

THE HEADLIGHT.

State Library

A. ROSCOVER, Editor,

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

W. F. DAVIS, Publisher.

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GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

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NOT AS I WILL.

Unfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Apathetic, afraid to hope;
To the one thing I yearn to know
I ask for more surely at 10,
The shadows are opened, ways are made,
I am lifted or I am laid,
I know great law unseen and still,
I know purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Unfolded and alone I wait;
Less some too bitter, gain too late;
The heavy burdens in the load,
And for a help on the road;
And for a weak and grief-strung song,
And for a day so long, so long!
And for one thing I learn to know
I ask for more surely at 10,
I know great law unseen and still,
I know purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will" - the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will" - the darkness fades
More safe than light when this thought steals
The whispered voice to calm and bless
Greatest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who heard us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
He must all his love fulfill,
"Not as I will."
- Helen Hunt Jackson.

the end of it, and then he took a mean advantage of the urban politeness of the Italian. Producing a huge notebook, he courteously raised his hat to the first respectable bystander.

"Signor," said he, "will you greatly oblige me by holding this piece of string while I take a few measurements? Thank you so much." And then with strides he commenced to pace the piazza. Of course a little crowd collected at once. Dacre selected another victim with the same result.

"Keep it quite taut, if you please," and he bowed politely. Within five minutes thirty individuals were holding the tightly stretched string, an immense crowd had assembled, Dacre had finished



his pickings, his string and the careful notes he had appeared to be making.

"Be patient, gentlemen," he said, "I shall not detain you long." Then he disappeared, only to re-enter the Cafe Verdi by the back door to watch the result. He had chosen his time with considerable ingenuity, for he knew that the police patrol always arrived on the Piazza del Martiri punctually at noon. It wanted two minutes of the hour. Just at that time the peace of Naples was much disturbed by political demonstrations, which were severely put down by the authorities. The hour struck. Twenty policemen, headed by a sergeant, appeared upon the scene; they proceeded at once to arrest the thirty mysterious conspirators who were still innocently engaged in holding Dacre's string. Dacre and his friends watching the whole scene from the windows of the Cafe Verdi with delighted merriment.

But the master stroke of Dacre's ingenuity was the artfully arranged plan by which he obtained feloniously a sum of five pounds five sterling from Mr. Donald MacTaggart, of Leith. MacTaggart was an ambitious young fellow of small talent, who had recently arrived in Naples to study art.

MacTaggart was well-to-do, excessively stingy, preternaturally ugly and preposterously short. He was one of the "unco guid," he wouldn't forego anything with the other students, his ways were not their ways, and young Mr. MacTaggart, of Leith, was shunned which he was not made a butt of.

MacTaggart had one grievance against Providence upon which he constantly harped, it was his want of stature. It was this weakness of the young Scotchman that the artist Cecil Dacre determined to take advantage of, and at the same time gratify his taste for practical joking. Cecil Dacre was in the want of £5 very badly indeed. He was always in want of £5, but the want at this particular time was more than usually urgent.

One day the three young men met by accident in the Cafe Verdi.

"That American doctor's a wonderful fellow," said Dacre, in a loud voice to his friend, Orlando P. Jones. "I wonder whether he is a humbug?"

Now MacTaggart was sitting at the table consuming a dish of macaroni with great gusto. "No, I don't think he's a humbug," said Jones; "they say he really does possess the secret of permanently diminishing or increasing the stature at will. I've noticed people who have been to him two or three times, and there was always an extraordinary difference in their height. It's very marvellous."

MacTaggart, who had drunk in the the conversation with greedy ear, now joined in with manifest interest. The two young fellows gave him a host of circumstantial details. "You ought to try him, MacTaggart, at any rate," said the crafty Dacre.

"Any change in your appearance, my Caledonian Apollo, would be a benefit."

"I am thinking it would be very expensive, and I object to extravagance on principle," said the Scotchman.

"Well, you could beat him down; now, at all events you could try," said Dacre.

"Without a doot. I'll sleep on it," said MacTaggart, and he paid for his breakfast and departed.

It took the Scotchman a whole week to make up his frugal mind, and then he screwed up his courage to the sticking point and informed Dacre that he should visit the American physician the next day.

"D'ye ken where he lives, Mr. Dacre?"

"Well, he lives in the same house as I do, on the first floor. He's a benevolent old boy; you're sure to like him. Jones here knows him very well; the Yankees are almost as clannish as the Scotch, you know. You are sure to find him there at 3, and they parted."

No sooner had the unfortunate MacTaggart turned the corner than Cecil Dacre triumphantly executed a collar flap breakdown, to the astonishment of the little crowd of Neapolitan bystanders; then he bowed to his little audience, kissed his fingers to them, and started off as fast as his legs would carry him to his lodgings. The next day Cecil Dacre obtained the loan of his landlord's first floor for the day, and then he began to busy himself in a very extraordinary manner. He secured the services of the porter's wife and daughter, the black-eyed Pippa; they dusted, they arranged, and rearranged the big dismal reception room on the first floor. Dacre rushed out and borrowed a screen and purchased a small bottle of turpentine; and then, in the bathroom, which opened from a little passage which was built in the corner where he laid the screen, he laid out at least half a dozen towels. Then he ran over to the costumer's across the street and came back with a far robe de chambre, a long gray beard, and

close cap of black velvet, and a pair of big green spectacles exactly similar to those worn by the celebrated Dr. Faust in the first act of Gounod's opera. Pippa, her mother, and Dacre worked with a will, and the two women, with many gestures of astonishment from Pippa herself, took their departure, promising that everything should be ready punctually at 3. Dacre ran up to the rooms of the medical student on the third floor and borrowed several of his largest and most professional looking books, which he placed in a row upon the writing table. Two gruesome looking anatomical preparations in spirit he also obtained from the Italian Bob Sawyer; with these and a human skull, procured from the same source, he decorated the mantel piece. Then he put on the dressing gown, the long gray beard, the velvet cap and the spectacles, and he looked a very tremendous specimen of a quack doctor.

When the travestiment was complete, he went to the window and waited patiently for young Mr. MacTaggart. He was not kept long in suspense. The great bell of San Giovanni struck three, and punctual to the hour MacTaggart appeared on the other side of the street.

In the meantime Orlando P. Jones on his part had not been idle, for he called upon at least a dozen of MacTaggart's friends and acquaintances, had a short interview with each, and he took his leave with each of the people he had so honored with a visit, laid his forefinger to the side of his nose and appeared considerably amused.

As has been said, the bell of San Giovanni struck three. A rather thick knock sounded upon the outer door of the first floor where Dacre was lying in wait. Dacre allowed it to be repeated, then he flung the door open suddenly. There stood MacTaggart.

"Have I the honor of addressing the newly-arrived American physician?" he said.

"Enter, my young friend," said he of the gray beard and green spectacles, in a loud but drawing voice. "Take a seat, inquiring stranger," he continued, "and let me hear in what way I can be of use to you. You see before you," he added, "the celebrated old Dr. Jacob Townsend, a physician of world-wide celebrity—a man, sir, who went off 'twelvety years ago a long life, prolonged by his own medicine far beyond the ordinary human span, to the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

"I'm afraid I have come to you on a fool's errand," said the patient uneasily.

"No man who consults me," said the doctor, "is guilty of an unwise act. I read your thoughts, young man, you continued severely; 'my eagle eye detects the working of your puny brain. You are discontented with your stature, say, is it not so?'"

"The patient nodded.

"Are you ready to submit to the treatment, young man? Have you every confidence in me?"

"I've every confidence, doctor," replied MacTaggart uneasily, "but I heard that your fees were high, and I thought, perhaps, as I'm only an art student, you might consent to make a little reduction."

"Young man," said the physician in an indignant tone, "do not trifle. The paltry honorarium I exact is but to cover the cost of the balsamic drugs used in the treatment of such cases; they have been procured from the deserts of Central Asia, after the expenditure of much time, blood and treasure, but be assured, young man, that the trifle wrung from your parsimonious clutch will be immediately distributed by me to the deserving poor."

"And you won't take any less?" said MacTaggart, as he stretched out his reluctant hand and deposited five guineas upon the physician's table. "Is the process very painful, doctor?" he said.

"There are two means of achieving the object," said the physician, who took no notice of the fee. "The one is purely mechanical; it is gradual extension; considerable physical pain has naturally to be endured. The other course, which is equally efficacious and quite painless, is by means of a medicated bath, but no more than four inches increase in height can be obtained."

"I shall be perfectly satisfied, doctor, with four inches."

"Very good, young man, very good. You know your own business best. Retire behind that screen, divest yourself of your apparel; in a few moments all will be prepared. So powerful are the effects of the drugs, your clothing, were it exposed to the potent vapors, would be utterly destroyed. Strip, young man," said the doctor emphatically, and he pointed to the screen.

Mr. MacTaggart retired behind the screen, and did as he was bid, and the venerable benefactor of the human race disappeared into the bathroom. The first thing that Dacre did was to empty

his bottle of turpentine into the bath, and then he turned on the hot water till the bath was nearly full.

"Are you prepared, young man?" he cried in a loud voice, as he re-entered the reception room.

"I'm quite ready, sir," said Mr. MacTaggart, from behind the screen. "I can smell the potent odors of the drugs, even here."

"Don't trifle, boy," cried the American physician; "take your walk with you, and proceed to the bath. You will find it very hot, and the odor of the Eastern balsams is pungent; but do not let that deter you; enter it as speedily as possible, for the hotter the bath the more rapid is the osseous change. Remain extended in that bath and perfectly still, and every five minutes by your



watch, and not more frequently on any account, let your head disappear beneath the balsamic film with which the surface of the water is covered. Do not speak, and breathe only through your nose. I will warn you when the process is complete."

Mr. MacTaggart entered the bathroom, with which in hand. The odor of the Oriental balsams made him sneeze violently, the water was scaldingly very hot, and was covered by a thick oleaginous film. But Mr. MacTaggart had paid his five guineas, and he was determined to have his money's worth. After a little time he entered the bath.

Every five minutes his head disappeared beneath the steaming, oily surface.

In the meantime Cecil Dacre was not idle. He rang the bell; Pippa and her mother appeared; the one carried a little charcoal brazier and a flat-iron, the other a very small work-bag and a big pair of scissors. They laughed immoderately as they set to work upon the clothes of the young Scotchman. These inches were cut off from the trousers' legs, the sleeves of the coat and of the shirt; Pippa's mother worked with a will with her needles to refashion the extremities of the garments, and as she finished each, Pippa herself carefully pressed the newly made seams with the hot flat-iron. Then the physician dismissed his two assistants, flung open the bathroom door and addressed the bath.

"Come forth, young man," he said. "You entered that bath a miserable and puny specimen of humanity; you will leave it in all human probability, a well-grown youth, of prepossessing appearance."

Mr. MacTaggart did as he was bid. He dried himself to the best of his ability, but the balmy odors of the balsams of the East still clung to his hair. No sooner was he dressed and had emerged from behind the screen than the voice doctor addressed him.

"Young man," said he, and his voice was apparently momentarily choked by emotion, "behold the result of the wonderful bath of Bokhara. There is a considerable change, I think, he said solemnly.

Mr. MacTaggart had evidently grown out of his clothes; his arms and legs protruded in a portentous manner.

"Don't thank me," continued the American physician hurriedly; "don't thank me, but hasten home to bed to sleep of the effects of my potent medications."

Mr. MacTaggart bowed as gracefully as he could, and left the premises.

Before he reached his own home in the street was his acquaintance, Orlando P. Jones. MacTaggart's appearance was sufficiently striking. His ordinary straight red hair was curly and extremely odoriferous from the effects of the turpentine. His face and hands were the color of a boiled lobster, and his eyes were bloodshot from the same cause.

"Goodness me," said Jones, "I shouldn't have known you. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Don't ask me," said MacTaggart; "my happiness is too great for words, and his scarlet face was illuminated by a smile of celestial beatitude.

Before he reached his own house he had at least twenty of his acquaintances. Each one interviewed him with a similar result.

But the cup of happiness was rudely dashed from his lips when he extremely plain and elderly sister, Miss Flora MacTaggart, on her arrival, addressed him in these indignant words:

"Eh! Donald, what is it for ye are! or simply fatuous? that ye have been making a Merry Andrew of yersel by cutting clean yer clothes."

It was the brother explained his visit to the doctor.

Then the secret came out, and Mr. MacTaggart was obliged to leave Naples for Rome within the twenty-four hours.

-Belgravia.

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After a Long Time.

Forty years ago Joseph Miles of Millerton, N. Y., married a neighbor's daughter and settled down to farming. He got tired of this, and told his wife that he thought it'd better make a change. She objected, and, in fact, refused to quit her old home. He said that she could do as she pleased, and that if ever she decided to live with him she'd be welcome, but he wouldn't return to Millerton. So he left her and her boy. She made her home with her parents on their farm. The husband fought through the war, then went to Sidney, N. Y., and began to make money. He acquired a snug little fortune but had no one to share it with. A friend who knew his story went to Millerton, found Mrs. Miles living on the homestead with the boy, a man of 34 years, was her about Joseph, and induced her to consent to go to Sidney and join him. She didn't need much persuasion, and Joseph, too, was glad when he learned of the negotiations. The neighbors heard of it, and the other night thronged to the railroad station to meet the train that brought Mrs. Miles. But she didn't recognize Joseph, and he didn't know her; but after the introduction they seemed very happy, and have taken up wedded life where they laid it out thirty-two years ago.

Chaska, the Sioux Bridegroom.

Mary McHenry Cox writes: "Chaska, alias Samuel Campbell, the Indian who has gained so much notoriety by his marriage with Miss Cora Belle Flows, at Big Bird's dam near Fort Snelling, Dak., was a pupil of the Educational Home. He was admitted there Dec. 11, 1884, and returned home Feb. 15, 1886, on account of being threatened with consumption. He is a full-blooded Sioux, about twenty-two years of age; tall and straight. He was not a bad young man, but, like all Indians, was not trained to work, though while at the Educational Home he learned the trade of house painter, and before he left was able to paint quite well. In ample justice to him we give it as our opinion that he can with proper training be made a useful citizen. We found him honest and willing to do all that was required of him."

-Philadelphia Ledger.

Over in Georgia.

The people of Acworth have resolved to build a hotel costing from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

The melon acreage of Mitchell county is about double what it was last year, in round numbers 3,000 acres.

The convention of the colored school teachers of Georgia will convene in Athens the first week in May.

William B. Jones, of Dublin, caught two young rabbits in his garden a few days ago. He had an old Maltese cat which had a family of kittens, and from some cause the kittens died. The old cat has adopted the rabbits, and happiness reigns throughout the household. The cat cares for the rabbits as tenderly as she did for her own offspring.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A private letter just received at Raleigh from Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, Minister to Brazil, says: "My health is better than it was some months ago, but I am by no means as hearty and robust as I was when I was in North Carolina last spring."

A consultation was held in Raleigh by gentlemen of that city and other points, and it was the unanimous opinion that the breeding of fine horses in North Carolina has assumed proportions which justifies and demands the formation of a State Breeders' Association. A call is therefore issued for a meeting to be held in Raleigh on the 15th of May for the purpose of forming such association.

News has been received at Raleigh of the suicide of James Davis, of Bentonville township, Johnston county. He was arrested on the charge of attempting to outrage his step daughter. He was tried before a magistrate and found guilty. He was ordered to be taken to go to his house and was permitted to do so, a deputy sheriff accompanying him. On reaching the house he asked to be allowed to change his clothing. He went to his room, and in a minute the officer heard the report of a rifle. Rushing into the room the officer found that Davis had placed the muzzle of the gun under his chin and had pressed the trigger with his foot. The ball had passed through his brain and caused instant death.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Florence hopes to have the Southern shops of the Pullman Palace Car Company built there.

John Hawkins, who robbed the post-office at Newberry a month ago, was brought here from New Orleans, carried before United States Commissioner J. S. Reid and admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,000. He gave the bond without trouble.

At Bennettsville, S. C., Dock Dargar, a negro boy, deliberately shot with a gun and instantly killed a white boy, W. E. Coxe, Jr. All the parties lived near Bennettsville. The negro is in jail there. Several attempts have been made to lynch him. The sheriff keeps the jail guarded. A number of enraged men shot into the house of Essex Dargar, the father of the murderer, and killed a three year old child. The entire section is aroused.

NORTH EAST AND WEST

Earthquake shocks were felt in California a few days ago.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has become an honorary member of the G. A. R.

Near Wilkesbarre, Pa., two men were killed by a gas explosion in a mine.

The New York banks now hold \$16,196,525 in reserve in excess of legal requirement.

Sleighting is in order again at Sioux Falls, Dakota. The temperature was well below zero.

Near Olean, N. Y., a train was wrecked, four persons were killed and thirty-five injured.

On Lee's creek, near Fort Smith, Ark., two desperate characters were killed while resisting arrest.

The rice plantations on the lower Mississippi have been badly damaged by an overflow from the Gulf.

Manuel Santalla and Miguel Gonzalez, convicted kidnapers, were executed at Matanzas, Cuba, on Saturday.

A dispatch from Valentine, Neb., says a severe blizzard is now raging there, making travel almost impossible.

Reports from all sections of the Piedmont, Va., region agree that the fruit crop has been ruined by the late cold spell.

Forest fires have been raging in the Kane oil field, near Bradford, Pa., for nearly a week. Much property has been destroyed.

All the first glass houses in the Pittsburgh district were fired up a few days ago, and now every factory is in full operation.

The South End Bank, of Columbus, Ohio, has suspended for two or three days. The cashier had overdrawn his account.

Near Rochester, N. Y., a train was thrown from a twenty foot embankment and seven persons were dangerously and thirteen persons less seriously hurt.

An American flag used by the Nuns of Cahel was formally presented, by Governor Hill on behalf of Archbishop Croke, to the 69th New York regiment.

The largest dry goods store in Brooklyn, E. D. (Edward R. Storer's) was burned. Loss on building, \$40,000; stock, \$100,000. Adjoining buildings damaged, \$75,000.

The following crimes and accidents were reported on Saturday: At Belle Fontaine, Ohio, the floor of a public hall gave way and many women and children were killed. At Portland, Oregon, a man and three young women were drowned by a boat capsizing. At Salt Lake City a boat, with two men and two children, was swept over a dam. One man and the children were drowned.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is pronounced the most extensive in the city. They are NICE; they are NEW; they are NEAT.

REMEMBER THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM

When you enter our Shoe Department. We are a thing only Shoes of well-known manufacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS

From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be convinced. Children's Carriages in the most unique styles.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, ETC.

A large assortment of new and exclusive patterns, at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL COST NOTHING

To look through our Stock and convince yourself that we carry the most complete line.

H. WEIL & BROS.

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH WITH THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS THAT HAS EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PRICES, WHICH WILL TELL THE TALE.

LADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard.

NUN'S VEILINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price 60c., now at 42 1/2c.

ALBATROSS, the latest of the season, former price 65c., now selling at 16 1/2c. per yard.

A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Seersuckers, Gingham, Henrietta Cloths, Poplins, kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. On these goods we deduct 35 per cent. from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting

Just direct imported from China, from 20 to 30c. a yard, actual value 75c.

Clothing, Clothing!

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$20.00, we are now selling at \$6.85.

500 MEN'S SUITS, all wool Casimere, worth \$15.00, we are now driving at \$6.75.

COATS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, FURNITURE. We take off 35 per cent. from the usual price this season.

WE ALSO KEEP A FULL LINE OF

Heavy Groceries,

Such as Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc., the regular supplies for farmers which will be sold to responsible parties ON TIME, until next Fall, for CASH PRICES.

Since my return home the rushes have been so immense that I would beg our city patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give better attention to their wants and desires.

Remember the sign in front of my store:

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying your goods of us you will find that you are expending your money JUDICIOUSLY.

HAVE YOU VISITED

Our Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Department. If not, depend upon it you're behind the times in knowledge of the prevailing styles.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

Of our Merchant Tailoring Department, and have your garments made by famous Northern Tailors. We guarantee to please all.

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