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costs cotton planters more than five million dollars annually. This is an enormous waste, and can be prevented. Practical experiments at Alabama Experiment Station show conclusively that the use of

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All about Potash—the results of its use by actual ex-periment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York,

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- The prayer that starts on a Bible promise flies on the wings of faith. - The preaching that is aimed at the head, generally misses the heart. - God made visible things to teach us of better things that are in

- There are thousands of promises in the Bible, but not one of them was put there to make a loafer happy. - "The Bible is a mosaic-every part of it contributing to Him who is its source and center. Jesus Christ."-Cul-

- People glory in all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbor .- George Eliot.

- An eternity behind you waited for you to begin to live; an eternity before you is waiting to see how you are living .- Dr. Chas. Taylor.

- "Study the history of the Jews; study the land where they lived; study with the mind, with the eves, and the heart, if you would know God's Word.

- "I believe a man can serve the Lord at the ballot box and in the halls legislation, and our young men should be looking for opportunities to serve Him thus."—Dr. Barron. - I have long since ceased to

pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion on a lost world." I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, "! have had compassion upon a lost world. and now it is time for you to have compassion."-A I. Gordan

- It is an old admonition, but it cannot be too frequently repeated. Be your best at home in dress, manners and despised him with all my soul and wonholy hours in criticism, fault-finding and unkind words and acts. Only a few brief years de family circles remain unbroken by the invasion of marriages, removals, or deaths and, if our retrospect of the time spent together is to be a precious memory. let its hours be fiited with all that is loving and generous and noble.- Evening Messenger.

Yesterday brought to a close a week in the New York dry goods market in which there was an increased business transacted at both first and second hands without ouyers showing any disposition to depart from a conservative policy in their operations. In vesterday's business the restriction of orders to supplies for quick delivery has been specially no-

Will Not Perform Miracles But It Will Cure.



Curse nervous prostration. Not miraculously, but scientifically, by first removing the garms of disease, and then supplying healthy nervo 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 Dr. Miles' would have throbbings in my chest that seemed unendurable. For three menths I could not sleep Restores 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. Book on heart and nerves free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

No morphine or oplum in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. CURE All Pain. "One cent a dose." No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS All Pain. "One cent a dose," For sale by all Druggists, Ione 15 lv as in th

AN ACROSTIC.

MOWERS. CASTINGS. HINGES. IRON. SPIKES. OVENS. NAILS.

Orton Building, Wilmington, N. C.

The Weekly Star.

AN AIRY DELUSION. One day, in lovely summer weather, A pretty, little crimson feather That in a garden pathway lay Was by the wind uplifted lightly, And, shining in the sunshine brightly, Went flying gracefully away.

"Well," said he, with great pride, "I never, Bright as I am, thought that I'd ever Be turned into a bird and fly. But it has chanced, and though I love you Now that I am so far above you, Dear flowers, I must so goodby."

The pinks and poppies, looking after
The boaster, fairly shook with laughter
And thought some very funny things.
But an old thistle growled: "Like others
I've known, who might have been his brothers. He has mistaken wind for wings.

"Let him go on, a-twirling, twirling, This way and that a-whirling, whirling, With airs that really are absurd. He'll find when his false comrade stops him In his vain flight and rudely, drops him One feather does not make a bird." -Margaret Eytinge in Youth's Companion.

THOSE OTHER PEOPLE

We had quarreled. I don't know what about. Neither of us quite knew, I think —one of those unexplained quarrels when we thought mean things of each other without any cause and then justified the other's condemnation by meaner actions. We were polite to stupidity, and our conversation was interlarded with the poorest satire, in which we exulted as displaying the sharpness of our wit and the indifference of our feelings. We ruthlessly stab-bed, and wondered every time at the other's cruelty with a renewed sense of surprise, while pondering on a return thrust likely to prove more hurtful. Every day we seemed to be growing farther from the possibility of a reconciliation, till at last we became quite friendly in our enmity. We ceased to be personal, and only di cussed outside matters. Our hearts had solidly frozen-we, who had loved each other so much. There was no longe warmth enough even for satire. We ate our meals silently together in the great hall of the queer old inn of Montenero, which was built high up on the rocks above the swift river coiling about their base 200 feet below, an impregnable strong hold in the old times of the border wars, and now but a hostelry for travelers cross ing the wild forest lands that stretched for miles to the horizon. I had come to meet he count, my father, on his way south but he had been detained, and Ugo had declared he would not leave me in the desolate old castle till a safer protector than my female attendant should arrive. I acquiesced-how willingly then, when my eart beat at the sound of his footsteps, and the gloomy halls seemed so mysteriously delightful while he was there. Things had indeed changed. Now I protested impatiently at the waiting. Would not my father soon arrive? Yet surely I dreaded his advent, which would mean our parting without ever a reconciliation. He offered to ride to his encounter. I murmured that he might if he wished, and turned away with my heart sinking into my toes. He did not go, however, and in

dered how I ever could have thought him aught but a bear. One day as I strode angrily along the corridor I encountered one of the guests I had not before noticed, though later I remembered that she had been about the inn for some days. She was a little person, not so much in height—she might have been as tall as myself—as in general effect. She looked little and had the meanest countenance I had ever beheld. I took such a sudden dislike to the creature that I involuntarily drew my skirts aside as she passed. Later on in the day we both observed her at a table in the company of a man. He was taller than she, yet had the same appearance of puny meanness. An impotent pugnacity marked the whole of his irascible physiognomy, the features of which were white and formless. The two openly wrangled during the whole course f the meal, so that we could not help laughing at the ridiculousness of their be-havior. They bandied words on every conceivable subject. "Pray don't eat your soup as if you were fond of it," said she. 'I hate to see people eat their soup in that way." "You hate every one but yourself," said he. "Perhaps I do, when every one

this I found further cause for a display of

has diminished to a you," she rejoined. "How brutal they are!" murmured Ugo. I laughed. Well, we were well bred in our quarrels, at any rate. Whatever we thought we took care to conceal to elabo-rate politenesses worthy extainly of better feelings. I think he understood what was passing through my mind, for he flushed a little angrily. Surely I did not mean to compare ourselves to these low creatures. whose deformed bodies seemed the index to their crocked souls? Whether I did or not, I succeeded in hiding further expression of my thoughts. During the following days we became

better friends. The discussion of these oddities made us forget something of our own rancor. We were pleased to condemn them and philosophize on the uselessness of such beings on earth, their hideousness and evident discontent with life. Whenever we came across them, our loathing increased. . It happened one afternoon as we were sented on the parapet of the tower overlooking the dense stretch of wooded country to westward, and the silver serpent river, whose color despened with the setting of the sun, till the whole became a winding line of molten crimson at our feet, that a strange emotion, caused by the wondrous scene, stirred us both. We turned to look at one another, when the sight of their vile figures intercepted our glances and their querulous voices echoed in the great silence—petty, stupid, mean.
"I wonder that they can even think of such things," I said a little hotly, whereat an odd look crept into Ugo's eyes, which made me feel suddenly indignant. No loubt he was comparing me to them. How small of him to do that! How I disliked the way he dangled his feet against the parapet, his sword between his knees! I rose up and went in. He could listen and enjoy the company of these horrible people if he liked, since he could not see any difference between them and me. I went disconsolately to my room and watched from my window, and the tears crept into my eyes as I thought that surely Ugo and I would never be the same to one another again. While I sat and dreamily pondered the idea entered my head that this strange pair had come between us; that they had cast the evil eye on us-the evil eye! I shuddered as a sense of the reality of the superstition assailed me. I recollected that they had appeared at the inn on the day of our quarrel. For seven days Ugo and I had been as strangers to one another, and they—they would sever us for all time. I leaned out of my window, gazing down on the parapet beneath me, on which Ugo still say The horrible woman was looking at him even as I was, and the man mumbling to himself. I could have laughed out loud from very rage, for Ugo seemed to be mesmerized to the spot, bathed in the crimson light from

the setting sun, with a look in his eyes that was not his, a look of one enthralled by evil. Far below the river seemed a way of blood and the forest trees black and immutable. The idea of blood entered my soul, and with it a terrible thought. I shivered and closed the case ment, then hastened away to escape from the grewsome notion that seemed to pursue me and take possession of my will. I had done it. The awful idea had re-

turned to me.
In the late evening I stole through the In the late evening I stole through the dark corridor to her room, and all the way I laughed to myself, for the strange madness so possessed me that I had neither fear nor horror. Then I crept away down the stairs and out into the open by the flowing river. There, as the cool air fanned my feverish face, I thought: "I have done right. She was an evil, horrible thing who would harm us. But, Ugo! What will he think? Still," I said aloud, "I am glad!"

"Why are you glad!"

glad! I am glad!"

"Why are you glad?"

I turned round with a little cry as Ugo came out of the darkness and joined me.

"I could not rest," he went on quite naturally, "so I came out here. I did not expect to find you," he continued, with no warmth in his tone, adding: "Those people got on my mind. I felt an irresistible desire to go and smother that brute—kill him! I wish I had. But somehow I hadn's the courage."





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Butter in kits and boxes. I. T. Alderman, Commission Merchant, 218 North Front street. feb 20 1m You will not find in his city a better assorted stock of Candies, Fruits, and Apples than mire And don't forget that my prices are the lowest.

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HALL & PEARSALL, Nutt and Mulberry streets. "I have killed her."

"You are mad?"
"I have killed her," I repeated.
He remained silent, pale to the lips, the aid hurriedly, "No one can possibly known. rou did ftp"

"He—he should divine."
"But he must die too!" He sprang away from my side, bitten by my madness.
"Don't you see," he said, looking oddly,
"such people must not exist. They are horous worms. They are not hu man. They have the evil eye. They poison

I followed slowly, possessed by a strange calm. Of course it was quite right. The world must be rid of such extraneous beings. We cleansed our houses of all vile accumulations, we swept our streets and burned every useless thing, killed neuseous insects and treacherous animals, extermi-nating all that was leathsome. Why did we stop at human vermin, and not purify the world, too, of such defilement? Then suddenly I stood still. Ugo, a few yards before me, was rooted to the ground, and passing near were those other people. Yes, she! I had falled, then! My stabs meant nothing. She could not be killed. Ugo, too, had failed! The blood in my veins turned cold with horror, and, like him. I

could not move from where I stood. At last he came up to me as one in a dream and said: "We cannot kill them! Look! They are some evil spirits. Little one," he murmured tenderly, "come away Come away from here. It is a poisoned place. They may live forever, but they shall not separate us. We were in their thraldom." Was it a dream? Ugo's arms were round me. "I love you! I love you!" he said! "I have been afraid to tell you, and they, they came between us; but we do not care, do wel You were so brave-braver than I—for you did not hesitate. But it was no use. We could not kill

Our arms were tightly entwined. Noth-ing in the world could come between us now. Those grewsome people were but pygmies. What cared wef And we turned with a laugh toward them. Then we saw what was indeed stranger than anything that had yet happened at the old castle, for there under our very eyes they changed and she became even as I was, tall and fair, and he as Ugo, brave and beautiful till at last it seemed that they were we and we were they. Then, as the pale moon gleamed from out the clouds and threw a flood of light across our path, we found

that we were alone.
"It is not true!" I murmured. "I may have been like that, but not you." He colored to his eyebrows. "The portrait of me was doubtless excellent," said he. "The other, of course, was a preposterous cal-

But I don't think either of us cared very much, for we knew that as long as our hearts beat near one another's those other people could not find a way to come be-tween us. And in very truth they were seen no more at Montenero.—West Budget.

Got a Surfeit of Eggs. "Do you like eggs?" was the question that stirred up a forty-niner to make some talk in a Bangor store the other day. He was an old man, and he straightened up to something like the height of his prime as he answered: "I had a surfeit of them once. 'Twas toward 50 years ago, when I left the isthmus on a good brig bound for New York, but ran into a coral reef in the Caribbean sea and were wrecked. It was a patch of sand just out of the water, but you ought to see the flocks of sea fowl that nestled on it. They had to move out of the way to give us room to stay there, and that was about all they would do. Their nests were everywhere, and there were eggs in abundance. We ate about a barrel of them every day during the 12 days we were there. Some of us got off in a boat and went to San Juán, in Nicaragua, where we got a vessel to go after those we left on the reef. That vessel was com-manded by William Lawrence of Bath, who was killed by a man named Wilkinson while he was a policeman there. He tried to get to the reef, but bad weather stove us up so we had to set in for New Orleans, where we found the rest of the men, rescued by another vessel. But eggs!" The old man's face took on a peculiar ex-

pression.—Lewiston Journal.

Mulberry Bend. As to the moral status of the streets west and north of Chinatown I need scarcely do more than mention that these are Mulberry, Baxter and Bayard and that within a stone's throw of Mott street is the notorious "Mulberry bend," for many years past the hiding place of criminals and the last and lowest resort of the abandoned and vicious of both sexes. The tales of Mulberry bend that until recently assailed the ears of the missionary are absolutely unrelatable and to be comprehended only by one used to the sight and knowledge of the lives of criminals and outcasts of the lowest possible character. Within the last few years the police have driven out the worst dives of the region, but the evil effects of those once abounding evils are still to be seen there and unfortunately tell sadly upon the Italians who have filled up the quarter.-Helen F. Clark in Century.

BAKED BLUEFISH.

Directions For Preparing a Dish Which I Often Spoiled In the Cooking. A fish is more often ruined in baking than in almost any other way, yet if a bluefish is properly baked it is a most de-Thoroughly clean and wash a fish weigh-

ing not less than 2% pounds for baking. Make a stuffing by putting a large spoonful of butter into a saucepan, and when it is melted add one cupful of bread crumbs which have been soaking in a scant half cup of milk or water, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of pepper, one teaspoonful each of chopped capers and parsley, and onion juice or not as preferred. Put the stuffing into the fish and close the opening with small wooden skewers. Cut three gashes in each side of the fish about half an inch deep and two inches long and lay a strip of larding pork

Now draw the fish into the form of a letter S by putting a long needle, holding a strong white thread, first through the head, then through the middle of the body and the tail and fastening with a knot that can be easily taken out when the fish is baked. Put a tin sheet, on which have been laid some slices of fat salt pork, in the bottom of a baking pan and place the fish on it back upward. Rub the fish with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Pour over it half a cup of wine. Put it into a moderately hot oven and bake, allowing 15 minutes to each pound. Constant basting is necessary for the success of the dish. When the fish is cooked, lift the tin sheet from the pan and slide the fish carefully into the center of a heated platter, remove the thread and garnish the fish with sliced lemon and parsley. Serve with either of the following sauces:

Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan over the fire, stir together and add a cupful of stock, two tablespoonfuls of stewed tomatoes, a bay leaf, half a dozen peppercorns and a tea-spoonful of sugar. Bring to the boiling point, add a little sherry and more seasoning if necessary and strain. For sauce hollandaise, rub half a cup of

butter to a cream. Add the yolks of three eggs, stirring in one at a time. Add the juice from half a lemon, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Place the bowl containing the mixture in a pan of boiling water. Add one cup of hot water to the sauce, beating all the time, and stir constantly until the mixture becomes like a soft custard. Do not let it boil, but remove from the fire and continue to stir a few moments before pouring it around the fish.-New York

Hands Soft and White.

Fill a wash basin half full of fine white sand and soapsuds as hot as can be borne. Wash the hands in this five minutes at a time, brushing and rubbing them in the time, brushing and rubbing them in the sand. The best is flint sand or the white powdered quartz sold for filters. It may be used repeatedly by pouring the water away after each washing and by adding fresh water to keep it from blowing about. Rinse in warm lather of fine soap, and after drying rub them with dry bran or cornmeal. Dust them and finish with rubbing cold cream well into the skin. This removes the roughness caused by housework and should be used every day, first removing ink or vegetable stains with first removing ink or vegetable stains with some vegetable acid. Always rub the spot with cold cream or oil after using acid on

CUPID'S RATTLE.

They were not really engaged—that is to say, society had never been officially informed of the fact. If an engagement signifies a pledge given and taken, or if it means that he has given a ring to secure an option on her, they were not engaged. But she knew that Brent loved her and that some day she would marry him, and he knew that she was the only woman he ever had loved or ever could love; that she filled his life and made it perfect. And he was sure that she knew this. In fact, there was between them what our grand-

mothers called an understanding. Then there came a terrible misunder standing. He could not understand, and she would not. What it was all about, how it began, neither could have told. He thought that he was ten minutes late for an appointment with her, and she thought —she didn't think, she lost or mislaid her temper. "And it grew, and it grew," and so began their tale of woe. She was "out" several times when he called. So he stop-

ped calling.

She refused an invitation to a dinner to which she knew he was asked. He waited an hour for her at a tea, and when she came into the room he left it by another door and fied from the house. She saw him go, and her face fell

Up to that time she had been prepared to forgive him graciously when the proper moment came, but when she saw him disappear through those portieres she knew that she would never, never speak to him again. He walked several streets, cursing everything in general and one woman's intellect in particular. Then he retraced his steps and hung round the house like a veritable thief, waiting to see her come out and get into her carriage.

When Mrs. Trenor's invitation to the aby's christening came, he wrote a regret because she was going to be godmother, but he did not send it. "No, by Jove!" he said savagely to himself. "She needn't think she can keep me away from every-thing." He accepted the invitation, and ent the baby a silver rattle.

The Trenor parlors were full when he arrived, and she was not visible, so he went out into the conservatory. Soon there was a hush in the babble of voices, and he looked through the window into the drawing room. His eyes in the window saw none of the gorgeous details, be-cause she, the beautiful godmother, was coming into the room carrying the baby. The sweet voice of the godmother thrilled one hearer, and then John Sherwood Trenor received the congratulations and good wishes of his mother's friends, enduring it all with a calm, grave aspect, turning his round blue eyes occasionally on his godmother to make sure that all was right. She held him in her arms, talking to him and for him. Once she buried her face in his fiuffy lace gown, and it was probably only an accident that it was at the very moment when Brent entered the room. Mrs. Trenor hastened to meet him. "Oh, Mr. Brent, you're just in time to speak to Jacky before he goes back to the nursery. So good of you to come, and the blessed lamb wants to thank you for the beautiful rattle you sent him. He has hardly let go of it once. Doesn't Miss

Sherwood look lovely? But, then, she al-His hostess rattled on, leading him nearer and nearer to the little hero of the occasion. The little hero was beginning to be tired, and Miss Sherwood was completely absorbed in entertaining him. "Muvver's blessed lamb! Muvver's blue eyes!" Mrs. Trenor kissed the baby hands rapturously. "Will little white bear thank Uncle Jerry for the boo'ful rattle? Isn't he blessed?" she added to Brent, and fluttered away, leaving the three alone under

"Hew do you do, old boy?" Brent put one finger into the little pink hand, and 8-months-old Jacky held on to it with all his baby strength. A gurgling, throaty laugh bubbled out as he tried to put his visitor's finger in his mouth. Miss Sherwood concealed the smile that was twitching her lips by pressing a light

kiss on the baby's soft bald head. She had responded coolly to Brent's frigid "A very pretty party," he said in an awkward society tone. "Meaning the baby!" she asked inno-

Jacky had succeeded in implanting his four little teeth in Brent's finger, and in his delight over his victory he flung the rattle on the floor. Miss Sherwood and Brent both stooped for it, and through each mind ran a fervent wish that they would not bump heads. But nothing so commonplace happened. When they attempted to rise, they found that were im-prisoned. Jacky had selzed the golden hair in one hand and the crisp black locks in the other. Neither dared to use force to secure freedom. Babies were unknown quantities to both of them. Perhaps Miss Sherwood might have done something, but

"Hold on, old boy! Stop that!" came in smothered accents from Brent, and even more smothered was the remark of condemnation that followed.

Jacky did hold on, but not in the sense that Brent meant. He clutched both hands more and more firmly, hammering them together at intervals. The gleeful chuckles and loud crowings of her boy attracted Mrs. Trenor's attention. She hastened across the room. "Oh, little bear; nonie, nonie! Muyver's

blessing! Muvver's little white bear mustn't pull hair." She loosened the tiny fingers, but not before every one had observed the spectacle of two very red faces being hammered together by "muvver's little bear." course every one laughed, and of course Brent and Miss Sherwood had to make the best of it and laugh too. Their eyes met, and the laugh penetrated the haze of misunderstanding in which they had drifted for so many days as the morning sun penetrates the low dying fog on the seashore, sweeping it away and leaving no trace. There was not even anything to explain, and when the engagement was announced some people wondered whether Jacky had not had a-well, to express it in a homespun way, had a finger in the pie.-Ex-

Whistler, the Painter.

The personal appearance of Whistler, the painter, is described by a McClure's writer: "His face is a remarkable one. It is covered with countless wrinkles, but is clear of complexion and evidently very well groomed. He wears a well curled gray nustache and slight imperial. His eyebrows are unusually bushy, and his glistening brown eyes peer out from underneath them like snakes in the grass. His hair is the most amazing part of his get up. It is all arranged in separate curls, most artistically put together. They are all dyed black, with the exception of one, which remains quite white, and on grand ecasions is tied up with a small ribbon."

The Most Important Room. The sitting room can be made to do duty as a parlor; the library as a music room; a drapery hidden corner of the second floor hall as a bathroom; a chamber with a folding, turn down sofa bed for a sitting room, sleeping room, smoking room or reading room. But a kitchen, however metamorphosed, will be, must be and cannot be otherwise than a kitchen still. These considerations mark out th kitchen, in the plan of household salvation, as the most important room in the domestic economy of homemaking.

English Prowess. "It is curious," said Wilkes, "how Great Britain dominates the world."
"Very," said Barber, "but you can explain it. She never loses a chance to conquer others. Races that her armies do not overcome her pickles and sauces do. Last year she exported £1,300,000 worth of pickles. Say you get ten pickles for a penny—each pound contains 240 pence. or 2,400 pickles. One million three hundred thousand times 2,400 is 3,120,000,000. The human race is strong, but it can't withstand so many pickles as that."-Pick

Me Up. Young Linguists. "It's a queer thing about children—babies," said the proud father. "If I say 'cat' to my boy, the nearest he can get to repeating it is 'tat,' but if I make up a word like 'oobijoobie' that youngster can speak it more fluently than I can."—Pearson's Weekly.

Rigid examination is made into every claim, and no patent will be issued which seems to infringe upon the rights of a pre-vious patentee.

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We have all grades of Shoes from the cheapest to the best, to fit the tiny as | Clay Worsted at \$700: very fine at 800 well as the large, to suit the laboring and 10 00 A splendid Scotch Cheviot man as well as the sport. Men's Boff Gray Suit worth \$8.00, 5.50. Overcoats Lace and Congress Shoes at \$1.00 a for less than cost Men's Dress Coats pair. Splendid Shoes in nice styles in at \$1 50. Old Pants are a specialty Buff for \$1 25. Spanish Call Shoes, new with me. I can fit you up in a pair. style toes, best selected stock for youths, from 2's to 51/2's, at \$1.50. Men's, from 6's to 11's, at \$1.75. Very fine French Calf Skin Shoes.

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s, for \$1.00; cheaper, 75 and 85c. LADIES' SHOES-A special job at 50, 68, 75c; a beautiful Shoe at \$1.00. onest leather in every part. Women's Pebble Button Honest shoes for 90c and \$1.00 a pair. Men's high cut Brogans, all solid eather at 90c and \$100. Best whole stock high cut Creedmore's at \$1.25 a. pair. Women's Slippers from 40c up to \$1.50 a pair. Infants' Shoes from 2's to s, at 20c a pair; a special job to close Rubbers of all kinds. Men's Boots at | Call and see us at 112 North Front from \$1.50 to 2.25 a pair.

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