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LITTLE MART DODSON.

THE Red Knobbers of the Tennessee Valley are mostly of the poorer class of small farmers. Along the railroad a "Red Knobber" is known by the purple hue of his boots, usually well stained by the same little dust of his paternal acres. Lying at the foot of the Chilhowee mountains, the rocky fastnesses behind them were long the congenial sphere of the Moonshiner's hidden toil and trouble.

Little Mart Dodson had settled "mighty whisky" from the time he became able to tote a three-gallon keg along the country roads after dark. He had been arrested, bound over before commissioners, tried, released or convicted so many times that the various phases of Federal justice or leniency had long lost the spice of novelty, under a monotonous conviction of their utterly and general futility as related to moonshining in general and Little Mart in particular.

But one summer there came a lady and her daughter from Chattanooga to board at Hawk Cliff, a ragged spur of the Chilhowee, where a mineral spring or two bubbled out from beneath the precipices.

Mrs. Baird needed some pure whisky for medicinal purposes. Following the instructions of the "Widder Green," with whom they boarded, Agnes, the daughter of the former, left a bottle and some money one night in a cleft of a large rock, called the "Devil's Anvil." On going back the next morning, she found the money gone, and the bottle filled with mountain dew.

"Little Mart air al'ways up to time," said the Widder Green. "He gits in that thar rock every Chuseda'y night, as regular as clockwuk."

There was no society in a social sense at Hawk Cliff, and Agnes, a lively girl not yet out of her teens, when not reading or wandering upon her mother, found herself at some loss to pass the time. There was no one to dress for or flirt with, and the country folk, over suspicious of social superiority, were shy and evasive. She sought solace in long rambles over the mountains, and though warned against the danger of getting lost, ventured further and further with feminine perversity, until one day she found herself in that unenviable predicament.

A thunder cloud had veiled the sun, the blue sky was vanishing, and the very depths of the mountain seemed to moan softly as though the earth was feverish and in dread. Agnes stood at the juncture of several winding ravines, all equally wild and misleading, with great forest trees frowning over her, and without a definite idea as to her proper course.

"Wal, miss, air yo sure 'nuff lost, or jest sh the matter?"

The sound of any human voice was welcome in that solitude. Turning, she saw before her a short, stout, freckled-faced young man, having a sack swung over his shoulder with a keg at each end of it. In a few words she explained who she was and that she was lost.

"Yo're a good three mile from the Widder Green's," he said, "an I reckon yo'd better git yo' way."

Agnes instantly suggested a pecuniary settlement as a means of expediting her home, but the young fellow looked at the clouds and said hurriedly:

"You jest wait hyar a minute."

Then he disappeared around a huge boulder before Agnes could remonstrate. In two minutes he reappeared, minus his sack and kegs, with the remark:

"Now, miss' we mus' hurry ter get ter the Hangin' Rock before the shower wets us."

They plunged into a wild gorge—the very one Agnes would not have taken if left to herself—and soon came upon a trail that wound here and there among the ridges, over rocks, through shadowy laurel brakes, and across several small brooks. The rain approached, and the guide kept increasing his speed until Agnes, panting and stumbling, was about to ask him to go slower. But at this juncture a sudden turn round a bowling crag brought them out on a rocky platform, fronting the valley lying along the foot of the mountain.

Overhead the cliffs projected, so that they were sheltered from the drops already falling. The young man brought her a drink from a spring near by, and she sat down to survey in security the solid wall of gray rain now sweeping over the distant knobs and up the intervening valley.

"I don't believe I know your name," she remarked, as he stood awkwardly gazing at her as upon a new revelation in the line of feminine loveliness.

"I'm Little Mart," he replied.

"Oh, to be sure; you are the person who put the whisky in mamma's bottle."

"Wal, now, miss, I'd be a purty fool ter own up ter sech as that," he returned with, however, a knowing look.

"I suppose you are afraid of detection; yet you need not fear me. But don't you wish you were in some nicer business! Have you ever thought of the trouble whiskey brings upon people?"

Mart could not say that he had, yet for the first time he felt a vague shame of his occupation, but said:

"Pore folks has ter make money somehow 'thout stealin' it."

"Yes, but I would rather make it any other way than by breaking the laws to sell people that which injures them."

Somehow Mart felt that the usual arguments in favor of moonshining would not have much effect on this refined, delicate girl, whose presence now beamed upon him almost like some angelic presence from another world.

Still they chatted on, he with a growing sense of discomfort and inferiority, and yet withal strangely fascinated. He was ignorant and superficially coarse, yet he knew that at heart he desired to act right and be honest, only right and honesty had suddenly assumed a new and astounding phase in the light of her sweet presence and kindly remonstrances.

The rain at length ceased, and they soon arrived at the Widow Green's. Agnes, at the doorsteps, offered him a silver dollar, saying she knew she had put him to a good deal of trouble. Silver dollars were tempting, but he declined taking it, saying:

"I reckon I kin orbleege people of I am a moonshiner."

"Never mind," she said, with a reassuring smile, "you must take it just to please me. Perhaps it will help you a little in getting better employment."

The next day Little Mart returned for his sack and kegs, reflecting deeply. After getting them he went to the Hanging Rock, and there kindled a fire with chestnut bark on the very spot where Agnes had sat and talked to him. Then he placed the sack and empty kegs thereon and grimly watched them turn to ashes. As at last he turned away he muttered:

"My ma mought hev got on ter our livin' some yuther way after this."

That night his mother's little cabin in the Red Knobs was surrounded by four deputy marshals, and little Mart marched off a prisoner of the United States, to Atlanta. Two months later, after his release from jail, he came home, only to learn that Mrs. Baird and her daughter had returned to Chattanooga.

Little Mart felt disappointed. Though he realized the nature of the social gulf between them too well to hope to mingle under with people like the Bairds, yet he wished to see Agnes once more, and tell her how his kind words and sweet smile had made another man of him.

He secured work in the log camps in the mountains, and a few weeks thereafter went down to Chattanooga on a large raft of logs.

Having then an idle day on his hands, he thought he would venture to call on the Bairds.

He dressed himself in his best suit of home-spun jeans, and soon found the house from the directions given him by the Widow Green. The imposing brick front and the aristocratic neatness of the surroundings rather daunted him, but he resolutely knocked on the door, regardless of the polished bell handle, and boldly asked of the trim colored housemaid, who at length came, if he might see Miss Agnes, explaining also that "She an' her mother knowed me in the mountains."

The servant surveyed him wonderingly, yet after a moment's hesitation bade him follow her, and led once ushered him into the parlor where Agnes and another young lady, with two or three fashionably-dressed young men, sat talking and laughing together.

Agnes had risen as the door opened. The contrast between her graceful, stylishly-clothed form and Little Mart's awkward pose, ill-fitting clothes, and rusty brogans, as he stood clumsily holding his broad-brimmed woolhat, was, as one of the young men whispered to the other young lady, "Too utterly barbaric."

Agnes recognized him instantly, and colored with the reverse of pleasurable sensations, as she said, curtsying:

"Oh, yes, you wish to see my father. He never transacts business at the house; you will find him at the office. Margaret," to the servant, "show this gentleman to the door."

Then she coolly turned away, and before Little Mart fairly knew what he was about he was walking down the street with his thoughts in a whirl, and a dull pain at his heart. At the corner a gentleman stopped him.

"Why, you are Mart Dodson, are you not? This is fortunate, as you happen to be the very man I was wishing to see."

The speaker was the father of Agnes Baird whom Mart had seen once or twice when Mrs. Baird and her daughter were at Hawks Cliff. Mr. Baird was largely interested in the new iron industries then developing throughout East Tennessee; and after dragging our half-reluctant hero into an office nearly as luxurious in the appointments as the parlor from which he had been so unceremoniously dismissed, the former said to him:

"Young man, you are in luck. Our mining experts have been investigating some of the iron deposits of the Red Knobs particularly near Hawks Cliff, and they report some veins of unusual richness. The new railroad now projected from Cleveland to Tellico will render some land there valuable. You and your mother have eighty acres. I am prepared to buy you out for a lump sum, or give you $5,000 for a half interest."

Little Mart gazed at Mr. Baird, half stupefied with wonder. Yet amid the turmoil of his emotions came the thought that, if this were so, he would at last have the time and means to make a gentleman of himself, so that people would not want to turn him out of doors for looking like the clod he felt himself to be at present.

There was some further talk, when Little Mart took his leave, promising to go immediately home, see his mother, look around a little, and let Mr. Baird know. His native shrewdness did not altogether forsake him. If there was a fortune in their poor, worn out farm, Little Mart determined that the Dodsons should have their share of it. He could talk to off, get an education, see and mingle with the world, and if he ever returned now Agnes that he was really worthy of her first friendly interest in him, and when she ignored him at her own home she had done her better self, as well as him, an injustice.

* * * * *

The new manager of the great Tellico company was in his private office. A lady entered, and he looked up from his morning paper, then inquired briefly:

"Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

The lady pushed aside her veil. The manager looked at her more closely, then rose and offered her a chair. He was short and stout, with a heavy red mustache, close slipped hair, and keen gray eyes.

"You have advertised for a type-writer," she said; "I should like to apply for the position."

The manager still gazed at her curiously, but he only asked:

"How long have you worked at type-writing?"

"I have only just learned it at the commercial school," she replied, hesitatingly.

"School type-writing, like school telegraphy, doesn't always answer so well without some actual business practice. However perhaps we can get over that. But let me ask you a rather strange question. Do you remember getting lost once in the Chilhowee Mountains, and being brought home by a red headed mountain boy, to whom you gave a silver dollar and some good advice as to his turning from the error of his moonshining ways?"

The lady's amazement brought a good-natured smile to the manager's face, as he continued, pointing to himself.

"You see the boy has not forgotten, and he still retains his red hair and freckles."

She now colored vividly under another remembrance, as she said naively, yet with some embarrassment:

"I also remember being, I fear, very rude to that same young man on another occasion, but I was young and—and foolish then."

"And he was quite a bucolic scarecrow, and should have had better sense than to intrude where he did uninvited. I don't blame you. Miss Baird. I might have done the same thing myself under similar circumstances. Let that rest. You did me far more good than evil. The effect of your kind words and the memory of your encouraging smile outweighed the influence of your after indifference. The desire to be some one, to make something of myself, implanted unconsciously by you, never left me. It was the turning point of my life. See; I have even kept the dollar you gave me for good luck."

He exhibited it with a smile, whereat she again blushed slightly. Then continuing, he said:

"Your father also made me the first money offer for my mother's little farm, that has proved a veritable bonanza for me in more ways than one. I then resolved to try to make a man of myself, so that if I ever met you again you would not feel so ashamed of me."

"You have your revenge," she said, sadly. "Father failed, and gradually worried himself into the grave. Mamma and I are quite poor now——"

"Don't explain," interrupted Little Mart, kindly. "I really feel that I owe to you far more than the giving of this position will ever repay. Your influence, unknown to yourself, set me off to study, sharpened my wits, caused me to drive shrewd bargains, yet keep my hands clean, and persist until—well, until here I am."

It was difficult for Agnes Baird to realize that this alert, polite, well-dressed man—a partner and manager of a great iron industry, requiring large capital and hundreds of workmen—was the awkward youth she had carelessly befriended, then ignored, only a few years ago. Such was the case, however, and it only remains to say that she obtained the position and that little Mart—now Mr. Dodson to every one—maintained such a good friend to her under these new relations that it would not be surprised to hear of another partnership being entered into by and by.

A partnership, too, of the most enduring earthly nature, involving some change of name and some agreeable future possibilities. Mother Nature, Matchmaker, [illegible]

A wonderful way with her, we admit.

THUNDER-BED THEOLOGY

As mother saw her ca'mly stand
Up in a garden corner,
A small, green apple in her hand,
She hastened out to warn her.
"My child, 'twill bring you untold woes
Green apples can't be eaten so;
We'll have it baked—then it will do."

The next week at her Sunday school
She learned the ancient story,
How Eve and Adam broke the rule
And sacrificed their glory.
She told her playmates warningly:
"They ate the apples from the tree;
They'd ought to had 'em baked, you see."
—Exchange.

SCOTTISH SCHOLARSHIP.

Queer Things Candidates for Teachers in Scotland Told a Committee.

The committee of the privy council on education in Scotland has been investigating the scholarship of the Scottish student, and has brought out a prodigious amount of ignorance mingled with considerable native ingenuity and shrewdness. Students in the training school for teachers aroused the most astonishment by their answers to simple questions, owing to their supposed superior intelligence and more thorough scholarship. "Cromwell's eyes," says one, "were keen and gray, but he was a God-fearing man." Another gave as his sole knowledge of Nelson "that he was buried in St. Paul's cathedral amid the groans of a dying nation." "Lackguard" one scholar defined as "a man who has been a shoeblack;" while "a man dressed in black" and a "policeman" were other attempted definitions of the same word. The word "polite," according to one, was derived from the Poles, on account of the courtesy of that race, and "charity," according to another, came from chair, "whence the queen doleth out gifts." One scholar defined a straight line as "one which lies in the same regular length from point to point." A surfaceless surface was declared to be "the polsk taken between any two straight lines;" a circle, a figure bounded by a straight line, and an isosceles triangle, one "having two opposite sides to one another."

Jonah was described by one student as "the father of Lot. He had two wives. One was called Ismale and the other Hugher; he kept one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at night." Another careful reader of the Scriptures wrote, "Moses was an Egyptian. He lived in an ark, made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of his head while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough."

Astronomy, as understood by one pupil, taught that the sun goes round on its axis. The earth's axis is a pole put through the center of the sun, which turns it round, and thus we get the seasons." Another pupil affirmed that "the Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Dr. Livingston and Risel in Mungo Park." Constantinople was set down as "on the Golden Horn—a strong fortress—has a university, and is the residence of Peter the Great. Its chief building is the sublime Porte." The Druids are said to have been "an ancient people supposed to be Roman Catholics." Gibraltar is "an island built on a rock," and Portugal can only be reached through St. Bernard's Pass "by means of sledges drawn by dogs." The Saxons, it was gravely recorded by one pupil, "retired to rest in caves of the Hepteachy in a state of nudity and laid upon a bed of straw, they were so eminently social."

"The dog," said one candidate for a teacher's place, "has four toes on his front feet and four toes on his hind feet, and the cow has no toes and cannot bark." "The word world," said another, one of a logical turn of mind, "means not, and the word frigid means cold, and the word temperate neither hot nor cold. Therefore the Gulf Stream some is neither hot nor cold."—N. Y. Sun.

Mrs. Sheridan's Finances.

Mrs. Sheridan returns to Washington with her children this week. The idle talk about Mrs. Sheridan's poverty, coming from people who ought to know better, must annoy her extremely, for she is a woman of great dignity and integrity; and while it is hard to predict in these days, when every public man's family, no matter how well off, turns beggar and accepts alms from people poorer than itself, yet it will surprise people if Mrs. Sheridan permits a subscription list to be passed around for her. Gen. Sheridan had a house given him in Washington that cost the givers $40,000, and is probably worth more now. He also had a fine house in Chicago given him, and owned other real estate there, and his pay as lieutenant-general was certainly $11,000 a year, with allowances for quarters, fuel, forage, mileage, etc., and may have been $13,500, which Gen. Sherman received. It certainly was this last amount after Gen. Sheridan was made general of the army, and this, with no house rent to pay since the Chicago riots in the '70's, was enough for him to live and save on. Besides, his widow has the copyright of his book, which will undoubtedly amount to a large sum, so it will be seen that the Sheridans are comfortably provided for.

Gen. Alger's Great Fortune.

No one knows how much Gen. Alger is worth. It is said that $10,000,000 would not exaggerate the amount. His money is all invested in pine and mineral lands, a railroad of 150 miles, carworks and a bank. He has made all his wealth within fifteen years. He saw far enough ahead to justify an investment in pine land of the few thousands of dollars he possessed by selling a small home in Detroit. He borrowed all he could secure besides with a good personal credit. For a few years he was several thousands of dollars worse off than nothing. Then pine grew scarce or became a part of land holdings and begun to rise in value. That settled it for Alger. He was "all right." He had just displayed a lawyer's shingle in Grand Rapids, Mich., when the war broke out. A few months previously he had married. Gen. Alger, in recently congratulating a young friend upon his matrimonial prospects, recalled his own. "My wife wore a white dress and a pair of white cotton gloves when we were married," he said. "We took our wedding trip in a buggy from Grand Rapids to a little settlement called Grandville, about seven miles distant. I wore my cotton gloves, and I'll tell you why; I didn't have money enough to buy them."—Chicago Times.

Age Affects Poetry.

Office Boy (to editor)—There's a lady outside, sir, with some poetry.

Editor—How old is she?

"About seventeen."

"Show her in."—Siftings.

THEY TAKE THE CREAM.

If a young lady's maiden aim is successful, she has no maiden name.—Detroit Free Press.

A girl never shows her retiring, shrinking nature more markedly than when she has been eating onions.—Fall River Advance.

Girls are forever running after engagement rings, and, therefore, it would be reasonable to call them chased rings.—Yonkers Statesman.

Estimate of love—when you see a girl coming on the sidewalk looking at the engagement ringe in a jeweler's window.—Burlington Free Press.

A Rare Possibility.

Dumley (to whom Brown has just related some great story)—I don't believe there is such a thing could happen!

Brown—Happen? Why my wife saw it happen!

Dumley (incredulously)—Oh, I beg pardon; I didn't know she was there in a position to be hurting truth.—Life.

DENVER'S FIRST GIRL BABY.

Although Once Owning $3,000,000 of Land, Now Singing in a Theater.

The birth of the first female child born in Denver was quite an event in the history of herself and the citizens. Miss Harvey is now 28 years of age and returned to Denver a few days ago, after an absence of something over ten years, during which time the city grew out of her recollection.

The change is rendered of more than passing interest by the fact that she was once the owner of a good big part of what is now the most valuable property in the city. It was given her by the citizens of Denver as a testimonial for being the "first girl baby" born here, and she might at this time be drawing a big income from it had her father considered it of sufficient value to keep up his tax payments. As it was he let it go, and now instead of being the patroness of untold millions, "our first girl baby" nightly sings for a living at a variety theater on Holladay street.

When Lish Harvey made the startling announcement one day in February, 1860, that he had a bouncing girl baby in his little half frame, half canvas cabin up in the hill, it was a great day for Denver. A meeting was held immediately, and it was received and carried unanimously that the baby was an honor to Auraria, as Denver was then called, and that a committee be appointed to welcome the little stranger and present it with a substantial testimonial of the citizens' regard. These resolutions were spread upon the records of the city, and half a dozen of the leading citizens hopped up to Lish Harvey's cabin and performed their duties to the letter. Beyond a few baby clothes, and an occasional dainty, which brought a very high tariff price, there was little that the committee could raise to present to the little one, and after these had been presented and a speech or two made during which the baby slept, the committee decided that the lady could have all the land in sight not already staked off.

Lish Harvey walked to his front door and with his fingers indicated what land he thoughtwould suit his offspring. It is recorded that he afterwards offered to dispose of the whole of it for two barrels of flour, then worth $100 a barrel, and a mule that Jim Baker owned, valued at $50. His offer was not accepted. The land he claimed is today worth probably $2,000,000.

Land was the cheapest thing in the country then. Nobody owned what he claimed and nobody wanted it. Only a week before a citizen had offered the present site of the German National bank, now worth $250,000, for a sack of flour, and he didn't get the sack of flour either.

In due time the land selected by Lish was deeded to the baby, and she owned it until the unpleasant officials began to levy taxes. When the first ubiquitous tax collector, who in those days carried two guns and a piece of chalk, came around, Lish indignantly refused to pay up and invited the tax collector to take the land. The latter had no use for it, and for three or four years it was held in abeyance. Then the town began to grow and the value of the land with it. Finally a real estate speculator came along and gathered to himself the baby's share. It has had thousands of owners since then and millions of dollars have changed hands over it.—Exchange.

Railway Speed in England.

"The speed of the fastest English trains, says Morris Phillips in the Home Journal, is greater than that of the quickest American trains. The fastest English express on the western runs faster trains than any other company in the world. In the heighth of the traveling season it runs a train between London and Edinburg, 376 miles, in seven and three-quarter hours, nearly fifty miles an hour for the entire run; part of the trip is done at the rate of a mile a minute. The road is so well ballasted and the cars are so constructed that there is little jostling, and the noise of the train in motion does not seriously interfere with conversation in ordinary tones of voice. English trains make fast time partly because they never cross on a level; nor are the roadways for vehicles drawn by horses ever built on a level with railroads. They either pass under the road or on a bridge or over the rails. There is never any necessity in England for the familiar sign in America: "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings."

In the matter of handling passengers' baggage on railways there has been a marked improvement in England since the writer's last visit three years ago. If you are in London and about to proceed to your steamer at Liverpool the London and Northwestern will give you a check for your trunk at their station in Euston square, forward it to Liverpool, place it on board the steamer, and if you don't require the trunk in the state room you need never give it a thought until your arrival in New York.

When traveling by rail in England you are not only looked after by the officials with great care, for you are under a "paternal government," but by law you are not allowed to be careless; in fact, it is a criminal act to injure yourself, even by accident. In many cases you are locked in the coaches so that you cannot leave the train while it is in motion, but if the door should be unlocked, and you jump out before the proper time, or if you attempt to board a train after it has started you are liable to a heavy fine.

Some of the English railway cars are lighted by gas, others by oil. The lamps are dropped through and depend from the roof, and are lighted and controlled from the top as there is no way for an official to enter the car while the train is in motion. If you wish to darken the car, there is a very good and simple arrangement—a small dark shade or curtain which slips under the lamp and shuts out nearly all of the light.

The Home of the Hop.

Puyallup valley, the center of the hop industry of Washington Territory, has recently completed the harvesting of an enormous crop, and its farmers are congratulating themselves on the price obtained—22 cents per pound. The total cost, laid and delivered at the railroad, was 9 cents, and the yield exceeded one ton to the acre. The climate and soil of the territory and of this particular valley are so well adapted to the growth of the plant, and its freedom from the pests of lice, mildew, and other drawbacks experienced elsewhere is here so uniformly complete, that a maximum annual yield can be depended upon with the same certainty as the summer's sun.

The only "glorious uncertainty" about it is the market price. As this fluctuates from 5 cents to $1.25 per pound, according to the supply and demand, the business is truly exciting. An extensive grower, with hops at 5 cents per pound, finds himself unable to meet his liabilities, while the following year the same hop yard may pay a profit of $1,000 per acre if marketed at $1 per pound. As the land, cleared of timber and planted with vines, in rows seven feet apart and properly poled, costs $300 per acre, to which must be added a kiln or oven for drying and other paraphernalia, a man of small means can only commence on an extremely small scale.

The picking, which constitutes one-half of the expense of raising, is done by hand and must be paid for in cash every night. It furnishes light and agreeable employment for men, women and children, Indians and Chinese. The two latter excel the white in rapidity and thoroughness. One dollar per box holding ten bushels is paid for gathering, and nimble fingers are necessary to fill the boxes per day. The drying of the herb in the oven is a delicate operation, requiring the experience of an expert, as its proper performance gives value to the commodity.—Scientific American.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

Dr. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, but frequently choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was, indeed, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

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Positively none genuine without having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.

Both has been the recent journey in the realm of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' $4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

Ours are the original $3 and $4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In conclusion we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any state or territory if you will inclose one cent in a postal card and write to us.

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