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nov 6 W6m

WHAT SHALL I DO?

BY SCHILLER.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if I do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What needst thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar.
Worth is the ocean—Fame is but the brink
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever,
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Thinkst thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with my might,
Ere perfect scheme of action devise
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

— Whoever has a bad habit has a master.

— When the outlook is not good try the uplook.

— We best serve ourselves when we best serve others.

— The brightest of all things, the sun, hath its spots.

— Heridity and environment are the master influences of the organic world. These have made all of us what we are. These forces are still ceaselessly playing on all our lives.—*Drummond.*

—Edward Everett Hale once said to a friend, "Never bear but one kind of trouble at a time," and added: "Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

— Dedication and prayer are the indispensable background to any Christian work worth doing. And without them Christian living fails of acquiring that depth without which Christian doing is sure to be superficial and ineffective.—*H. C. Trumbull.*

— A religion that does not pacify the home cannot regenerate the race; one that depraves the home is certain to deprave humanity. Motherhood is to be sacred if manhood is to be honorable. Spoil the wife of sanctity and for man the sanctities of life have perished.—*Dr. Fairbain.*

— Character formed according to the truth as presented in God's word is the only thing that will avail in the sight of God, and men are more and more inclined to estimate each other by the same standard. It is a hard matter now for a man known to be bad to secure office. A few years from now it will be impossible.

— Condemn sin of every kind. There is nothing on earth or in hell that is worse than sin; it is the one thing hateful to God. "It is not for you to be always using the knife; deal gently. No man was more bitter against sin than Christ, yet he was tender when there was relenting and a sign of repentance. Be patient, deal gently, kindly; be as nearly attached to your people as your Master was.—*Bishop Wilson to Young Preachers.*

TWINKLINGS.

— "Marriage is a feast of life."

"Yes, and divorce is washing the dishes and returning them to their former places."—*Washington Star.*

— "Well, Mr. Benedict," said the physician, "you scarcely expected triplets to begin with."

"No, I didn't," replied the disconsolate man. "I prefer my family on the installment plan."—*Life.*

— Griggsby—"When you were abroad did you go to see any of the autocrats or despots?"

Strandby—"No; I went abroad in search of novelties. You know that I have had a long experience with janitors on this side of the water."—*Boston Transcript.*

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DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures nervous prostration. Not miraculously, but scientifically, by first removing the germs of disease, and then supplying healthy nerve food, increasing the appetite, helping digestion and strengthening the entire system. Desperate cases require prolonged treatment as shown by that of Mrs. M. B. Reed, of Delta, Iowa, who writes: "As the result of a lightning stroke, the physicians said I had a light stroke of paralysis, my limbs would all draw up. I would have throbbings in my chest that seemed unendurable. For three months I could not sleep and for three weeks did not close my eyes. I prayed for sleep, and felt that if relief did not come I would be dead or insane. I took Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and the second night slept two hours and from that time on my health improved slowly at first, but steadily and surely. I took in all 40 bottles, and I cannot express how grateful I am, for I am now perfectly well, and have taken no medicine for over four months." Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by druggists on guarantee that first bottle benefits or money refunded.

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The Weekly Star.

PLAINT OF THE HEROINE OF FICTION.

I once had lovely golden hair,
Or raven hair—no matter which.
I was as good and sweet and fair
As any angel in a niche.
Or, if I did a little wrong,
It was to prove me human still.
My feelings were extremely strong,
But I had disciplined my will.

A change has come—and what a change!
With awful problems I am vexed,
From crime to crime I reckless range,
I know not what will happen next.
From frantic woe to frantic bliss,
From frantic wrath to frantic glee—
I never wished to be like this!
I can't make out what's come to me!

Gone are my gayety and cheer,
Gone is my hero bold and true,
In my hysterical career
I very often long for you!
Now me, all other woes above,
My bitter destiny compels
To wed a man I do not love,
Then fall in love with some one else.

Yet me how would you recognize,
O Hero, if you met me now?
What scorn would lighten from your eyes
And corrugate your manly brow!
The modern hero I have found,
Upon the whole, I do not like.
He's either stupid or unsound,
And if I were not worse I'd strike.

But I am worse—I never guessed
How bad I could be till I tried,
Compelled too often to arrest
My headlong course by suicide.
And though I cease from guilt and slang,
A fresh reprieve I fain would beg,
For other authors seem to hang
Theories on me like a peg.

Ah, yet I long a little share
Of happiness and love to find.
Again I would be gay and fair,
Loyal and chivalrous and kind!
Ah! do not bid me rant and rave.
Ah! do not bid me preach and bore.
Give back my Hero, true and brave,
Whom I shall love forever more.

—Ray Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

THE PLOT SPOILED.

She was sitting in the corner of the carriage opposite to me, and we had got into conversation via the window, which I pulled down for her, and a magazine, which I lent her. She agreed with me that it was a hot day and that the magazine was stupid. A chance incident gave a more personal turn to the conversation. I took out my pocketbook to see that my ticket was safe and let a letter drop on the floor of the carriage. The letter was addressed to the Earl of Dunmore. Her eyes fell on it, and she looked at me with a pleased smile.

"Is that you? Are you an earl?" she asked.

Now I may at once state that I am not an earl, and that the letter was not addressed to me, but was intended for my autograph collection. Yet she was pretty, and I thought she seemed pleased at the idea that I was an earl. The only other occupants of the carriage were two somnolent old ladies, who were not likely to overhear me, so I decided to be an earl, and condescendingly admitted the fact.

"I'm so glad," she answered. "I did so want to meet a real lord."

"I am gratified that my presence is any pleasure to you," I said, wondering whether she was an American or merely an ordinary radical.

"You see," she replied, "I write a little."

"You're not going to interview me!" I exclaimed in real alarm, for the Earl of Dunmore might be a choleric man and the consequences unpleasant.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I don't write things like that. I write novels."

"A milder form of fiction," I suggested.

"Perhaps I've read your novels."

"I'm afraid an earl wouldn't have read them. They only come out in penny editions," she said wistfully. "But I'm writing a serial story for a Sunday paper now. That's better, isn't it?"

"Much better. You're getting on," I replied, with increased interest in my companion, for I had long wished to know what kind of person writes pennyfuls. "But are you going to put me into the serial story?"

"Would you mind much?" she asked.

"Well, if you don't give my name," I said.

"It's awfully good of you," she answered gratefully, "and you can tell me a lot of things I want to know. You see, people who buy penny books like them to be about lords, and it's so hard to write about lords when you've never met one."

"If I can be of any assistance," I said.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Now tell me, are you a bad lord or a good lord? They're always very bad or very good, aren't they?"

"Generally," I said. "I'm afraid I'm one of the bad kind."

"I'm so glad," she answered. "There's a good marquis in my story. He's the hero, and I can write about him pretty easily, because he comes to see the humble heroine. And there's a bad earl. He's the villain, and he lives in his castle, and that's what makes it so hard. How are you so bad?"

"Oh, I'm pretty bad all round," I said.

"It's not necessary to be particular to a crime or two in drawing my character. I'm sorry that I can't tell you much about my crimes. The police, you know. That's the worst of a democracy."

"Oh, I like that," she replied. "I'll certainly put that in. But you might tell me about them. I wouldn't let any one know they were yours."

"I am not alone in these matters," I said mysteriously. "I am sworn to a silence as deep as the grave. I wish I could be more explicit. Our crimes are so unlike the petty crimes of the people."

"Are you going to your castle now?" she asked.

"No," I said; "I'm going to Kinton to stay with a man there. He's a mere commoner, but he's got money, and dice can be cogged, you know."

"You play with cogged dice, do you?" she answered. "How lovely! I'm going to Kinton, too," she added after a pause.

"Do you live there?" I asked, beginning to feel uneasy.

"No," she said. "I'm going to Mrs. Dawson's."

"Mrs. Dawson's?" I inquired faintly. "On a visit?"

"No," she said, "I am going as maid to Mrs. Dawson. I was in service, you know, before I took to literature, and I generally take a place for my summer holiday. It will be jolly. I've never been at so big a house before."

I was very uncomfortable, for I was going to stay at the house too.

It occurred to me at first to pretend that I was traveling incognito, but she would be certain to find me out. In all probability Mrs. Dawson would be in possession of the whole conversation in a day or two, and I should become a laughing stock. I am a shy man and averse to ridicule. Besides, for several reasons, I wished to produce a good impression on Mrs. Dawson.

I decided to make a clean breast of the whole thing to the young woman. When I had told her, she looked at me with unutterable contempt.

"Then you're not a lord at all," she said. "And was everything else you told me just as untrue?"

"I am afraid so," I answered.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she went on. "You might have spoilt my novel altogether. I shall write to the Authors' society about you."

"I want you," I said, "not to tell any one."

I reasoned with her for some time, and eventually agreed to give her a sovereign down and three more if she kept the secret while I was at Kinton. We had only just concluded the agreement when we reached our destination. As we stopped, the young woman handed the sovereign back and said, with a smile:

"Mr. Trevor, you shouldn't pretend to be the Earl of Dunmore when your name is on your hatbox."

"Hello, Lena, here you are," exclaimed Mr. Dawson from the platform. "How do you do, Trevor? I didn't know you knew my niece."

"Please don't tell," I whispered.

"Of course not," she answered. "I have the eyes of a well bred countess." And she did not tell.—Exchange.

Other Use For His Jaw.

Cannibal Chief—What have you for dinner today, love?

Cannibal Chieftainess—The last lot are all gone but two typewriter girls. Have you any choice?

Cannibal Chief—No, my dear. That is a case in which I have no wish to dictate!—New York Press.

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SPOKE FOR HERSELF.

Martel du Bois, a young man of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was at the breaking out of the French revolution affianced to the daughter of a tradesman named Zoulouche—a man of wealth, but no principle.

Celeste was pretty, artful, ambitious and treacherous, and when she thought it to her interest to get rid of her lover she secretly denounced him and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Meantime a young widow, Mme. Romaine, who had secretly conceived a passion for him, on learning of his incarceration and its cause determined to save him. She went to the jailer, and by means of a bribe—for money was potent in those days as well as in these—obtained an interview. Du Bois was surprised at her visit.

"I have come," she said frankly, "in the hope that I may save a life for which I would freely give my own."

"I do not know as I understand you, madame!" replied the wondering prisoner.

"Probably not, for I am a woman, and women are sometimes enigmas even to themselves. I will not ask if you know me, for you certainly do not, but do you know my name?"

"Yes; you are Mme. Romaine, widow of Jules Romaine, daughter of Gustavus d'Auvergne—young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"We have ten minutes to converse in private. You must escape from here and fly from France! You may be tried at any hour, and, once tried, you will be condemned and executed."

"But who so base as to denounce me, madame? I would know the name of my enemy, that if ever I do escape I may at some future time exact reparation for the injury."

"Oh, perfidy!" exclaimed Mme. Romaine. "Prepare yourself, Martel du Bois, to hear a terrible truth. Where you trusted most you have been most basely betrayed. Celeste Zoulouche is your secret denouncer."

"Impossible!" cried Du Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mon Dieu! You are but trying my faith."

"We are wasting precious time," said the other, glancing at her watch. "Believe what I tell you. You will have corroborative evidence all too soon."

"Then welcome the guillotine! Why live in a world so treacherous and base!"

"But all are not like Celeste Zoulouche."

"Your own presence here, madame, is a proof of that. But my faith is shaken, and life seems of little worth."

"We should not be too selfish," rejoined Mme. Romaine hurriedly. "Live, Martel, or one of your friends will henceforth be wretched!"

"Is it so?" exclaimed Du Bois as the truth flashed upon him.

"This is no time for false delicacy," pursued the other, with agitation. "Circumstances have caused me to betray feelings you otherwise might never have suspected and for which even now I may be receiving your secret censure. But no matter! Let me but know you have escaped and are beyond the reach of your enemies and I can be happy, even should we never meet again."

"Censure you! Despise you for trying to save my life! Oh, madame, your words give me pain!"

"You will live then? You will escape?"

"If possible I will, if only for your sake."

"Quick, then, give ear to my plan. Here is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick; you will look pale. Eat little or no food and you will lose your strength. The physician will be called and you will be removed to the hospital. Once there, I trust I shall be able to effect your escape. You will obey my instructions?"

"Religiously."

"Then, if your trial should not come on meantime, you may be saved. I go to watch and pray and hope. Adieu!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Romaine, and the third day after her visit he was removed to the hospital. Here he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all!" she said to him at the first opportunity. "Julie Romaine is my cousin; I am her confidant. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is this: You must seem to get worse and worse, and at last, at the proper time, you must feign convulsions and appear to die. I will cover your face, and when the chief physician comes his rounds announce your death. If he takes my word for it, all will be well; if not, we may fail. That is our risk."

"And suppose he leaves me for dead—what then?"

"Then, after dark, I will pretend to have received an order to have you conveyed to the dissecting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's suit, in which disguise you must escape."

Near the close of his fourth day in the hospital Martel du Bois was seen by more than one person in convulsions. An hour or two later, when the physician made his rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of your services here," said Sister Agnes calmly, as she intercepted him. "The next patient seems worse. Will you be kind enough to see him at once?"

The doctor passed on. So far, all well.

It was quite dark when the body of Du Bois was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired in haste, leaving Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, here are your garments. Quick!" said the fair nurse.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and important surgeon.

"This lad will guide you—follow him!" said Sister Agnes hurriedly. "Linger not a moment! Adieu! Adieu!"

Five minutes later Martel du Bois, guided by a youth, was hurriedly passing through the streets of Toulouse. On the outskirts of the town the youth led him to an old stable, where they found two swift horses prepared for a journey.

They mounted and rode southward toward Spain. When morning dawned, there were 40 good miles between them and Toulouse. The second night they entered Spain and were safe.

"Now, my brave lad," said Du Bois, "go back to your mistress, Mme. Romaine, and tell her my hand, my heart and my life are at her disposal."

"She will accept your hand and heart, but begs you to keep your life," returned the youth, with a light laugh.

"She will speak for herself!" rejoined Du Bois sharply.

"She does!" laughed the other.

"How is this?"

"I am Julie Romaine."

They were married in Spain, and at the close of the reign of terror returned to France and lived long and happily.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Waltham Powder Works.

The description in an English journal of the royal gunpowder factory at Waltham would seem to show the establishment more in the light of a world's fair than the prosaic plant that such a purpose involves. There are, it appears, some 400 acres of wooded land, intersected by four miles of running streams, and electric launches ply between the different buildings, while cargoes of explosives are conveyed by sail barges in order to reduce liability to danger to a minimum. In what is known as the "danger building" there is a board set up across the threshold, which not even the inspector may step over without having a special pair of large overboots put on his feet, to keep his shoes from tracking grit from outside upon the felt carpet. In one part of the grounds is a pond into which the water from the nitroglycerin factory is drained, and once a week this extraordinary lake is exploded with a dynamite cartridge, to prevent too great accumulation of waste nitroglycerin—some times, in fact, there is so much in the water that holes 20 feet deep are made and the water is all blown away.

Merely Suggestive.

"I could almost believe these to be mother's biscuits," he said.

Tears of joy sprang to her eyes as she listened.

"But no," he continued. "It cannot be. Mother has been dead these 25 years."

He was conscious that her glare wasn't doing a thing but burn into his very soul.—Detroit Tribune.

A RECEIPTED BILL.

"Yune!"

"Well?"

"I tell you that what we have earned for the last month is but a drop in the bucket to our expenses. We are $20 in debt, including the doctor's bill!"

There were three of them—Maria, Eunice, or Yune, as they called her, and a sick mother. Mrs. Merle was bedridden, and the girls worked to support her and keep together their little home.

The girls let one of the chambers to a lodger, and that helped to keep the roof over their heads. For the rest of their living, Yune taught the district school while Maria kept house, did sewing and braided straw.

"Oh, if we were only as rich as Mr. Glyndon!" said Yune.

Mr. Glyndon was the lodger.

"Do you suppose he would lend us some money until your next school quarter is up?"

Yune's beautiful brown eyes opened wide.

"I don't know, I am sure. Why, dare you ask him? He's so terribly reserved, you know, Maria."

"I think I will," said Maria.

No more was said of the anticipated plan, but the next night when Yune came from school Maria showed her the $20 received from Mr. Glyndon.

The next morning Yune started for school, as usual, when a quick step came behind her and the next moment Mr. Glyndon was at her side.

"Good morning, Miss Merle."

"Good morning, Mr. Glyndon."

"Miss Merle," was his next unsolicited remark, "I like your face. Will you marry me?"

Yune misunderstood. She did not take in the depth of his meaning when he said, "I like your face."

"Thank you, Mr. Glyndon, but I am not poor enough yet to sell my beauty. I wish you a good morning." And she turned down a crossroad.

The next morning Maria was ill—threatened with lung fever. Poor Yune was overwhelmed with her troubles. A week of weary care and exhausting labor for her passed, then Maria was out of danger and affairs began to get a little settled.

But it was a woeful settling in a pecuniary way. They were penniless, and the doctor's bills for Maria had run up to $20.

Now, the doctor had been a hard creditor of her father's. There was not a man in the village whom Yune had not rather be under obligations to—unless she equally regretted not being independent of Mr. Glyndon.

As she sat alone she thought suddenly of her watch—the little jeweled Geneva watch which had been her father's last gift to her. She could pawn it. The act was cruelest sacrilege, but she went to a wealthy man of the village and received $40 for it, with the agreement that it was to be redeemed within six months.

Mr. Glyndon had been very kind during Maria's illness. Totally ignoring Yune's abrupt repulse, he had done all in his power to relieve her of distress and labor. Studiously as she maintained her hauteur, she could not but feel it. So, more sweetly than she might otherwise have done, she sought him to repay the amount of his loan.

"Miss Yune, I shall not receive that money. It was requested as a loan, but Maria must keep it in token of my admiration for her excellence as a sister and a daughter. I think she will do so. She is not so proud as you are, Yune."

Yune laid the money down haughtily.

"I prefer to repay the loan," she said, and turned to leave the room, and then she went to the doctor's.

Dr. Willard received her very pleasantly, and presented her with the bill receipted.

"What does this mean, Dr. Willard?" she asked.

"I have been paid—the bill is discharged."

"By whom? How?"

"Did you not send the money through the postoffice last night, with word that you would call for the bill?"

"Certainly not!"

"Some one has done so. You have some unknown friend, Miss Merle."

Yune took the bill and turned homeward. On the way she thought of every relative or friend she had who would be likely to do her such a service. She could not satisfy herself before she reached home. There she told Maria the good news.

"We have but one such good friend as that, Yune."

"And who is that, pray?"

"Why, Mr. Glyndon, of course."

"Maria, do you suppose that he has paid that $20?" she cried.

"I have no doubt of it. How kind and good he is! And how can you help loving him, Yune? I should love him, I know, if it weren't for my Charley, whether he wanted me to or not."

Yune sat silent. Soon after Maria went to bed. Still Yune sat alone in the silent sitting room thinking. Finally she got up, went up to Mr. Glyndon's room and knocked at the door. He opened it. She looked up into his kind, grave face.

"Mr. Glyndon, I have been very rude, and you are very kind. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, and will you love me, Yune?"

"I do."

So joy and peace and prosperity dawned on the family. Yune keeps Dr. Willard's bill as the memento of how she was checkmated.—New York News.

Haggis.

Some writers have said that the derivation of the word is traceable to haut gout, signifying a highly flavored dish. "Hudibras" has:

As French cooks use
Their haut gouts, bouillies or ragouts;

or, as the line is said to have stood originally:

Their haut gusts, buollies or ragusts.
Part II, i, 669.

But a haggis contains minced meats, and the derivation of the word is more likely to be that given by John Hill Burton, no mean authority on such a subject. Writing of some French words, and some words of French origin, which crept into common use in many parts of Scotland, such as gigot, ashet, etc., he alludes to Burns' song on the haggis as a national dish and adds: "Yet there can be no question that this potent pudding is the lineal descendant of the French hachis."

Jamieson's explanation is as follows:

Dr. Johnson derives haggess from hog or hack. The last is certainly the proper origin, if we may judge from the Sw. term used in the same sense, hack-polsa, q. minced porridge. Haggies retains the form of the S. v. hag. In Gael it is tagais, as there is no h in that language; Arm. hachein, Fr. hachis.

—Notes and Queries.

To the Frigid Zone.

"Is it true that young Wilson has gone on a polar expedition?"

"Yes. He has gone to Boston to see his girl."—Detroit Free Press.

Pickled Tea.

The Kew Bulletin contains two interesting reports on the cultivation and preparation of the so called pickled or leppett tea of Burmah one from the northern Shan states, the other from the upper Chindwin. The plant yielding this tea is the ordinary Assam tea plant. The young and tender leaves are boiled in large narrow necked pots, and are then poured into square pits dug in the ground about six feet deep, the sides and bottom being lined with walls of plantain leaves. The pit being filled with boiled tea and the juice from the pots, plantain leaves are placed on top and earth piled above these, stones and other heavy weights being placed on top. The pits are opened after some months. The tea is sold in a dry state and is prepared by boiling in an earthen kettle, salt being added when it is drank. In lower Burma, however, it is largely consumed in the solid form, the leaves being soaked in oil, a little garlic or dried fish being added, and in this form it is regarded as a great dainty. At all family festivals it plays an important part, and no ceremony is complete without it. The profits on the trade seem to be enormous. Tea bought at the gardens at from 15 to 25 rupees for 360 pounds is sold in Mandalay at from 60 to 140 rupees.—London Times.

Her Style.

Mrs. White—Oh, you've got a new pair of glasses!

Mrs. Greene—Yes; when I went into the store, I didn't know what to say when the young man asked me if I'd have conclave or complex, but I finely took a pair of peristaltic. The name sounded so genteel, you know, that I made up my mind at once to take them.—Boston Transcript.

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Our special sale of Rugs this week. 36x72 inch Rugs at 39c; beautiful light styles Silk Moquet Brussels Rugs at 35; large Smyrna Rugs, 30x60 inches, all wool, lovely styles, at $2.00; Smyrna Rugs at 25, 50, 98c, $1.50 up to 5.00 each; large Art Squares 10½ feet by 12 feet, at $4.00; Crumb Cloths at $3.75; large Office Ruggets, 9x9 square feet, very heavy, at $7.50, worth regular $12.00; and many styles of Rugs in remnants of fine Brussels Carpets, all grades, 5 feet long, at 75c a piece.

MATTING—A large lot on hand that we are selling very low. Good Matting, 1 yard wide, at 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20, 22½c up to 35c per yard. If you need a Matting and have a desire to save money, it might be to your interest as well as ours to give ours a look. In Carpets we are closing out this line at a Discount of 20 per cent., and if you need a Carpet we promise the lowest price to begin with, and still 20 per cent. off that for cash only.

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SHOES—We have bought 100 cases of new Shoes to replenish our stock, as the price is rapidly advancing. Baby Shoes, 20c; Women's solid Pebble Grain Shoes at 75 and 85c; Button, fine Oil Grain, at $1.00. Ladies' Dongola Patent Tip Shoes, new and fresh goods, at 65c a pair.

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