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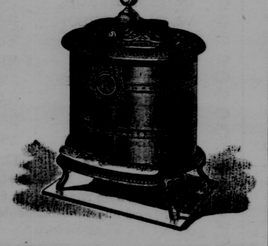

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WE WILL SELL ALL OUR SUMMER GOODS AT AND BELOW COST (FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY) IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL LINE.

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Men's Vici Chocolate that were $2.50, now	$2.00
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Twenty-five Per Cent. Off All Clothing for Two Weeks Only.

Men's and Boys' Summer Overshirts at your own price. Men's Summer Undershirts greatly reduced.

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Notice them in our window, marked 35c. CHOICE. Former price of these hats ranged from 40c. to $1.00; now any of them 35c. A chance to get a bargain.

Lawns and Organdies Greatly Reduced.

Lawns as low as 3c, per yard. We do not believe in carrying any summer goods over, and therefore we give you a chance to get some big bargains for the next two weeks.

Do not forget our Men's and Boy's Ready-Made Clothing. Twenty-five per cent. off means something to you. It simply means that a Suit that sold for $4 sells now for $3; one that sold for $3 sells now at $2.25. Come and see us soon and get some of these bargains.

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JUST RECEIVED!

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HONORABLE JOHN WALTER SMITH, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS.

WINTER.

Merry, though the moon shines pale
And the wind tossed branches wail.
Purest crystals float and fall.
There they sparkle,
Here they darkle,
On the pine and lonely wall.

Merry, though the stream is still
'Neath the cold and trackless hill.
There the realms of Hesper glow.
Twilight lingers.
Shining fingers
Gild the sleeping fields of snow.

—Genesee Richardson in Woman's Home Companion.

THE ABBE'S DOG.

Abbe Sauteu was the cure of a sleepy little village at the extreme end of Provence—the Provence of the olden time, when doubts had not yet crept in to corrupt the simple faith of the peasants. The old priest lived happily among his parishioners, kindly souls all of them, and so obedient to the commandments of God and our holy mother church that their lives were a real benediction for their spiritual father. The good man had no need to touch them up every now and then with a rousing sermon, nor did he ask the aid of others more eloquent than himself to convert his flock. They were born, lived and died in the fold, and their pastor discharged his simple priestly duties and led in anticipation the life of the blessed.

The abbe adored nature, and every day you could have seen him strolling among the fields, reading his breviary, while from time to time he glanced at the gambols of Oremus, his little dog. They were as inseparable as St. Roch and his famous bowwow. Oremus enjoyed these strolls as much as his master, but in a different fashion. The priest's pleasure was purely contemplative, that of the doggie active.

Oremus firmly believed that God gave four legs to little dogs so that they could be twice as alert as their masters, who, poor creatures, had but two. So he raced over the fields, sometimes behind, sometimes ahead of the cure, jumping, making a corkscrew of his tail, snapping at the birds and giving himself up to all the pranks befitting the well bred dog of a priest.

Superfluous to add that Oremus understood absolutely all that his master said to him and that he could do everything but speak. As for tricks, our Oremus could have given points to the whole canine world. He danced on his hind legs and shook hands like a Christian, and his great feat was to refuse the most delicious chop, the juiciest morsel, if offered with the left hand.

You may well believe that this victory over the canine flesh was not gained without effort. The abbe and his dog had given much time and patience to the perfecting of this triumph, and evenings after the cure had dined alone the little dog was put through his paces, always ending the performance with the famous "chop act." Then the abbe, with tears in his eyes, would ask himself if the good God could have the heart to refuse a scrap of paradise to such a creature. Let us hasten to add that the worthy priest would have died before giving voice to such a sentiment—he, a son of the church.

But nothing is perfect in this world, and one day the sacred calm of Abiho was turned into confusion. Listen, and you will learn how. A young conscript, who had been absent seven years and who was supposed by the villagers to have been killed in the war, reappeared one fine morning and immediately took up his old life of farming. So far so good. But what a scandal arose, my friends, when it was known that Le Faiard absented himself from mass on Sunday, swore like a pirate at every word, and, more than all, ate meat on Friday!

Abbe Sauteu almost died of mortification. Night and day he racked his brain to find some means of bringing the apostate back to the faith of his childhood. As if by accident M. le Cure often strolled past the field where Le Faiard was working. Almost always he stopped to gossip with his black sheep, and very often the conversation turned on the all absorbing question. Le Faiard, for his part, was only too ready to argue the point. He was a pigheaded fellow, who liked to hear himself talk, and frequently it happened that our good abbe—who was by no means a well of learning—found himself floored by the arguments which his opponent had picked up in his military life and which he reeled off with a parrotlike volubility.

One day when Le Faiard had reduced his adversary to silence, he asked, as a finishing stroke:

"Anyway, father, do you take me for a saint?"

"Alas, far from it, my son."

"The devil fly away with me, then, if you don't demand more of me than a saint or even an apostle is capable of."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the priest, falling innocently into the snare.

"Well, then, father," said Le Faiard, with a sly grin, "did St. Thomas believe on the faith of others? Didn't he require a miracle, and, trone-de-Dieu, what a miracle! Who can blame me for following St. Thomas' example—only I ask less than his saintship. Show me the least little miracle, I don't care how small, and I'll go to confession with all my heart."

Then seeing that the priest was dumfounded, he added: "Morbleu, father, won't you show me one? That ought not to feaze a friend of God's."

Then he walked away, in high glee, at the effect produced by his words.

"Work a miracle," said the priest to himself. "Impossible! And yet if God would help me"—

In truth God did help him, and one day in mid-Lent Father Sauteu left the house, escorted by his dog. All the way to Le Faiard's field he chuckled softly to himself.

"A miracle, indeed. You must have a miracle, must you, you rogue? Oremus, little villain, leave those birds alone. You have other things to do. A miracle! Yes, my fine fellow, you are going to have your miracle, and I'm going to have your soul!"

It was Friday. Le Faiard has just killed his pig, and would probably have a sausage for dinner.

The priest soon reached his destination.

"Good day, Le Faiard," said he, in a fatherly tone.

"Good day, father," replied the disciple of Voltaire.

With that they fell into a chat, interrupted from time to time by the yelps of Oremus, and punctured, so to speak, by the handfuls of seed that the young farmer scattered right and left as he walked along.

Dinner hour. The two men seated themselves on a little hillock, and Le Faiard pulled a sausage from his pocket, a superb sausage, red as a tomato, and with an odor to have made a saint's mouth water.

"Holy Virgin, Le Faiard, what a sin! On a Friday, in Lent too. Don't eat it, my son."

"Not eat it! That's good. The idea! I would eat it on Good Friday if I had it. Besides, haven't I seen with my own eyes bishops and archbishops, too, for that matter, in India, who always ate meat whether it was good or bad Friday."

"Your joking is ill timed. God is good, but he will not always have patience with you. Some day he will open your eyes by a miracle, but who can say if then the gate of mercy may not be closed for you."

"Father, miracles are always in season, but unfortunately the time for them has gone by. As for me, death of my life, I wouldn't ask better than to see what you threaten me with. Meanwhile the sausage claims my attention—and"— And the rascal took a great mouthful of his dinner.

Oremus had not lifted his eyes from the sausage since its appearance on the scene. Every time Le Faiard took a bite the poor bowwow licked his chops and wagged his tail, which distinctly said in dog language:

"Oh, what an elegant sausage! How I should like some!"

"Watch my dog, you mocker," said the abbe. "See how he is devouring the sausage with his eyes. Well, when I say, 'It is Friday, Oremus,' he will not touch the piece that I am going to offer him. And he is only a dog."

Le Faiard was convulsed with laughter.

"Oh, father, that's too much! All the same, though, I would like to see your miracle—it would take me to mass—yes, and vespers too."

Taking a delicious morsel of the sausage, the abbe called, "Oremus!"

Oremus came like a streak.

"It is Friday, Oremus," went on the abbe, "but just see what I have for you," and he offered the tempting bit, which he held, be it understood, in his left hand.

Imagine, if you can, the astonishment of Le Faiard when he saw Oremus halt suddenly in front of his master, head lowered, tail between his legs and with the air of an actor who had forgotten his lines.

"Good doggie, Oremus, eat it!"

Sure of his success, the priest put the sausage under the dog's nose. Not a movement! Oremus' eyes were good. He saw that the sausage staid in the left hand, and after a few minutes he turned tail and retreated to the shade of a bush close by, where he sadly flung himself down and tried to forget his disappointment in a little nap.

During this scene Le Faiard had been petrified. With open mouth he watched the priest and his dog as a criminal watches his judge. When Oremus finally beat a retreat, Le Faiard roused himself and ejected the mouthful already half masticated.

"Father," he cried, "I have seen enough and too much. I am the most miserable sinner on earth, and it has taken a dog to convince me of it."

The following Sunday Le Faiard went to mass and vespers, and ever since that memorable day it is he who lights the candles and rings the bells in Abiho, where the holy peace of God reigns now as formerly.—"L'Echo de la Semaine."

"See a Pin and Pick It Up."

It may be before long that our pins will have to be dipped in carbolic acid before being put on our bureaus. For pins have been proved to be a prolific source of danger in spreading contagious diseases. All kinds of germs, it is said, can be collected under the heads, and nurses who indulge the feminine habit of holding pins in their mouths lay themselves open to serious attack. The doctors who have warned the public say that many of the so called new pins are not new at all, but have been picked up in the streets and laid side by side with the others. The idea is not an altogether pleasant one, and is, moreover, one likely to increase the uneasiness of the overfastidious.

There are some women now who are so afraid of germs that they wash all their gold and silver pieces before handling them and who never allow a bank bill to go into their purses until it has been wrapped in some kind of disinfecting paper. They even require the shopgirls who hand them their change to wrap in paper first. What is to be done, if all this is so, with the popular superstitions about picking up all the pins that one sees and never passing a penny in the street?—Harper's Bazar.

An Attack on Sevastopol.

From where I was stationed I could see the dense masses of the attacking columns advance up the slope. Then the torrents of grape which met them would obscure their ranks for a moment and hardly a man would be seen to remain. I at one time saw a body of men many hundreds strong so completely swept away by one discharge that only a few of the rear rank remained when the iron storm went past! The dead and dying could be clearly distinguished lying in piles on the hillside, and over their prostrate bodies fresh troops crowded on to meet the same fate. Many a manly heart and nervous arm went down in the deadly struggle on that green hillside. No valor availed. The cannon's force was greater than the strength of man.

How many ardent hopes were extinguished! How many home circles destroyed and lives rendered miserable by the havoc of that hour none can tell, no more than they can imagine the bodily agony or the grief for home and friends which was there endured! What would be the value of what is called "glory" if weighed on the field of battle among the dead?—Good Words.

EATING IN GERMANY.

THE SARCASMS OF A VICTIM WHO SURVIVED ITS CHARMS.

He Kicks All the Way Down the Bill of Fare and Is Particularly Irritated Over a Dish of Powdered Horse Radish Served With Frozen Whipped Cream.

When you have examined the constitution of the German cuisine, you are tempted to grow loquacious. You are conscious of having discovered that the psychology of a nation cannot be constructed upon a mere analysis of its made dishes. Your estimate of Brillat-Savarin sinks. He could not tell you what you are, even from all the menus of your lifetime. Freiligrath's philosophic conclusion that "man is what he eats" you straightway qualify as true only when referring to cannibalism. And you will aver that only in the case of paleolithic man can you construct a man from the crumbs that fall from his dinner table. And this you will want to prove, and consequently will grow talkative with presenting of much evidence.

And yet, in your sane moments, you will have a sneaking affection for the statement that a German is a German because he eats what he eats. As a general rule he may be said to eat five times a day. But his hunger is constantly being stilled.

He starts early in the day with a cup of cafe au lait and a small buttered roll. This keeps him going till 11 o'clock, when he demolishes a slice of buttered rye bread spread with slices of hard boiled egg, raw chopped beef or cheese. This he washes down with a glass of ale, thus stilling his inner man till dinner time. Dinner takes place toward 1 o'clock and consists of soup (generally nourishing), a plate of meat, with potatoes and fruit (cranberries, prunes or apricots), occasionally cheese, seldom sweets, rarely a green vegetable.

Three hours later coffee is taken, served with a piece of cake or thick bread and butter. This is the hour precious to the gossip and the busybody, the time for spreading scandal. Toward 8 o'clock the appetite again asserts itself. The hour of the ubiquitous sausages has arrived. Their name is legion, and they share the honors with slices of ham, smoked goose breast, pieces of raw pickled herring, and in summer hard boiled eggs and potato salad.

Such is the German method of spreading the meals over the day. Of course there are exceptions. Many families have two ample meals a day, but the bulk of the population eats mostly buttered bread and snacks. In justice to Germany one must say that the fare in many a home will compare favorably with that of many an American family.

In the German restaurant the cuisine is on the whole monotonous and the food singularly insipid. All meats seem to have the same flavor, all are served with the same heavy, viscous sauces, and invariably escorted with the same soaplike potatoes. Stodginess and heaviness are the great blots on the German fare. The element of variety, too, seems considered superfluous.

In the concrete the subject is almost too painful to face, the difficulty being to steer clear of exclamations denoting positive offensiveness. Some of the kickshaws which figure regularly upon the German table are reputed to be most sustaining. They certainly are intensely and ostentatiously wonder inspiring.

One preparation is everywhere met with under the name (more or less phonetically spelled) of beefsteak a la tartare. Its basis is raw chopped beef; this, spread out into a pat of elliptical shape, is crowned with the raw yolk of an egg, raw finely chopped onion is sprinkled over it, a garniture of gherkins is added, and the whole is eaten with much gusto and no worse consequences than a durable thirst.

In many of the dishes you discover all the humor, feeling and imagination of a Wagnerian composition. You find the resolute desire to build up harmony upon discord. Of this nature may be considered the traditional menu of New Year's eve, carp, pancake and punch. These three, brought into immediate juxtaposition and consumed in plethoric quantities, generally have the desired effect—that of inducing a hysterical good humor.

For stodginess nothing beats the favorite dish, panache. It consists of pickled pork, sour cabbage and a puree of split peas boiled down to the consistency of stiff dough. Experiments on this mass produce deplorable capers and cause one to grunt mournfully. A variety of this diet is found in Berlin. You substitute boiled balls of dough and indifferent prunes for the peas and cabbage, and you have the dish popularly termed "the Silesian kingdom of heaven." Cold eels, imbedded in a translucid, glutinous substance, figure in all workmen's taverns, while roast goose is de rigueur for all solemnities.

A dainty which we have recently met with in Berlin recalled Darwin's remark that "hardly any experiment is so absurd as not to be worth trying." It consisted of finely powdered horse radish served up with frozen whipped cream.

One may sum up one's judgment by saying of German cooking what the art critic said of nature, "It has infinite potentialities." Not the least of these is its ambition to discover victims that survive its charms only in the form that the walls of Jericho survived the trumpet blast of Joshua.

The Story the Cub Reporter Didn't Get.

One day a cub reporter was sent to cover a meeting of an east side literary club, which was to debate about arbitration and its effect upon international peace, but he came back to the office within an hour looking disappointed.

"Where's your story?" asked the city editor.

"There wasn't any story to write," replied the new reporter, picking up a newspaper. "They couldn't agree upon the wording of the subject, and they got to arguing and calling names, and finally the meeting broke up in a free fight. So I came back, sir."

The city editor came down from his desk and gazed pitifully upon the cub. "They were to have debated on peace," he said sorrowfully, "and the meeting broke up in a fight, and there was nothing to write! You may go." That is a story they tell along the row, and it is an old one.—Scribner's.

Wonderful Figure.

One of the most marvelous workmen in the world is Hananuma Masakichi of Tokyo, who has carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side it is said to be almost impossible to tell which lives and breathes and which does not.

By several connoisseurs in art this wooden figure has been pronounced the most perfect and human image of man ever made. Masakichi has faithfully reproduced every scar, vein and wrinkle to be seen on his own body. The figure is composed of 2,000 pieces of wood, dovetailed and jointed with such wonderful skill that no seams can be detected.

Tiny holes were drilled for the reception of hairs, and the wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes in which no dissimilarity to Masakichi's own can be detected.

The Japanese artist posed between two mirrors while modeling this figure, and for some time after its completion he posed frequently beside it, to the confusion of spectators, who were often entirely at a loss as to which was the artist. The figure stands with a little mask in one hand and an instrument for carving in the other. The lifelike eyes are apparently gazing at the mask, and the face wears a look of intense absorption.

The Opium Cannots.

"Well, now, can you, from your extensive experience, give us your opinion as to the state of Chinese opinion in regard to the opium habit, looking at the state of things not only among the working classes, but also the merchants, the literati, the official classes, and also can you tell us what you saw during your sojourn in the interior which would give you an opportunity of forming an opinion as to how the Chinese regard this question?"

"As regards Chinese popular opinion in respect to the opium habit, it is decidedly against it. There is a common Cantonese saying which sums up rather appositely 'the ten cannots' with regard to the opium sot. It says, 'First, give up the habit; second, enjoy sleep; third, wait for his turn when sharing his pipe with his friends; fourth, rise early; fifth, be cured if sick; sixth, help relations in need; seventh, enjoy wealth; eighth, plan anything; ninth, get credit, even when an old customer; tenth, walk any long distance.' That, I think, sums up the popular view of the Chinese with regard to the opium habit."—Opium Commission Report.

How Galvin Caught Ward Napping.

"There never was a pitcher in this country who could excel old Jimmy Galvin in catching base runners napping," said Jack Crooks. "I remember seeing the old fellow catch the foxiest base runners in the country asleep off the bags with the quickest kind of a motion. There was one occasion when 'Gavie' played a star trick of this kind on Johnny Ward. The Pittsburgs were playing the New Yorks, and the score was very close, in favor of the former. The New Yorks had two men on bases, and Ward at the bat, with two out. Galvin signaled to George Miller to step to one side of the plate and deliberately gave four balls to Ward. Johnny trotted to first, and the next instant Galvin caught him napping, big Beckley blocking him off. It was a put up job, and old 'Gavie' didn't do a thing to Lawyer Ward but laugh at him all the way to the bench. It was a feather in the old man's cap, for Ward at that time was the star base runner of the League."—New York Sun.

Full of Business.

The following old time handbill issued near Lancaster, England, must have come from one who was emulating the example of the man who had five talents and made of them five talents more. Let us hope he was rewarded:

"James Williams, parish clerk, sexton, town crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts haberdasheries, groceries, etc.; likewise hair and wigs dress and cut on shortest notice. N. B.—I keep an evening school where I teach at humble rates reading, riting and righmetic and singing. N. B.—I play an hooboy occasionally if wanted. N. B.—By shop next door see where I bleed, draw teeth and shoe horses with greatest scil. N. B.—Children taught to dance by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coats; boots and shoes cleaned and mended. A ball on Wednesdays and Tuesdays."

Entertaining the Copper.

It was a bitter cold night, and a night policeman in Lombard street noticed a light in the bank window, and, going to the door, rapped.

"Is that you, policeman?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Come in and have a drink," said the voice.

The policeman stepped inside and encountered a dapper little fellow sitting at a desk.

"I've been detained tonight straightening up accounts."

The policeman warmed himself at the rousing fire that blazed on the hearth and went out again on his beat. An hour after the policeman came that way and, still seeing the light through the window, rapped again.

"Is that you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"Come in and warm yourself."

The policeman accepted the invitation.

"It's a howling cold night," said the clerk.

"You're right, sir," said the policeman.

So he got another drink and returned to his beat. He was rather surprised next day to find that his friend of the night before had got off with some $50,000 of the bank's funds.—London Sun.

The Mystery of Mysteries.

Providence moves in a mysterious way, but those who make a specialty of explaining these mysteries have never been able to account for the regularity with which twins and triplets come to the home of the man who earns a salary of $8 per week.—Washington Post.

Plans and Estimates.

Inquiring Son—Pop, is an architect an artist?

Pop (who has just had a new house built)—I guess so. They say artists are perfect children about money matters.—New York Weekly.