

The Tramp's Story as He Told It.

(Written for the "Record-Union" by Snook Pumpkins.)

"Well, boys, I've had a pretty tough time of it during the past few years. Many and many are the nights I've slept without floor or bedding beneath me, and no roof or covering above me except the broad canopy of the heavens. Heavens! did I say? Is there such a thing as heaven? It may be, that to you, who have only looked up into the diamond-studded sky when you felt so disposed, could behold there the handiwork of some omnipotent power, and wonder with reverence at the supreme mathematical and architectural skill of a mind so far beyond human conception as to be able to plan their grandeur and systematic arrangement, so that the evolution of ages, nor the traversing of space should ever disturb their relations to each other, but to me, as I have so often watched them, slithering beneath their cold rays, while trying to rest in sleep on the still colder bosom of mother earth, they seemed to be the eyes of demons, tantalizing and mocking me in my misery.

"The deus that I once believed were sent from heaven to give life and thrills to vegetation for the welfare and comfort of mankind, now seems to me a curse of Satan to make my lot more miserable and unendurable than I can bear. And man, my fellow man, blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, and spirit of my spirit, actually refuses to permit me to rest my weary, hungry carcass beneath the shade and within the walls, that protect his brutes from the piercing winds of winter.

"Yes, boys, when one gets down, and down, and down, until the only thing he comes in contact with is adversity; when the brand is placed upon his brow, so that every man he meets is set against him, it seems hard to believe that there is a divine, overruling power that will permit such things.

"Ah, I remember, years and years ago, when I was younger than I am now, when I had the comforts of home, friends, and social surroundings, that I was gullible enough to believe that the Lord would temper the winds to the shorn lamb, that He would not allow a sparrow to fall without His notice; but alas! in my long weary tramp, tramp, tramp, from locality to locality, from State and Territory to Territory and State, I have encountered thousands upon thousands of God-created men who know naught but hunger, misery and woe, while within view, on all sides, are plenty and to spare. Hundreds and hundreds of times have I gone to the homes of the rich and affluent and begged for a morsel of bread—a morsel of the very "crumbs that fell from the plates," and was told that there was nothing for me, while the swill tub was made the unnecessary receptacle of what would have been a feast for me.

"Indeed, I was impressed with the words of Him who exclaimed, "How hardly will it be for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." But, whether they get to heaven or not, they have comforts here, that would be a veritable heaven to thousands of poor, hungry, ill-clad wretches like me.

"But, you ask, why don't you secure work and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow?"

"That, boys, is an easy question asked, but how few there are who can answer it. Just let it be heralded abroad that ten good men are wanted upon some job here in Sacramento at living wages, and to-morrow morning there will be one hundred men on the spot clamoring for the place. Ninety of these applicants, if they have no homes of their own, will have to march on—tramps from necessity, not from choice. And, you know, boys, the tramps have hard names and employers of men are afraid to have them around. They are branded as lazy, worthless vagabonds, without being given a trial at labor.

"The truth is, they have the brand upon them, and a man's hand is turned against them. The farmer who says they will not go off and get drunk, but in truth, because they will work for wages that white men cannot afford to work for.

"Electricity and labor-saving machinery now do the work in many avenues of industry that formerly required the employment of many men. Take, for example, the typesetting machine. One machine will do the work of half a dozen printers. A girl with a typewriter can do the copying that half a dozen young men were required to do when I was your age. Steam gang-plows, combined harvesters, etc., minimize the number of men on farms, and the time-work hands are needed.

"It is a mistake, boys, to say that men who are idle will not work if they are given an opportunity. The reverse was proven in the city of San Francisco early last spring, when men were given an opportunity to work on the proposed boulevard at \$1 per day. There were hundreds of hungry men applied for work every day at that figure who had to be turned away, to return the next day, hoping to get at least a few days' work. And these persistent applications were kept up until work ceased upon that thoroughfare.

"In this scramble for employment there isn't much chance for one as old and unskilled as I. I have no influential friends to intercede for me, while there are many awaiting jobs who are backed by friends who have weight with the employers. Boys, these are

hard times for the unemployed. Many of them are almost driven to desperation. You can hardly expect them to starve in a land of plenty. They cannot get work unless they displace others by underbidding them in the matter of wages. This would be reprehensible, even measured by the ethics of a tramp.

"The evil is to be done? How is the evil to be remedied? We are on the verge of a crisis, which if not averted will cause this country to weep tears more bitter and galling than were caused by the rebellion a little over a third of a century ago, when the shackles were rent from the limbs of several millions of black slaves. To-day this liberty-loving nation has millions of overworked white slaves, and yet thousands of others who seek work and cannot find it. The time will come, boys, when a Moses will lead the hungry children of Israel out of the wilderness of oppression. Shall the exodus be peaceable and orderly, or shall it be revolutionary and destructive?"

"It can be accomplished without a turbulent ripple upon our sea of State, but I am too weary and hungry to discuss upon the wilderness of oppression. Shall the exodus be peaceable and orderly, or shall it be revolutionary and destructive?"

"I have only eaten fruit and grapes that I have secured from wayside farms for three days and nights, and God only knows how it will be with me when the fruit season is over.

"I had the good fortune to be fairly well educated, and had the advantages of refined training, and am too proud to ask for assistance, but circumstances have humbled me into a frame of mind that I will not resent any offer of charity that may be tendered me.

"Thanks, boys; this will greatly refresh me. I shall eat a square meal and sleep in a good bed to-night, and should like to give you my remedy for the evils that are enslaving the masses of our country, which I shall do whenever you have the time and patience to hear me. Boys, good-by, and may you never want for the necessities of life, and have to depend on an unsecured job to supply your actual demands, is my earnest prayer."

Barry, the St. Bernard.

The hospitality and untiring humanity of the monks of the convent of St. Bernard have long been famous, and the fidelity and sagacity of their well-known breed of dogs, kept by them to assist them in their labors, have long been equally celebrated.

The most noted of all the dogs that have lived and striven and died in the service of the monks was named Barry. This faithful creature served the hospital for the period of twenty years, and during that time he saved the lives of no less than forty persons. His zeal was unquenchable. It was his custom, after a heavy fall of snow, to set out by himself in search of lost travelers. He would run along, barking at the top of his lungs, until he was entirely out of breath, when he would often fall over in the snow from sheer exhaustion.

No place was too perilous for him to venture into, and when he found, as he sometimes did, that his own strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveler benumbed by the cold, he would immediately hurry off to the hospital to fetch the monks.

One day Barry found a child frozen apparently to death between the bridge of Dronax and the icehouse of Balsora. He began at once to lick him, and having succeeded by this means in restoring animation, he induced the child to tie himself to his body. In this little wreath he carried the poor little wretch to the hospital.

When he became too old to get about the Prior of the convent, by way of reward, pensioned him at Berney, and after his death his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum of that town, where it is still preserved.

The little flask in which he carried brandy for the relief of travelers, was found exhausted in the snow on the mountains is still suspended from his neck.—Harper's Round Table.

Service Recognized.

A typical rural Massachusetts incident, and not likely to be duplicated outside of that State, was the recent dedication in Deerfield of a memorial building, erected as a monument to the faithful service of the village postmaster. That official was Miss Martha Pratt, who for a quarter of a century, regardless of changes in administrations, had solid stamps to the villagers and cared for their mail, at a meager compensation and in unattractive quarters. It was excellent service, and through it all there ran a vein of courtesy and helpful kindness that caused the appreciative villagers to say after Miss Pratt's death that her life and virtues should not be forgotten. It is only a modest memorial that has been erected, albeit its cost, about \$1,000, is a large sum to be raised by contribution in a little village, but the act transcends many others of more pretension. There was a happy choice, too, in the memorial, which takes the form of a small building, erected near the scene of Miss Pratt's faithful labor, and designed to strengthen the social life of the village by serving as a place for village and church society gatherings.

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives renewed strength, particularly after severe illness.

Save money by buying your tea and coffee of J. McMurtry, 531 N. M.

YOUR MANHOOD

DEPENDS UPON your nerve power, and nerve power is electric energy. Just give it a moment's thought. Electricity is a nerve tonic, an invigorant, a builder of vital force. Strength of manhood comes with a healthy nerve force. Therefore be manly. Fill your system with electric energy. Get

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

It builds up vital energy and makes manhood complete. It has cured thousands.



DR. A. T. SANDEN—Dear Sir: I have worn your Electric Belt two months now, and I can say that I am a better man and stronger than I was. I have no more aches and pains in my back any more, and I have no more losses and my eyes look clear. So you are at liberty to publish any reference to me. It will be a great pleasure for me to write to others and tell them what Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt has done for me. Yours truly, L. WALKER.

RECKWITH, Cal., March 3, 1897.
DR. A. T. SANDEN—Dear Sir: I have worn your Electric Belt two months now, and I can say that I am a better man and stronger than I was. I have no more aches and pains in my back any more, and I have no more losses and my eyes look clear. So you are at liberty to publish any reference to me. It will be a great pleasure for me to write to others and tell them what Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt has done for me. Yours truly, L. WALKER.

Read the little book "Three Classes of Men," which is sent free by mail to any address on application. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who is weak. Address or call DR. A. T. SANDEN, 632 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"SLUG" SLOT MACHINES.

Franchise Threatens to Exterminate Automatic Coin Devices.

In a joke perpetrated in the "levee" district by two men high in the police force is seen the doom of slot machines and slot machines. In this same joke it is disclosed that the slot machines and slot telephones are their own most deadly enemies and that their end is suicide.

One morning last week a "levee" saloonkeeper opened the drawer of his slot machine in the expectation of finding \$15 in nickels, for the box was heavy. He counted out the separate pieces. There were 300 of them. To his surprise and dismay there was not a nickel in the lot—the pieces were "slugs."

An investigation was made, and before night it was known that almost every saloon on the "levee" had been visited by the "slugs." A second and a third night brought repetitions of "slugs" in slot machines, and the saloonkeepers applied to Lieutenant O'Connor of the Harrison-street police station and demanded that he discover who was filling their slot machines with "slugs" and getting good nickels in return.

Two detectives in the disguise of tramps snaked through an alley to the back door of a saloon in the vicinity of Clark and Harrison streets. It was night, and the place was full of "hobos." The tramp detectives seated themselves at a table where they could see that the glass slide of the slot machine was filled with nickels. Men and women of the "levee," thieves, beggars and gamblers, played the gambling device, but the glass slide showed only honest nickels. Then came two high officials of the police department in citizen's clothes. Without turning to right or left, and without taking any notice of the occupants of the saloon, they walked straight to the slot machine device. When the police had departed the good nickels played by the dregs of the "levee," together with the "bank" of the machine, were gone. The cash drawer and the glass slide were filled with "slugs."

Within a week the market was flooded with "slugs," procurable at 8 cents a hundred. Not only have the nickels been counterfeited, so far as practical use in the slot machines is concerned, but the penny gum machines and the 10-cent telephones as well. The sales are not openly conducted and the source of supply of the "slugs" is a secret. Hundreds of persons on the "levee," however, know where to get them and do get them, and the secret source of supply is supposed to be known to a number of policemen.

An officer of the Harrison-street station, when asked if he knew where the nickel imitations used in slot machines were to be procured, said: "Why don't you make them? Shave off one side of a bar of soap so that you have a smooth surface, put a nickel on it and press the nickel into the soap with a vise. Fill the hole with lead and you have got your slug. Make one for them telephone machine in the same way with a dime."

The imitations of dimes have been used to some extent in the automatic telephone. Signs like this have been posted on the automatic telephones in certain drug stores in the city: "Any one caught using slugs in this machine will be prosecuted." Nevertheless eight slugs, representing practically all the receipts for ten days, were taken from the telephone of a Twelfth-street drugist last week.—Chicago Record.

The Cooking of Marken.

Marken is a lonely islet on the Dutch Coast, which of late years has been visited by a crowd of strangers, who believe in going to places out of the ordinary stereotyped lines of travel. It is a flat, fertile island, where the people preserve much of the simple manners and frugal habits of two and three centuries ago. The old style of wooden shoes are worn and make the village streets as noisy as a stone-crusher. They have old-fashioned kitchens in their homes, with a large stove, and a little clay stove, in which charcoal is used for fuel. In a few there are stoves which burn coal, but these are a rarity. The good housewives preserve foods according to recipes which have been kept as heirlooms. Some of the dishes are so delicious.

They treat fish in an odd manner. The fish is thoroughly scraped, split and cleaned, put into a pot with salt, niton, vinegar and spices, including cinnamon, clove, bay leaves, laurel, peppercorns, mustard and cayenne. More fishes are added until the pot is almost full, when it is put in a stone room and covered with an earthenware cover.

It stands until it is thoroughly soured, which is known by the bones becoming soft through the dissolving of the fish by the vinegar. When this stage is reached the fish are removed with great care and put into smaller crocks or jars, and are then covered with a fluid made from water, vinegar, oil, the spices mentioned, onion juice, and sometimes a clove of garlic. These crocks are sealed in gummy fashion, the commonest being with a mixture of brown paper, paste and cord. Fish treated in this manner retains its delicacy of flavor, is very white and very appetizing. Another favorite dish is made from the fat eels which are so common in these waters. These are cooked thoroughly with salt and condiments, and when done are placed in deep jars until the receptacle is nearly filled. The liquor in which they were cooked is boiled down until it becomes almost as thick as molasses. It is then poured scalding hot over the fish, and as soon as it cools it sets into a hard and compact jelly. To still further prevent any spoiling of the fish, a fine layer of melted fat of some sort is poured on top of the cold jelly. When this cools it becomes hard and white, and will protect the interior from the air for months if not for years. Other delicacies which can be recommended are soups made by boiling fish, shell fish or ducks for many hours and straining off the bones and other solid matter.—Margherita Arina Hamm, in New York Mail and Express.

Appropriately Named.

He was in a reminiscent mood. "I recall one occasion," he said, "when I wore a bright red sweater into a field where a large, irritable bull was confined. It was looking for information, but I acquired some."

"Such as what?" "Well, among other things, I made up my mind before I finally got over the fence that that particular feature of my attire was appropriately named."—Chicago Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists furnish them. Beware of cheap imitations. L. E. Q. on each tablet.

The American Federation of Labor.

has decided to appoint a committee to draft suggestions for legislation by Congress.

How can I describe the thundering stampede, and shock like the burst of a cannon when the two mighty heads met in the first charge, the firing of guns, the screams and cheering from the mahouts, the trumpeting of the

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K St., Sacramento.



Flurry in Clocks. Heavy Reductions.

An unusual opportunity is offered for securing a good clock at an uncommonly low price. The clocks are of the high grade Christmas order and until yesterday were practically double the prices that they are to-day.

We found that they were too expensive in price to suit the majority of purchasers and so rather than run the risk of carrying them over till the new year we have made heavy reductions now.

These plastic marble clocks have the rich appearance of marble and are fitted with guaranteed movements and a visible escapement that adds much to the attractiveness. They strike the hour and half hour, vibrating with a soft, mellow sound, very pleasing to hear.

Yesterday the prices were \$7.50, \$10, \$13.50 and \$14. To-day they are \$4.38, \$5.88 and \$7.28.

Porcelain Clocks Also Down.

Cream White Porcelain Clocks, with decorations in tints of blue, green, pink, etc., and in Delft and Dresden effects. Sizes 9 to 13 1/2 inches high. The more expensive ones have the figures of the hour engraved on abalone shell, which reflects soft rainbow hues that add much to the beauty of the clocks.

Former prices \$4.50 to \$14. To-day's prices \$2.78 to \$9.90.

Women's Underskirts, 25c.

Made of Flannelette in narrow pink and blue stripe. Price 25c.

Women's Cashmere Wool Gloves, 25c.

Fit the hand smoothly, easy to take on or off. Much comfort in them this cold weather. Price 25c.

TO-DAY, 9:30 5,000 Yards Swansdown Flannelettes.

Please do not confound these Flannelettes with what you are in the habit of getting for 5c. They are not the same.

It took special preparation and large buying to enable us to offer these Winter Flannelettes at the price that we do. In fact, at the present time we could not buy them from the mill for 5c.

The Flannelettes are perfect goods, soft, fleecy nap, splendid patterns, including pink and blue stripes and pretty checks. An ideal fabric for Winter nightgowns. A fair quantity will be allowed to each customer. Regular value not less than 9c yard.

To-day's Price, 5c. Also To-day, Underskirts, \$1.

Our aim in the Cloak and Suit Department is to offer new items at special prices whenever possible.

Here comes another lot of handsome Cotton Poplin Underskirts in the latest Roman stripes, deep umbrella flounce, cut bias, giving a very pretty effect to bottom of skirt. Rich variegated stripes in blue, green, red, helio and cerise. Also one lot of stylish plaids on black grounds in all the latest combinations of colors.

To-day's Price, \$1. Bird's-eye Maple Secretaries, \$7.25.

Women's Writing Desk of real bird's-eye maple. Attractive in design and with handy compartments, drawer, etc. Finished with brass rod at top and will make a useful and acceptable holiday gift. Price \$7.25.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K St., Sacramento.

CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS.

A Stirring Hunting Scene in the Jungles of Nepal.

Marie A. Millie contributes a number of "Stories of Elephants" to the "St. Nicholas." She says: "The chase for wild elephants began next day at early dawn. We had heard of a wild herd being seen in the Chila Valley, and we mounted on an elephant to see the hunt. Mr. Bagshaw, the conservator of forests, was in command of the party, and Billj Prasad was the most responsible elephant."

For two long days they hunted their wild brethren through the deepest jungle, and in some places the pampas and other grasses. After an hour of forest we were riding on the elephant.

Once, on the second day, the quest seemed hopeless. Through bungling, or owing to the dense jungle, the herd had escaped; and the ladies of the party halted for luncheon in a deep ravine. After an hour's interval we heard the reports of guns, and the roaring and thundering stampede of the "chasers." Imagine our feelings in the ravine—never knowing when the herd would be on us, trampling us over, or whether there was any chance of escape. After a suspense of an hour, such as few of us would like to suffer again, we decided to mount and try to rejoin the hunters.

As luck would have it, from the next hill we had a view of the whole valley below. Eight wild elephants had been hunted by the tame ones into the valley, and there they were, two of them being magnificent tuskers, tired to death, with no hope of escape. A firm stockade of trunks of trees was built to occupy by tame elephants and their riders, but still the gallant beasts made a noble fight for freedom. It was really distressing to see their uneasiness and trouble, particularly that of one poor mother, who had three and a half feet high. She was overcome by a two big tuskers; and it was most interesting to see the captors' intelligence in dealing with the poor baby elephant. They gently forced it in between them to the mother's side; every move it made was most closely observed and checked, but never one bit of roughness did they show it. And so it was led off into camp, the trumpeting of the mother making us feel most fearfully sympathetic. There was a most exciting fight with the others; they were simply ridden down by the tame ones, and overpowered only when thoroughly faint and exhausted. The biggest among them—a splendid tusker—resisted to the last. For nearly a week he had been hunted, without a chance to eat or drink, but he still remained defiant, not yielding to any of the many champions who went forth to fight him.

At last it was decided that Billj alone should enter the field against him, and we held our breath in anxious suspense. The poor captive seemed to recognize that his last hope was gone when his magnificent antagonist appeared; and we watched keenly to see how he measured the other's proportions before their first rush of attack.

How can I describe the thundering stampede, and shock like the burst of a cannon when the two mighty heads met in the first charge, the firing of guns, the screams and cheering from the mahouts, the trumpeting of the

will elephants already captives, who still hoped for the freedom of their leader?

But it was of no avail! Billj's enormous strength was too much for the poor, tired, worn out beast. At the first sign of yielding, four magnificent tame elephants, with mahouts on their backs, rushed into the field. Nooses of iron chains were hung around the huge body, and proud Billj headed the sad procession. The captive was secured to two elephants on each side, with chains on each leg, and so led into camp.

Didn't Approve of the Feast.

The lesson was from the prodigal son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus: "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!"—Aberdeen Journal.

Brutal Suggestion.

Scene: Newly-married pair on bench in park; old gentleman supposed to be asleep.

She—My darling. He—My dove! She—My doggie! He—My puss! She—My duck! He—My pretty birdie! She—My goskie! He—My lambkin!

Old gentleman (interrupting, brutally)—Can't you call each other Noah's arks, and have done with it?—Tit-Bits.

Tenement Row Incidents.

Rudolph Peppernickle—A baby fell out of a fifth-story window up the street, just now, onto a grocery store awning, and after it wasn't hurt a bit Hans Meyerhofer (storekeeper)—Dot was lucky! A baby fell out of a two-story window onto my awning, alrethly onet, an' donner! It ripped a hole six foot long in it!—Brooklyn Eagle.

During 1895 the United States exported to Mexico \$17,000,000 worth of goods, and in the succeeding year \$21,000,000 worth.

OTT'S REMEDIES. "3-DAY MALARIA CURE" FOR MALARIA, chills and fevers, 50c a bottle. "OTT'S" Liver Pills for biliousness, constipation, etc., 50c a bottle. "OTT'S" Kidney Cure, for the kidneys, bladder, urinary and genital organs. Price, 50c a bottle. "OTT'S" Cough Cure, for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. Price, 50c a bottle. "OTT'S" Blood Cure, a sovereign remedy in all cases where a true alternative is needed. Price, 50c a bottle. "OTT'S" Carbolic Ointment, the best known for all sores and skin diseases. Price, 25c. "OTT'S" Corn Cure, easily applied; for corns and bunions. Large bottles, 50c. "OTT'S" Footache Drops, stops toothache instantly. Price, 25c. "OTT'S" Foot and Leg Cure, for tired, sore, fetid, swollen, sweating and aching feet. Price, 25c. "OTT'S" Catarrh Balm, for catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, etc. Price per jar, 25c. FRANCIS S. OTT, Manufacturing Druggist, 209 K street, south side Second and K, Sacramento, Cal.

SPECIAL SALE

All-wool Dress Goods.

TO-DAY

We will offer to the ladies of Sacramento and vicinity a fine line of All-wool Dress Goods at a great discount, showing many different and distinct weaves.

At 22c ALL-WOOL ASSABET SUITINGS. 36 in. wide, in red, mixed tans and grays, navy blue, new blue and cadet blue; also, all-wool mixtures and chevrons; worth 50c.

At 35c ALL-WOOL PIEROLA SUITINGS. Black ground, fancy figures, 38 in. wide. Having a large stock of these fabrics on hand, will close them out at 35c; worth 50c.

At 50c ALL-WOOL NOVELTY SUITINGS. Changeable and two-tone effects, raised patterns, 40 in. wide. These are entirely new goods and we claim they are the best in the city at 50c per yard.

At 75c TWINE CLOTH and TWO-TONE PIEROLA. 42 in. wide Two-tone Satin, 40 in. wide All-Wool Poplins, 38 in. wide in all the new shades in Serges, Cashmeres, etc.

At 10c to \$2 DRAPERY, STORM SERGES, SATINETTS. Clay Worsted and Costume Cloths, 46 to 54 in. wide. We are showing a great variety. We challenge comparison anywhere.

B. WILSON & CO., 601 J STREET.

RAINS, WAR AND HARNESS

In time of peace prepare for war. It should be so with the farmers—in time of rain prepare for plowing. We have all kinds of Harness, Sweat Pads and Horse Goods from the lowest to the best, and in such quantities and selections as will suit you all. Our Plow Harness run from \$15 to \$25, and they are guaranteed at STOLL'S Saddlery, Harness, Shoe Finding and Leather Store.

STOLL'S BUILDING, Sacramento, Cal.

Every man is odd, but we can fit him.

Great Specials

AT 40c

Fancy Percalé Bosom Shirts with white bodies. Six different styles, neat patterns. Well worth 75 cents.

AT 75c

Regular \$1 Derby Ribbed Wool Undershirts and Drawers—bought under price, sold under price.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures pain, itching, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, callous and hot, tired and aching feet. Try it today. Sold by druggists and mail order. By mail for 50c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

For the Best Laundry Work

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Ladies Who Value

A refined complexion must use Porzani's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE

WITH THIS REMEDY PERSONS CAN cure themselves without the least exposure, change of diet or change in application of business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, \$1 a bottle.