson, foreman of the ballasting crew near Galena, which confirms the theory that Robert Hardin and George Woodward, two negroes, were robbed and then thrown from an east-bound freight train, receiving injuries from which they died. Both men were paid off in full by Carlson on the previous Saturday, Woodward also drawing the wages due his brother, who had been taken ill and returned south. Then they started for their home at Bolivar, Tenn. They had been working since last April and each had quite a sum coming. No money was found on either of the men when picked up along the track, but the ghastly wounds about their heads indicated that they had been slugged and then thrown from a train. The coroner's jury expects to bring out important evidence.

Cat Routed by a Bird.

From a garden window in Twickenham, "Observant" saw the following incident, and writes to tell the tale: "A nest of blackbirds had flown this morning, and one of the young birds had decided to explore under some shrubs growing in my garden. A neighbor's cat sprang after the bird, and would have caught it, but at the same moment the mother bird flew down from a high tree growing just outside the garden, and, with extended wings and uttering a remarkably loud cry, hovered around the cat's head, dashing at it again and again with open beak against the cat. By this unexpected attack the would-be destroyer seemed entirely balked in his movements, and both birds flew up into the tree and chatted loudly and excitedly for about ten minutes. I never could have imagined a bird capable of such marvelous instinct and courage. I felt quite excited at witnessing such a scene, and shall never forget it."—London News.

Fined for Laughing.

Police Judge Taylor of Washington, D. C., recently fined Leader Haley, of Haley's band, for laughing at Leader Santelman, of the Marine band, at the concert on the Capitol plaza. Haley and Santelman had trouble because the musicians from the two bands sometimes played together in outside engagements. After the concert the police offered to release Haley, but he would not have it. He had been insulted by arrest and he demanded justice. So he was taken to a police station, where he deposited collateral to the amount of $5 and secured his release. Next morning Judge Taylor said the affair was like trouble in a church choir, but at the same time he thought Haley had disturbed the concert by his laughter, and he, therefore, imposed a fine of $10.

Monkey Bandit's Malice

New York Journal: A malicious monkey, belonging to George Hoppe, hotel proprietor, of Flushing, attacked George O. Field, of that place, while he was crossing a meadow. The creature sprang on his back and tore gashes in his neck, which a doctor sewed up.

THE ills of women overshadow their whole lives.

Some women are constantly getting medical treatment and are never well. "A woman best understands women's ills," and the women who consult Mrs. Pinkham find in her counsel practical assistance.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

PRACTICAL HELP FOR SUFFERING WOMEN

MRS. MABEL GOOD, Correctionville, Ia., tells how Mrs. Pinkham saved her life. She says:

"I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me. I can recommend it as one of the best medicines on earth for all women's ills. I suffered for two years with female weakness and at last became bedfast. Three of our best doctors did me no good so I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do all my housework. I know that your medicine raised me from a bed of sickness and perhaps death, and am very thankful for what it has done for me. I hope that every suffering woman may be persuaded to try your medicine."

Get Mrs. Pinkham's advice as soon as you begin to be puzzled. Are sick headaches and dragging sensation come from a curable cause? Write for help as soon as they appear: MRS. DOLE STANLEY, Campbellsburg, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was troubled with sick headache and was so weak and nervous, I could hardly go. A friend called upon me one evening and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying that she knew that it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine and after taking five bottles of it, I was entirely cured. I cannot praise it enough."

Non-Territorial Expansion.

Means paying rent for a poor farm. Now is the time to secure a good farm on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, the markets, excellent climate, pure soft water, land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle, St., Chicago, Ill.

Fire did $275,000 damage in buildings in the stock yards at Chicago on the 21st.

Gutchess College.

Educates Young Men and Women in the best business methods of today. Qualifies them to fill first class positions. Has a full school. More than 250 pupils placed by good situations this past year. The demand for trained business assistants exceeds the supply. It may be here and you need a position. Terms liberal and easy. Board in private families at very low rates. Particulars to-day—to-morrow never comes.

GUTCHESS COLLEGE, Sample Block, Detroit, Mich.

John M. Smyth Co.

MAMMOTH MAIL ORDER HOUSE

150 - 152 - 154
156 - 158 - 160
162 - 164 - 166
W. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO.

In Time of Sunshine Prepare for Rain.

Our Facilities are such that we are enabled to quote prices that always interest economical buyers. Our goods are the trustworthy kind that always give satisfaction. Our values are the unapproachable kind that never can be reached elsewhere.

No. 110. Ladies' Royal Cape Mackintosh Coat, made of high grade double twilled sateen in wool cashmere in navy blue or black, throughout, with fancy plaid, full sweep double-breasted detachable cape, with fine patent buttons, and velvet collar. Gigantic in back; lined with one satin side pocket and opening in side seam. Has two extra inside pockets; buttonholes are worked with silk and all garments guaranteed. The manufacturer's guarantee for these satisfactorily stands by each of every garment, this coupled with the way down price we name should settle all doubt as to the value. A good Mackintosh is a wise investment, whatever a poor one is money thrown away. Our selling points are practical knowledge of quality and buying in large quantities at the lowest cash prices, thereby enabling us to extend to our customers. One of these mackintoshes with proper attention from rain and dampness and give best of satisfaction. Sizes 32 to 46, from 4 inches long, no larger. Price

$3.45

OUR MAMMOTH CATALOGUE

In which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10c. to partly pay postage or expressage, and as evidence of good faith—the 10c. is allowed on first purchase amounting to $1.00 or above.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

CARTER'S INK

Ask for it. If your dealer hasn't it he can get it easily.

LADY OR MAN wanted to travel and per month salary and all expenses. ZIEGLER CO., 70 Marion Block, Chicago.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets REGULATE THE LIVER

CHEAP FARMS

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

100,000 ACRES improved and unimproved farming lands to be divided and sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see us or write. THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sanilac Center, Mich., or The Truman Moss Estate, Croswell, Sanilac Co., Mich.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.

Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES to suit all tastes. Name and price stamped on bottom.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Sold everywhere at $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair, postpaid, on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue sent free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

1,000 NEWSPAPERS

Are now using our

International Type-High Plates

Sawed to

LABOR-SAVING LENGTHS.

They will save time in your composing room as they can be handled even quicker than type.

No extra charge is made for sawing plates to short lengths.

Send a trial order to this office and be convinced.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, DETROIT, MICH.

TOURIST SLEEPERS TO CALIFORNIA VIA WABASH

You will practice good economy in writing

C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, for particulars.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.