

# The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME XIV.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889.

NUMBER 31.

**WALLACE BROS.,**

Statesville, N. C.

Wholesale Only.

Spring Stock, 1889,

Now ready for inspection in all departments, and the additions we have made to our usual lines make our present offerings the most complete that can be obtained. In Staple

Dry Goods,

Dress Goods,

Piece Goods.

We have certainly surpassed all previous efforts, and an examination of our

Shoe Stock

will result in convincing any that for quality, styles and low prices it cannot be surpassed on any market.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to see our stock before placing any part of their orders.

Very respectfully,

Wallace Bros.

**KEPHALINE**

A safe and reliable remedy for HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE and NEURALGIA. A few drops passed over the painful surface gives immediate relief, with termination of the attack. Price, 25c. and 50c. per bottle. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Prepared only by the KEPHALINE DRUG CO. Lenoir, North Carolina.

Kephaline Testimonials.

Mr. J. Bunyan Coffey, Hibriten, Caldwell county, N. C., says: "I have been subject to sick and nervous headache for years from which I have suffered untold misery. I have used Kephaline and find that it gives immediate relief. It also relieved my wife of a severe spell of headache. I think it worthy of a place in every house in the land and those who do not avail themselves of the benefits derived from it will miss a great blessing."

Mr. Hayward G. Powell, Hibriten, N. C., says: "I take pleasure in saying that my wife has used Kephaline for Neuralgia with great benefit."

Kephaline is for sale at the drug store of W. W. Scott & Co. and by general dealers in medicines.

Harper Bernhardt & Co., wholesale agents for Caldwell, Watonga and Wilkes counties.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1889.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

Harrison having succeeded in getting rid of the Senate, will now proceed to do some hustling on his own account; he still has some very fat plums to dispose of, such as the Public Printer, Land Commissioner, Justice of the Supreme Court, ministers to Germany and China, etc., and the office seekers will see that he does not become lonesome in the White House as long as he has an office to give away.

"Go on Benny" Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, has already begun to get in his fine political work. He has had a number of democrats employed at the naval ordnance factory in this city discharged, and republicans employed in their places.

"Cheap John" Wanamaker makes the temperance speeches and runs the Sunday School of the administration, but First Assistant Clark is running the Post office Department under the old fashioned spoils system, that bids fair to have every democratic employe of that department bounced inside of six months, and his place filled by a republican hustler, who is neither a Sunday School scholar nor a prohibitionist.

The strongest backed applicant for a position under the present administration, is, strange to say, a democrat, and if he does not receive the appointment, Harrison has little regard for influence. The fortunate man—for he is fortunate in having such an endorsement, even if he does not receive the appointment—is ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina; the position sought is the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Mr. Thompson is endorsed by every democratic Senator as well as four or five republican Senators. He was appointed to the position by Mr. Cleveland, while he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and would undoubtedly have been immediately confirmed if it had not been for the caucus resolution of the republican Senators opposing further confirmations during the session. There is nothing against Mr. Thompson and everybody agrees that he would make an excellent Civil Service Commissioner.

The rejection of the nomination of Murat Halstead to be minister to Germany by the Senate, has set the republicans all by the ears. Harrison is in a rage about it; Blaine likewise, and it is said that Halstead will be appointed anyway in a few days and that Harrison will try to be able to pull him through the Senate next winter. He will find that a somewhat difficult matter, as the republicans that voted against him say they will never do otherwise, and it is hardly likely that enough democrats can be found to stop this nice little row in the republican family. All good democrats should content themselves with looking on and shouting "Go it Harrison," and "Go it Senate," knowing that whichever side wins it will be so much ammunition furnished for the democratic guns.

New pension agents are springing up on all sides here, and they all expect to get rich during the next four years through Tanner's liberal decisions, and they are not likely to be disappointed unless Congress shall refuse to appropriate all the money needed to pay pensions under such decisions.

Mr. C. N. Andrews, of Youngstown, Ohio, father-in-law of young John A. Logan, sent the following telegram to Senator Payne the day before Murat Halstead's nomination was rejected: "I hope you will do everything in your power to defeat the vilest reptile and traducer of the noblest men in the republican party, Murat Halstead."

There is a prospect of having all executive nominations considered in open session of the Senate in the future. A resolution to that effect was offered by Mr. Teller before adjournment, and will be called up for action early in the regular session, and judging from the talk of Senators of both parties it will be adopted. It is hard in fact to discover what argument can be used against it, as it does not propose open sessions for all executive business, as all previous resolutions on the subject have done.

Senator Hoar's sub-committee to investigate our commercial relations with Canada, will start from Chicago early in May for an extended trip over the Northern Canadian Pacific railroads. What a sum to foot the bills, including even the champagne and cigars. The older republican Senators have become adepts in getting up such schemes. This sub-committee is composed of four republicans—Messrs. Hoar, Wilson, Hale, and Dolph, and three democrats—Messrs. Pugh, Butler and Voorhees.

April 12, 1889. If the shades of the members of the first Congress and its immediate successors could read ex-Senator Chace's appeal for better pay for members they would surely smile, if shades ever smile. The salary of \$5,000 a year and mileage now paid to Senator or Representative, with the additional, in the Senator's case, for the pay of a private secretary,

would have seemed to these dead and gone Congressmen an allowance fit for a king. The first members of Congress were paid \$6 a day for actual attendance at the session of Congress. Sometimes a member had to make a journey on horseback of 500 miles in order to attend the session. He was allowed a mileage of \$6 for every twenty miles he had to travel in going or returning from a session. Taking delays on account of bad weather and bad roads into consideration, 20 miles was about an average day's journey, so he was paid practically, \$6 a day from the time he left home until he returned. In 1816 the first move in the direction of an annual salary without regard to attendance was made and Congress voted its members \$1,500 a year. Congress evidently received some sharp rebuke for this extravagance, for the law was repealed the next year and shortly afterwards the compensation was fixed at eight dollars per diem. These statesmen of the new republic received their pay in a much depreciated currency, but the style of living then prevailing at the National Capital was simple and eight dollars a day even with a discount off was enough to provide a member with the ordinary comforts of the time. In 1856 the pay was raised to \$6,000 for service in one Congress or \$3,000 a year. At the close of the war the advance was made to \$5,000 a year. In 1874 a further advance was made to \$7,500 a year and Congress made itself ridiculous by voting itself back pay at that rate from the beginning of the Congressional term and then hastily repealed the law increasing the congressional salaries under stress of popular condemnation. Some members, however, kept their back pay. It is not safe for any man in Congress to begin an agitation for an increase of pay, but a man who has resigned his seat, as Mr. Chace has, and returned to private life can, without rendering himself open to criticism, begin the campaign. In every new Congress some men are missed who have declined reelection because they cannot afford to serve. Some busy members pay out yearly to their clerks as much as they receive in salary. It is said sometimes, as a reproach, that only rich men can get into the Senate. It might be said with equal truth that only rich men can afford to go to the Senate.

It is remarkable how one can get used to strange surroundings and an entirely different mode of life. Two of the new Senators at least have been active business men. Mr. Higgins, of Delaware, was a lawyer in full practice, accustomed to spend his days in court trying cases, or in office in consultation with his clients or the preparation of briefs. Mr. McMillan was one of the "lumber kings" of his State, and his time was fully taken up with diversified and important interests. And yet these two Senators, introduced into a new sphere, after an experience of a little over three weeks, appeared to be perfectly at home in their comfortable seats, and if they felt any embarrassment in being members of the most august body in the world it was not apparent to the observer from the galleries. The way that these two Senators occupied themselves while the Senate was in open session for the short time each day was entirely different. Mr. Higgins has the reputation of an infinite number of good and racy stories. His colleagues have plainly discovered that this trait in his character, for he was almost invariably in conversation with one or the other of them. Senator Everts appears to have found an affinity in the junior Senator from the Diamond State, and they were generally to be seen sitting side by side, and from the quiet laugh that was every now and then heard it was plain that some taking story had been related and properly appreciated. Mr. McMillan, who by the way, rivals Gen. Butler in being considered the best dressed Senator was not often in his seat. He is destined to make the more intimate personal acquaintance of his brother Senators, and went from chair to chair and had a few words to say to the occupant of each. His attachment to his colleague, Senator Stockbridge, is very evident. They remind one of the intimacy that exists between Gen. Burnside and the late Senator Anthony. Senators McMillan and Stockbridge, when in Washington together are not often separated from each other, and were often seen in close consultation on one of the sofas in the rear of the chamber. It may be put down as an assured fact that the two Michigan Senators will work in perfect accord. The two Senators I have named are men of ability, in the prime of life, and they will be heard from by the country during their Senatorial careers.

The general understanding is that young Thomas Settle is to be District Attorney and that John B. Eaves is to be Collector. Rollins was to have been Marshal and Tyre Glenn owes his good luck to Patterson of Buncombe. Patterson wants a good plumb and, if the Marshalship had gone to a man in the West, his chances would have been injured. Major Rollins and Patterson are good friends and the Major

didn't want the place much anyway. So, as soon as Patterson heard that Rollins was to be appointed, he got Rollins' permission to decline for him, hurried on to Washington, declined the Marshalship in Rollins' name and had Glenn appointed, Patterson will be Revenue Agent.

A TAR HEEL'S FATE.

W. R. Burch, of Goldsboro, in the Clutches of Bunco Men.

Charlotte Chronicle.

W. R. Burch, of Goldsboro, who established the "Merchants' Protective Association" in Charlotte two or three years ago, made his first trip to New York a short time ago.

About two hours after he arrived in the city he concluded he would go out and take a look at the sights of the great metropolis. Accordingly, he buttoned up his Prince Albert coat, put an extra touch on his glossy silk hat, and strolled down town.

The air was bracing, and the afternoon was beautiful. Mr. Burch had just finished a hearty meal, and he was in the best of spirits.

He had not gone more than two or three squares before he was greeted in the most cordial manner by a well dressed, nice looking man.

A WELL DRESSED STRANGER.

"Why, I am delighted to see you, old fellow," said the stranger extending his hand. "I had not seen you in such a long time I did not know what you were doing with yourself. How have you been, anyway?"

Mr. Burch looked at the man in amazement, and said: "My friend, you have certainly got the advantage of me, for I really do not remember you."

"What," said the well dressed New Yorker, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Aren't you Mr. Johnson, of Kansas City?"

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "I am W. R. Burch, of Goldsboro, North Carolina."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the stranger. "I never saw such a resemblance between two men in my life. I trust that you will excuse me for my blunder."

Making the most profuse apologies, the stranger bowed himself gracefully away.

A CODIAL GREETING.

Mr. Burch continued his stroll, and after walking a few blocks further, an elegantly dressed man, who looked, every inch, a man of the world, approached him, and, in the heaviest manner, shook hands with him, saying:

"This is Mr. Burch, of Goldsboro, is it not? I am delighted to see you. When did you arrive in the city?"

"Well, really, said the astonished Mr. Burch, "I am forced to say I do not know you."

"Don't remember me?" asked the man. "My name is Borden, and I met you in Goldsboro. I am a relative of Mr. Borden, the banker of your town. I travel for a house in Louisville, but I have an office here. While you are in town, I shall be most happy to show you around and serve you in any way within my power."

SEEING SOMETHING OF THE CITY.

"I am very glad indeed to meet you," replied Mr. Burch in his hearty manner. This is my first visit to New York, and I am just taking a little walk to see something of the city."

"Come around to my office," said the stranger. "It is only a few blocks from here, and I want you to make yourself perfectly at home."

"With pleasure," responded the unsuspecting Burch. "I have nothing in particular to do now, and I will go with you."

ONLY BUY A TICKET.

The two proceeded a short distance when Mr. Borden said: "Wait a minute I want to buy a ticket to Louisville. Come into this ticket office with me, and I'll see what I can get a ticket for."

Mr. Burch went with him into the so-called ticket office, which was a small apartment and had the appearance of a ticket scalper's place of business.

"I want a ticket to Louisville," said Mr. Burch.

"The superintendent is not in just now," replied a man who seemed to be the clerk. "Take seats, he will be back in a few minutes."

THE CATTLE DEALER.

Just then another man walked into the office and called for a ticket to Louisville.

"Why that is just where I am going myself," said Mr. Borden to the stranger who had just entered. "Do you live in Louisville?"

"I do, said the stranger. "I have just sold a drove of cattle and I am going back home."

I'VE GOT THE WEALTH on me too." As he said this, he drew out a roll of greenbacks about the size of a man's arm.

"You had better be careful how you show your money in this city," said Mr. Borden. "It is easy to be robbed."

"I wish you had told me that about two hours ago," replied the cattle dealer. "I know now, but I found it out by experience. A sharper got hold of me awhile ago and robbed me of \$300. He got me to playing

"THREE CARD MONTE" with him, and it wasn't five minutes before he had my money and I had the experience. Just as he was about to skip, I made a grab at him, but all I got was his infernal old cards. Here they are. This is the way he did me up."

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.

The cattle man then proceeded to shuffle the three cards, explaining that the game was to bet on the position of a certain card.

"For instance," he continued, the sharper would show me the faces of the three cards, then turn them over, shuffle them slowly before my eyes, and bet that I could not tell where the ace was.

"I'LL BET YOU TWENTY DOLLARS I can tell you where the ace is now," interrupted Burch's friend Borden, who had been intently watching the manipulation of the cards, as the cattle dealer explained the way he said he had been taken in.

"Done," cried the cattle dealer, putting up his twenty dollars against Borden's. "Now which is it?"

"There it is," said Borden, placing his hand on a card, which, upon being turned up, proved to be the ace. "I told you so; now hand over my twenty dollars."

"You beat me," said the cattle dealer with a rueful expression of countenance, as the clerk, who held the stakes, handed over the money to Borden.

"You got me that time, but I'LL BET YOU \$500 you can't do it again."

"I'll go you," said Borden, fumbling in his pockets for the money, while the cattle dealer coolly counted out his \$500.

"Burch," he whispered in the ear of the North Carolinian, "I've got on to this fellow's game; I'm dead on to it, and I can win his \$500. Have you got that much about you? I forgot to have a draft cashed today, and I haven't got much money with me."

A FRIENDLY LOAN.

The unsuspecting Burch reached into his inside pocket and handed out every cent he had, which amounted to \$380.

"Here," he said to Borden, "this is all I've got with me, but you are welcome to that."

"All right," returned Borden, "I've got enough to make out the five hundred with. Now we'll get him. Here's my money," he said to the stake holder. "Now shuffle your cards, Mr. Cattle Dealer."

WHAT BECAME OF THE LOAN.

The cattle dealer shuffled the cards, Borden pointed out the card which he said was the Ace, and the card was turned. It proved to be a Queen, and the cattle dealer raked in the stakes.

Just at this moment the "Superintendent" walked in, and, in a gruff voice, said: "Gambling in my office, are you? I'll have every one of you arrested."

THE PALS SKIP.

No sooner had the Superintendent spoken than the cattle dealer and Burch's friend Borden skipped with all the alacrity at their command. They were so quick that Burch could not catch up with them, and it suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had been a victim of Bunco men. The more he thought of his \$280, the angrier he became.

He determined at once to look for a detective and try to have the men arrested.

Finally, securing a detective, he returned to the "ticket office," and found it was locked up and the "Superintendent" and "Clerk" had skipped.

Mr. Burch has not, from that day to this, heard from his "friend," who professed to be Mr. Borden. The joke was such a good one, that Mr. Burch could not refrain from telling it on himself, and now his friends, whenever they wish to get even with him, ask him if he knows how to play "Three Card Monte."

Letter from Gilley.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

Please give me space in your valuable paper to say a few things, and some that seem very hard to say; among the hardest is that many of us, after the strictest cure and best medical aid that could be given, had to witness the death of Mrs. Pernina Jones, wife of Mr. Joseph Jones. Mrs. Jones was 40 years old, died April 9th, of hemorrhage on the brain, leaving a number of friends to mourn her loss. She was a very highly respected lady and will be greatly missed by her many friends, and so much by a dear and devoted husband and eight little boys, who seem to be heart broken over the loss of a dear mother. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. O. Hendrix to a very large congregation. Mrs. Jones was a consistent member of the Baptist church but had decided to join the Adventist church. Owing to neglect with other causes she did not join. The husband and children have the sympathy of many friends.

Well, it is raining, now, most as cold as ice and has been all day. It requires good fires to keep us warm.

The peach crop is badly injured by the past frost, but some left, we hope, for a few.

Had a fine dry March for farmers and fires. One of our towns—Laytown—was badly damaged by fire last week, which caused much excitement and burned long strings of fence. Several people carried water and wet their horsestops. One man carried his household goods out expecting his house to be burned. The farmers were cautious with fire during dry weather, lots of burning to do when it rained, lest they should fire the woods, but some low-down root-digging rangers fired the leaves and gave much trouble.

The hogs show this as locust year. The postoffice is crowded Topic evening for the news it brings.

Success to THE TOPIC and its friends. I. C.

WHAT OKLAHOMA IS LIKE.

A Fair Land, With Drawbacks of Quicksands, Heat, Blizzards and Fever.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12, 1889.—The lack of general information concerning the Indian Territory is easily accounted for by one who has lived there for any length of time. The Indians naturally impart as little knowledge of it as possible, partly from their instinctive jealousy and fear of the white incursion, and also because they came mostly in contact with such whites as were interested in the country remaining in its state of isolation. The cattle men, who by the aid of leases or the friendly protection of certain "squaw men" (white men married to squaws) had their herds there, were not communicative. Nor were the employes of the Interior Department.

The army people were few in number, and their life, a change from post to post on the frontier, had led them to regard Indian reservations on a large scale as part of the natural economy of the United States.

Their tastes were not commercial or pastoral and the possibilities in these lands did not strike them as forcibly as it has others. For the Interior Department the existing condition of things meant many good positions for political workmen "worthy of their steel." Cattle men gradually driven back by the surging wave of emigration found here an abiding place for their thousands of beavers and made money rapidly.

These causes combined and the other Western lands yet open for settlement left the country almost as unknown as Alaska until within a few years. The country is well watered. Kingfisher Creek and many other small streams are clear, pure, sweet and teem with fish—perch and catfish. There are also many springs. But a great deal of water is bad and unfit to drink, being rather salty, or alkaline, or both.

The Cimarron River before it reaches the Oklahoma country passes over a bed of salt that renders it utterly unfit for any purpose. It is not really good for washing. Part of its course is through banks of red clay, which is so mixed up with the water that it resembles in color and consistency muddy boarding house coffee. This is the principal stream that crosses the new Territory.

The main stream, the Canadian River, which marks the southern boundary, is similar in many respects to the Cimarron. Both run through a wide sandy bottom, sometimes narrowing, but generally a vast expanse of sand—quicksand at that—of the meanest kind. They are from two inches to ten feet in depth during a rise, and in places almost a mile wide. In time of low water a narrow, changing channel may be found, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL.

Both are exceedingly uncertain to cross during high water. You cannot see the bottom. To stop a second to look around may possibly result in the loss of your wagon, and you are likely to drive into a big hole at every step.

Some years ago a train of wagons for Lee & Reynolds coming up with buffalo robes were at the banks of the South Canadian one evening. The river was coming up and the train boss attempted to cross. Eight of the wagons stuck in the sand, and though twenty yoke of bulls were put on they could not move them. The next morning only the tops of one or two wagons remained above water. The whole eight sank away and they are supposed to be still going downward. Not even a wheel was saved.

The North Fork of the Canadian is a narrow, clear, pretty stream of fairly good water.

All of these streams have a fringe of cottonwood, willows, elm, oak or hackberry, with a little black walnut, which looks inviting to the traveler after riding over the plains of Western Kansas and Nebraska, and while the country is not really well wooded it appears to be so. Between the two Canadians is one of the prettiest little ranges ever known. Here was formerly a favorite pasture ground for buffalo, countless herds of which roamed over this section. In the bright moonlight of that latitude, after a rain, the prairie appears studded with enormous gems, caused by the reflection from the numerous pools of water in the now deserted buffalo wallows.

The climate is mild, with ex-

cessively hot days in summer, but at night after ten o'clock comes a cool, refreshing breeze that is a positive luxury, and almost every night in the year a light blanket at least is needed. Though the mercury reaches 115 degrees, or even higher, there is always a breeze that greatly relieves the oppressive effect of intense heat. During winter there is a light snowfall, that rarely lasts over a day or two.

AN OCCASIONAL BLIZZARD.

Occasionally there occurs what is known as a "blue norther" or blizzard, and the mercury gets down to about zero. During such weather stock suffers severely, and many animals perish, especially if the norther is preceded by a rain, changing into snow. The cold appears to be more penetrating than further north, and I have seen a company of negro soldiers arrive at Reno after a nine miles' march in which forty-nine out of fifty men were so badly frozen that they were at once sent to the hospital. Yet the men were apparently properly and warmly enough clad.

Were it not for the prevailing high winds and dust the climate would be delightful as a rule. The winds in summer are sometimes so high as to prevent haymaking. During one season at Fort Sill the greater portion of the hay put up at that post had to be cut and hauled by moonlight. Nothing could be done during the day.

As a rule the climate is healthy, but in all sections in that latitude, especially along the water courses, there is considerable malaria and also rheumatism. Cholera raged there some twenty years ago, but there has been none since that time.

With the opening up of this country turning over the soil may produce, and probably will, malarial in its type and symptoms. This is common to all new countries, and can be avoided generally by liberal use of quinine and avoidance of cheap whiskey. This fever usually runs but one season. Settlers from northern latitudes would do better to avoid the bottom lands and select elevated lands. It will take about a year to get really acclimated.

There is little difference practically, as to location; whether a person takes up land in the Guthrie or the Kingfisher district. Each is equally accessible. Guthrie is at least as large as Kingfisher. Kingfisher is on the western border, eighteen miles north of Fort Reno, on the Reno-Caldwell stage trail. It was formerly a stage relay station. It consists of a picket house plastered with mud, a picket stable ditto, a wire fenced garden and a haystack. But undoubtedly at each point there will be a large and prosperous town.

DEAL & DEAL.

The Racket Store.

When you want to buy for cash or produce come to Deal & Deal's, we can pay you highest price and sell you goods at prices so low that you will be pleased. We give you a few prices but can't tell you half what we have to sell.

Low Prices. Short Profits.

Show, mens brogan double sole \$1.15, boys, \$0.75, mens congress 1.40, 1.60, 2.10, per pair, mens lace, 1.50 pair, boys lace, \$1.25, 1.40, pair, womens circular seam \$1 pair, womens circular seam calf skin hand made \$0.75, this is a job worth 1.50 we wont keep them a week, shoes womens fine lace \$1.15, pair, womens fine button \$1.15, 1.25, 1.40, womens fine kid button 1.90, 2.25, 2.50, mens fine kid button 1.50, 1.75, mens pants \$0.90, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, coats \$0.60, cashmere all wool suits, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, hats mens crush \$0.75, to \$1.00, broad brim \$0.60, \$0.80, \$1.00, mens fur 1.10, 1.25, 1.60, ravedge best fur 1.50, this ravedge is a special bargain worth 2.25, hats mens stiff wool hats \$0.75, fur 1.50, boys \$0.50, \$0.60, \$0.75, calicoes at 4c, 5c, 6c, indigo blues \$0.25, ginghams \$0.25, 2d worsted wools \$0.15, 20c, 25c, cashmere, 25c, 30c, canton flannel \$0.10, bleached canton flannel \$0.10, danish table cloth turkey red \$0.10, bleached \$0.10, alumina \$0.10, bed ticking 10c, 15c.

Table oil cloth \$7, 23, 25 yd, shawls \$0.75, \$1, 1.15, 1.25, 1.75 each, Cashmere Shawls 1.50, 1.40, 1.55 each, Ladies collars \$0.10, Ladies collars and cuffs \$0.10, Handkerchiefs \$0.10, \$0.15, \$0.20, Japanese silk hdkfs \$0.50, Turkey red hdkfs \$0.10, Note paper gilt edge \$0.25, Letter paper 10c, Foolscap 10c, Writing labels \$0.10, Books 10c, Novels, History, Detective stories, Poems, gilt edge, 40c, Jewelry, breast pins, 5.10, 25c, Bangs pin \$0.25, Darling 10c, Baby and Pet \$0.25, Specks \$0.10, per pair, Lamps \$0.40, \$0.50, Glassware at 5c, best \$0.25, Paper 25c, Forks \$0.25, Coffee, \$0.25, Sugar \$0.25, Ice, \$0.25, New Orleans rice 17c, Wash soap \$0.15, 1d, biggest thing out for a nickel, Water buckets \$0.25, cedar, 8- hoop, 30c, Tin buckets 15, 20, 25c, Dish pans 10c, 20c, Evaporated molasses home made at 5c, 6c, Horse collars \$0.25, Harness \$0.25, Traces \$0.25, Shoelaces and Spades, steel, 6c each, cleavers 15c, 20c.

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