

**A Fine Writer.**  
It is said that the clamorous microscopist penman of the world lives in Belfast, Maine. His name is Rila Kittredge, and although past 77 years of age, his hand is as steady and his sight as keen as ever. He wrote one of President Cleveland's messages to congress—about 15,000 words—on the back of a postal card, but lately he has done some fine scribbling which throws that performance in the shade. He has written the Lord's prayer eight times on a space the size of a 6-cent silver piece, eighteen columns of the Boston Post upon a postal card, and is now engaged in the work of putting 28,305 words upon another postal card. The work is so fine that a powerful microscope has to be used in reading it. But that every letter appears distinct and beautiful. Mr. Kittredge uses a common steel pen and wears spectacles. He has autographed letters from several presidents and other distinguished men who have received samples of his work. President Garfield having sent him his photograph and a kind letter, which are highly prized by the old man.—Boston Post.

**Phosphorescent Mixtures.**  
From some interesting observations on phosphorescent powders by E. Bequerel, these results are summarized: 1. Sulphur and pure carbonate of calcium gives very slight phosphorescence. 2. Sulphur and pure carbonate of calcium with 0.5 of strontium sulphate gives brilliant green phosphorescence. 3. Sulphur and pure carbonate of calcium plus traces of manganese or bismuth gives little or no phosphorescence. 4. Mixture as No. 3, with 1 per cent. of soda gives strong yellow or blue phosphorescence. 5. Mixture as No. 1, plus traces of lithium, gives intense green phosphorescence. 6. Sulphur and oyster shells, etc., give red phosphorescence. 7. Mixture as No. 1, plus traces of rubidium, gives red phosphorescence. 8. Sulphur and pure carbonate of strontium gives very faint bluish green phosphorescence. 9. Sulphur and pure carbonate of strontium plus soda gives bright green phosphorescence.

**For 24 years Dobbin's Electric Soap has been imitated by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbin's and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.**

**A Freckle Prescription.**  
Irate Young Lady.—"I paid you twenty-five dollars for your freckle-removing prescription for freckles, and I am as freckled as ever!"  
Quack Doctor.—"You remember I told you that you must wash your face with stumpy water—that is, water that had been standing in an old stump."  
I. Y. L.—"I followed your directions exactly, went to the country, hunted up an old stump with water in it, and washed there, and here I am, a perfect fright!"  
Q. D.—"My dear young lady, the water took off your freckles, but I suppose the stump was some distance from the hotel, and you got freckles, not coming back."  
You're Welcome!

**Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.**  
Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

With this issue, we wish to call your attention to the advertisement of the old and reliable house of the Jos. Garneau Cracker Co., located at St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Neb.  
This concern established business in St. Louis in 1832 and built a factory in Omaha, which commenced operations May 1, 1883. The Omaha house is the most complete establishment of its kind in the United States, containing more improved machinery and methods for manufacturing crackers, cakes and bread, than any similar establishment of equal capacity in the United States.  
This Company manufacture over 150 varieties of crackers and cakes, which they sell in all the states and territories west of the Missouri river. Their goods are the standard everywhere, because they are manufactured from strictly pure and unadulterated materials.  
A Cracker on which is imprinted the name Garneau is assurance of its quality and purity. No many articles, bearing a large percentage of adulteration are being continually offered consumers, it is always well to know and bear in mind those who manufacture nothing but the strictly reliable and genuine articles.  
Always specify Garneau's Crackers when ordering, and you will be sure to get the best.  
Try Garneau's Snowflake Sodas, the best cracker made.

The parcel clerk gives the business wrapped attention.

Mr. Bret Harte has taken up his permanent residence in London.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**A Roundabout Route.**  
Mrs. Gabb—"Where are you going this summer?"  
Mrs. Gadd (lightly)—"Oh, to Newport, Saratoga, and I don't know where all. We will make the rounds, I suppose. Haven't you decided yet?"  
"I'll start, but I'll let you know, my dear."  
Mrs. Gabb (meaningly)—"Oh, I'll be sure to hear of it when you leave, because my cousin John is the railroad ticket agent here."  
Mrs. Gadd (hastily)—"Our first journey, however, will be to my dear aunt's farm, near Squashville, and I do hope she won't insist on keeping us a summer as she did last year."—New York Weekly.

There is one thing that the invincible western cyclone has never succeeded in lifting, and that is a mortgage.  
Bill Nye has gone to Paris. He will "do" the exposition.  
Commodore Walker wants to be placed in charge of the North Atlantic Squadron.

**JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
REMEDY FOR PAIN  
IT CONQUERS PAIN.  
Relieves and cures HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, Toothache, Sprains, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.  
At Drugists and Dealers.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

**IRRIGATED LANDS** in Rio Pecos Valley, in Southern New Mexico, containing 100,000 acres of rich soil, with a beautiful view of the mountains. The water is pure and soft, and the climate is healthy. Write for particulars, name this paper, to J. H. HARRIS, Investment Co., 24 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

**MY SAINTE.**  
She does not smile from canvas bars,  
Transfigured by some master old,  
Nor held in niche, or alcove stand,  
Revealed in stone or precious gold.  
She has no shrine where tapers burn,  
And in her name no prayer ascend,  
No weary pilgrims come from far  
Before her altar-fires to bend.  
And yet of all the blessed names  
That venerated lips have told,  
That live in Raphael's matchless art,  
Or sculptured marble, pure and cold,  
I hold my unappointed saint,  
The noblest, dearest of them all.  
About her path a radiance gleams—  
From out her hands rich blessings fall;  
The poor and lowly kiss her feet,  
The hungry clutch about her door,  
The stricken and the desolate  
Forget their griefs and mourn no more.  
And somewhere in that deathless land,  
For which our weary spirits pant,  
Beside the King, I know that I  
Shall find—appointed, crowned, My Sainte!  
HELEN CHASE.

**Unfortunate Investment.**  
Walter Hartman's tone of sorrowful amazement made his young wife spring hastily to her feet. She had not heard him come in, and was kneeling beside a great arm-chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.  
"Oh, Walter!" she said, "Aunt Julia—and a fresh burst of sobs interrupted her.  
Walter's face cleared. It was not sorrow of her own, that that overcame him this pretty, blue-eyed darling he had married six months before.  
"Well, Elsie," he said, taking her in his arms and caressing her, "what about Aunt Julia? Do not sob so, dear; you will make yourself ill."  
"The fire!" said Elsie, keeping her sobs somewhat under control. "You know I was very much worried when I heard of it, for I could not tell by the papers whether Aunt Julia's house was in the burnt district or not."  
For the great Chicago fire was not a week old, and the whole country watched her news.  
"Well, dear," said Walter, kindly. "It is as bad as it can be. Walter. Aunt Julia writes to me that her house was totally destroyed, her very clothing burned up, and her insurance papers not entirely made out. She is absolutely without anything in the world except the clothes she had on. Actually fed by charity. Oh, Walter!"  
Here the sobs came again thick and fast, and Walter could offer no comfort but such as was conveyed by silent caresses. After a time these were so far effectual that Elsie could speak more calmly.  
"Now, little one," Walter said, "tell me why this troubles you so, and why do you love your aunt so very dearly?"  
"She had been everything a mother could be to me since my parents died, Walter. But while I was with her we were very poor. Out of her own scanty means she clothed us, and educated me until I took the situation of nursery governess to your aunt's children, and married you. But just before we were married, an old friend of Aunt Julia's died in Chicago, and left her ten thousand dollars. When she went to her grave, she left me the house she purchased, and I liked it so much she bought it, her legacy covering the expense of house, lot and furniture, while her own little income would support her. But, unfortunately, she was persuaded to draw out many thousands of dollars, and she sold lots adjoining her house. Now everything is swept away."  
"For seventeen years, Walter, denying herself to feed and clothe me."  
Walter did not speak again for many minutes, holding Elsie close in his arms. At last he said, very gravely: "If I were a rich man, Elsie, I would not stop to think in a case like this, but say at once 'Bring your aunt here.' But you know, little wife, my salary, though sufficient to support my wants, with a margin for pleasure and saving a nest-egg, is not yet large. If I invite your aunt here, the difference of expense must fall most heavily upon you, because I cannot give you many pleasures to enjoy if I have one more to support my own needs and jewelry, little gifts and pleasures, will be beyond our means then. But if you will be happier knowing your aunt has a home, I will go myself to Chicago and bring her here."  
"Oh, Walter, how kind, how generous you are! I will never be able to thank you."  
"Then I am to go. All right. I will get a leave of absence tomorrow. In the meantime I will telegraph your aunt to meet me at the depot, if she has sent any address."  
"The address is in the lawyers' who arranged her legacy for her, and who did not live in the burnt district, Morse & Hunter."  
A few days later, as fast as steam would carry Walter to Chicago and back, Elsie was waiting to welcome her travelers. A telegram had informed her that Walter had found Julia waiting at the depot and that he would bring her home. The only spare room in the pretty little house at Harlem, where Walter had brought his bride, was in dainty order. Jennie, the servant, was cooking the choicest supper Elsie could devise, and the little wife herself, neatly dressed, was running to the door every minute watching for the carriage.  
It came at last, and Elsie handed out a lady. Poor Elsie felt fairly sick, as the guest tottered, rather than walked, into the room. She was white as ashes, her hair, Elsie remembered black as a coal not one year before, streaked with gray, and her eyes sank on as if with long illness. When the water-proof cloak fell from her shoulders, her shabby dress was most unlike Aunt Julia's habitual neatness. But the first shock of surprise over, Elsie had no words too loving to welcome her aunt, while soft, tender kisses fell fast upon the pale face.  
"She is very tired, Elsie," Walter whispered, seeing how vainly the white lips tried to frame words. "Get her to rest, dear, as soon as you can."  
So Elsie, tearfully loving, made her aunt lie upon the lounge, and brought her the most tempting of tea trays, stopping the broken words of thanks by kisses and caresses. Walter, too, by a hundred delicate attentions and few spoken words made the guest feel that she was most cordially and gladly welcome.  
In her own room Aunt Julia told Elsie something of the horrors that

had aged her more in one fortnight than in any previous two years of her life. She had slept upon the ground in a drenching rain for two nights, then in a tent with no change of clothing, and the memory of the fire terrified her to death. She had begged the paper stamp to write to Elsie. Then she took of Walter's raiment, care for her in the long journey, when she, racked by pain, often could not speak for hours, how like a son he had cared for her comfort. It was a sad story, and Elsie's tears fell fast.  
"But now," she said, "you are at home! I have put on clean clothes and loose wrappers in here, Auntie, until we can have some dresses fitted. Let me dress you now."  
Gently and tenderly the shabby clothes were removed, the weary feet bathed, the gray streaked hair smoothed and brought on for the night. Then, utterly free, Aunt Julia sank in the bed, whispering:  
"Think, Elsie, I have not been in a bed for twelve nights!"  
But alas, she was not soon to leave it. The heaven of rest once gained, Aunt Julia lay for many long weeks dangerously ill, with rheumatism, fever brought on by exposure, while the tortured brain, in wildest delirium, raved of scenes that chilled Elsie with horror.  
All through these weary weeks Elsie was nurse, while Walter supplied every delicacy that could be found to tempt the invalid, patiently endured the discomforts of a house haunted by sickness, and proved himself, Jennie declared, "the nearest to an angel of any man ever seen."  
Winter was nearly over before Aunt Julia was able to leave her bed, crippled with rheumatism had so twisted the joints, her nerves were so feeble, that they were useless and most of the time intensely painful. She fretted over the prospect of being a burden upon Walter and Elsie, with all the despair of a proud woman who has lost her independence, and tearfully begged to be sent to some charitable asylum, where she would be only a public expense. Elsie told Walter of this wish, and he went to Aunt Julia's room.  
Taking the crippled, helpless hands in his own, holding them very tenderly, he said:  
"Aunt Julia, Elsie has told me how hard these little hands worked for her for seventeen long years. I love Elsie so dearly that to grieve her is my greatest sorrow. Do you think I could bear to see her cry because her mother was sick and alone, nursed by hired hands while we are able and willing to give her love and care? Do not speak again of leaving us. I have not seen Elsie's face so sad as it is tonight since you came to us."  
"But, Auntie, you may live for years."  
"I sincerely hope you will."  
"And I can never have any use of my hands and feet more than I have now. I can scarcely feed myself or hobble across the room."  
The more reason you should have loving care. Why?" and Walter laughed while his honest brown eyes proved his sincerity. "Do you think all the love here is Elsie's? I want my share too, Auntie, for I love you as I do my life. I ask you to stay because I want you here. I have not heard Elsie sigh over long, long days since you came."  
It took many more loving arguments but at last Aunt Julia yielded. It was true that Walter spoke when he said she had a love as true as Elsie's, and she was very patient under excruciating suffering, and very grateful for all the loving care lavished upon her. When the pain subsided and she could talk, she was charming company, well read and full of pleasant memories and bright observation.  
While she felt herself a burden, Walter and Elsie regarded her as a blessing. Walter no longer worried at leaving Elsie alone all day, while he was at his business, and Elsie never tired of Aunt Julia, whose experience proved very valuable to the little housekeeper.  
But month after month there was a scarcely perceptible failing of strength in the sorely tired body, long past youthful vigor. The rheumatic fever had left her heart trouble, and dispirited, though sufficient to support her life. Always patient, she yet often prayed for death to end her suffering, while Elsie prayed only that the dear life might be spared.  
She had been Walter Hartman's guest for two years, when her weakness increased to an alarming extent, and rapidly and certainly, till she could not leave her bed. It was while she was herself conscious that the end of her suffering was approaching that she received a letter from her lawyer in Chicago informing her that she had received a legacy of ten thousand dollars for the lots of land she owned in that city.  
She had looked upon her own beggary as so absolutely certain that at first she could scarcely credit the news; but Walter, in whose hands she placed her business, soon proved that no dream by accepting the terms and informing Aunt Julia the money lay in the bank in her name.  
"Now you can ride in your carriage when you are well," Elsie said, smiling and tearful. "I am so glad, Auntie, you will have something now for your old age."  
"But no old age, Elsie," was the glad reply. "I am glad, too, darling, very glad, but not for that."  
By her own request a lawyer came and wrote her will and then Aunt Julia, as if the cares of life were ended for her, sank rapidly, growing every day weaker and weaker, and depending upon Elsie's loving, never-failing care.  
It was in early spring, when one evening, as Walter came in, Jennie met him, her honest face all disfigured by crying.  
"Sure, sir, it's asking for you, Miss Julia is."  
"Is she worse?"  
"Ah, sir, she's going fast. The doctor says she'll not last the night."  
Going fast. Walter could see the girl's words were true when she softly entered the room where Aunt Julia rested, her head upon Elsie's shoulder, her hands clasped fast in Elsie's.  
"I am glad you came," she whispered. "I think I could not go without thanking you once more and saying farewell."  
"What I have done," Walter said, his heart swelling with emotion, "was gladly, lovingly done. I do not need thanks, Aunt Julia."  
"I believe that, but I am not less grateful, because you gave from a full heart. May God bless you and yours. May what you have done for a poor penniless woman come back to you in your old age laden with her blessing. Kiss me farewell, Walter."  
Reverently he bent over her, press-

ing a loving kiss upon the withered lips, while tears that were no shame to his manhood stood in his eyes. A few broken words to Elsie, a murmured prayer, and the gentle spirit was released from the weary, pain-racked frame. Tears of true love fell upon the wasted face, placid in death's sleep. Every kind word was cherished, the lips that had spoken it were mute, and Aunt Julia had two true mourners at her funeral, while many of the friends of years gone by came to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory.

It did not surprise Elsie when she learned that her Aunt Julia had left her the fortune that had come too late to gladden her own life. But she told Walter, when the will was read to her.  
"I am glad we never thought of the land, Walter, in the years that Aunt Julia was with us. It would have made me hesitate often to show her all the love in my heart, if I had ever thought she would have money to leave."  
"She knew, darling, it was all love, yet I am glad my Elsie has some reward for the patient, tender care that alleviated the suffering of the poor invalid who resided at her home. If I had ever thought she would have money to leave."  
And Elsie, nesting close in Walter's arms, said softly:  
"If I could love you more, Walter, than I did when I married you, I should do so when I think of your kindness and generosity to Aunt Julia."  
"It was odd," Walter said, "that the money that Aunt Julia invested in Chicago should be so beautifully doubled, for I have seen her weep often when she spoke of her 'unfortunate investment' of her friend's legacy."

"Ditto."  
There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood for a moment, grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat in which a young lady sat alone and sat down beside her with an impudence that astounded all the other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, and evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed:  
"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"  
She looked up in a furtive way, and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:  
"I am deaf and dumb."  
"Ah, by George!" he sighed, as he read it. "That's too, too bad. Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to a dot. Deaf and dumb, eh? First one I ever struck."  
He nodded his head to her to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then thought and finished a novel, and finally, after a ride of four or five hours, the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:  
"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last!"  
"Ditto," quietly replied the girl as she turned on him.  
"You—you—" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with two kinds of emotion galloping over his countenance.  
"Good-bye," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.—N. Y. Sun.

**A Plague of Tigers in Java.**  
London Times.  
According to the administration report of Java, recently laid before the Dutch chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the Southwest of the Bantam Province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have become an intolerable pest in parts of the same province. The total population is about six hundred thousand, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the village most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by the government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears also that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstitions, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and since a rising a few years ago have been taken away by the authorities altogether.

**A Tale of 1790.**  
Chicago American.  
About 1790 two gentlemen, D. and L., stood candidates for a seat in the Legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice D. gained the election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman (sic), an acquaintance of his. "Well," says D., "I have got the election. L. was no match for me. I'll tell you how I flung him. If there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French, and there I had the advantage of him. But, as to L., he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow." "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you.

**Contagiousness of Cancer.**  
In a French village of about 400 inhabitants eleven of the seventy-four deaths in eight years were from cancer. Dr. Arnaudet finds that six of the cases of cancer were in a single neighborhood, among persons who used as a beverage cider diluted with dark colored water from the swampy ground, and that in five of the victims the disease attacked the stomach. These facts are given in support of the view that cancer is contagious, the swamp water seeming to have served as carrier of the contagion.  
The King of Spain has just entered his 4th year.  
We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

**The Wicked Girl.**  
"I thought my wife a velvet sack."  
Thus proudly boasted Mr. Brown.  
"She'll be with that upon her back,  
The best-dressed dame in town."  
But velvet sack or diamond ring,  
Can bring no balm to suffering wife.  
Favorite Prescription is the thing  
To save her precious life.  
A great and sovereign remedy, known  
The world over, for all female troubles, inflammation, cruel backache, and internal displacements is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only guaranteed cure. See guarantee on every bottle-wrappers.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—gently laxative or directly cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.  
Grit makes the man and want of it the clump.  
Sheriff's Sale.  
Smoke the Sheriff Sale Seal. A straight 10 cents Havana Cigar for 5 cents.

Secretary Ruak is addicted to the old fashioned habit of taking snuff.  
For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the hand-somest rings in the country. "Honesty" Omaha, Neb.  
The oldest twins we know of are Wickedness and Want.  
Herbert Gladstone says his father is still good for a twenty mile tramp.

It has been discovered that M. Eiffel is a direct descendant of William Tell.

**DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER.**  
Makes a clean sweep. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies. Stomachic, refreshing, care-giving at eyes, tickling your nose, skin hard, smooth and secure peace at evening repose. Send 25 cents for 5 sheets to F. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.  
"It was odd," Walter said, "that the money that Aunt Julia invested in Chicago should be so beautifully doubled, for I have seen her weep often when she spoke of her 'unfortunate investment' of her friend's legacy."

**SICK HEADACHE!**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Frequent Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all the ailments of the Month. Costly Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, etc. Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.  
Price 25 Cents.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.  
Small Pill! Small Dose. Small Price.

**WANTED.** Salesmen. Newest and choicest pianos, \$2500 to \$5000. N. Y. City. Address: J. H. HARRIS, Investment Co., 24 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

**JOSEPH H. HUNTER,** Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. WILL GET YOU A PENSION WITHOUT DELAY.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.**  
Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMER'S SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE. \$3.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.**  
Best Material, Best Style, Best Fitting. W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 Ladies' shoes in cut below, is made of fine calf, on lasts moulded for the foot; smooth inside, hand-sewn under horse foot. Will keep your feet from hurting for life. Every pair warranted.

**CAUTION.** W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory. This protects the wearers against high prices and cheap imitations. If your dealer offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name do not buy them, for they are not the shoes you want. Dealers make no profit on unknown shoes and are not interested in your money. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.  
If your dealer will not get you the kind or style you want, send your order direct to the factory, with the price enclosed, and they will send you by return mail, postage free, consequently, no matter where you live, you can always get W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. Be sure and state size and width you wear; if not sure, send for an order blank giving full instructions how to get a perfect fit.

**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

**WE MANUFACTURE**  
**The Largest and Best Line**  
**Crackers & Cakes**  
**In The United States.**

They are Sold by All First-Class Wholesale and Retail Grocers. Remember our Goods cost No More than Inferior Crackers and Cakes.

**WE GUARANTEE OUR GOODS STRICTLY PURE.**  
Many use Alum to Make their Goods White, and Cottonseed Oil Instead of Lard.

**WE : WILL : GIVE : \$1,000**  
For any Adulteration found in Our Crackers or Cakes.

When Buying, Always Specify  
**Garneau's Crackers & Cakes.**

They are not Adulterated, are the BEST and cost no more than Inferior Goods.

Give Garneau's Snowflake Soda Crackers a Trial.  
**THEY ARE FINE.**

**JOS. GARNEAU CRACKER CO.,**  
St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Neb.