State Library

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor. "HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN." W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

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THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY.

Since little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
The I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whippowill!
And to think I ust to scold him fer his ever-lastin' noise,
When I am kinda recklect him as the best o' little boys!
Twenty a hundred times a day 'at he'd come stompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in'—
It 'd seem like some so't music played on some fine instrument,
Instead o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went.
Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust to do—
Only they 's time it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in two!
And let a rooster, sudden like, crow som'ers jes' around,
And seem 's ef mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
The same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
Or the red o' airly mornin', or the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jest go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sence little Wesley's gone!
And then, o nights when Mother's sittin' up uncommon late,
A-thinkin' pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
The moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime,
And things keep gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done for more 'n fifty year!—
A-wishin' at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears sence little Wesley's dead!—

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TOM MIDDLETON'S WIFE.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

KATE MITCHELL was one of those unfortunate women whose surplus physical energies distinguish them from others of their sex. As a child, she was known as a "tom-boy," and prim mothers held her up as an awful warning to their little daughters, while in her own home the question of how to subdue her was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up society frowned upon her as a "hoyden," and her way was beset with thorns.

At eighteen she could row, and swim, and ride, and play lawn-tennis like a boy. She was a great walker, and upon one occasion had walked to Mt. Diablo and back in two days, with her brother and a couple of friends, a feat which alone would have sufficed to place her under a ban in San Francisco's best society. That she sang like a bird, danced like a sylph, and was, altogether, a very amiable, pure-minded girl, was a small offset for the sum of her iniquities, and although she was exceedingly popular among a set of young and irresponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon her, and it was generally understood that she was a young person of most radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was, therefore, a matter of polite regret when the announcement of her coming nuptials with one of this same conservative circle was received. Tom Middleton was a promising young lawyer, of excellent family and irreproachable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. His intimate friend and boon companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the mouthpiece of society, and echoed its sentiments in Tom's unwilling ear. Tom stood stanchly by his colors, but his friend's words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly resolved that, for his sake and her own, Kate must be "toned down."

He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Nine years after her marriage, few would have recognized in the quiet, repressed woman, the gay and spirited girl of former days. Kate was fond of her husband, and the alchemy of love had wrought the change; but it is a dangerous thing to meddle with spiritual chemistry as well as the forces of the material world, and if Tom had known what pent-up longings and rebellious influtations raged beneath his wife's quiet exterior, he might have repented his success. But he went on callously and blindly, as men will when dealing with delicate forces which they cannot understand, and Kate kept his grievances to herself. Two children came—the eldest a girl, a fiery, little creature, who rode the mother's heart ache, as she saw in the child a reflex of herself; the other, a boy, deliberate, like his father. When the children grew larger and needed room for exercise and out-door air which their city home would not afford, they took up their residence in a little country home, not so far away but that Tom could travel back and forth daily and attend to his business, and it is here that our story finds them.

One gray, December day, Kate stood at her window, gazing out upon the landscape. It had been a dull, tiresome week. Several days before, Tom had started off on a long-promised vacation, which was to be dedicated to a hunt in the mountains, in company with a party of friends. She was thinking, with envy, of this hunting-party, and wondering, half-bitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthful for men should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the excitement of the hunt, the joy of handling a good gun on her shoulder, and knowing that she could sight and shoot as well as the best of them! She felt a wicked envy as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was lonely, dull and cross, and chafed against her hedged-in life, with its narrow boundaries, its senseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house, the door of her room opened, and the children burst in.

"Mamma, the creek is up! Take us down to see it!"

The childish longing for novelty and excitement found an instant echo in her heart. They had run in from outdoor play, and were bonneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth. As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house-dress, bare-headed, and with worsted slippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a narrow lane leading to a place where they were accustomed to ford in the summer time, but over which now swept a seething, tempestuous flood.

As they looked and listened, Kate realized that this was no ordinary freshet, but the product of a heavy rainfall over the whole vast watershed, which had accumulated its forces in thousands of tiny rivulets, and, joining issue with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow channel, a mighty and irresistible power.

Even as they looked she saw a wall of water suddenly rear up above and come down toward them like a miniature tidal wave.

The dam built by the new water company had given way!

They ran back from the shore to higher ground, and not a moment too soon. The stream rose several feet in a second. It cut into the solid banks on either side, and bushes and young trees, rooted up and sucked in by the greedy current, went spinning by. A giant sycamore wavered, flung out its bare and

skeleton limbs as if in ghostly protest, and fell far out into the stream, interlocking its branches with a sturdy evergreen oak which stood on the opposite bank, while its trunk, loosely anchored by long, snake-like roots, tossed helplessly in midstream.

"Mamma! See the big boards coming!" cried out her little daughter.

Kate looked far up stream and saw a great timber sailing leisurely along. Now it caught on a projecting snag and swung half about, now it struck on a submerged island, and idly disengaged itself and sauntered on. Behind it was another, and yet another—the stream was black with them.

"Oh, my God! The railroad bridge!"

The railroad bridge, and the afternoon train now nearly due, soon to rush down a steep grade to a leap into that yawning chasm. Her first impulse was to start up the canon, but she instantly checked herself. What folly, when miles of overflow lay between her and the doomed train! Word must be sent down to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But how? The hired man! Jim had gone an hour before to the village to get the mail and have his daily gossip with the loungers of the place. Even if he were here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that lay between. Then she looked at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, leisurely, but nearer and nearer still, sailed the great timbers.

"Marian, take little brother and go straight to the house and stay there till mamma comes back."

She had already pulled herself up by one of the roots and was creeping stealthily along the swaying trunk. Here her dress caught on a branch; there she had to climb down and crawl along with her feet under the water to avoid an upright limb. Once she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly sucked into the eddying current, but she caught at a stout projection and swung herself up again.

She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers up-stream as they rocked lazily upon the water, but she did not dare to look. Before her the main trunk of the tree was lost and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other locked with the oak in mid air. Which to take? She dared not hesitate, but began a perilous climb along the upper limb, slippery and naked in places, wavering so that she grew dizzy and shut her eyes to keep from falling. And, so, lying prone upon it, hand over hand, she crept the entire length, and the great stick of timber struck heavily against the fallen sycamore, and just as Kate swung herself into the branches of the oak she felt her support give way, and with a groan, and crash, and wild up-tossings of its skeleton arms, the old tree tore loose from its moorings, and was swept down stream toward the bay.

Her hands torn and bleeding, Kate Middleton reached solid ground at length, and first her maternal instinct asserted itself, and she looked back and saw her children standing still and looking after her. She pointed home with a gesture that they dared not disobey, and saw them turn and run up the lane, then sped along her way.

She was not light of foot as in her girlhood; whereas, she was once fleet as a deer and swift motion was a very joy to her, she now realized that she was growing to be a stout and middle-aged woman. She moved heavily and clumsily and labored for breath, and her feet were like clods beneath her. There was a mile of rough and rocky ground to be covered before she reached the station, and the train—oh, but to possess once more the agility of her girlhood!

Which would be first? Would the train, flying across the upper levels of the Coast Range, reach the next station before the brave woman had sent her message of warning? How many times she asked herself the question she could not have told. She scarcely dared hope that she might be in time. Her heart seemed ready to burst with grief for the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might cry aloud to heaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for husbands and wives——

She was crossing the bed of one of the abandoned channels of the impetuous mountain stream, a rock pathway strewn with the spoils of by-gone freshets, where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrents surplus force. She faltered smitten by a new and awful thought. What if Tom—Tom, who was not to come for two days more, Tom who had started out in an altogether different direction—should have cut short his excursion, or, with his party driven home by the continued rains, somehow wandered to one of the upper stations and boarded the train there!

Where was her vaunted physical strength now? What was she after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, every muscle clogged by this great horror that had taken possession of her, a fierce pain gripping at her heart, something rising in her throat which suffocated her, her eyes blinded with babyish tears? Thank God! her brain kept clear and true to its purpose, and urged on the flagging body. On, on, over little hillocks, across level stretches of sand down new ravines she ran. Once she cut her foot cruelly, upon a sharp stone, and remembered, for the first time, that she had on the light worsted slippers she had worn in the house, and had carelessly neglected to exchange for walking-boots when she started down to the creek with her children. She even bethought herself that her loose house dress was scarcely the style of apparel in which she should like to present herself at the station, could she have her choice, and in the same breath sent up a prayer of thankfulness for its light weight, which scarcely encumbered her movements.

With all the rest of her senses dulled, her hearing appeared to have become preternaturally sharp. She seemed to hear the clatter of the approaching train twelve miles away. The throb, throb, throb of the engine kept pace with her beating heart. She heard the hollow echoes from the neighboring hills as the train crept over embankments, its deafening clamor as it rushed across trestle-work, its dull rumble as it rolled over solid ground. She even seemed to hear the engineer as he laid his hand on the escape-valve, ready to give the iron monster voice as it neared the little mountain town, then the wild shriek of the escaping steam, the clangor of the bell, the puff, puff, puff, as the train slackened speed, the clatter of the brakes, the jangle of the couplings.

Would she never reach the little red station-house, now plainly in sight at the end of the smooth graveled road? She was passing the post-office, where people idly gazed at her. What matter! If only there was a horse and buggy in sight, to help her on her way! If only one of the loungers would understand and take up the mission which her spent strength seemed inadequate to fulfil! But she might not turn aside.

On the depot platform more loungers, Jim among them, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek and talking earnestly about the state of the weather and the prospects of the growing crops. They all looked upon her as a mad woman, as she ran past them. Jim muttered an expletive under his breath, moved by the strong indignation that must always possess a self-respecting servant, when master or mistress does something derogatory to the dignity of his "family."

The station-master was in his office, talking with a gentleman who had come down from the mountains, and was waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a hunting-suit, and was talking with some excitement.

"It has rained all the week," he was saying; "you think it rains here in the valley, but, great guns! you should be up in the mountains in a rainstorm. Sheets and sheets of it—blizzards of sleet and hail, and the wind blowing like a hurricane. We broke camp yesterday. I took a bee-line down here. The rest crossed the hills to the station above. They'll be down on the four-o'clock."

Voice and speaker were familiar to the woman who stood in the doorway, both hands pressed to her panting breast. The words came only too distinctly to her quickened senses. Then her premonitions were true, and Tom—Tom was on that fated train. Again her body reeled, but her steady brain saved her.

"Stop the train! The bridge is gone!" she cried.

Both men looked up, startled at the words. With the prompt movement of a man trained to obey orders, the agent leaped to his instrument; the other man, slower to comprehend, came forward, the look of amazement on his face, as he

viewed the singular apparition in the doorway, giving place to amused indulgence, as he recognized the speaker. What an eccentric, impetuous girl Kate Mitchell always was, and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton!

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Middleton," he said smiling.

She waved him back with a single imperious gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator listened intently, with his head resting on his hand. Kate Middleton remained standing in the doorway, her hands clasped low, her face blanched with dread, and all her soul absorbed in listening. Jack Spencer, slowly comprehending the meaning of the scene, waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay.

At last it came, the monotonous click, click, conveying its portentous message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arose from his chair.

"Just in time. The train was pulling out of the station, but they stopped her."

Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway. For the first time in her life her head gave way. She was again on the swaying sycamore, and the limb was cracking, breaking, going down. She felt the water on her face and opened her eyes, to find Jack Spencer supporting her head, and the station agent pouring ice-cold water over her.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully. "Now, Mrs. Middleton, with your permission, I'll see you home."

She borrowed a hat and cloak from the station agent's wife. Jim brought up the horses. Jack Spencer handed her into the wagon, with grave courtesy, and they drove off. Some of the loungers, dimly understanding what she had done, looked on curiously. That was all. No fuss, no formal tributes, no speech-making even from the two who understood. There was no deputation of strong men to tender her public tribute, in voices shaken by sobs. Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any hero or heroine who ever saved a train from wreck, she was on the wrong side of the bridge, and the people most deeply concerned were nine miles away.

She had little to say on the ride homeward, although Jack Spencer was attentive and talkative, and tried, as hard as a man could, to show his appreciation of her brave deed. Perhaps she was embarrassed in the consciousness of her odd attire, and the curious looks cast upon her as she rode through the village. Perhaps she was secretly ashamed of her mad race, and of the exceptional, unwomanly physical prowess that had made it possible, notwithstanding the fact that it had saved many lives. She did not even invite Jack to come in when she reached her own door, but descended from the wagon with great dignity, and only relaxed a little when Jack said, very earnestly:

"I shall never underrate the value of physical training for women again, Mrs. Middleton. Some day I shall beg to put my little daughter under your tutelage."

Which was a great concession for Jack, whose little daughter was the apple of his eye, and whom he had hitherto only looked forward to making an accomplished woman, of elegant manners.

Neither honor nor praise awaited Kate in her own home. Bridget scolded her and put her to bed, and declared that she "wud surely catch her death a-cold, an' she deserved it well," and tried to save her from the consequence of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children, Harry stubbornly resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with her mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrified the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority.

The mother had her reward, nevertheless. Late that night, when the children were asleep and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and donning a wrapper and shawl, laid herself down upon the lounge before the open fire, to enjoy scanning the daily paper. The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the sodden driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain-drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door; another moment, and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly materialized ghost.

"Tom!" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed to cower before him; yet not before him, but the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her and took possession of her. Tom, her husband, might have been one of that grizly throng of mangled, crushed, dead, and dying phantoms of the might-have-been, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might bar out the sight.

"Oh, you ought not; you never should do such a thing," she said.

After all, she had nerves, and they had been sorely tried that day.

"What do you mean?" gravely demanded Tom. This was indeed a sorry greeting after all he had been through.

"You shouldn't have come home in this unexpected way; you should let people know when you are coming."

"Kate," said Tom solemnly, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside him, "you will speak differently when you know how near I came to not coming home at all; I have traveled twelve miles on horseback over a rough mountain road to get here to-night. We were just starting out of Prescita when we were notified that the bridge three miles below there—six miles above here, Kate—had been carried away."

"How did you find out?" Kate was herself again. There was a little twinkle in her eye, but her lip trembled.

"As to that," replied Tom, "reports are somewhat vague. But all accounts agree it was a woman. And she did wonderful things. The bridge-tender's wife, I believe. Floated down stream on a timber, somebody said. Started, all dripping, for the station, and got there in an unconsiderably short time. Not a minute to spare. If it hadn't been for her!—oh, it was a wonderful feat, everybody says."

"But how—very—unladylike!" said Kate, in a shocked voice, stooping to pick up something from the floor.

"Unladylike!" cried Tom, excitedly, "I tell you, Kate, that was something worth while. Very different from your lawn-tennis practice. When a woman puts her strength to such a use—and such a strain as it must have been, by Jove! Why, Kate, I doubt if you could so much as walk to town and back. But when a woman saves two or three hundred lives at one stroke——! My goodness, Kate! What have you been doing to your foot?"

For Mrs. Middleton had unconsciously pushed the wounded foot into sight, and its load of bandages, piled up by Bridget's clumsy fingers, and finished with a red flannel swathing, was indeed calculated to strike terror to the beholder.

"I—I took a little walk to-day," replied Kate, guiltily, trying to hide the foot again beneath the hem of her dress. "But don't let us talk about that, Tom. I'm sorry I seemed queer and cold when you came in. I wasn't feeling well, and you—you looked so. It made me shiver."

Like many people who are dauntless in the presence of real danger, Kate had all her life been shy of praise. If she could have kept the knowledge of her escapade, as she mentally termed it, from her husband, she would gladly have done it. But, stupid as he was in some ways, obtuse as he was, he was not to be put off in this way. He was already on his knees beside her, cutting threads, removing pins and undoing cloths, in spite of her protests, until he disclosed a little foot, purple with bruises, and with an ugly, gaping cut in one side.

"No wonder you are not yourself to-night. A little walk! I should say so. Kate, what have you been up to now?"

"I had on my slippers," confessed the culprit, "and—there wasn't time to change them. Let it alone, Tom. It'll be all right to-morrow."

"A little walk!" persisted Tom. "Great Cæsar, Kate, you are not to be trusted alone any more than a two-year-old babe, I'll never dare to go off and leave you again."

"If I hadn't taken my little walk you—you—you mightn't have had the chance!" cried poor Kate, cornered at last.

"My soul!" cried Tom, a light dawning upon him at last. "It was you!"

I think he kissed the little, lame, bruised feet. I am afraid he did a great many foolish things and humbled himself most lamentably to show his love for his brave young wife, his pride in her, and his contrition.

There was a purse made up by the passengers on the overland train that fateful day, to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station master and Jack Spencer kept their secret well. The only subscription that ever reached its destination was Tom Middleton's. His wife sometimes wears a very ugly bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coins. When people question her about it she replies that it is a medal Tom once awarded her for a race she won. It is generally understood that she refers to some rowing match or horseback ride, for there are boats on the pond now, saddle-horses in Tom's stable, and a tennis court on the lawn. But even as she answers Kate sees again the railroad train, with its precious living freight, thundering on to destruction, and a woman, bare-headed, wild-eyed, with draggled dress and bleeding feet, racing desperately across a rough country in a mad effort to avert the impending danger.—*The Argonaut.*

How Storms Are Made.

Our earth only receives a small fractional part of the sun's heat; but, whatever that may be in the year, more or less than the average, the entire surface of our earth must feel and be subject to the effects. And one thing is certain—namely, that a year or series of years, of excessive sunlight will inevitably be year and seasons of excessive atmospheric disturbances, because increase of heat will produce excess of evaporation, excessive precipitation; and, during a prevalence of this excess of sun-heat, there must be over limited areas violent storms both summer and winter.

When very large areas of the atmosphere have been, by excess of heat, brought into an unequal state, as large areas of lower stratum of highly-heated air and vapor, which is also intensely electric, the conditions to produce sand-spouts, water-spouts, and tornados, are fully ripe. The upper and colder layer of the atmosphere cannot cool the lower highly-heated and vapor-ladened stratum so evenly and quickly as to prevent vents in the form of funnels forming from the lower stratum to the higher stratum, causing a rupture which takes place upward in a pipe form just as water in a tank or basin, having a bottom means for discharge by a pipe flows out with a whirling motion—in our northern hemisphere always in the direction of the hands of a clock—and so the heated, highly electric and excessively vapor-laden atmosphere breaks into the cold atmosphere above when at the level of the "dew point" invisible vapor becomes visible, parting with its latent heat, which so rarifies the air as to force some of the condensed atmosphere in visible clouds, mounting thousands of feet above the condensed dew point into a region above the highest peaks of the highest mountain.

To feed this pipe, or, as in some cases, pipes, the lower stratum flows in from all sides to rotate and ascend with the intense velocity of steam power, sufficient to produce all the disastrous effects of the wildest tornado, there being almost a vacuum at the ground or water line, as the phenomenon may be on the land or over the sea. On the land trees are twisted and uprooted, houses are unroofed, solids of various kinds are lifted from the earth, and human beings have been blown away like dead leaves. There are, also, records of railway wagons having been blown off the rails. In deserts entire caravans have been buried beneath a mountain of blown sand—camels, horses, and men; while in Egypt there are ruins of cities, massive temples and monuments deep buried in the adjoining desert sand. At sea many a good ship caught by a tornado has been overwhelmed and sent to the bottom whole.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Should Carry Chalk With Them.

He wore a white waistcoat and a white four-in-hand tie and he was standing on the front platform of a Broadway car smoking a cigarette. The street was muddy. Presently his gleaming waistcoat and his immaculate tie were ornamented with splotches of mud. He looked annoyed and angry. He said something which Col. Sheppard would never print. He drew a cambric handkerchief from his pocket and tried to wipe the mud off. He only succeeded in rubbing it in. He looked more worried than ever.

By his side was a flashily-dressed young man smoking a big cigar.

"Kinder muddy!" said the flashy young man in an off-hand tone.

"Yes," said he of the white waistcoat, as he rubbed at the muddy spots. "And I don't know what I shall do. I'm going to make a call, and I live too far away to go home and change my clothes."

The flashy young man puffed his cigar in silence for a moment. Then he thrust his hand in a side pocket of his coat and fished out a cube of billiard chalk.

"Try this," he said.

He of the white waistcoat took the chalk and carefully rubbed it over the spots. In a few minutes they had all disappeared and his waistcoat and necktie were purely white.—*Sun.*

Selling Out.

I hereby notify the public that I have picked out EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of

Spring and Summer Goods,

which I have put on seperate tables. I shall sell them at ANY PRICE, no matter what you offer me, the goods are yours. I don't believe in carrying over good from one season to another, and put camphor in them—I would rather sell them at ten cents on the dollar.

MY MOTTO IS: "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" to keep the wheels rolling.

Below I will give you a few prices which will tell the tale.

150 Rolls of Straw Matting

from 15 to 25 cents per yard, worth 50 cents.

$3,000 worth of SILKS and SATINS, in all shades, I shall dispose at 85 cts a yard: the real value is $1.40 everywhere.

50 Pieces Plain and Fringed SATTEENS at 14 cents per yard: regular price 25 cents.

250 Fine SILK PARASOLS to be sold at any price.

50 Pieces of SCRIM for window curtains, 1 8-4 yards wide, at 1 cents a yard, worth 28 cents, in eight different shades and patterns.

Clothing, Clothing,

150 MENS' DUSTERS at 45 cents a piece.
1,500 MENS', YOUTH'S and BOY'S ALL WOOL SUITS, in Sack and Frocks, the regular price $12.50, they are now moving at $4.75.
2,500 Pair of Durable WORKING PANTS at 75 cents a pair.

Furniture! Furniture!! Furniture!!

I HEREBY notify the public that I am selling out my entire stock of FURNITURE AT ANY PRICE, and will not keep it any more. My other departments require my entire time and attention and compells me to make this move. I am determined that the Furniture MUST GO.

FOR CASH OR ON TIME.

ALL the goods I have mentioned herein will be sold, and MUST BE SOLD for cash or on time.

WHEN you leave home with the intention to visit my store don't be misled by drumers; come where you intended to go.

ALL these goods were bought for SPOT CASH, and I can give them away if I chose to do so, and considering the above prices it begins to look very much like it.

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.

'VE MAKE A SPECIALTY

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

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 selling 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.