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JOHN D. BOWERS.

I would like to call your attention to my old system of giving away one glass of my noted Soda Water, with every CASH PURCHASE OF ONE DOLLAR. I have special bargains

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Park's Coffee—15, 20, 25, 30 and 35 cents per pound. I have added a special large line of

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES, FRUITS, CANNED GOODS,
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which you would do well to call and price. My Staple Grocery Department is as large as ever and will give you the same inducements in many of the articles.

My SODA WATER is the same this year as ever, with a few improvements.

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Part wool, white Blankets, very soft and fleecy, size 72x84 inches, weight 5 pounds and 6 ounces, beautiful colored borders in blue and pink, a blanket in every way worth $3.00. Our price $2.25.

$2.25

Other values worthy of mention are large grey Blankets, with colored borders, extra value $1.22 pair. Good weight white or grey Blankets, colored borders, full size, extra value at 97c pair.

Fair quality white or grey Blankets, colored borders, extra value at 48c pair.

Just a suggestion about Comforts. Large very heavy Comforts, covered with good quality calico and filled with nice soft white cotton, extra value at $1.46.

Good heavy Comforts, fair quality covering, extra value at 78c.

Medium weight Comforts, smaller size, but extra value at 58c.

ABOUT TOWELS.

This department has furnished several very interesting items of late, but this is the best of all. You will not want to miss these. Large white honey comb Towels, measuring 23x45 inches, extra heavy and very pretty, 10c.

10 CENTS.

SHOES for WOMEN.

We take pride in our Shoe stock. We work hard to bring you the very best the market affords at the price. Our greatly increased sales show our efforts are appreciated.

Notice these values:

Ladies' fine Dongola Kid Shoes, hand sewed, so soft and easy for tender feet, $2.25.

For every day wear, genuine Kangaroo Calf Shoes, splendid wearers and a shoe that will never get hard, two grades, $1.25 and $1.35.

SHOES FOR CHILDREN.

The famous Quaker City brand, made in two leathers, stout calf for every day wear and fine dongola for dress, sizes 5 to 8 at 85c, sizes 8½ to 11 at $1.00, sizes 11½ to 2 at $1.25.

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Some of the most famous potters of Germany, France and England have contributed to this matchless assortment of China Plates, every one beautifully decorated and warranted not to crack or craze. Not a china store but what gets 20 and 25 cents for such plates. The way we bought them enables us to offer them at 10c. Think of it, imported hand decorated China Plates, 10c.

10 CENTS.

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Extra heavy Brooms sewed with 4 strings	15c.
Pretty glazed Jardiniers	12½c.
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Wm. F. Derr

HEAD to FOOT OUTFITTER for LADIES.

A WEEK OF
WONDERFUL
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Just now we are showing the most complete stock of dependable merchandise ever offered under this roof. The goods are all NEW, the qualities are the BEST, the styles are the LATEST but nevertheless our great buying power brings you many choice bargains that we have never been able to offer before. Just a glimpse at a few of them.

A Dress Goods Event at 28c Yd.

This week we place on sale fifty pieces, in all about 2,000 yards of Handsome Dress Fabrics in novelty and plain effects, including some of this season's choicest styles, in every desirable color. This opportunity of securing a pretty dress at such a little price will not come again in many moons. They are all half dollar values at 28c yd. On center counter 28c yd.

Another small lot, about 10 pieces, of pure wool Dress Goods, in Medium and Dark Scotch effects, a full yard wide, very suitable for children's dresses, never sold for less than 37c; this lot goes at 17c yd.

But you must be quick.

OUR MILLINERY DEP'T.

Every day finds scores of ladies being furnished with handsome, stylish Headware from this parlor of fashion. We are continually showing something new. As fast as they come from the Parisian leader you find them within these walls, but at not quarter the price.

Handsome Trimmed Hats $2 to $8.

A new selectipn of Walking Hats and Turbans are here to-day, in all the leading styles, including a very special bargain in Trimmed Sailors, at 59c each. Regularly priced they would be one dollar.

Separate Skirts.

There is a bit of mystery about this skirt, selling at $3, and we can promise no more after this lot. Handsome Dress Skirts of Serge and Cheviot; also a few novelties in Blacks and Navy, all splendidly lined and furnished, sold regular for $5, and $6; while these last they are

Three Dollars Each.

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You are probably thinking of getting a new pair of Curtains. If so, we have a lot of Chenille Portiers, in different colors, with lovely dado borders and deep fringe. Their usual price would be five dollars, but by a chan e purchase we are able to offer these at

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For the Sentinel.

LETTER FROM ELDER WM. E. ROOP.

ROME, ITALY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

MY DEAR WIFE AND FAMILY.—Beginning where I left off in my last I will try and write you a brief sketch of Italy as far as we have now seen it and also of Rome. This boot-shaped peninsula stretches about 500 miles into the Mediterranean from the basin of the Po. The river itself has its source in the Alps and Apennines and runs to the Adriatic by a course of 407 miles. Out from among a few dreary pine and bare hills we burst upon scenes more romantic than we had dreamed of. A woman driving two dogs goes gaily over roads good enough for and perhaps built by the Cæsars. Men are putting hay or rather grass up around a little stake to cure. The little heaps are queer indeed and look as if they sheared them into the shape of an egg set on the little end. The mountain spurs first seen have now swelled into bold and lofty mountains on either side of us, some bare summits, crumbling down, some still holding a little icy snow in their ridgy peaks and many crowned with extensive forests. Down their steeps an occasional path is seen for shooting logs to the large mills in the smiling plains beneath. The scenery has peculiar interest on account of the many green patches around the happy mountain homes, on account of which one never seems to tire. Even at night the starry sparks peeping out from the homes that bedeck the mountain sides far, far up, have an enchanting interest. Over an occasional precipice of rock tumbles headlong down a mountain torrent that adds to the rushing waters beneath us, whose course the skill of our railroad or civil engineer has wisely and beautifully followed. In the German Empire we have crossed the Weser, the Spree, and the noted Danube, with many others; but now towns and rivers are so full of written history, being near the center of the one time world-wide empire that it seems beyond our pen to tell anything unsaid. We cross the Arno at Florence, called "the flower of cities and city of all flowers." The season of the floods is not on, so we leave the Arno as we find the Tiber muddy and shallow. On our way to the imperial city we have the terraced hills and olive groves and many vineyards. In the mountains we had a cliff crowned, now and then, with most picturesque ruins of ancient castles, and as the corn is being cut, around as well as on are painted tints whose beauty art can never imitate. At a few points the brow of almost every hill is adorned with some noble edifice in ruin. Fresh inspiration must come to anyone who passes through this country and at all inclined to muse upon and study the works and homes of these illustrious ancients. Our ideas of mountain passes is now fully set right as we go through the beautiful Cenis and St. Bernard passes. An old fort thrown across at one place and still intact gives us a good idea of how an army might have been cut off in its advance, hemmed in on both sides by walls formed by the Creator of all nature. We skirt many an ancient city affording pleasant views and interesting spots in their suburbs. Among them Arretium (now Arezzo) one of the wealthiest and most populous of ancient Etruria. In wars, frequent till B. C. 310, it opposed the power of Rome and then became an ally of the city. But again rebelling it was destroyed by Sulla. The Roman power broke up this city like many others, which were afterwards devastated by Goths, Lombards and others. The French stormed it in 1800. It holds special interest for the historian because here C. Cilnius Maecenas, the patron of literature of his time and with whom all classical scholars become acquainted, was born. He is known as the friend and confidential adviser of the Emperor Augustus; and is immortalized by Horace and Virgil. Enroute we pass through probably 40 tunnels and by one lone lake near which is said to be the scene of the victory gained by Hannibal over the Consul Flaminius in 217 B. C. In the brief space of 3 hours slaughter 15,000 Roman soldiers were left dead on the field. Lord Byron writes of it something like this:

"I roam
By Thrasymene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthagenian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountain and the shore,
Where courage fails in her despairing files,
And torrents swell'n to rivers with their gore,
Reek thro the sultry plain with legions scattered o'er."

Then he turns to the present

"For other scene is Thrasamene now,
Her lake a sheet of silver and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plow,
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain."

The lake is said to measure 30 miles around; and a quaint castle on an eminence overlooks the west side. The heights of some of the lesser than the snow crowned peaks of the Apennines or rather a range of nearer hills, brings to view some buildings and houses, old and beautiful, that have passed down unhurt from the middle ages to our own, while others are strange and dilapidated with evidences of little remaining wealth but vestiges of former grandeur everywhere apparent. After descending the Nera Valley and passing a few more picturesque towns we see the ridge of Mount Soracte. Going over the Tiber we are among the pale olives of the beautiful Sabina district. Soon we have the Sabine and Alban mountains to our left, and with the dome of St. Peter's, Rome rises to our better view, and the depot where we land is said to be near the Baths of Diocletian. At the most excellent Hotel Continental we have a wash and lunch and then off to Piazza di Spanga where we gladly receive two letters from home. Our 1st column to see is Antonine Column in honor of Emperor Antonius's victory over German tribes; 108 feet high, 13½ feet diameter at bottom and 12½ at top. Lovingly.

W. E. ROOP.

P. S.—In conclusion of this article we must say that in London and Paris we thought we had seen many things beyond competition, but modern Rome, with its surrounded antiquities so far exceeds anything we yet saw that we will not pretend to make comparison. But it must be confessed that to us it seems that ancient as well as modern Rome, as a nation, with all its salubrious clime, and blue sky, never knew the true God, or else it has been and is now in lamentable decay. Else many of her most stately structures would not be in ruin, and so many of her once rich families in penury. It occurs to us that her once noble race of warriors is being lost in the last stage of degeneracy. One of the residents and a popular professional man told us this morning that anything could be done for money in Italy. As we more and more come to know the wickedness of the nations, we can only pray for the time to hasten when the leaves of the tree of life will be used for the healing of the nations. Since we are here we are surprised how our Latin is brushing up. Our advice to students who expect to travel here would be to have the elements of Latin and then command the Italian language.

Select Story.

AUNT TEMPY'S LITTLE MISS.

BY MARY TRACY EARL.

From the Outlook.

If Byrd's Nest had not quite fallen into ruin, it was because Aunt Tempy's shoulders were so broad they held it up; but Aunt Tempy was beginning to need help. The paint had all flaked off the house, and the winds and the rains had beaten down the pillars of the deep gallery so that the gallery roof sagged until it looked like a delapidated hat-brim falling over a face and hiding everything except an unhappy under lip. It was true that La Marque roses and honeysuckle and Confederate spiral were far more picturesque than paint and pillars, and the old house smiled at ill fortune whenever the flowers bloomed; but just now it was late December, and the roses were hanging brown and limp from recent frost. The north wind had full sweep across the great wild lawn, cleared so many years ago to be an orange orchard and still lying in furrows, although the trees had frozen long ago and been hacked down. Poor old Charlie, the horse, had come up into the lee of the kitchen and was patiently waiting for a little meal and water or a dole of sweet-potato peelings from inside.

Aunt Tempy came out of the kitchen door with some covered dishes on a waiter, and started across to the house, shaking her round turbaned head at the old horse as Charlie ambled up. "You mis'able ole beggah," she expostulated, "I gits tired of feedin' you like a pig, an' den having you look as hongry as a sawhawse an' make eyes at everything you see. You had ought to be ashamed, begging for little Miss's dinnah, knowing as well as you do dat little Miss is po'ly. I reckon you'd like it, sah, if I was to give you dis gumbo, an' feed little Miss on hay an' oats—"

She paused, for old Charlie fixed her with a mild, reproachful eye. It was years since he had tasted oats, and he felt that it was unkind to be taunted with a preference for gumbo.

"Oh, go 'long!" she cried, in vindication. "If you hasn't had none, you know it's 'case you' teef is wore short; an' *you* hain't no 'scuse faw complainin', when you 'member how long little Miss been po'ly an' don't nevah say a word."

Poor old Charlie felt that if any one had not said a word it had been himself, and he looked sadly after Aunt Tempy as she disappeared; then he went stumbling off across the chill, sere reaches of the lawn, trying to recall how appetizing oats had been when he was young and frisky, and before hard times had come to Byrd's Nest.

"Little Miss" Byrd was the last of her people, and poor, run-down old Byrd's Nest was the last of her property. The rest had all gone in paying doctor's bills, since the day when she had fallen out of old "Homer," the tall, moss-draped live-oak that overlooked the bay. That was only three years ago; she had been almost a grown young lady, and Aunt Tempy had told her that very morning that she was too old to play "tomboy" any more.

There was no danger of her playing tomboy after that. She lay quite still in her bed, and her cheeks grew thin, and the lines of pain sank deep around her mouth, and there was no color anywhere about her face except her wonderful, clear-shining hazel eyes, which pain and suffering seemed only to make more bright. The doctors shook their heads when Aunt Tempy spoke about her getting well, although she did grow strong enough to take a few steps leaning on Aunt Tempy's arm. But even that grew to be an old story, and little Miss had to look the sorrowful truth in the face. There was a long life before her, and yet she had no prospect of ever taking a step alone. She sometimes turned her cheek against her pillow and tried to dream of those old days when she was a tomboy and used to climb trees, and ride old Charlie "bareback" through the woods, and row out into the sunset on the bay that she could only see from the window now. And sometimes she wondered if all those old times had not been a dream, and if she really had ever walked alone, and walked further than from her bedroom out on to the gallery to see the roses, or to the queer old carriage in which she still went driving through all the shady village streets. Aunt Tempy was a coachman, and held the reins like a menace over old Charlie, sitting as erect as if she were maintaining the dignity of all the Byrds. Dignity seemed to be the only one of the Byrd resources left, and it was well to make the most of it.

When little Miss did not feel like going out driving, it nearly broke Aunt Tempy's heart. She believed that as long as people could go out and take the air in their carriages they were on the road to getting well. That was one reason why she resented Charlie's age and thinness—she had a suspicion that little Miss did not enjoy riding behind so old and feeble a horse, and it was one of the objects of her life to make little Miss believe that he was young.

"I wish you-all could see dat Chawlie a-cavortin' round out dar," she said as she brought up a table for little Miss's lunch. "Dis nawf wind make him so antic, I dunno if he gwine ter be safe."

Little Miss closed her tell-tale eyes. A faint smile twitched the corners of her mouth. She had not intended going out that day, it was cold, and old Charley was so slow; but she saw that Aunt Tempy had guessed her thought and was intriguing against it. "Do you think you can hold him in?" she asked.

Aunt Tempty drew down the corners of her mouth so that they might not twitch even when her mistress was not looking. "Mebbe I kin, if I give my feet a good brace agin de dashboard," she said, "but you-all'd be mighty he'pless if he was onct to take de bit in his teef an' go tearin' off into the de woods."

"It would be dreadful," little Miss declared, opening her eyes and laughing; "but if old Charlie ever runs away and kills me, have it marked on my gravestone, please, that I died happy. Go along and harness him. I want danger and excitment. I want to feel as if the snails were after me full gallop!"

Aunt Tempy chuckled softly. "Depends if I kin catch him," she said, starting for the door. "It is a mighty hahd mattah to catch a fresky hawse."

She was still chuckling when she went down stairs. She felt that little Miss was an innocent child, who was easily circumvented. If she could only manage old Charlie as easily, and make him show a little of the youthful fire she had claimed for him, she would keep little Miss out driving for hours along some sheltered pine-woods road where the sun would beat down and draw spicy, resinous odors from every leaf of undergrowth or twig of pine; and little Miss would lie back breathing deep with joy until a gracious memory of pink would steal into her cheeks. But if Charlie's head drooped and his knees were stiff, she knew how it would be; they would turn back almost before

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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