

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

NO. 46.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
**JAS. E. HOYD**  
Attorney at Law  
Greenboro, N. C.  
Will be at Graham's office each week to attend to professional business.  
**J. D. KERNODLE**  
Attorney at Law  
Greenboro, N. C.  
Practice in the State and Federal Courts will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.  
**DR. G. W. WHITSETT**  
Surgeon Dentist  
Greenboro, N. C.  
Will also visit Alamance Falls in the country attended. Address me at Greenboro, N. C., Dec 8 if  
**JACOB A. LONG**  
Attorney at Law  
Greenboro, N. C.  
May 17, '88.

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Preparatory, Practical or Finishing in Classics, Mathematics, Science and the Fine Arts.  
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The next session opens Monday, Sept. 17th, 1890. Write to the principal for catalogue at Suffolk, Va.

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Session opens Sept. 3. Terms per month \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, payable quarterly. Board per month \$5.00, including furnished room and washing, \$6 per month for the boarding five-days per week. Payable monthly.  
Boarding department will be in charge of Mrs. J. U. Newman.  
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**Town Property for Sale.**  
One house and lot in the town of Graham. The lot contains about one acre and there is a two-story brick dwelling and another good house. The whole premises are in a state of good repair, and desirably located. Will be sold for \$1500.00. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.  
J. A. M. FARRAR, Auctioneer.

**SUCCESS**  
As we go strutting up human's back heights,  
The hoodlum peak in all the mountain's  
Of grim Socrates-kind hearts weep o'er our  
And hands that bleed for the pleasure of  
And when we near the top, its interest wanes,  
And when the mountain's bosom forth and rains  
It shows upon us—pity turns to spite.

**SISTER MILLICENT.**  
Sister Millicent lived all alone in a curious stone house on the outskirts of a poor little village. She had come to inhabit it some thirty years before, and since then no one had seen her face, for the reason that she wore upon her face a black silk mask, trimmed with lace, which revealed only a pair of large, dark eyes. For the rest her dress was something like that of a nun, straight and black, with a bonnet and veil when she went abroad, and within doors a sort of cap that concealed both head and throat. No one ever heard her whole name. On her arrival she held an interview with the clergyman of the place, and told them her story, which neither of them could be induced to reveal in detail. However, it was said by many that she was an unhappy wife, into whose face a jealous mistress had thrown vitriol, disfiguring her for life.

She was rich, and had expressed her wish to assist the poor of the place with her money, to nurse the sick and to perform all the duties of a Sister of Charity to those who suffered, whatever their religion, whatever their condition, without asking if they were worthy or unworthy.  
At her door hung a little box into which letters might be slipped asking for aid. In her house was a little room where she received all who desired to talk with her. She had a store of simple remedies which she used in minor cases; in others she sent for good doctors. No one ever appealed to her in vain. For thirty years she had been looked upon as a saint or an angel rather than as a human woman, and still she continued her deeds of charity, of self-renunciation, without ever giving any symptoms of weariness of mind or body, though it was supposed that she must by this time have arrived upon the borders of old age.

It was late in the afternoon of a cold autumn day when the wind was hard at work sweeping the last leaves from the great oaks that stood before Sister Millicent's little house, that a knock sounded upon the door—a tremulous knock, that seemed to the good woman's experienced ear to speak of an aching heart. Hastening to open it she saw before her a lady in fashionable traveling dress, who fell into her arms.  
"Marion!" she cried, "can it be Marion?"  
"Yes, Aunt Millicent, it is I," sighed the young lady, "and I have come to you in great and terrible grief. You who have so merciful to strangers will comfort me, I know. You told me to come to you if ever I needed a friend—I need one now."  
Sister Millicent replied by taking her hand in hers.  
"What has befallen you?" she asked.  
"You do not wear the garb of widowhood."  
"I am not a widow," said the lady, bursting into tears, "but my husband has deserted me; he has gone away with another woman."  
"Charles Auechester, then, is not better than other men," said Sister Millicent, sadly.  
"We were very happy," sobbed the poor wife, "until she came."  
"She always comes," sighed Sister Millicent.  
"She was a singer, a bold, bad woman, with a splendid voice. The eloquent in the talk of the town, said Marion Auechester. "He left me with provided for, with a fine house and a good income of my own, but I refuse to accept his money. I will not inhabit his house."  
"You are right," said Sister Millicent.  
"My friends advise me to get a divorce," said Marion, "but I am his wife, though he has wronged me, I refuse to free him. I cannot endure the pity, the curiosity of the people I have known under other circumstances. I ran away from them like a thief in the night. Had I parents or children, I could not have done this, of course, but I stand alone in the world. Will you take me in and let me live with you? I will do as you bid. I will keep your house, help you nurse your patients, teach the poor children—anything, if you will but hide me here. You are my only relative. I know your story; we can now sympathize with each other."  
"My home is yours," said Sister Millicent, "and I am glad in my old age to find one who will help me in my work and solace me in my solitude."  
From this time on the poor of the village began to see that Sister Millicent had a companion, a young woman who did not veil her sweet face, and who wore a bright hair, but who observed every the same black garb, and who was her assistant in all her labors. For more than a year they worked together, their tall slender figures moving side by side down the village streets with the same graceful step, so much alike in general effect that those who saw them could not believe that Sister Millicent had once resembled Sister Marion in features. And great was the grief of the poor when one morning the cottage was closed against all but the physician, and it was known that some sudden illness had befallen one of those "good ladies."

A few days later the doors of the cottage opened, a small funeral procession emerged therefrom, and a burial took place in the graveyard. Then Sister Millicent once more appeared in her black and veil. She was more silent and less cheerful than of old, but her good works knew no cessation.

To those who spoke to her of Sister Marion's death, she only answered "God's will be done," and no one knew who Sister Marion was or whence she had followed the home of Sister Millicent. But who was she in the secret may go back a space and visit the home she left behind her in her woe and pride, refusing to accept anything from the hands of her unfaithful husband. Charles Auechester had yielded to the madness of a foolish passion for a while and had followed the beautiful singer for whom he had deserted his wife half over Europe. Her bad temper had soon wearied him, however. He guessed that she was untrue to him; and awoke one morning to find that she was gone with a lover more to her taste. The natural result followed. Remorse brought repentance. He returned home, hoping to find his wife bewailing his absence, but to his horror could find no trace of her. Penitent and friendless, she had gone forth into the world and seemed to have vanished utterly. He advertised for her. He set detectives to work. He went in search of her, but all in vain. At last he heard from one who knew his wife that she had been seen by her in the streets of a certain mountain village, and set forth at once in that direction. Entering the village, he passed the walls of a church and came to a small paragon. The pastor of a little place like this usually knows all its inhabitants. Charles Auechester bethought him of this, and seeing an elderly gentleman in the garden, entered and made inquiry.  
The gentleman proved to be the clergyman, and replied kindly to his questions.  
"Marion Auechester is not a common name," he said. "A lady thus called resided here for more than a year. It is not long since I was called to perform her funeral rites. She died suddenly, and according to her desire, was buried privately at midnight. Younder in her grave."  
"Dead!" gasped Charles Auechester, and turned away. He had killed her, then. He should never ask her forgiveness or receive it. His brain was on fire. He knew not what he did or whether he went. He staggered along the road like a drunken man, repeating that awful word, "Dead! dead!"  
At last he fell senseless to the earth, and good Christians lifted him from the road and carried him to a tavern hard by, where they deposited him upon a bench in the public room.

The landlord was not at first inclined to approve of this action, but having examined the stranger's clothes, his well filled pocketbook and his portmanteau, decided that he was able to pay his way, locked up his valuables and prepared the best room in the house for his accommodation. The doctor was sent for, and shortly a messenger was dispatched for Sister Millicent, who came at once.  
"It is a gentleman of means, madame," said the landlord, "and a very handsome man. He's quite out of his mind and in a high fever, but I've found out his name from the papers in his things and letters in his pocket. He is a Mr. Charles Auechester. The doctor says he asked him some questions about some one—he didn't say who it was—and seemed to go out of his head when he heard the person was dead."  
Sister Millicent uttered a cry and sunk into a chair. She was trembling from head to foot.  
"Are you ill? What can I do for you, madame?" cried the landlord, but by a sign she forbade him to approach her.  
"I was faint; it is over," she cried.  
"But I am not sure that I am able to nurse this Mr. Auechester. She arose and went toward the door. There she paused.  
"Is he very ill?" she asked.  
"In danger, the doctor said," replied the landlord. "He doesn't know anything, but if you are not able, don't risk your health, madame; surely you do enough; this man is not poor."  
Sister Millicent paused a moment, rested her head against the doorway, and seemed to deliberate. Then she said:  
"I will go to him," and followed the landlord to the stranger's room, which she never left for many weeks.  
For days he raved of Marion; declared himself her murderer; prayed to die. Then he lay motionless and senseless. One day, however, he came to himself and looked upon a nun like figure at his bedside with some curiosity.  
"Who are you?" he asked, faintly.  
"I am Sister Millicent," the woman answered. "I have been nursing you. You are better, I know."  
"I wish I was dead," the man answered.  
Sister Millicent put a soft hand upon his forehead.  
"You are young; you seem to be prosperous," she said. "Why do you wish to die?"  
"I have killed my wife," he answered.  
"No," he replied, "I did not deal her any blow, I did not poison her, but I killed her all the same. He hid his face in the pillow for awhile, and then he said:  
"There are crueler things than blows."  
"Heaven knows there are," the woman answered.  
Suddenly Charles Auechester caught her by the wrist.  
"Who are you?" he cried.  
"As I told you, I am Sister Millicent," she replied.  
"You have Marion's voice," he said. She turned from him and left the room.  
Later the landlord entered.  
"Sister Millicent says you are better," said he. "That any one can nurse you now. She has gone home."  
"Who is Sister Millicent?" asked Charles Auechester.  
"An angel of a lady who devoted herself to others," said the landlord. "For thirty odd years she has given time, money and strength to all the world. She is rich, they say. She must be, she gives so much to the poor. It is wonderful."  
"Why does she hide her face?" asked the sick man.

"None of us know exactly," said the landlord. "She has always done that. It is disfigured, they say. Perhaps it is; but she has a lovely soul."  
"And she has been here for thirty years!" asked Auechester.  
"Five-and-thirty is nearer the mark," said the landlord. "I was 10 years old when I first saw her and look her for a ghost, and I am five-and-forty now."  
"I wish I could have thanked her," said Auechester.  
"She does not even require that," replied the landlord. "She is the best woman alive."  
A neat old lady now took the place of the lady in the mask, and Charles Auechester recovered rapidly.  
When he was quite well he called upon the clergyman and questioned him more closely. He learned that it was with Sister Millicent that his wife had lived, and that no one, save the physician, had seen her after her death, which was ascribed to some lung difficulty.

To Sister Millicent he must then go, if he desired to learn more of his wife's last hours, and to the old stone cottage he repaired one day.  
His rap upon the door caused the masked lady to appear, but when she saw who stood without she gave him no welcome.  
"May I come in?" he asked. "I wish to speak with you."  
"On what subject?" asked Sister Millicent.  
"I think, madame, that you know," said Charles Auechester.  
She shook her head.  
"My wife lived with you during her last days," he said. "Marion Auechester made you her friend, her confidante?"  
She bowed again.  
"I must talk with you," said he. "I can tell you nothing," said she; "nothing more than the inscription on that gray slab in the churchyard can tell."  
"Ah," he said, sadly, "I see that you despise me."  
"Perhaps," replied Sister Millicent. "You know that you deserve it. Your wife was true to you. She loved you. You deserted her. Return to your light of love, and let her comfort you."  
"I hate the creature!" he answered.  
"The only woman I ever loved was my wife. To have her back for so long an hour I would die in tortures."  
Sister Millicent opened the door more widely.  
"Come in," she breathed.  
He entered.  
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"That was her last thought, then," sighed Charles Auechester. "Very well. I am sufficiently punished. I will follow her speedily. I hoped to find her, but she has no forgiveness. Life is worthless without her."  
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He started violently and looked at her.  
"Charles," she repeated, "if I could but believe you." Suddenly she lifted her hands to her face and cast her mask aside. "I have not the courage to deceive you longer," she cried. "Oh, a woman's heart is such a weak thing!" and Charles Auechester looked upon the face of Marion his wife and clasped her to his heart.

"I came to my Aunt Millicent for protection," she said. "I lived with her until she died. On her deathbed she bade me assume her name and wear her mask and continue her good work. Every one believed that it was Sister Marion who died—every one but the doctor, who was in our secret. I intended to die out the rest of my days as the masked lady known as Sister Millicent; but—I only remember now that you have returned to me. I can not refuse to forgive you. I can not forget that I am still your wife."  
At dawn next day the little stone cottage stood tenantless and no one ever knew whether Sister Millicent had vanished. The fact that her mask and robes lay across her bed, and that nothing that had belonged to her was removed, gave rise to the story that she had been carried to heaven while still alive by the angels, but every year the two pastors receive in some mysterious way a gift of money for their poor, and upon the package is always written "From Sister Millicent"—Mary Kyle Dallas in Friesland Companion.

The minister's Boss.  
The collection box in a certain Scottish church was found empty. The minister thereupon joined Tam, the kirk officer, in his homeward walk after service, and lamented to him that he would have to do a thing he did not like, which was "just to raise the doon, and he'll come to the man that took that money, either in a wind that'll no leave him nor sheep, or w' a rope to hang him over his own door." The kirk officer made no reply.  
The next night the minister sent a man to Tam's barn to hang a rope with a noose at the end of it on the door. Tam came before dawn to that; but, seeing the noose and his own shadow on the wall, he rushed back to bed and stayed there till daylight. When he returned the rope was gone. He was shortly afterward seen proceeding to the kirk; and when the box was opened next Sabbath, every missing penny was found inside.—True Flag.

Al (gritting)—Who is that wretched looking man?  
Keeper—A dangerous inmate—the Rev. Dr. Smith.  
Al—What did he do?  
Keeper—Do! Why he gave a church party fair and the oyster soup was so clogged up with oysters that nobody could get any jocos.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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"That was her last thought, then," sighed Charles Auechester. "Very well. I am sufficiently punished. I will follow her speedily. I hoped to find her, but she has no forgiveness. Life is worthless without her."  
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"She will never know," said Charles Auechester; "but at least I can die also. Life is worthless to me now; I will not have it."  
"Charles!" cried the lady.  
He started violently and looked at her.  
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"I think, madame, that you know," said Charles Auechester.  
She shook her head.  
"My wife lived with you during her last days," he said. "Marion Auechester made you her friend, her confidante?"  
She bowed again.  
"I must talk with you," said he. "I can tell you nothing," said she; "nothing more than the inscription on that gray slab in the churchyard can tell."  
"Ah," he said, sadly, "I see that you despise me."  
"Perhaps," replied Sister Millicent. "You know that you deserve it. Your wife was true to you. She loved you. You deserted her. Return to your light of love, and let her comfort you."  
"I hate the creature!" he answered.  
"The only woman I ever loved was my wife. To have her back for so long an hour I would die in tortures."  
Sister Millicent opened the door more widely.  
"Come in," she breathed.  
He entered.  
"Tell me of her," he said. "Was she very unhappy? Did she speak of me? Did she send me any message?"  
"You had deserted her. You would not have cared," said Sister Millicent. "I think she said something like this: 'Let him be happy. He is free of me at last,' and she began to sob behind her mask."  
"That was her last thought, then," sighed Charles Auechester. "Very well. I am sufficiently punished. I will follow her speedily. I hoped to find her, but she has no forgiveness. Life is worthless without her."  
"If she had but known," sighed Sister Millicent.  
"She will never know," said Charles Auechester; "but at least I can die also. Life is worthless to me now; I will not have it."  
"Charles!" cried the lady.  
He started violently and looked at her.  
"Charles," she repeated, "if I could but believe you." Suddenly she lifted her hands to her face and cast her mask aside. "I have not the courage to deceive you longer," she cried. "Oh, a woman's heart is such a weak thing!" and Charles Auechester looked upon the face of Marion his wife and clasped her to his heart.

"None of us know exactly," said the landlord. "She has always done that. It is disfigured, they say. Perhaps it is; but she has a lovely soul."  
"And she has been here for thirty years!" asked Auechester.  
"Five-and-thirty is nearer the mark," said the landlord. "I was 10 years old when I first saw her and look her for a ghost, and I am five-and-forty now."  
"I wish I could have thanked her," said Auechester.  
"She does not even require that," replied the landlord. "She is the best woman alive."  
A neat old lady now took the place of the lady in the mask, and Charles Auechester recovered rapidly.  
When he was quite well he called upon the clergyman and questioned him more closely. He learned that it was with Sister Millicent that his wife had lived, and that no one, save the physician, had seen her after her death, which was ascribed to some lung difficulty.

**ANNUAL EXHIBIT**  
Of Claims Audited and Allowed by the Board of Commissioners for Alamance County from Dec. 3, '88 to Dec. 3, '89.  
(Continued from last week.)  
FOR MARCH, 1889.  
Falls News Manufacturing Co., supplies for Katie Webb, 6.00  
June Thomsen, supplies for Sam'l Jordan, 6.00  
J. W. Harden, pair pants for Josh Rogers, 1.00  
Jas. T. Barber, building extension to Alamance bridge, 220.00  
Jas. A. Jordan, repairing Saxapahaw bridge, 44.94  
Dr. G. W. Long, services as supt. of health from Dec '88, to Mar '89, 31 25, 2 gals whiskey for poor house 2.80, allowed, 37.80  
J. C. Low, regular juror for September, 4.10  
T. B. Burke, supplies for Rachel Moore, 1.50  
John W. Bacon, supplies for Clarinda Trotman, 6.00  
Big Falls Cotton Mills, supplies for Benj Rippey, 6.00  
Jas. Gibson, supplies for Phereba Johnson, 1.50  
P. E. Harden & Son, supplies for George Balfour, 3.00  
J. W. H. Harden & Son, supplies for Polly Faucette, 3.00  
J. W. Harden & Son, supplies for Aaron Rumbley, 9.00  
Thos M. Holt, supplies for James Linnaea, 3.00  
Thos M. Holt, supplies for Sarah Wood, 4.00  
E. M. Holt's Sons, supplies for Mrs. Plumer Hankford, 3.60  
Irac, Holt, supplies for Sam'l Fugh, 4.00  
W. F. Ireland, sups for Bella Slade, 6.00  
S. S. Kimery, supplies for Bellia Bishop, asked 6.14, allowed, 5.00  
Jas P. Kerr, supplies for Wesley Johnson, 6.00  
E. & W. H. Long, supplies for Ann Price, 6.00  
J. D. McPherson, supplies for Caroline Balfour, 7.50  
C. F. Reault, supplies for Jos. Harder, 9.00  
B. A. St. Lars, supplies for Cleland Smith, 4.50  
Rob't Shaw, supplies for Adeline Foust, 4.50  
Rob't Spoon, supplies for Ruth Holt, 3.00  
W. J. Stockard, supplies for Mary A. Norwood, 4.50  
J. W. Sharpe, supplies for Sarah J. Melville, 4.50  
J. W. Sharpe, supplies for Fatsy Baillif, 4.50  
J. R. White, supplies for Wm. Ward, 12.00  
J. R. White, supplies for William Jeffrey, 6.00  
Jas. W. White, supplies for Essex Melbane, 2.00  
W. F. Jones, coffin for Sarah Rogers, coffin for Jane Turrentine, and coffin for Fatsy Tate, 9.00  
E. R. Harden, med for p. h., 1.50  
R. N. Thompson, med paid for one-horse wagon, 25.00  
B. A. Sellars, med for p. h., 9.19  
Mike Steel, load 2-R wood for G. J. Hamilton, sheriff, services as janitor court house, 12.00  
J. W. Harder & Son, med for p. h. 1.72, for jail 5.45, for a h. 85c., 8.02  
J. W. Bates, 1888 lumber 1 73, 5 lbs nails 16c, labor 25c hauling 80c, all for pub road, allowed 2.38  
J. A. Hamilton, summoning jury to lay off public road, 2.25  
J. A. Hamilton, summoning jury to lay off public road, 2.25  
J. A. Hamilton, summoning jury to lay off public road, 2.25  
J. D. Kerrodie, blanks for office use, 6.50  
Edwards & Broughton, blank books for office of register of deeds, 29.65  
Stephen G. McLean, amount expressed and drays paid on 20 volumes Code and 12 volumes Acts of General Assembly, 1.45  
T. C. Foust, 1 day as Committee on Alamance bridge, 3.00  
Peter Michael, same service as above, 2.00  
B. H. Webb, 2 days as Co Com'ry and 30 miles at 5c., 6.50  
J. S. Scott, chairman com. on repairs to court house, and to be accounted for by com. in their report of expenditures on ch., 500.00  
J. S. Scott, ch'm's fee, same as above, 500.00  
FOR APRIL, 1889.  
J. S. Scott, ch'm's fee, same as above, 500.00  
J. S. Scott, ch'm's fee, for replacing old roof on court house with tin roof like that on the new additions, 150.00  
Crawford & Dalley, supplies for Thos Pettiford, 4.50  
Crawford & Dalley, supplies for Phoebe and Martha Pritch, 7.50  
Crawford & Dalley, supplies for Phoebe and Martha Pritch, 7.50  
W. F. Ireland, supplies for Bella Slade, 1.40  
Ellen J. King, supplies for Ann Price, 21.00, allowed, 5.00  
E. C. Holt & Co, md's for p. h., 121.25  
J. W. & W. Leasley, md's for poor house, 1.70  
P. E. Harden & Son, look for c's office 3.00, 2 pair blankets for p. h. 3.00, 5.00  
A. B. Tate, box pens and six pen holders 10c for c's office, 12 yds cyanine goods 1.56 and spoon cotton for court house 65, 2.75  
Edwards Broughton & Co, 300 blank bills med, for a c's office, Geo Sheppard, damages allowed by jury for public road, 7.00  
Ellis Faucette, same as above, 3.00  
Andy Bonn, 6.00  
E. E. Bailey, 10.00  
J. A. Hamilton, sheriff, laying off public road, 2.25  
J. A. Hamilton, sheriff, laying off public road, 2.25  
Western News Agency, costs for John H. Dixon, discharged patient, 7.65

**Santa Claus' HEADQUARTERS!**  
SANTA CLAUS IS NOW MAKING HIS HEADQUARTERS AT  
**W. H. SHOFFNER'S STORE,**  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
HE HAS A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING WANTED FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.  
I am determined to sell, and defy competition; and during the holidays I will offer extra inducements to purchasers.  
For the table I have a first class stock of groceries—  
**HEAVY AND FANCY**  
**FRENCH CANDIES 1/16 PER POUND.**  
Plain Candies, Nuts, Figs, Cakes, Concoats, Oranges and Bananas.  
**TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF.**  
**THE OLD AND THE YOUNG**  
Both will be pleased with my stock of handsome dolls, fancy work boxes, cups and saucers for gifts to old and young, shaving mugs, soap, scrub-brush, teapery kind in great abundance, elegant large and small wash-bowls, glassware and a fine assortment of every article that is needed for the holidays.  
**FIRE WORKS,**  
Fire Crackers, Sky Rockets, Torpedoes.  
Remember I am selling these goods for SPOT CASH and will not be undersold.  
**W. H. SHOFFNER,**  
December 11, 1889.

**EVERY LADY WANTS A SILK DRESS**  
This is your opportunity. A new dress—prepared by the best dress-makers in the U. S. A.—is now on hand. We are the only manufacturers in the U. S. A. selling direct from our factory to you. We guarantee every dress to be made of the best quality of silk, and to be perfect in fit and finish. We are now offering a special discount on all dresses made of Black Silk or Satin. This is a rare opportunity. Do not miss it. Write to us today for a catalogue and price list. We will send you a copy of our catalogue and price list free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Dressing," which is a valuable work for every lady. It contains all the latest fashions and is illustrated with beautiful pictures. It is a work of art and is a must for every lady's library. Write to us today for a catalogue and price list. We will send you a copy of our catalogue and price list free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Dressing," which is a valuable work for every lady. It contains all the latest fashions and is illustrated with beautiful pictures. It is a work of art and is a must for every lady's library. Write to us today for a catalogue and price list. We will send you a copy of our catalogue and price list free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Dressing," which is a valuable work for every lady. It contains all the latest fashions and is illustrated with beautiful pictures. It is a work of art and is a must for every lady's library. Write to us today for a catalogue and price list. We will send you a copy of our catalogue and price list free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Dressing," which is a valuable work for every lady. It contains all the latest fashions and is illustrated with beautiful pictures. It is a work of art and is a must for every lady's library. Write to us today for a catalogue and price list. We will send you a copy of our catalogue and price list free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Dressing," which is a valuable work for every lady. It contains all the latest fashions and is illustrated with beautiful pictures. It is a work of art