

THE BALTIMORE

10 & 12 Patton Ave.



Bargains in Capes & Jackets

See our Capes and Jackets before you buy. We have great Bargains in this Department. Received in the past week.



\$27,000
WORTH OF
CLOTHING
AT A
SACRIFICE.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN
Ladies' and Gents' SHOES
AT BOTTOM PRICES.



WE CAN PLEASE YOU IN

Ladies' Winter Dress Goods

Remember We Sell You Cheese Cloth at 3¢ cents, Kid Finish Cambric at 3¢ cents, good Outing at 5 cents, best Apron Gingham at 5 cents, Ladies' Pants and Vest 19 cents, Child's Union Suit at 25 cents, and everything else for less money than you can buy it in the city.

THE BALTIMORE

CLOTHING, SHOE AND DRY GOODS COMPANY.



\$12-3000 BICYCLES
must be closed out at once. Standard '97 Models, guaranteed, \$14 to \$30. '98 Models \$20. 2nd hand wheels \$5 to 15. Shipped to Any \$12 One on approval without advance deposit. Great factory clearing sale. EARN A BICYCLE by helping advertise us. We will give one agent in each town FREE USE of a sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

W. S. Mead Cycle Co., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Industrial Advertising Co.'s Nothing is too good

FIVE CENT PREMIUM COUPONS.

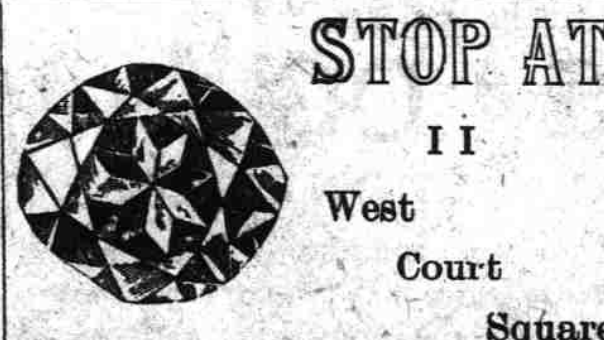
Will be received by the following leading business firms in the city. Trade with them and avail yourself of our

Cash Premiums.

- Amateur Photo Supplies—C. F. Ray.
 - Bakery—J. M. Heston & Sons.
 - Books and Stationery—Ray's Cut-Rate Book Store.
 - Bicycles and Bicycle Renting—Hough & Dunham.
 - Confectionery—The Candy Kitchen.
 - Drugs—White G. Smith.
 - Dry Goods—Bon Marche.
 - Fine Fruits—W. E. Allen.
 - Furniture—W. A. Blair.
 - Fish and Oysters—Asheville Fish Co.
 - Green Groceries—R. L. Ownbey & Co.
 - Groceries—H. C. Johnson.
 - Groceries—Jenkins Bros.
 - Jewelry—B. H. Cosby.
 - Meat Market—McFee & Jones.
 - Musical Merchandise—Hough & Dunham.
 - Optician—J. O. Houser.
 - Laundry—Model Steam.
 - Photographer—T. E. Lindsey.
 - Shoes—J. Spangenburg.
 - Publishers—Gazette Publishing Co.
- Books free. Call at office or drop a card to the manager, and you will be waited upon.
- Office in W. A. Blair's Furniture Store, 45 Patton avenue.
H. B. PUTERBAUGH, Manager.

for the family to eat. Economy, too, directs you to us. Quality is the best of cheapness. Our meats retain their nutriment, and being perfectly aged lose nothing by shrinkage in cooking.
Game in season. Peerless sausages at

W. M. HILL & CO.,
Telephone 66. Market House.



and see the Lapidary at work on the finest native gems the state produces. Every stone is guaranteed to be as represented.
Magnificent Beryls, and Amethysts on exhibition in my window.
JESSE ING,
Late of London, Paris and New York.

THE BYGONE CABIN BOY.
No Place For Him In the Merchant Marine of Today.
These are inauspicious times for the boy who, after having fired his mind with the tales of Mary and Clark Russell, is filled with a consuming desire to seek his fortune on the sea. In the days of Captain Kidd pirated and mysteriously buried his treasures, something of romance may have hung over the career of a sailor, but the glories of that time have departed. Neither in the merchant marine nor in the navy can the place of cabin boy—the first which the seastruck lad aspires to—be said to exist any longer. If it still remains in the cases of a few small sailing vessels, it is merely a belated relic of former days, which is continually becoming rarer.
The duties of a cabin boy, before the profession languished into its present disappearing state, were manifold. They varied according to the kind and size of the ship he was on, but the place was never anything remotely resembling a sinecure. The boy waited on the officers or the passengers, or both, in any way they might require. He was the steward's assistant in the pantry and dining room. He helped the cook under more or less useless protest, and he was general "fag" for the entire crew. Although he was often a favorite with the seamen, it was nevertheless remembered that as a boy he was evidently intended as a kind of scapegoat for anything which might be out of order. Various sins of commission and omission were laid at his door, and he might get out of the service as best he could. He was always a butt for the jests of the crew. There were standing practical jokes which were played on all new cabin boys. One of these was to instruct him when he began his duties that "nothing must ever be thrown to windward except hot water and ashes." Bearing these two exceptions in mind in all innocence, the unlucky boy would appear on deck with red and streaming eyes, and the crew would explode into roars of laughter at this proof of obedience to orders.
But those days have passed. On the ocean liners, the merchant vessels and the warships of the navy all the "mess boys," paradoxically speaking, are men.
"There is no longer any place at sea for a boy," said an old captain a day or two ago. "In the present state of maritime service only able-bodied men can find employment on shipboard. If I had a boy, rather than let him go to sea, even if he could manage to get work, I would put him to breaking stone on the road. There is no chance of his rising to any position that would be worth while on a vessel. In the old days of sailing ships things were different, but with the modern changes in the construction and management of vessels men are needed for all the departments of work. The only thing that the boy who is determined to go to sea can do now is to wait patiently until he is big enough to do a man's work and then ship as an able seaman."—New York Tribune.

His Frightful Predicament.
He walked up and down the room gesticulating excitedly and saying uncomplimentary things about his rival.
"It is terrible!" he said.
"What is terrible?" they asked.
"Talk about being between the devil and the deep sea!" he exclaimed, ignoring the question. "Talk about the problem of the lady or the tiger! Why, this is a thousandfold worse than either!"
"What is?" they asked.
"My rival has been carrying false stories about me to the girl I love!" he cried.
They laughed.
"Is that all?" they said. "Well, it wouldn't take any of us long to decide what we would do under those circumstances."
"He has insulted me in her presence," he went on bitterly.
"And what did you do?" they asked.
"Nothing," he answered. "I was powerless."
Again they laughed scornfully and made merry jest at his expense.
"Powerless!" they said. "You, a large, strong man, powerless! A man calmly steps in and carries away your ladylove in addition to insulting you, and you claim to be powerless!"
"What would you have me do?" he inquired.
"Kill him!" they replied.
He shook his head.
"At least," they insisted, "you could thrash him within an inch of his life. You could resent an insult by pounding him until he would figure principally as a nonentity for the next six or eight weeks."
"You forget," he said.
"Forget what?" they demanded.
"He carries both accident and life insurance in the company that I represent."
Then they realized that the young insurance agent spoke truly when he referred to the lady, the tiger, the devil and the deep sea.—Chicago Post.

On the Wrong Lay.
Green had been in new lodgings just one week and had arrived at the conclusion that his tenancy would not be of long duration unless there was a material difference in the quality of the breakfast egg. He did not like to tell the landlady point blank, so he adopted a roundabout method of communicating his opinion on the subject.
"Didn't you tell me you were fond of reading Macaulay, Mrs. Bluff?" he asked her as he broke the shell of the egg.
"It was my lamented's favorite reading, Mr. Green," returned the widowed lady.
"Ah! Now I understand why you have your eggs from Italy."
"Whatever makes you think that, sir? They came from a farm near here."
"Really!" exclaimed Green, with a very pronounced sniff. "These eggs remind me most forcibly of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Funny, isn't it?"
He had notice on the spot.—Pearson's Weekly.

Slow at Seeing.
Fog—Fenderson is a good enough fellow, but he is terribly slow at seeing a joke.
Bass—Is he?
Fog—He slipped on a piece of orange peel the other day and had a fall. Everybody laughed, but Fenderson couldn't see the point of the joke.
Bass—Not surprising.
Fog—He saw it about 24 hours later, however, when another fellow did the same thing.—Pick Me Up.

Delay Would Be Dangerous.
"According to this cablegram, they were married in Paris yesterday," he said.
"We must send our congratulations at once," she returned.
"By mail or cable?" he asked.
"From what I know of both of them," she replied, "we ought to send them by cable if we wish to be sure that they will be acceptable when they reach them."—Chicago Post.

Established 1883.

Incorporated 1895.

THE Bonanza Wine and Liquor Co

43 SOUTH MAIN ST.

YEARS of persistent, continued fair dealing and underselling have gained for us the reward of public confidence. We acknowledge that we owe our success in business to the liberal patronage of the public spirited citizens of our growing city, who appreciate our progressive way of doing business—keeping the best and purest of wines and liquors and selling at city prices. We beg to tender our thanks to our kind patrons and assure them that in the new year we shall spare no efforts to satisfy our old customers and gain new trade.

To attempt to enumerate everything we carry in stock would be folly. We simply want to call your attention to a few of the many brands of wines and liquors, brandies, cordials, etc. that can be found at our store, most of them we handle both in bulk and in bottles.

Rye Whiskies.	Scotch and Irish.	Ales, Stout, Etc.
R. G. & CO.'S PRIVATE STOCK. R. G. & CO.'S OLD SARATOGA. R. G. & CO.'S OLD MONOGRAM. R. G. & CO.'S OLD BAKER XXXX. R. G. & CO.'S OLD CABINET. R. G. & CO.'S OLD STRAIGHT CUT. R. G. & CO.'S OLD MONONGAHELA. R. G. & CO.'S OLD FAMILY. MOUNT VERNON. BUCKENHEIMER. A. OVERHOLT & CO. IBSON'S STRAIGHT RYE.	BURK'S THREE STAVE IRISH WHISKY. BURK'S GARNKIRK SCOTCH WHISKY. Native Wines. N. C. SCUPPERNONG. N. C. BLACKBERRY. N. C. CATAWBA. CALIFORNIA SHERRY. PORT. ANGELTCA. TOKAY. CLARET. ZINFANDEL. BURGUNDY. HOOK. RIESLING. MAADURA. CATAWBA.	BASS PALE ALE WHITE LABEL. BASS PALE BURK'S. BASS PALE DOGSHRAD. GUNTISSES DUBLIN STOUT. FEIGENSPAUS' INDIA PALE ALE. FEIGENSPAUS' BROWN STOUT. FEIGENSPAUS' HALF AND HALF. CANTRELL & COCHRAN CLUB SODA. CANTRELL & COCHRAN GINGER ALE. Rum and Gin. OLD JAMAICA RUM. OLD MEDFORD RUM. OLD TOM GIN. OLD NEW ENGLAND RUM. OLD GENEVA GIN. OLD HOLLAND GIN. OLD SWAN GIN.
Imported Port and Sherries. DUFF GORDON SHERRY. CLUB HOUSE SHERRY. IMPERIAL WEDDING PORT. OLD PORTUGAL PORT.	North Carolina Whiskey and Brandy. WHISKY AND BRANDY. LAUREL VALLEY CORN. LAUREL VALLEY WHITE RYE. STANDARD OLD CORN. STANDARD XXXX WHITE RYE. MOONSHINE CORN. OLD APPLE BRANDY. OLD PEACH BRANDY. SCUPPERNONG COGNAC BRANDY.	Cordials. CREME DE MENTHE. ORANGE CURAÇAO. BENEDICTINE. YELLOW CHARTREUSE. GREEN CHARTREUSE. ANISETTE. ABSINTHE. VERMOUTH. MARASCHINO. KIRSCHWASSER. CREME DE COCOA.

A Full Line of Imported Clarets, Burgundy, Rhine Wines, Sauternes, Champagne, Bitters, etc.

OUR STOCK OF IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
CIGARS, TOBACCO and CIGARETTES
CAN'T BE BEATEN ANYWHERE.

Distributing agents for "SCHLITZ" the beer that made Milwaukee famous. Try **Schlitz Malt Extract**, it will help you gain flesh and strength.

Portner's "Hofbran" beer in crown stopper bottles, delicious for table and family use.

Our own bottling of **Portner's "Tivoli"** beer, fresh every day at 75c per doz.

We are ready, able, willing and anxious to please every old and new customer.

The "Bonanza" Wine and Liquor Co.,

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