

WAR REMINISCENCES.

THEN AND NOW.

G. A. R.—WASHINGTON, 1892. From the wide and wind-swept prairies, From the rugged sea-blown coast, From the uplands and the lowlands, They thronged in a mighty host.

Then they fell into line and column, Regiment and brigade, With the gallant colors streaming, And the fiery music played, And they marched as in the old time, Though here was the tap of a crutch, And there droop of an empty sleeve, Tantalizing the heart in its clutch.

The heaven of mid-September Beamed over them blue and bland, And women smiled their welcomes, And children waved a hand. There were mirth and greetings only In the wake of this latest camp, Though the death-thinned ranks remembered The past in that sturdy tramp—

Remembered a long procession, Staggering, sore bespent, Back from a hundred battles, With banners grimed and rent. Boys with their gaiters pulled down, The friends of hunger and thirst: Men who had looked through the gates of hell And dared the devil his worst.

Up from the Mississippi, From the flame-scarr'd Georgian track, From the Wilderness and from Gettysburg: Those soldiers came toiling back. Are these the same, oh marvels: Does the old light gleam and shine, As they follow the life and begie In the long unwavering line?

Aye, verily! Here are the comrades With brown heads turned to gray, And lint-white locks like the gray-beards, Strong in that elder day. They left their youth behind them In the tempest of years ago, When sweet out of War's rough cradle Slipped Peace in the breaking dawn.

Hats off! There's a greater army Unstirred in its silent sleep By the ponderous tread of the living And the cannon's thunder deep. An army that keeps its muster On stones that as sentries stand, With the names of tens of thousands, The flower of all the land.

The winds are forever chanting A requiem for these: Brave autumn haunts their banners In the rustling maple-trees: And the glad birds, winging southward, Over them pause and rest, Dropping a song for love, above The flower of East and West.

A truce to memory's dreaming: Oh, flag that we live to serve! By all that we hold most holy, Never from thee we'll swerve! Dear flag that rallies a nation, A mighty growing host, From the breezy, rippling prairies To the rugged sea-blown coast, Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

How It Feels to Be Struck by Two Bullets at Once. I did not feel the slightest pain when struck by two bullets at the same instant. We were charging forward, most of the men hurraing as they swept into the cloud of smoke raised by the two Napoleon guns, when there came such a sensation as one feels when his foot has gone to sleep. This sensation extended to the entire body, and I lurched about, staggered forward a few steps, and then fell to the ground. One bullet had entered the right leg just below the hip—the other had smashed into the left shoulder.

I was duly conscious of the fact that I was down, but I could not realize that I had been hit. It was a dreamy sensation. The roar of battle was subdued, the shouts of men seemed to come from miles away, and I felt too tired to speculate on what was happening around me. By and by I went to sleep. I had noticed the sun just as we moved forward. It was within half an hour of setting. When I awoke it was night, and the stars were twinkling brightly. My throat was as parched as if I had been without drink for days, and my tongue seemed to be a stick in my mouth. I sat up, got hold of my canteen, which was full of water, and drained it to the last drop.

What had happened? Away down on the left a single gun was firing at intervals, and here and there was a sputter of musketry. I found it hard to reflect, but after a time it slowly dawned upon me that there had been a battle. When did I fall out of the ranks, and why? Where was the regiment? Who are these men lying about on the ground? Let's see. Yes, this is a battle-field. We were held in reserve until mid-afternoon. Then the brigade was sent to Hooker, and we formed battle line along a ridge covered with bushes. We pushed down the slope to a creek, over the creek to the edge of a cotton-field. They got a couple of guns to enfilade us, and we—let's see. Our regiment got the order to charge. I had just filled my canteen. We fixed bayonets lying down. I remember that we sprang up and rushed forward, and I remember falling. Did I trip or stumble?

"You, there! Are you badly hit?" I came out of my stupor as a dream is broken. I was sitting up, still holding my empty canteen. The soldier who had spoken was lying on his elbow ten feet away. He had been shot in the knee. "Can you crawl?" "Yes, of course." "Then get a canteen from one of those dead men for me."

I made a move, and then for the first time felt the pain of my wounds and realized that I was helpless. The knowledge frightened me, and I began to shout for help. The wounded man laughed at me. His paroxysm had passed away, while I was lying in a stupor. "Keep quiet!" he commanded, as he began to move himself toward me. "If you call out that way some ghouls will come along and knock you on the head!"

My fright passed away as he drew nearer. There was a dead man between us. He stopped and propped the poor fellow's canteen, and as he finally reached me, hitching along on his back by the use of one leg, we drained it between us. I had not recognized his voice, but I now found that he belonged to my own company. "How many dead bodies can you

count?" he asked, as he tossed the canteen away. "Seven, I think."

"That was a shell and we got badly doped. All of our company, too. Can you reach that musket? Some prowler may come along here, and we want to be ready for him."

We were looking into the darkness and looking when he began to laugh. I laughed with him. Two minutes later we were both weeping. Then he started to sing, and I joined in. We realized that we laughed, cried and sang, but we could not control ourselves. He began to tell of the battle, but I flew mad and called him a liar. He would have struck me, but just then we caught sight of a ghoulishly approaching.

"Ah, you devil—I'll fix you!" shouted my comrade as he raised his musket. The ghouls ran away, and both of us laughed heartily. Then we wept again. All of a sudden he began singing. His song was "Capt. Jinks," and joined in with great heartiness. We were singing at the top of our voices when a party of three or four men, having a lantern and a stretcher, suddenly appeared. We ceased our song, and one of the party held the lantern down and said:

"Hard lot, eh? Well, you Yanks are a doggone queer lot of critturs anyhow! We reckoned you was all holding a camp-meeting down yere!"—N. Y. Sun.

PEOPLE WITH QUEER WOUNDS.

A Man Who Stopped a Cannon Ball With His Stomach. There are some veterans with queer records in attendance at this encampment. One of these, known familiarly as Comrade Chase, who served in a Maine battery during the war, carries the scars of forty-eight wounds received in a single battle, that of Gettysburg. His numerous wounds resulted from the explosion of a spherical case immediately in front of him at that memorable battle.

Corporal John Burns, of Ohio, receives a pension for apical wound which is described in the pension bureau as shot in the hip with a barrel of sugar. Burns was on guard duty at a sharp railroad curve in Virginia during the latter part of the war, and was struck on the hip and disabled by a barrel of sugar, which was thrown suddenly from the rickety car by the momentum at the turn in the road. Another veteran who is present is recorded in the bureau as having stopped a cannon ball with his abdomen. He was sitting in a tent near headquarters when a spent cannon ball came bounding along and struck him in the stomach with sufficient force to render him hors de combat, but not to kill him.

Still another queer case is that of a Pennsylvania veteran who will, no doubt, be found in the "silent brigade" during the parade. He was rendered totally deaf by a cannon ball, which whizzed by his head in uncomfortably close proximity to the battle of Malvern Hill. In describing the sensation afterward he said it felt for an instant as if fifty cyclones had burst loose about his head. The concussion also paralyzed him for several minutes. There is another pensioner here who receives a monthly allowance from Uncle Sam's till for a "horse bite on the neck." He was a cavalryman, and claims to have been bitten by a vicious animal while serving with Sheridan in his valley ride. The bite resulted in partial paralysis of the spine. These are but a few illustrations of the various and multitudinous peculiarities of war which will be represented at the Grand army encampment.—Washington Post.

Old War Comrades.

Joseph Morrison of Clinton, Ill., came into the headquarters tent of the Seventeenth corps and said he wanted to register. While waiting his turn at the book Dr. Littlewood of that city, who served in the Twentieth Illinois, looked at him rather suspiciously, then got up and walked around and took him in from the other side. Then he tapped him on the shoulder and remarked: "You were at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, weren't you?" "Oh, yes," came the answer, and then the stranger began to look. "Look part at Shiloh, didn't you?" continued Dr. Littlewood, "and the capture of Vicksburg and the march to the sea?" "Of course I did, and so did you, and—well, I'll be— if it isn't Littlewood," shouted the stranger, as he jumped from his seat and made a rush for his old comrade, whom he had not seen since the day they were mustered out, after serving in the same company during the war. Maybe they were not delighted.—Washington Post.

SMALL SHOT.

The largest number of men enlisted from the thirteen states of America during the revolutionary war was 89,761 in 1776. The aggregate of troops furnished the Union army in the war of 1861-65 was 2,320,272.

PROBABLY the tallest G. A. R. veteran is William P. Boyne, of Green county, Pa., who stands seven feet in his stockings. During the war he was a private soldier in the Twenty-second Pennsylvania cavalry.

ONE of the old soldiers who was in Washington during the recent reunion carries on his body forty-eight scars, and exhibits an empty coat-sleeve and an artificial eye, all the result of a bursting shell at Gettysburg. His name is J. F. Chase, a veteran of the Fifth Maine Cavalry.

THE late Gen. John Pope, by dating one of his orders "Headquarters in the saddle," prompted the confederate commander, Robert E. Lee, to perpetrate what was said to be the only joke of his life. "What can you expect," he is credited with saying, "of a general who puts his headquarters where his headquarters ought to be?"

GEN. LONGSTREET, one of the most famous of Lee's corps commanders, speaks in high praise of the bravery and skill of the late Gen. John Pope, whose qualities he had good occasion to appreciate and remember. Longstreet says that no one could have done better under the circumstances than Pope in the struggle of August, 1862, in Virginia.

DOGS AND THEIR TAILS.

They Wag Them in Order to Convey Information.

Dr. Louis Robinson, the ingenious man of science who experimented with babies in a London workhouse in order to prove their descent from monkeys, in an article entitled "Canine Morals and Manners" says: "In the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds, or wolves which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed color. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of his fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others seeing the signal instantly joined the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whimper is heard. Should the drag prove a doubtful one the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases, but if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view."

The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time that he wags his tail most vigorously, in order to announce his discovery to his fellow dogs. In this way, by the habit of association, he got to wagging his tail whenever he was pleased, and the more pleased he is the more vigorously he wags his tail, so that the wagging of the dog's tail, under the influence of pleasurable emotion, can be traced directly to the time when the dog used his tail as a signal of the discovery of his prey.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BED AND BEDDING.

Two Fashionable Modes Employed in Dressing the Sleeping Couch. The sham bed, with its huge square pillows and beruffled covers, is practically out of use. The only pillow used on the bed with families of good taste is the oblong one, which is not too large for use. The large square pillow was, in fact, never used. It was only a gorgeous show piece to display a more gorgeous sham.

There are but two ways of dressing a bed for the day-time in fashionable use. One to use a pure white counterpane, folded in conventional manner below the bolster, on which oblong white pillows are laid covered with pillow-cases, either hemstitched or ornamented with drawn work. The other is to upholster the bed, using a colored spread of silk, cretonne or other rich, suitable material, with a round bolster, which is covered with material similar to the coverlet and is fastened to it permanently and finished at each end with a rosette or an upholsterer's tassel.

Where a bed is furnished with a demitester or half canopy, it is rather more desirable to upholster it in this way. Where it is a plain wooden bedstead, in a country bedroom, a fine white counterpane and linen pillow-cases are in rather better taste. Separate pillows should be used on the bed in the day-time from those in use during the night, in order to keep the bed looking neat and spotless. If one desires to take a nap during the daytime, a lounge should be provided in every bedroom for this purpose wherever it is practicable. All English bedrooms are fitted out in this way, with a simple lounge with movable cushions and a comfortable pillow.

Where a white counterpane is used or where the bed is upholstered, the day coverings must be removed at night and the night pillows and bolsters, in case of the upholstered bed, are put on. This is a moment's work and it is always the duty of the housemaid to attend to this at night to prepare the bed for slumber as much as it is to make the bed in the morning, yet it is very often neglected and left to be attended to by the guest.

If you do not want your feelings hurt keep them out of the way.—Galveston News.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for NEW YORK, Oct. 22 and CLEVELAND. Items include FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES, RICE, HAY, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS.

Table with columns for CINCINNATI, TOLEDO, PITTSBURGH, BURLINGAME. Items include FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES, RICE, HAY, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS.

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Old-Fashioned Herbs.

Old-fashioned people could tell the names, as well as the properties, of many flowers, and had a smattering of knowledge, almost intuitive, of pot herbs and simples, and a certain degree of plant lore was handed down from parents to children. All this is being fast forgotten, and the pretty country names and the Old World meanings, often of themselves a whole history in a word, are alike relegated to the lumber room of the past, disappearing before the botany manuals with their glib vocabulary as swiftly as aborigines in the track of civilization. The modern Perdita would scarcely recognize her pony; you must go back two generations at least for the names, and, it is to be feared, further still for their derivations. "Poor selly things," said an old dame recently, "they can none of 'em do as they used. When I was a girl my mother would have stared to see the doctor's carriage at the door so long as she could stir the yarb-pot; but it sime as no one has their health nowadays; they all learn themselves so unsatisfied, they're forced to go to the towns to get ill." And for the few who remain behind the leisure, the ease, the carelessness of country life is gone.—Macmillan's Magazine.

—Not at All—"I suppose you want the earth," said Winebiddle to an asseverating stranger. "Not at all," replied the stranger, who happened to be a sea captain. "The ocean is good enough for me."—Detroit Free Press.

It May Be Interesting to Know That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to GEO. H. HEARFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"I THINK," said the Calendar to February, at the close of the leap year, "that you had better take a day off."

Are You Yellow? If so, of course you are bilious, which also implies that you have a dull pain and tenderness in the right side, nausea, sick headache, a furred tongue, sour breath and indigestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is what you want. Prompt relief follows its use in liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Physicians unqualifiedly recommend it.

"TIPS," said the red-eyed cook, who was peeling an onion, "is one o' them concealed weepins."—Washington Star.

Three Advantages. Besides its wonderful curative power in attacks of Croup, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Asthma, Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure possesses three distinct advantages over any preparation sold, for the above diseases. It is pleasant to taste. It does not contain opium in any form. It does not cause nausea or vomiting. 50 cents. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., manufacturer.

It isn't the man who blows most who finds it the easiest to raise the wind.—Cape Cod Item.

Fine Playing Cards. Send ten cents in stamps to John Sebastian, Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt., C. R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago, for a pack of the "Rock Island" Playing Cards. They are acknowledged the best, and worth five times the cost. Send money order or postal note for \$50., and will send five packs by express, prepaid.

PEOPLE who cling to the anchor of hope often have to go down into the mud with it.—Puck.

When Nature Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

WOMEN never stammer. When they want to they can say "yes" without a stammer.—N. O. Picayune.

World's Fair on Steel. Send twenty-five cents to F. H. Lord, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill., and obtain a fine steel plate picture of the World's Fair grounds and buildings, suitable for framing.

IT COSTS NOTHING.—Advice is the cheapest thing in the world, which is why so many people are so fond of giving it away.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

"So you have a new servant girl," said one housewife to another. "Yes," "How does she like you?"—Washington Post.

F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. GUMSHUN calls her children "stars" because they don't know how to act.—Boston Transcript.

THE Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horsehold and Tar for coughs. Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A MAN that has no scruples about going fishing on Sunday is pretty certain to have drama.

BECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous illness. Becham's Pills sell well because they cure. 25 cents a box.

It takes a lot of pluck to get all the feathers off an ostrich.—Philadelphia Record.

EVERYONE's sweetheart sometimes gets up in arms against him.—Galveston News.

S.S.S. PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It CURES All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and SKIN-CANCER.

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA Plain, common sense fifty-page treatise on origin, causes, nature, varieties, prompt relief and almost infallible cure, sent for 5c. sealed. No stamps. Write to R. N. SEARLES, New Haven, Conn.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED 15 to 20 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: O.W.F. SWEET, 260 Wacker Theatre Bldg., Chicago, Ill. WE GUARANTEE THIS PAPER every time you write.

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TWO GREAT REMEDIES. The human citadel is open to attacks from two sources and aside from accidents these two are the avenues from which all of the maladies that afflict the race spring. The first of these are what is known as the excretory organs—the lungs, the kidneys and the skin. These suffer from congestion which takes the form of colds. Starting from what is called a cold the maladies that result are wide spread ranging from a cough to consumption. They attack all ages and all stations. No one is free from these troubles. There is, however, a remedy that is a safeguard. This is REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE. It contains no opium, and it will heal any form of lung trouble or any malady that arises from a cold. The other class of disease arise from derangement of the digestive organs and result in constipation. When the bowels do not act the stomach soon refuses to digest the food and we are troubled with indigestion and a long train of disorders that embrace a large range of maladies. THE LAXATIVE GUM DROPS will correct any difficulty of this sort. They contain nothing deleterious, but are safe and pleasant. Get them of any dealer, SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

DROPSY Treated Free. Remedies. Have cured many thousands and cases pronounced hopeless. From first symptoms rapidly diagnosed and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10c. DAILY TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

The Two Holiday Issues OF The Ladies' Home Journal [November and December] Contain a wealth of attractive material, including: The Opening Chapters of Mr. Howell's New Novel The Well-Bred Girl in Society The beginning of the reminiscence papers by MAMIE DICKENS, the daughter of CHARLES DICKENS, on My Father as I Recall Him and articles, poems and stories by REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D. D. MARY E. WILKINS LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER EUGENE FIELD and MARIE ROZE 10c. a Copy \$1.00 a Year THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Philadelphia, Pa. Agents Wanted. Profitable Employment and Liberal Terms. Write for Particulars.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE GENTLEMEN. A genuine, sewed shoe that will not rip; fine calf, smooth, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equal custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5. The only \$3.00 shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless. The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip loose from the upper. Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap welt shoes sold at \$2.00, having only one sole sewed to the upper. W. L. DOUGLAS'S Men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; \$3.50 Pollock and Paragon \$3.50 Fine Calf; \$2.50 and \$3.00 Workingmen's \$2.50 and \$3.00 and \$3.50 Hand Sewed; \$3.50 and \$4.00 Best Double Sole, are of the same high standard of merit. THIS IS THE BEST \$3. SHOE IN THE WORLD WILL NOT RIP.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN. Cures Pain Promptly. DAINTY WORK for PLEASURE by Mrs. A. E. Hanson. The best instruction in fancy and decorative work on the market. JUST OUT. DAVID SELLER, AGENTS WANTED. Write D. A. N. & CO., 260 Wacker Theatre Bldg., Chicago. WE GUARANTEE THIS PAPER every time you write.