CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim for It."

Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—"Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peruna is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble."—David F. Wilber.

Pe-ru-na a Preventive and Cure for Colds

Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. P., vice president of the Pastime boating club, writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter.

"Last winter I was advised to try Peruna, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. **There is nothing like Peruna for catarrhal afflictions. It is well nigh infallible as a cure, and I glad y endorse it."—C. F. Given.**

A Prominent Singer Cured From Loss of Voice.

Mr. Julian Weisslitz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

In 1899 the Sangerlust celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:

"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Peruna, and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle.

"Words but illy describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weisletz.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartanm, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Eats Corn Off the Cob.

"I can bite an apple as well as I could when a child, and I can eat corn off the cob as well as any person alive," said a lady sixty-eight years old and a customer of Wise Brothers, the famous dentists, of Portland, Oregon.

She had been fitted with full sets of upper and lower teeth by Wise Brothers, and was perfectly astonished to find that she is now as well supplied with teeth that she can use as she was when a litle girl. Wise Brothers have revolutionized modern dental methods.

There is no more pain to be feared by people who have their teeth attended to, and the cost is very moderate. They make a great specialty of crown and bridge work, and even when it is necessary to take out all of the old teeth and put in full new sets, the result is simply wonderful. The false teeth, of course, cannot be told from natural ones, and the person using them can do everything he, or she, could do with natural teeth. The sets of teeth are made to fit the gums so perfectly that there is no slipping, and the strength of the possible bite is just like that of a natural healthy set of teeth.

The experinece of the lady customer here related can be yours if your teeth need attention. No one can afford to postpone having their teeth put in order. No one need suffer a single day longer because they have lost the use of their own teeth. We hope our readers will carefully watch the advertisements of Wise Brothers in this newspaper, and be persuaded to consult this splendid dental institution.

A Giddy Insect.

"Your mamma," said Papa Moth to his eldest son, "is the giddiest insect I know."

"Why, papa?"

"She is continually attending camphor balls."—Detroit Free Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For Others to Enjoy.

Brown—You should do something to contribute to other people's enjoyment.

Jones—I do; I'm always making a fool of myself.—New York Press.

A Hard Pillow.

Weary Willie—Modern improvements may be fine, but they have their drawbacks.

Tired Traddles—For instance;?

Weary Willie—When a fellow sneaks into a stable to sleep nowadays he finds nothing in it but baled hay.—Judge.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

He Stays at Home.

Mrs. Gossip—I suppose you're careful to make your husband tell everything that happens to him?

Mrs. Strongmind—Better than that. I'm careful to see that nothing happens to him.—Philadelphia Press.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

His Experience was in Mines.

"Did you ever salt sheep?" asked the farmer of the new hired man who came from Colorado.

"No," replied the new hired hand, "but I've had considerable experience in salting mines."—Ohio State Journal.

Differences.

A few cents a can is all the difference in price there is between having a cheap can of fruits or vegetables and having the best there is, i. e., Monopole. There's a much greater difference than that in the quality, in the purity and in the contentment that it brings. If you don't know where to get Monopole groceries, write us and we will tell you. If you do know, don't let him send you any other kind. We are particularly proud of Monopole spices, coffees and Baking powder. Try them. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

In 1905 A. D.

Mrs. Uptodate (to maid)—Marie, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Uptodate's dinner. I have received a marconigram that he will not be home until 10 o'clock, as his santos-dumontobile has had a breakdown.—Judge.

AN OLD SORE

Will sour the sweetest disposition and transform the most even tempered, lovable nature into a cross-grained and irritable individual.

If impatience or fault-finding are ever excusable it is when the body is tortured by an eating and painful sore. It is truly discouraging to find after months of diligent and faithful use of external remedies that the place remains as defiant, angry and offensive as ever. Every chronic sore, no matter on what part of the body it comes, is an evidence of some previous constitutional or organic trouble, and that the dregs of these diseases remain in the system; or, it may be that some long hidden poison—perhaps Cancer—has come to the surface and begun its destructive work.

The blood must be purified before the sore will fill up with healthy flesh and the skin regains its natural color. It is through the circulation that the acrid, corroding fluids are carried to the sore or ulcer and keep it irritated and inflamed. S. S. S. will purify and invigorate the stagnant blood when all sediment or other hurtful materials are washed out, fresh rich blood is carried to the diseased parts, new tissues form, and the decaying flesh begins to have a healthy and natural look; the discharge ceases and the sore heals.

SSS

Several years ago, my wife had a severe sore leg and was treated by the best physicians but received no benefit. Our druggist advised her to try S. S. S., which she did. Fourteen bottles cured her and she has been well ever since.
J. E. MAROLD, 22 Canal St., Cohoes, N. Y.

S. S. S. is the only blood purifier that is guaranteed entirely vegetable. It builds up the blood and tones up the general system as no other medicine does. If you have a sore of any kind, write us and get the advice of experienced and skilled physicians for which no charge is made. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTHING SO GOOD FOR CHICKENS AS THE
PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD
It makes Hens Lay and Keeps them Laying. It cures Roup, Cholera and All Diseases. It strengthens young chicks, and makes them grow. Price 25c and 50c.
My young chickens commenced dying, and after losing four dozen I purchased a package of your PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD, which stopped them from dying and I have constantly kept it on hand ever since. I can recommend it as just what is needed in raising poultry. C. R. RIGGIN, Latah, Wash.
PORTLAND SEED CO, Portland, Ore., Coast Agents.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter V—Continued.

In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravines which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken.

The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like one another that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He followed one for a mile or more, until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before.

Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he at last found himself in a defile which was familiar to him.

Even then it was no easy matter to keep to the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound.

Weighed down with his burden, and weary from his exertions, he stumbled along, keeping up his heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to insure them food for the remainder of their journey.

He had now come to the mouth of the very defile in which he had left them.

Even in the darkness he could recognize the outlines of the cliffs which bounded it.

They must, he reflected, be awaiting him anxiously, for he had been absent nearly five hours.

In the gladness of his heart he put his hands to his mouth and made the glen re-echo to a loud halloo as a signal that he was coming.

He paused and listened for an answer, none came save his own cry, which clattered up the dreary, silent ravines, and was borne back to his ears in countless repetitions.

Again he stouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from the friends whom he had left such a short time ago.

A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried onward frantically, dropping the precious food in his agitation.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire had been lighted. There was still a glowing pile of wood ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure.

The same dead silence still reigned all round. With his fears all changed to convictions, he hurried on. There was no living creature near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling.

He was essentially a man of action, however, and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence.

Seizing a half consumed piece of wood from the smouldering fire, he blew it into a flame, and proceeded with its help to examine the little camp.

The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses, showing that a large party of mounted men had overtaken the fugitives and the direction of their tracks proved that they had afterward turned back to Salt Lake City.

Had they carried back both of his companions with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they must have done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve in his body tingle within him.

A little way on one side of the camp was a low-lying heap of reddish soil, which had assuredly not been there before.

There was no mistaking it for anything but a newly dug grave. As the young hunter approached it, he perceived that a stick had been planted on it, with a sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork of it.

The inscription upon the paper was brief, but to the point:

JOHN FERRIER,
FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY.
Died August 4, 1860.

The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, then, and this was all his epitaph.

Jefferson Hope looked wildly round to see if there was a second grave, but there was no sign of one.

Lucy had been carried back by their terrible pursuers to fulfill her original destiny by becoming one of the harem of the elder's son.

As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only one thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon his enemies.

His strong will and untiring energy should, he determined, be devoted to that one end. With a grim white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smoldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days.

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before daybreak he was always on his way.

On the sixth day he reached the Eagle Ravine, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the Saints.

Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand fiercely at the silent, widespread city beneath him.

As he looked at it he observed that there were flags in some of the principal streets and other signs of festivity.

He was still speculating as to what this might mean, when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and saw a mounted man riding toward him.

As he approached, he recognizzed him as a Mormon named Cowper, to whom he had rendered services at different times. He therefore accosted him when he got up to him, with the object of finding out what Lucy Ferrier's fate had been.

"I am Jefferson Hope," he said. "You remember me."

The Mormon looked at him with undisguised astonishment—indeed, it was difficult to recognize in this tattered, unkempt wanderer, with ghastly white face and fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young hunter of former days.

Having, however, at last satisfied himself as to his identity, the man's surprise changed to consternation.

"You are mad to come here," he cried. "It is as much as my own life is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Ferriers away."

"I don't fear them or their warrant," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by everything you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. For God's sake, don't refuse to answer me."

"What is it?" the Mormon asked, uneasily. "Be quick. The very rocks have ears and the trees eyes."

"What has become of Lucy Ferrier?"

"She was married yesterday to young Drebber. Hold up, man, hold up, you have no life left in you."

"Don't mind me," said Hope, faintly. He was white to the very lips, and had sunk down on the stone against which he had been leaning. "Married, you say?"

"Married yesterday—that's what those flags are for on the Endowment House. There was some words between young Drebber and young Stangerson as to which was to have her. They'd both been in the party that followed them, and Stangerson had shot her father, which seemed to give him the best claim; but when they argued it out in council, Drebber's party was the stronger, so the prophet gave her over to him. No one won't have her very long, though, for I saw death in her face yesterday. She is more like a ghost than a woman. Are you off, then?"

"Yes, I'm off," said Jefferson Hope, who had risen from his seat.

His face might have been chiseled out of marble, so hard and so set was its expression, while his eyes glowed with a baleful light.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind," he answered; and, slinging his weapon over his shoulder, he strode off down the gorge and so away into the heart of the mountains to the haunts of the wild beasts.

The prediction of the Mormon was only too well fulfilled. Whether it was the terrible death of her father or the effects of the hateful marriage into which she had been forced, poor Lucy never held up her head again, but pined away and died within a month.

Her sottish husband, who had married her principally for the sake of John Ferrier's property, did not affect any great grief at his bereavement; but his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the burial, as is the Mormon custom.

They were grouped round the bier in the early hours of the morning, when, to their inexpressible fear and astonishment, the door was flung open, and a savage looking, weather-beaten man in tattered garments strode into the room.

Without a glance or a word to the cowering women, he walked up to the white, silent figure which had once contained the pure soul of Lucy Ferrier.

Stooping over her, he pressed his lips reverently to her cold forehead, and then, snatchng up her hand, he took the wedding ring from her finger.

"She shall not be buried in that," he cried, with a fierce snarl, and before an alarm could be raised sprang down the stairs and was gone.

So strange and so brief was the episode that the watchers might have found it hard to believe it themselves or persuaded other people of it, had it not been for the undeniable fact that the circlet of gold which marked her as having been a bride had disappeared.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing in his heart the fierce desire for vengeance which possessed him.

Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges.

Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and flattened itself upon the wall within a foot of him.

On another occasion, as Drebber passed under a cliff, a great bowlder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face.

The two young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and lead repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success.

Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after night-fall, and of having their houses guarded.

After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was either heard or seen of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possesion of it that there was no room for any other emotion.

He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his own iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exposure and want of wholesome food were wearing him out.

If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted.

He felt that that was to play his enemy a game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

His intention had been to be absent a year at the most, but a combination of unforeseen circumstances prevented his leaving the mines for nearly five.

At the end of that time, however, his memory of his wrongs and his cravings for revenge were quite as keen as on that memorable night when he had stood by John Ferrier's grave.

Disguised, and under an assumed name, he returned to Salt Lake City, careless what became of his own life, as long as he obtained what he knew to be justice.

There he found evil tidings awaiting him. There had been a schism among the Chosen People a few months before, and some of the younger members of the church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the result had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles.

Among these had been Drebber and Stangerson, and no one knew whither they had gone.

Rumor reported that Drebber had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed a wealthy man, while his companion, Stangerson, was comparatively poor. There was no clew at all, however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never faltered for a moment.

With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies.

Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human bloodhound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life.

At last his perseverence was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that one glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the men in whom he was in pursuit of.

He returned to the miserable lodgings with his plan of revenge all arranged. It enanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the street, and had read murder in his eyes.

He hurried before a Justice of the Peace, accompanied by Stangerson, who had become his private secretary, and represented to him that they were in danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody and, not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks.

When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebber's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe.

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit.

Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work saving every dollar for his approaching journey.

At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any menial capacity, but never overtaking the fugitives.

When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen.

At the Danish capital he was again a few days too late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth.

As to what occurred there, we can not do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Campbell was Angry.

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell says Mrs. Campbell spoke to him the other day about the advertisement of a buttonless shirt.

"What kind of a shirt is that?" she inquired.

"Just like mine," answered the ex-congressman, who, in telling the story, said Mrs. Campbell didn't speak to him for a week.—New York Times.

Why He Rejoiced.

"I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of $10,000," remarked the victim in the chair.

"Yes," replied the barber, "and I'm glad, if it's only for one thing."

"What's that?" queried the victim.

"When I get it I can retire from business and eat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it," rejoined the knight of the razor.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Tired Tatters—Here's a piece in dis paper wot's an insult to de profesh.

Weary Walker—Wot's it say?

Tired Tatters—It says dat a feller ortn't ter eat nuthin' when he's tired.

Weary Walker—Well, wot's de matter wid dat?

Tired Tatters—Wot's de matter wid it? Say, do youse want er feller ter strave to death?—Chicago News.

How Necessary.

"How did that light opera of yours turn out?" asked the young composer.

"A beastly failure."

"What was the reason?"

"Well, you see, the stage manager forgot to load down the poor, simple village maidens who tra-la-la through the piece with silk dresses and paste diamonds.'"—Judge.

Not Up to His Own Estimate.

"There!" said one old crony to another, to whom he was showing the lions of the Scottish town, "that's the statue of Bailie Watson."

"Is it no a gude bit larger than lifesize, though?" queried his friend.

"Oh, aye, it's a' that; but it's no a bit bigger than the Bailie thocht he was himself."—Tit-Bits.

His Plan.

City Man—Yes; we all need a rest once in a while.

Farmer—So we do, young man. An' if some of you city folks'd foller my plan an' take yer rest from 9 at night till 4 in the mornin' you'd be a deal better off.—Puck.

Ambiguous.

"What I am afraid of," said Miss Primley, shaking her head roguishly, "is the man I married would not love me when I am old."

"If he loved you when he married you," said Miss Candid, "he would."

As He Thought.

"You are in my pew," said Mr. Upjohn, stiffly.

"Then I am sitting in the seat of the scornful," getting out of it with alacrity and taking a seat farther back in the church.—Cassell's Journal.

His Plaint.

Brown—What was Jones kicking about? You'd think he never got what he wanted.

Smith—It's worse than that. He says he never gets even what he dosen't want.—Denver Free Press.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of best grades of wagon timber for the privilege of culling over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 3 to 5 years before making up, which means an investment of wood stock of nearly one million dollars.

MITCHELL Wagons are unsurpassed for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running.

Why—take chances on any other?
Why—not get the best?—A. MITCHELL.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Boise.
Agents Everywhere.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.
Foot of Morrison Street.
Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

An Absent-Minded Confession.

"I suppose," said the patron to the milkman, "that you view the coming of winter with feelings of regret."

"Indeed I do," answered the milkman.

"It is really very hard," goes on the patron, "to find suitable pasture in the cold weather, no doubt?"

"Yes; and then the pump freezes so often."—Judge.

At Last.

The landlady was speaking.

"Mr. Barnestormie, how do you like your eggs?"

The tragedian's face relaxed into an expression of joy.

"Hard-boiled!" he cried.

Until that time people had wilfully mistaken his taste.—Baltimore Herald.

The well posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

A Bumper Crop.

Subbubs—You just ought to see my crop of corn! It's the most promising in all the Lonesomehurst district."

Townley—You don't say! If you have more than two messes, don't forget me, will you?

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Definite Measurement.

"Do you think the world is growing any better?

"I'm absolutely sure of it," answered the monopolist. "Why, only five years ago I made only a hundred thousand a year. Today I am making that much a month."—Washington Star.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE
SLICKER
MADE FAMOUS BY A REPUTATION EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.
TOWER'S garments and hats are made of the best materials in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work.
SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO THE SIGN OF THE FISH.
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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Portland, Oregon. Founded 1869.
A Home School for Boys.
Military and Manual Training.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. This is the reason W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1899 sales, 1,103,820 for 6 months. 1902 sales, 2,310,000 for 6 months.

Best Imported and American leathers, Seal, Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, Nat. Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS

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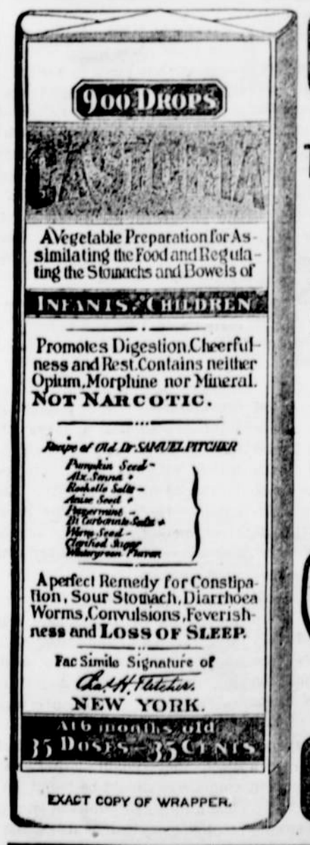

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