

### A CURATE'S EPISTLE.

Will you marry a curate, Miss Ethel?  
Will you wed with a reverend man  
With a hundred and twenty pounds yearly,  
And glad to get that if he can?  
Will you never miss vesper or matins?  
Will you visit the poor in the rain?  
Will you give up your silks and your satins,  
And wear gingham and mouselines-de-laine?  
Can you please the entire congregation—  
Keep all the societies hot—  
Barely pruned if you're fit for the station,  
And raised if you're not?  
Can you disregard sneering and scolding  
"Cause at home you've to work like a bee?  
Will you help to make beds in the morning  
And cut bread and butter for tea?  
Can you drudge all the day without pity?  
Can you darn, sew and stitch, and—not tire?  
Will you sit on the ladies' committee,  
And warble your best in the choir?  
Will you stand by your husband when slighted  
By men who make light of his pains,  
Who have far more than ten times his income,  
And far less than half of his brains?  
Married bishops may easily mingle  
Worldly wisdom with warning so loud:  
But I've taken no vows to keep single,  
Though perhaps I may always be poor.  
Thus as the wife of a curate,  
You could live, dear, say "Yes" without fuss:  
Don't be daunted by prelates obdurate,  
And gladden your own Clericus.  
—London Tid-Bits.



### A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Sherlock Holmes rose and lit his pipe. "No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friends' thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."  
"Have you read Gaboriau's works?" I asked. "Does Lecq come up to your idea of a detective?"  
"Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically. "Lecq was a miserable bungler," he said, in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I



HE HAD A LARGE BLUE ENVELOPE IN HIS HAND.

could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecq took six months or so. It might be made a text-book for detectives to teach them what to avoid." I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style. I walked over to the window, and stood looking out into the busy street. This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."  
"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."  
I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly-dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.  
"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.  
"Brag and bounce!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."  
The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door, and ran rapidly across the roadway. We heard a loud knock, a deep voice below, and heavy steps ascending the stair.  
"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot. "May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trade may be?"  
"Commissionaire, sir," he said gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."  
"And you were?" I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.  
"A sergeant, sir, Royal Marine light infantry, sir. No answer? Right, sir."

He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE LATHRION GARDENS MYSTERY.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There

still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension. When I looked at him he had finished reading the note and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.  
"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.  
"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he replied, brusquely. Then, with a smile: "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sergeant of marines?"  
"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of the fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side-whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.  
"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.  
"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"  
"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly.  
"Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES: There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and, as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed, and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Dreber, Cleveland, O., U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house. Indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion."  
"Yours faithfully, THOMAS GREGSON."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shockingly so. They have their knives into one another, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried. "Shall I go and order you a cab?"  
"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."  
"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Supposing I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."  
"But he begs you to help him."  
"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.  
"You wish me to come?"  
"Yes, if you have nothing better to do." A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a very foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last, interrupting Holmes' musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a catarrh out from the blessed pane.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and of gravel. The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery. Nothing appeared to be farther from his intention. With an air of nonchalance which, under the circumstances, seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses, and the line of railings. Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground. Twice he stopped, and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it, I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it. Still, I had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flax-haired man, with a note-book in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion. "It is indeed kind of you to come," he said; "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that?" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me, and raised his eyes sardonically. "With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way. "I think we have done all that can be done," he answered; "it's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."  
"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room." With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

A short passage, bare planked and dusty, led to the kitchen and office. Two doors opened out of it to the left and to the right. One of these had obviously been closed for many weeks. The other belonged to the dining-room, which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes walked in, and I followed him with that sublimed feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. A vulgar, glaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached



GAZED VACANTLY AT THE GROUND.

and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair and a short, stubby beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat, with light colored trousers and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death-struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose and prognathous

jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."  
"There is no clew," said Gregson.  
"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.  
"Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circum-



SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACHED THE BODY.

stances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 1834. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes were the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patent-leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A BRAVE SOLDIER.

HE FIDDED WHILE UNDERGOING THE LOSS OF A LEG.

A hundred years ago the unfortunate people who come into the hands of the surgeons, generally soldiers or sailors who had been hurt in action, were forced to undergo the operations necessary to the prolongation of life without taking ether or chloroform, as is now administered to make the patient unconscious, and so free from pain attendant upon the operation. To secure quiet often the subject had to be bound by ropes, so that such as he might desire to wince he was utterly unable to do so. Occasionally patients would show remarkable fortitude at the crisis of their trouble, but none ever showed more than a soldier, who, on the morning after the battle of Yorktown (October 19, 1781), was brought into the hospital, having been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast preparatory to the operation.

"Never!" protested the soldier. "You may tear my heart from my breast, but you shall not bind me! Can you get me a fiddle?"

His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said: "So, doctor, now you can begin." And he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted forty minutes, without uttering a single false note or disturbing his features in the slightest.—Harper's Young People.

### A LITTLE BEYOND HER.

IT WAS NECESSARY FOR CHARLES TO REVISE HIS LANGUAGE.

She was a pretty country girl, rustic but sweet and innocent as a flower. He was an artist from the city, and a poet, and he loved the rustic maiden. It is so sweet to love in the pristine prettiness of the provinces.

He had found it so, and this soft night in September, when the moon was touching the earth and the air with its silver fingers, he had chosen to tell his love and claim the heart he felt was throbbing in unison with his own.

As she sat by him there in the gloaming, with the soft breezes making harp strings of her golden hair, there was a tender music in his heart he had never known before.

"Dear one," he murmured as he held her hand tightly in his, "I love you; love you with all the energy of my passionate nature, and here, this night, in the presence of the stars and yonder lambent Luna, I ask you to give me that place in your young affections every true man should be given at the hand of the woman he would make his own forever."  
He was slightly rattled, but she held to his hand.

"Charlie," she whispered as she nestled her head on his manly bosom, "if that means a proposal, I'm your huckleberry; but if you mean it for a declaration of the scenery, you'd better look out for the dog."  
And Charles revised his language.—Detroit Free Press.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for April 22, 1894.—Joseph Huler in Egypt.—Gen. 41:39-45. [Specially Arranged from Peabody's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—Them that honor Me I will honor.—1 Sam. 2:30.

THE SECTION OF HISTORY.—Chapters 39-41. 2 Psa. 105 refers (in vs. 18-23) to God's wonderful and loving providence over His people at this time.

TEXT.—E. C. 1718. Thirteen years after Joseph was sold to the Midianites.

PLACE.—It is generally supposed that the capital of Egypt at this time was Zoan, the Greek Tanis, and modern San, near one of the mouths of the Nile, where the Egyptian exploration fund have recently made important excavations and discoveries.

According to Osborn (Monumental Egypt), "the scene of the bondage, the imprisonment, and the subsequent exaltation and marriage of Joseph, was the city of Heliopolis, the most ancient capital of Egypt, called also On, and situated near the head of the delta of the Nile, twenty miles north of Memphis, and six or seven miles north of modern Cairo. Certainly Joseph's wife belonged here."

PLACE IN SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.—It is generally thought now that the Pharaoh of Joseph was Apepi (Apepi) one of the last of Hyksos or shepherd kings who had ruled in Egypt for a long time before Abraham. Egypt at this time was the most flourishing kingdom the world had ever known. It was cultured in the arts—in learning, in architecture, printing, writing, weaving, etc. The chief cities were Heliopolis, Memphis, Thebes and Zoan (Tanis), the capitals of different districts.

JOSEPH was now thirty years old (41:46). He was seventeen years old when he was sold into Egypt (37:3). It is supposed that he spent ten of the thirteen intervening years as a slave of Potiphar and three in the king's prison.

JACOB, now one hundred and twenty-one years old, still living in Hebron.

LESSON NOTES.

1. Thirteen Years of Preparation. Joseph in "The Smelting Furnace" of Life.—Ten Years of Service and of Trial. Joseph when he reached Egypt was sold to Potiphar, "the captain of the guard." The military caste in Egypt ranked next to the priesthood; and the entire force consisted of 410,000 men, who were divided into two corps, a thousand serving each for a year as the king's body guard (Herod 2:164-168). Potiphar was probably the captain of one of these thousands, and consequently a man of great honor and influence.—Thornley Smith. Joseph was so wise, so faithful, so manifestly blessed of God, that he was soon raised to a high position in Potiphar's household, and had general control of all his affairs.

Three Years in a Prison. At the end of ten years another bitter trial came to Joseph. After long resisting temptation, his very goodness and truth are made the occasion of an unjust accusation, and without trial he is cast into prison. In the present case, the term very probably implies an edifice, or portion of the official mansion, mostly subterranean, of which the roof or vault, rising immediately from the surface of the ground, was round, or shaped like an inverted bowl. It is called, in chapter 41:14, "the dungeon." Such dungeons are still, under similar circumstances, used in the east.—Kitto. In Ps. 105:17-18, we are told that his feet were hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron. The imprisonment was at first severe. But God favored him, and he afterwards had a freer and better life in waiting upon the other prisoners.

Steps in Joseph's Training and Preparation. (1) His discipline was severe. His prison life was hard to endure. He was practically a martyr. (2) He learned trust in God. We see no signs of distrust or of complaining. He simply clung closer to God and became acquainted with God. (3) He had long opportunity to study himself and his needs. There are times when character grows best by rest from work, by slow, unconscious growth. (4) Wherever Joseph was, and in whatever circumstances, he did what was right. He made the best of everything. He not only looked on the bright side, but he did what was better—he worked on the bright side. The way to be ready for larger fields is to be faithful in the smaller. The way to reach a wider sphere is to fill full the narrower. It is well to remember that the particular sphere we are in is of very small importance compared with what we do in the sphere. Piety is just as beautiful in a hovel as in a palace; faithfulness, truth, courage, honor are no more noble on a throne than in a factory or on a farm; love, gentleness, self-denial are as blessed in the kitchen as in the parlor, in the prison as in the court. (5) He grew in helpfulness and kindness. The injustice done to him did not make him unjust to others; the harshness of his treatment did not harden his heart. (6) "The young Hebrew slave was, we imagine, thoughtful and observant and extremely diligent in the culture of his mind. Learning and the arts were at that time in high repute in Egypt, as the monuments prove."—Thornley Smith. (7) The work he had to do for Potiphar was an excellent training for his future high position, "for the Egyptian courtiers were often immensely rich, and not a few of them take care to tell us in their tomb inscriptions exactly the number of their cattle of every kind. One, for example, states that he had 835 oxen, 320 cows and calves, 760 asses, 2,233 goat like sheep and 974 goats." To care for all these would require great skill and executive ability.

LESSONS FROM JOSEPH IN EGYPT. There is a divine and a human element in every life. They are the warp and woof of which the web of life is woven. Both are necessary to a successful life.

So our whole life is a school for the future life. Life is the time of preparation. "We know not what we shall be." We do not know what glorious work or place is before us.

The trials and experiences of youth are meant to be the preparation for larger and fuller lives. We do not know what is before us, but we do know that a right use of the present is the only true preparation for the future.

But we do know that faithfulness in little things is the only preparation for greater things; that doing good, living rightly, trusting God in all circumstances is the only way to larger usefulness, to higher experiences, to wider spheres. "We came into the world to go a way we do not know, but the one thing always in our power is to do our best every day."—Elizabeth Cullinan.

### At Death's Door.

Blood Poisoned After Typhoid Fever.

A Marvelous Cure by Hood's After All Else Failed.



"Twenty-five years ago I had a bilious fever, and later it turned into typhoid fever, and for five weeks I lay like one dead, but at last I pulled through and got up around. I soon discovered on my left leg just above the knee a small brown spot about as big as a three cent piece. I did not pay any attention to it until two years after, when it commenced to spread and have the appearance of a ring worm. It itched and burned and I commenced doctoring,

### Hood's Cures.

but to no avail. Last February I tried an herb for the blood and it broke out in the worst form of a rash all over my body. Finally my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I had not taken more than half of it before I began to feel better. I have had four bottles,

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