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with the agriculturist, who will find, as the season progresses, that there will be many things needed in his work—things which cost little and yet add greatly to the satisfaction of life on the farm.

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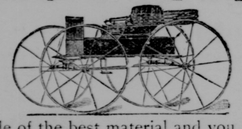

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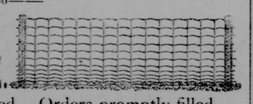

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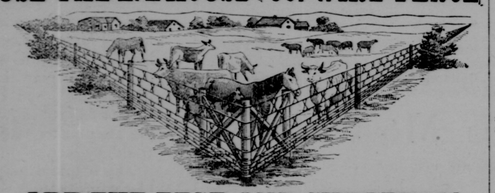

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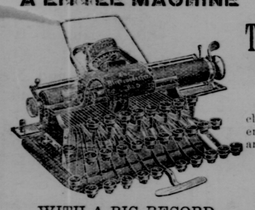

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Of the right weights for fall and winter—the newest, most fashionable and comfortable shapes—are in stock now. They constitute the largest assortment, and they are marked at the lowest prices at which we have ever been able to offer them. The buying for cash in large quantities takes off discounts, of which the people get the benefit, and they are not long in finding out these advantages.

Boxes of Winter Boots

Are also open. The prices this fall range from $1.25 to $2.50 per pair. Some of the season's regular stock are

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ranging in price from 65 cents to $1.50 per pair. Many will need these, and we have provided for them.

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Red Flannels, 20c. per yard.
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(to which additions are being made very frequently) we have some things which we believe to be specially desirable and cheap:
Black and Blue Serges, 36 in , 50c.
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Androscoggin Muslin is now 8c.
A very good stock of Handkerchiefs at 5c. to 10c. apiece. The

Grocery Department

Is always stocked heavy. Small and fat Mackeral (the most convenient size) only 20c. per dozen; Baltimore Bacon, 6c.; Country Bacon, 7c.; Best City Lard, 7c. The stock embraces all the staples, and the sales are the best evidence that the prices are right. For example, it takes a barrel of sugar per day to supply the demands of our patrons.

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DAFFODILS.

Golden chalices of gladness
Gleaming in the woodland ways,
Exorcising winter's sadness,
Pledge of promised golden days—
Hope awakes, sweet daffodils,
When ye shine upon the hills.

Sure I am some spell is hidden
In thee, flower of lowly birth,
Lifting thy glad face unbidden
O'er the yet scarce stirring earth
Ere spring comes—a spell to move
All that see thee thee to love.

Not alone the pale gold raying
Round thy deep gold heart between,
Nor thy slender form's soft swaying
Midst thy bodyguard in green.
Something in thee more than this
Fills the gazer's heart with bliss.

In the tale swift memory's bringing
Does thy fascination lie.
How of old amid their singing
Poets loved to see thee nigh,
And how they would fain rehearse
Thy delights in deathless verse!

He, in savage Devon dwelling,
Beauty loving, poet priest,
Oft to thee quaint fancies telling,
Of thy singers not the least,
Smiled to greet thee by the way
As he duly passed to pray.

And a greater bard, once wandering
Thoughtful over vales and hills,
Sudden ceased his pensive pondering
As a host of daffodils
Flashed upon his sight a joy
Time nor change could e'er destroy.

Many another has extolled thee,
Daffodil, since earth was young.
Glories of great song infold thee,
Favored theme of honeyed tongue.
Yet 'tis not the poet's art
Gives thee power to touch the heart.

'Tis the subtle recollection
Thou canst wake of springs long past;
Childhood's playtime, youth's affection,
Joys foregone, with thee linked fast—
These live ever. Thou art here
In the springtide every year.

—Dora Cave in Academy.

LITTLE PIPPO.

Little Pippo was only an accordion player in the streets of London, but yet a fearless lad, who might have been trained for good, only he belonged to the padrone, Marco Ferrati, who owned several other children, upon whose earnings he throve and grew fat and made their little lives a hell to them.

Thus it happened one day and when the mellow autumn hung over the city that Mr. Arnold Ingram and his wife saw him playing his uncertain little tunes in Bond street. Ingram was a man not much past 30, a philanthropist—not one of the ostentatious sort, for let us be thankful that there are some few whose ideas of goodness do not begin and end with the heading of subscription lists. There was something in the boy's face—his soft, black eyes, perhaps—that interested him, so he asked:

"Where do you come from, my little man?"

"Saffron hill, signor."

"Oh, I guessed that," said Mr. Ingram, smiling. "I mean where in Italy?"

"Varenna."

"Varenna, on the lake of Como?"

"Si, signor; lago di Como," and the little fellow's countenance brightened up. These other two faces, so strange contrasted with his, also brightened.

"Mona, you remember Varenna and the rainy week?"

To be sure she did. You could tell by the soft light which came into her eyes. Arnold Ingram was staying at the Hotel Varenna with some friends a certain memorable rainy week, when even Como's lake was dark and misty, so that the party was kept much indoors, and there it was that he had wooed and won the lovely girl who now stood by his side, his wife.

"I daresay you would like to go back there?" he said to the boy.

"I should think so, signor. We lived in a little cabin on the hill where the vines grow. I used to be happy then. But the padrone came and told my father and mother that he would make my fortune in England, and they let him take me away."

"And ever since then he has taken your earnings and beaten and starved you."

"You know him, signor?"

"There are plenty like him, unfortunately. Goodby, my little lad," and he moved away.

"You did not give him anything," his wife said half reproachfully.

"What is the use? It does more harm than good. The poor urchin would have to give it up. My dear, I have been among them. I have been in the loathsome dens where the padrones keep these boys and girls herded with men and women. He belongs body and soul to the padrone, who, like the vampire that he is, lives upon him."

"Can nothing be done for them?"

"Yes, English people could, with one accord, abstain from giving them money. Then the ruffians' source of income would cease and at the same time the poor little creatures' sufferings."

It so happened just then that Marco Ferrati was prowling along on the opposite side of the street. He found blows and starvation excellent methods of collecting the boy's contributions, but he thought a little personal supervision now and then did no harm. So he crossed over and asked:

"Well, Pippo, how much did they give you?"

"Nothing, padrone."

"You little liar and thief! You can't tell me. I know these gentlefolks. They have given you big silver, perhaps gold. If you do not give it up this instant, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"I have nothing to give up, and you dare not strike me now," the boy answered fearlessly.

He was quite right, he dared not, for there within a few yards, at the corner of Conduit street, stood a helmeted guardian of the peace. But what he escaped then he had a double dose of that night at home, for as the padrone only in exceptional cases told the truth, he was utterly incapable of understanding that little Pippo scorned to tell a lie.

Pippo's knowledge of London was as varied and extensive as the late Mr. Sam Weller's. Some time after this he found himself droning out "La Donne e Mobile" upon his accordion in a street of large houses in Kensington. A lady stood at a drawing room window. It was Mona Ingram. She took an interest in him because of the place he came from—the village where the low vine bushes grew on the hillside above the waters of Coma. She knew him at once and beckoned him in.

That day he was in clover. She was mindful of what her husband had said and gave him no money, but some clothes and plenty to eat and kind words.

He was there so long that he earned but little that day, and he was saluted with a blow and a curse from Ferrati when he got home to Saffron hill. But he did not seem to mind so much now, for once in his life there was the memory of kind words to treasure up in his little heart.

That evening there was a conference between Arnold Ingram and his wife, in which they determined to rescue at least one suffering soul. They resolved to find out Pippo and send him home to his native village. But man proposes.

One day Pippo was told by the padrone that he would take him to a friend of his who had some work for him to do. He was ordered to leave his accordion at home this time. He knew that extra work did not mean money—no, nor even food in his case. If he could not do what was expected of him, there would be blows—a few more or less. What difference did it make? So he took no interest in the matter.

He had come home late after a long day in the streets, during which he had earned only a few coppers; but, strange to say, this time Marco Ferrati did not swear at or strike him.

As soon as he had swallowed his supper, consisting of bread and water, which he partook of with the other unfortunate boys and girls, Marco came in and bade Pippo follow him.

They went straight to Holborn circus, down Fetter lane into Fleet street and then turned westward.

Pippo had been out all day. The little feet were weary and could hardly keep up with the padrone's rapid striding. The latter was walking quicker than he need have done, for he delighted in inflicting suffering of every kind upon his little charges out of sheer wanton cruelty.

He need not have made such haste. The later the better to do the work for which Pippo was engaged.

"Quicker!" cried Ferrati. "Come on, you little snail, curse you, or I'll break every bone in your carcass."

It may be mentioned parenthetically that little Pippo was running just then as fast as his legs would carry him.

As they passed along the Strand it was a few minutes after 11. The theater patrons were crowding the streets. How gay and brilliant and happy those crowds looked. Yes, I suppose so, but in the boy's benumbed, broken life there was no comprehension of happiness.

If he had a yearning for anything, it was for the vine clad hills of Varenna, on the shores of Como, which he could just dimly remember before he was taken away from his mother's knee—taken away through filthy greed, because they had been told that he should make a fortune in England and keep them in their old age.

But still they are speeding along. They have crossed Trafalgar square and are still proceeding westward—a long way west, for they do not stop till they reach a public house in the Fulham road. Here the man is greeted by two rough looking men, whose begrimed clothes bespeak them to be working as navvies.

"Ferrati, the merchant!" exclaimed one of them, whose language was redolent of oaths and sanguinary epithets, as was the air of bad spirits and rank tobacco.

"You've been a bloomin long time, and no mistake."

"It ees a long way. I come directly ze boy vas home. Pippo, zeese are gentlemen you go vis. You come back to me ven zey tell you to go."

Pippo said nothing. One fate was much the same as another, and, tired out as he was, amid the noise and the close, reeking atmosphere of the gin palace, he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels.

They stayed on till 12:30, closing time. The padrone seemed bent upon getting drunk, and royally "boozed" he became, until it took the combined efforts of two barmen to eject him.

The other two seemed very careful how much they imbibed and were quite sober when they came out.

The streets were very quiet as they walked along in silence.

Marco Ferrati had now left them, and they betook themselves toward the better parts of Kensington. They went down a narrow lane, on one side of which were the garden walls of gentlemen's houses. The elder of the men, whom the other called Jim Sickert, counted his steps from the corner to about the center of the lane. The walls were not high, and Sickert clambered up.

"Now then, Bill!" he cried. "Give us the kid."

Poor little Pippo's heart went cold as ice. Brought face to face with poverty and crime all his young life, although his better instincts had rebelled, he knew exactly what was going to be done.

"No, no!" he cried. "Let me go! I won't do that!"

"Now then," said Jim, "shut up yer row, ye —— young imp, or it'll be the worse for yer."

He saw the gleam of a revolver in Sickert's hand, and, almost dead with fright, he was dragged over. There were broken bottles on top of the walls, and the poor little fellow's hands and legs were mercilessly cut and torn.

But once in the garden he thought surely he knew the place. He had never been in more than one grand house, and this was it, the home of Mr. Ingram, where the beautiful lady had received him so kindly.

"Now," said the man addressed as Bill, "we're goin to 'oist yer up to that there winder. Ye've got to push it open and get round to this yer door, wot yer got to open for us. Mind, if yer make any bloomin mistakes, we'll put a bullet in yer. Do yer understand?"

This was all whispered, of course, but he did understand, and he had made up his mind too. Yes, he would go in. If he did not help them, some one else would, and it was better he should do so.

He easily pushed up the small staircase window, which was unlatched, and was once more within that house, where his feet sank into the costly carpets and where there was such a sense of luxury and rest, but tonight the place seemed cold and dark and still.

He was hesitating what he should do to awake the household, when, to his relief, he perceived a light on the stairs. A gentleman in evening dress was coming down. It was Arnold Ingram.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, starting. "Who is this?"

"It is I—Pippo. You are in danger, signor. I come to warn you. The garden—look!"

"Burglars for a certainty. There's a brave little man," said Mr. Ingram, and to the boy's surprise he blew out his candle. "Are you afraid?"

"No, signor, not with you."

"Then go and open that door."

"Signor?"

"Do as I bid you."

It was the very door the thieves had told him to open.

But he did so, and the stealthy footstep of Jim Sickert could be heard creeping in. Then there was a sound of the bolts being shot again.

Mr. Ingram struck a match, quickly lit the gas, and the burglar stood revealed in the passage.

He hardly realized what had happened and made a dash for the door, but it was locked, and there he turned at bay, with the master of the house upon him.

He was prepared to sell his liberty dearly, however. The revolver was up and aimed at Ingram.

Pippo was prepared for that. He was only a little boy. He could not intercept it, but he made a tremendous bound up at the ruffian's hand, and the shot went off in the air, bringing down a great piece of the ceiling.

"Oh, curse you for a little sneak," he cried, and down came the butt end of the pistol, crashing upon Pippo's skull, who fell senseless to the ground.

"You coward!" said Ingram. "I'd have let you off for the burglary, but when it comes to the poor boy, who only stopped you from making it a hanging matter for yourself, by heaven you shall have no mercy."

The menservants, startled by the noise, had by this time come down and with some difficulty succeeded in overpowering Jim Sickert.

There was a white figure there, too, with a scared face, who took in the situation at a glance and knew that little Pippo had probably saved her husband's life. It was she who took him up tenderly and laid him upon a couch in the drawing room and sent for a doctor for him.

The boy opened his eyes and turned them feebly upon her.

"Ah," he said, "it is you, the good signora. Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Pippo."

"Don't let them put that man in prison. The padrone gave me to him. They would all get into trouble, and it was my fault he was caught."

So it came about that Jim Sickert was set free and told he would not be charged.

It is to be hoped he attempted no more burglaries, since the "quality of mercy" had indeed "dropped as the gentle rain from heaven" upon the bosom of this little ragged boy.

He lay quite still for some time and then turned toward his benefactress and spoke:

"Oh, you have been so kind, so good to me. I wish I was good."

"Nay, you are good. You have saved him for me. I have done nothing, but I will. I will try to make you strong and well again."

But it was too late. Just as the gray dawn was peeping through the windows his poor little harassed and weary soul passed away to the land of the spirits.

Tears rose unbidden to her eyes when she knew it.

"It is better so," said Arnold Ingram, who had just entered on tiptoe, "while there is yet the spark of truth and purity and goodness in his heart. Ill usage, poverty, degradation, would surely lead on to sin and crime, and it would lie at the door of those who brought him to it. They have much to answer for. But it is best to die before that."

So his eyes were closed by loving hands, he who had known naught but hard blows and hard words. Poor little Pippo!—Spare Moments.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn;
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music. These may move awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings,
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice, dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
To truth and love and meekness. They who own
This gift, by the all gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed;
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, saddens to its sadness,
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries:
Its food and sleep and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low, gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts and with unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears but longs to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own!
It makes sweet human music—oh, the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright eyed maiden tells!

—Edwin Arnold.

MASTER MANOLA.

Prince Neagoe Bassarab was a God fearing man who was ever seeking a way to display his piety. He had built the churches of St. George and the Metropolitan in Tergovischta and the wondrously beautiful cloisters of Cosia and Tismana, the latter upon a rocky peak from which a cataract fell, and yet he deemed that he had not done enough. He longed to erect at Curtea de Argisch a church like no other in the world. He sent far and near for architects noted for their skill and originality to undertake the work.

Among them was a man named Manola. Some say that he came from Macedonia, others that he was a Spaniard. He promised the prince to delight his eyes with a structure that in its harmonious union of Byzantine, Arabic and Persian architecture should be of unsurpassed loveliness. He chose the laborers that seemed to him most skillful and began his work with infinite joy and zest, for he felt that his power was ripe and that he was master of his art. But it was as if some evil spirit opposed him. No matter how deep the foundations were laid streams of water would gush forth, loosen the soil and displace the stones. Daily they found the sand but recently removed had drifted back, and daily the walls had to be torn down and built anew. And when Manola, after working and thinking all day, left the place at evening with moist forehead and puckered brows, he knew in what condition he should find it on the morrow.

The laborers began to murmur and were loath to work, saying that the spot was accursed and that a church would never be erected there. Manola had as much trouble with the grumbling men as with the refractory ground. Many a long night would he toss to and fro upon his bed in painful thought, then spring up and shed bitter tears. His sweet young wife, Anna, would also arise and gaze at him anxiously with her large doelike eyes.

"Tell me your thoughts, beloved. It makes me sad when you suffer and say nothing to me."

Manola drew her to his side, stroked her little hands and bent his glance upon the ground, while she sought to read his sorrow from his countenance.

"I have been too arrogant. I, an alien and an unknown man, have boasted that I shall produce an architectural wonder, and the first stones I put together will not hold. The workmen have lost faith in me, and they are right. Even the earth opposes the stranger. The prince is wasting his money, and 'tis said that he has angrily intimated as much. From every side enemies and envious people spring up who reproach the prince for having trusted me. I have won only shame where I hoped for fame. I know that it is childish, Anna, but sometimes I am infected with the belief of the people that the spot is bewitched."

Heavy sighs escaped his bosom, and he stared before him like one whose brain is in torment.

"Oh, what can I do? What can I suggest?" cried the young wife.

"You!" said Manola bitterly. "What can you, frail child, do where we men with wisdom and strong arms are helpless?"

He sprang up and strode restlessly up and down the small room like a caged lion the whole night. And so for many nights. Anna burned many a taper before the Virgin to win her aid, but in vain. The work did not advance. Manola became gloomier every day until the laborers began to fear him. At last one of them mustered the courage to say:

"Master, there is an old superstition in our country that has often been proved true. If a building will not stand, a living person must be placed at the foundation; then will it last for eternity."

The workmen surrounded Manola, eagerly awaiting his reply to this daring speech. He stared at them, and the veins upon his temples swelled.

"And whom would you place there?" he finally asked.

The men glanced at one another.

"It must be one who knows nothing of it," they answered.

"But who?"

"Master, at noon our wives, sisters and daughters come to bring us food. Let it be one of them."

"And who will offer his?" asked Manola looking at them with the flaming eyes that they had learned to fear.

They were silent.

"Well, who?" he queried again.

"The first who comes," came at last timidly from the circle.

"Well," cried Manola, "then swear!" He raised his hand. "Then swear the first who comes, no matter whose wife, sister or daughter she may be, shall without delay or murmur be immured!"

"We swear!" whispered the men.

The sun seemed to mount so rapidly to the zenith that day, and many an eye glanced first toward heaven then into the distance. Not a word was spoken. The men's hearts trembled.

Manola had long stood with downcast eyes, brooding darkly. Now he looked up and felt his blood congealing. There, through the sunshine, came a slender form in snow white raiment; from her dark hair there floated a filmy veil; upon her shoulder she bore a pitcher; within her hand, a basket. 'Twas Anna, his young wife.

"O God!" he prayed, "hast thou wholly forsaken me? Thou hast indeed punished my arrogance. Release me from my oath. I cannot do this thing. Bid me not sacrifice my young wife, all that I can call my own in this strange land, my happiness, my life! Send a tempest that she may come no farther!"

As he stood upon the scaffold and prayed he felt that all eyes were turned coldly upon him, and he knew that he would be made to keep his oath.

Then the heavens darkened. From greenish black clouds came peals of sullen thunder and vivid sheets of lightning. There was a roaring and quaking as though the world was in its death struggle. A wind arose that bowed the mightiest trees and stripped them of their foliage. The men knelt and made the sign of the cross, but the young wife came calmly on, heeding not the tempest. She saw Manola's figure upon the scaffold outlined against the black, lightning streaked sky, and she hastened her steps toward him.

"O God!" pleaded he, "now she has reached the brook. Cause it to overflow that she may not cross it!"

And see, a rain descends as if the firmament had opened and every cloud had poured its contents upon the earth. Anna came nearer. And the brook swelled and foamed wildly. Not even a horse could swim across it. For a moment the whole landscape was hidden by the veil of rain. Manola clutched a beam and strove to pierce the vapor with his eager glance. Then all was still. The sun shone forth, and look! Anna has taken off her shoes, tucked up her gown and is wading through the roaring flood. Manola stood motionless. His lips were white beneath his dark mustache, as the men who gazed dumbly up at him could see.

The young wife was now but a few steps away, and she nodded and smiled to him who stood aloft and in whose dark eyes lay the thought, "I had rather the stream had swallowed you than you should suffer this agony." He descended the scaffold, took from her the basket and pitcher and chided her laughingly for coming out in such wild weather, she whose approaching motherhood made quiet and comfort so essential. She noted a faint quiver in his voice and asked if the work was spoiled again.

"Come down and see for yourself what was ruined overnight. We are no farther now than we were yesterday evening."

She went down and viewed with troubled face the pools of water, the heaved up earth, the displaced stones. Meanwhile Manola gave a signal, and the masons began their work.

"Oh," said Anna, "I am in the way here. You must help me, husband, it is so high." And blushingly she extended her hand. He took it not.

"Stay down there a little longer, sweetheart. You can then see how quickly the men work. Besides, they have a fancy that the glance of your lovely eyes will make the wall strong."

The stones had reached her knees. She looked on smilingly. Now they were up to her waist.

"Manola," she cried, "now you must lift me, for I cannot get out of here by myself."

"Yes, my love, when it is time. Just one more moment."

"Manola! The stones crush me. Think of our babe, Manola!"

"Soon, soon it will be finished," and with his own hand he laid stone upon stone and urged the men to work faster.

"Manola, my breast hurts me. Let not them build any more."

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