Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

YOAKUM OF THE FRISCO.

Out of the west from the newness, the development, the headlong energy of which so many master men have come, there is stepping another figure who commands the attention of the great army of railroad men at once. This is B. F. Yoakum, president and general manager of the Frisco road.

There is a deal in this man Yoakum. He has long vision, mental grasp, pluck, daring, and somewhere about him the resolution to do things, the resolution which is the attribute that genius has that industrious mediocrity can not duplicate.

He has come up through the traffic deparment, the department of railroading which, as the limit of construction is reached, becomes paramount. A few years ago the Frisco line was auxiliary and subordinate to the great Santa Fe system. It commanded no particular attention anywhere, and financiers who now look upon its prosperity in wonder, passed it by. It was dropped by the Santa Fe as unprofitable.

D. R. Robinson, now critically ill, became its president, and it began to reach out. Its long swing to the south between St. Louis and Wichita pierced section after section of rich mineral lands at one point, coal, gas and oil, further west cattle, here about Wichita a region of wheat and corn and hogs. These sections, some undeveloped entirely, others dormant in the reaction of a boom, awoke simultaneously, and the Frisco road began to grow. The contagion of new activity spread through all its departments to its local agents and to their subordinates. To be a Frisco man was to be known as a rustler. The road began to feel and express a cordiality for "its towns," and instead of straining a point to remain impartial at the expense of friendly warmth. One of President Robinson's rustlers was Yoakum. Ill-health compelling Mr. Robinson to resign, Mr. Yoakum took his place.

And he has been going after things since. He has completed the line down to Oklahoma City from Sapulpa. He is rushing the line through to Texas south by Henryetta in the Creek Nation. A few weeks ago the great line known as the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, reaching to Birmingham, became Frisco, and the Frisco has sprung from an auxiliary road to one of the great systems of the country.

But the end is not yet. It is now announced that Mr. Yoakum has looked over the Fort Worth and Rio Grande, approves of it, and may take it in. In brief, this new railroad Richmond has his eye on Texas.

In all events the Frisco has become great in the railroad world and is waxing stronger every day. It has a great rustling genius at its head inspiring an army of rustlers behind him.

CONGRESS MAY STOP DISFRANCHISEMENT.

The Chicago Times-Herald thinks that while the Maryland bill for the disfranchisement of negroes is not so radical as the measure adopted in several southern states, the purpose behind it is so obviously antagonistic to the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution as to attract the attention of congress to the necessity for taking some action to call a halt in this kind of legislation.

So long as the restriction of the franchise was apparently dictated by the interests of good government or through fear of negro domination, Republican congressmen in the north were not disposed to raise serious protest. But the recent amendment to the state constitution adopted in North Carolina was so manifestly in the interest of Democratic supremacy as to open the eyes of congress to the deceptive pretenses upon which such legislation is promulgated.

The North Carolina amendment is a device for disfranchising negroes without affecting illiterate whites. It makes the franchise depend upon hereditary intelligence. Its enactment was conceived by the Democratic leaders to be a party necessity created by the steadily increasing Republican vote in that state.

In Maryland there has never been any fear of negro domination. The application of the cotton state principle of disfranchising the negro to this state is, therefore, not defensible upon this ground. The Maryland measure, in fact was devised for the express purpose of promoting the political interests of ex-Senator Gorman, whose ascendancy is menaced by the rising tide of Republican strength in that state. The Gorman measure ostensibly establishes an educational test for voters by requiring that they shall be able to distinguish the names on a ballot, but in reality it places the negro at the mercy of Democratic supervisors and judges of election.

The remedy for those violations of the spirit of the constitution is plain and adequate. Under section 2 of the fourteenth amendment congress is given power to reduce the representation in congress and in the electoral college of any state which deliberately disfranchises any portion of its male citizens over 21 years of age. The provision is so definite and plain as to leave no doubt concerning the powers of congress in this direction. If the southern states continue to disfranchise large portions of their citizens in the interest of party supremacy, congress should not hesitate to apply the remedy provided by the constitution.

WEST MAKES MEDICINE FOR HILL.

There is a well defined movement among the Democrats of the northwest to organize for the nomination of David Bennett Hill of New York as the next presidential candidate of the party.

The situation at present is somewhat peculiar. Hill has never had a strong following among the Democrats on the Pacific coast. When in 1892 he made an effort to secure delegates for the convention of that year, he was badly beaten by the Cleveland men. It is true that he had the cordial support of a number of the machine politicians; but the rank and file of the party were so overwhelmingly for Cleveland that the machine leaders could make no headway for Hill.

Since 1892 there have been very considerable changes in the Democratic party. It has been twice swept away by the free silver movement, and it has twice been defeated on that issue. As a result of the two silver campaigns many of the more conservative Democrats, the men who formerly were strong for Cleveland, have voted with the Republicans, and have either become permanently identified with the Republican party on both issues or at least have cut themselves from the organization of the Democratic party and are without voice in its councils.

The lower and more irresponsible element among the Democrats, the element which has been brought to the top by the free-silver campaigns, is now practically in control. These men, however, are ready today to abandon the free silver issue and free silver leaders, for the obvious reason that victory in a battle fought along these lines is impossible. What is left of the old conservative element is, of course, more than willing to forsake Bryanism.

In considering the candidates who can probably unite both the former Bryanites and the remnant of the conservatives in the northwest, the leaders are turning to Hill. They have practically discarded Richard Croker from their consideration, because he is obviously unable to get the support of the Bryanites. Bryan and others of his kind are equally unacceptable because their candidacy will again estrange the conservatives and will mean defeat. By this process of elimination, Hill has been selected.

The leaders freely admit that he is no better than he was in 1892, and that he is by no means a statesman. They say, however, with some show of force, that in the Kansas City convention of last June he was, outside of the Bryanites, the only figure of national importance. The leaders think that he would probably get support of most of the Bryanites, because he stuck to the party in 1896, and nominally, at any rate, was "regular." They also hope that he might have the support of the more conservative Democracy of the east. This hope is not based on the theory that Hill is particularly popular among the conservative Democrats, but that he would not antagonize them as a Bryanite might.

THE HUNTING OF MICROBES.

As a good microscope may be bought for $100 or less, and as the laboratory has become a feature of all the higher educational institutions, including in many cities the public high schools, a large army of young men have entered on the pursuit of the plentiful bacteria. In consequence, the public receives frequent warnings as to the dangers of breathing, eating or employing any of the necessities or conveniences of modern life. People are told that the straps to which they cling in overcrowded street cars are the lairs of countless bacilli, and, therefore, a possible means of spreading dangerous germ diseases; that the telephone receivers and transmitters are a common meeting place of many kinds of microbes, some of which may be pestilential; that absolute security against infection can be achieved only by living in a microbe-proof dwelling and by the disinfection of every article for the nourishment of the body.

Recently the discovery was announced in Chicago of the presence in the public library books of a varied and extensive assortment of bacteria. Volumes which have been most frequently drawn out by readers were found to have particularly dense populations, supposedly owing to the Chicago habit of wetting the finger to turn the leaves. The public was duly informed of the alleged dangers in library literature, and the consequence was a diminished demand for books, though in most communities people have decided that life is not worth preserving at the cost of uninterrupted vigilance and the surrender of everything that makes life desirable. As the librarians take a personal pride in an annual statement which shows a large patronage, they made further examination of the books, and found that while the bacilli are numerous on the leaves, they are all harmless. The report of the librarians, based on the examinations of experts, is positive in the statement that not a single disease germ was captured, and it is assumed that the pernicious habit of giving terrifying names to innocent bacilli has been the chief cause of public alarm.

HOW HARRISON BECAME A REPUBLICAN.

How General Harrison came to join the Republican party against his own free will, he once described to a visitor. "It was right after Fremont was nominated," said he, "and while I was practising law with Mr. Wallace. We were in our office in an upstairs room, where the News building now stands, when Mr. Roberts, who used to keep a drug store there, and another man whose name I forget, came running in and told us that Fremont was nominated, and that they were going to have a ratification meeting right away, and that I must come down and address it. I said I couldn't think of such a thing; that I had nothing to say, and was not prepared. They insisted that I could make a good enough speech without any preparation, and that I must come. I said that I wasn't sure about this Fremont business anyhow, and refused point blank to go. They simply grabbed me, lifted me off my feet, and started away with me. They carried me bodily down stairs, out into the street, and, without ever letting my feet touch the ground, took me over to where the meeting was to be held, and set me up on a packing-box before a crowd of three or four hundred persons. Of course, I had to talk to them. That was my initiation into the Republican party."

A STRANGE ACCIDENT AT A FIRE.

There was a peculiar accident at a fire in Pittsburg, on Sunday, which resulted in the death of one fireman and the serious injury of three others. Yet it was an accident which is likely to happen in any city where there is a network of overhead wires.

The flames had melted the wires running into the burning building, and one of them, falling across a trolley wire, thus communicating with the brass nozzle of the hose the firemen were handling, sent a strong current of electricity into the bodies of the men, one of whom was killed instantly and three others were severely shocked.

Such an accident demonstrates clearly the necessity for the placing of all wires underground in the business district, and of taking all known precautions to prevent telephone and telegraph wires from coming in contact with trolley and electric lighting wires, which carry currents of high voltage.

Electricity is rapidly becoming the most useful of all the servants of mankind, but it is also a dangerous agent when uncontrolled, and can never be trifled with.

Carnegie is not up to the spirit of the times in one respect. He is giving his big gifts to eastern cities. He is not sufficiently acquainted with the nation to understand that both New York and Philadelphia are located too far east to become the greatest cities of the country.

It ought to make America feel happy to hear King Edward assert that common black clothes are indicative of a republic. It is true, and we ought to get down on our knees every year and pray for the repose of the soul of old Ben Franklin, who was responsible for it.

Russian soldiers are camped at the trench in Tien Tsin with orders to shoot the Britishers if they attempt to work on that railroad switch. Great Britain is just now standing off a little piece and surveying the magnificent front elevation of that bluff.

General Wogack, the Russian general, has refused to accept Count Von Waldersee's arbitration in the railroad switch matter, and Waldersee is probably so mad that he would like to bite somebody.

"This," said King Edward VII, speaking of England, and pulling his crown down over his eyes and taking a Varlon grip on the scepter, "is not a republic."

After having given $5,000,000 to New York, Carnegie will give $5,000,000 to Philadelphia. He simply can't shake himself loose from the gold fast enough.

If we were the Czar of Russia we would resign the job and hire out to work in a fireworks factory or something else not particularly dangerous.

In return for the $5,000,000 worth of libraries, New York will erect a $50,000 statue to Carnegie. New York, in some respects, is a very cheap town.

Carnegie has more money and is not tied to it tight, and the world is after him, some in rage, and some in tags and some in velvet gowns.

Ben Cravens, who escaped from the Kansas penitentiary, is trying to find his way back, but he has taken the wrong route.

The Cubans have decided not to accept the Platt amendment, and the Cubans will accept it. It is a way they have.

The South African war has now worn off the tinsel and is becoming desperate. They are shooting men for treason.

No frock coats go before King Edward. Uniforms or court dress must be worn. This lets General Miles in.

If there is a hell, the man who killed young Bateman of Oklahoma is booked for it beyond all intercession.

The Harrison children and Mrs. Mckee-Harrison will now go their several ways forever.

A WINTER STORY.

It is very quiet up here on the hill road, for the larks are still, and the thrushes in the woodlands below have long ago finished their evening hymn. Even the rooks in the parsonage elms have ceased their noisy flutterings, and the village is wrapped in peaceful silence. No sound comes to Godfrey Lambert as he plods along the lane save the swish of his own footfalls in the thick country mud and the tinkle of a sheep bell coming faintly over the hills from some far-away fold.

His face is set toward the church in a hollow of the hill at the head of the valley, and the little red parsonage, which nestles so coolly beside it. There is a flicker of light in the parlor window, and Godfrey's blue eyes are full of content as he watches it. Bessie will be there, he thinks, practicing on the grand piano, which fills the simple village folk with awe and wonderment. So, perhaps, before he goes away to dreary London he will be able to say to her what it has been in his heart to say for many a long day, and he does not fear his answer.

One more turn of the winding lane, and Godfrey will be in sight of the parsonage gates. Soon he stops short, and a look of wonder creeps over his features in the ruddy light. A pony trap is driving out of the parsonage gates, and turns briskly down the road to the valley, and he catches sight of Bessie's red cloak as it whirls away from him into the gloom.

His last night home, and she knows it! She must know, too, that he will come to say good-by, yet she can go out just at the time that he usually came to the parsonage.

He turns on his heel with a bitter sigh and retraces his steps along the wearily winding lane. Hope has gone from him, and life looks as dreary as the winter landscape to his young eyes.

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The firelight flickers cheerily in the cosy parsonage parlor and adds a fresh charm to the quaint, old-fashioned furniture. Outside the wind howls drearily and brings the snow with a light, continuous flutter against the window panes. It has a mournful sound, somehow, as if the snow were covering up dead hopes and withered aspirations, instead of nursing the tender plans for fresher growth in the spring.

Bessie Aytoun kneels before the fire and spreads trembling hands to the cheery blaze. A year since Godfrey left—a whole long, dreary year! She had thought, she had hoped, that he would have come to see her before he left home. It would only have been polite to bid her good-by before he went to London, yet he had not been to the house. He could not have come while she was out fetching her father from the town, for she had left a message in case he should call, and he had never been. Then she had hoped he would write and explain if he had been prevented. But no; all through the twelve weary months there was never a word. He must have forgotten her, and forgotten the dear, happy days he had spent at the cozy old parsonage in the lee of the hill. Ah, well! It is the way of men to forget.

There is one man who never forgets, however, a man who is always true, who will love her better than Godfrey ever could. There is a letter from him in her pocket now, a letter which asks her to reconsider the decision she came to over a year ago, before Godfrey left. She must answer that letter tonight, yet she hovers 'twixt yes and no.

With a trembling hand she pulls down the blind and shuts out the desolate landscape. But a tear fills her eye as she turns to her writing-table.

Yet when she has finished her letter her face is calm and bright. She is thinking of the happiness it will bring—to another, certainly—perhaps to herself.

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It is a dreary November day. Overhead great masses of gray-red clouds block the sun from sight, and under foot the black London mud squelches and sputters under the traffic.

Godfrey Lambert walks moodily along the slippery pavement, angry with himself and all the world. "London is hateful," he says to himself, and he nearly adds, "November is hateful," but he bethinks himself in time. November in London and November in the country are two different things.

The vision of a lost paradise leaves him gloomier and more discontented than ever. Oh, for one breath of country air, one sight of a face from the old home! If only he could have a glimpse of some one who had seen Bessie, he would be quite content.

He wanders into Bond street and goes into a picture gallery to while away an idle hour. For a time he strolls listlessly from room to room, feeling gloomier and unhappier than ever, for he is in little mood for the pictures this evening. Then all at once a sudden animation comes into his face, and he strides hastily down a long room.

At the far end a strangely familiar figure reclines on one of the broad lounges. Surely, surely it is Bessie herself! At last, after two years, he will see her again; he will hold her hand in his, and look down into the clear depths of her eyes.

He has almost reached her side when suddenly she stretches out her left hand to point to a picture that has attracted her fancy, while the man beside her bends down to listen to her remark with a strangely appropriative air. Godfrey stands still and holds his breath, for a broad gold band shines upon the slim third finger of the outstretched hand.

Bessie married! His heart seems to stop beating and his face to grow suddenly gray and old.

Yet, after all, it is only what he might have expected. He pulls himself together and walks as unconcernedly as may be past her bench toward the door at the far end of the room. He must have one glance at her before he goes out of his life forever.

So, at the doorway he turns to look. The subdued light from the roof falls softly on her face and brings every feature into sharp prominence. She has seen him, and her eyes are fixed on his. For one moment he pauses, then he stumbles away, and goes out once more into the desolate fog, with his mouth hard set and a stony look in his eyes.

In that one look he has learned the truth, and knows that if he had spoken to Bessie on that far-away day it would not have been in vain.

Newspaper Waifs.

In Earnest.—He (delightedly)—"Have you really and truly never been engaged before?" She—"Never—that is, not in the winter."—New York Weekly.

Briggs (taking up a book)—"Ah! You have Dryden's play here." Griggs—"What was his play that been my work. I have tried to read it."—Boston Transcript.

An Inquiry.—Miss Beansby—"Perhaps you haven't read all of Omar Khayyam?" Mrs. Poorchapp—"Perhaps not. Has he written anything recently?"—Puck.

"I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith." "Oh, well, you know, she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself anywhere, you know."—Tit-Bits.

Horrid Brute.—She—"Don't you agree with me that the romantic drama is preferable to tragedy?" He—"Oh, I don't know. I'd just as soon have knives as drives."—Indianapolis Press.

He—"My wife asked me to stop for a pound of tea." Grocer—"What does she want—black or green?" He—"Why, it seems to me it's a light cream color she said."—Philadelphia Record.

Cruel Girl.—"Ah, Mirabelle!" he sighed. "May I hope that you will be mine forever and ever?" "If you wish to hope that long, Mr. Sophite," she replied. "I don't suppose I could stop you."—Philadelphia Press.

His Meant Well.—Mrs. Gallaupe—"Be sure and come, Mr. Gibbs. I promise you you shall meet, oh, quite a number of pretty women!" Gibbs—"How can I refuse you, my dear madam? It will not be for the pretty women, however, but for you that I shall come."—Brooklyn Life.

Nervous Visitor (who is being taken out for a drive by his host's daughter)—"Isn't it very unsafe going so fast down hill, Miss Daisy? And—and—to hold the reins so—so loosely?" Miss Daisy (light-heartedly enjoying herself)—"Is it? I've never driven before. Papa won't let me when he's at home. Says I'm so reckless." (Picks up whip. "Come up, old man!"—Punch.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The Quill at Shawnee is now getting out a very neat daily paper.

Amarillo, Texas, has put up its bonus for the extension of the Choctaw.

The Rock Island towns are talking of organizing a fight on Oklahoma City.

Many believe that the fight for governor is between Joe McNeal and Jenkins.

There is a great city campaign on in El Reno. Already 616 voters have registered.

It is wonderful how many change people there are in the world who will harbor outlaws.

The next campaign in Oklahoma will be made in part on the location of public buildings.

The chances are that Enid, Kingfisher and El Reno will form a "community of interest."

The Democrats of the city of El Reno have declared in favor of municipal ownership.

The people at Shawnee are up against a city election and a plan of the machine to gobble everything.

The Democratic city convention at El Reno returned thanks to Dennis Flynn for securing El Reno a land office.

The jury before which Cravens appears ought to impress on the public that the days of outlawry in Oklahoma are gone.

A Weatherford advertiser insists that "Happiness doesn't consist in getting what you want, but in the ability to get more."

A gentleman named Martin, representing St. Louis exporters, is in Enid looking the ground over with the idea of putting in a million bushel elevator.

The Order of Buffaloes in Oklahoma are talking of electing Leslie Niblack High and Serene Master of the Left-hand at the next grand lodge meeting.

The Enid Wave makes this significant statement: "This public building fight has made the central and western portions of the territory in favor of statehood for Oklahoma alone, almost to a man."

The Canadian Valley Gun club of El Reno has been organized with W. S. Sherman for president; E. C. Young, vice-president; Tom Abbott, secretary; A. H. Flickinger, assistant secretary; J. H. Rohrer, treasurer. W. H. Riley and J. H. Rohrer are field captains.

Speaking of the wind last night, the four-year-old son of Wilbur Noble, living near Independence, picked up the tongue of a farm wagon which was at the top of a hill. The wind blew the wagon along over the boy and clear to the bottom of the hill. The boy was hurt, but not seriously.

The circuitous course of the law as applied to the curry-comb is shown in this item in the Independence Courier: "Lee Leedy was arrest last Friday, on the charge of stealing a horse brush from Owen Campbell's livery stable. He was arraigned before Squire Chalfant, with Z. W. Coleman acting as attorney for the defendant, and Asa Harris attorney for the territory. Several witnesses were examined, but nothing but circumstantial evidence was brought forth. However, the jury found him guilty, and Justice Chalfant fined him $10 and costs. But a new hearing was asked for and granted, and the trial set for today. At today's trial Prosecuting Attorney Wilcox ordered the case thrown out of court, on the grounds that there was no evidence for prosecution, and ordered also that the costs be charged up to the prosecuting witness."

The Enid Wave issues this edict: "Fellow citizens of Garfield, Kingfisher and Canadian counties: The rejoicing of the East side people on the vetoing of the public buildings bill is a pointer. It means that said people will never willfully consent to the locating of any public buildings in our section. We must stay with the fight, the lines have been drawn and a fight commenced that will last for years. However, Garfield county needs no public building bill to brace her up. If this writer owned the strip of land twelve miles wide and twenty miles long of which Enid is just a little west of the center, we would not trade it for the east half of Oklahoma county, the whole of Lincoln county and about one-third of Pottawatomie county, a country covered by black-jacks, worthless rocky ledges, shallow soil and negro shanties and corn patches. Enid don't need any of the friendship of her enemies."

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The executive council will buy, not build, a home for the governor.

Topeka's registration is now over 11,000, and the politicians think it may go to 14,000.

Kansas should not be cock sure of her 100,000,000 bushel wheat crop. It may "rain on the bloom."

Miss Madeline Southward, who helped Mrs. Nation smash in Topeka, is now trying to lecture in the south.

Arthur Capper is now in charge of the Topeka Capital, and he will make it a better paper than it has been for years.

The law does not permit of corporal punishment on convicts in the Kansas penitentiary.

Carnegie has offered to give Atchison $50,000 for a library, and Atchison is now considering whether she will take it or not.

Governor Stanley announces that he will grant no more absolute pardons. Everything will be done on the parole system.

Mrs. Anna Diggs will quit Topeka and go to a farm. Populism has its hat in hand and is edging toward the front door to say good-bye forever.

Superintendent Church's attack on fraternal insurance orders is one indication that he does not expect to be a candidate for his place again.

Both candidates for mayor in Fort Scott are employing women to get other women to register. If the women discover that the women workers are being paid for it, they will refuse to vote.

It is said that the Kansas congressional delegation in Washington and Senator Burton have resolved to act in harmony in the matter of recommendations for appointments.

Ed Hoch and George Martin claim that the greatest single act ever done by a Kansan was Colonel Hughes' refusal to elect the house of representatives, as ordered by Governor Lewelling.

Under the new parole system to be inaugurated extensively in Kansas, the prisoner who drinks, who frequents saloons or keeps lewd associates, will be dumped back into the pen again.

The Sheldon experiment with the Topeka Capital did not pay. The ephemeral success was followed by the overthrow of Joe Hudson and the ascendency of a young man who couldn't steer the boat.

Floyd Graham, the convict who climbed up the 750-foot shaft of the Lansing coal mine and appealed Warden Tomlinson if the condition of affairs below, is a colored man, thirty-two years old. He has until 1905 to serve. He is in for highway robbery in Fort Scott.

Will Wade: "If you work on a daily paper, your idea of a strap is a weekly. If you work on a weekly, you think easy jobs are all on monthly magazines. The editors of the magazines published monthly think that the quarterly magazines are cases in the desert, and men who make quarterlies think men who get out annuals do nothing but middle down and sleep in the lap of luxury, and every man envies the man who seems to have little work to do. Yet, when a man has to be hanged, and will have nothing much to do but pop around on a hot griddle for eternity, he makes his friends chase all over the earth to get him a pardon. What an inconsistent brute man is!"

Do you know the people who are hair-trigger always for litigation? Mrs. Nation is one of them. Indians know the tribe. The river-rat in "our Mutual Friend" while crossing the Thames, is capsized by a steamer. His friends pull him out. They work like troopers to resuscitate him, and then when he shows signs of life they half regret that they have become signatures of a fade to restore such a disreputable thing to life. But finally he opens his eyes and sees it was a steamer, and told yet. "I'll have the law on her," he weeps. Mrs. Nation is forever threatening the law on some one. This time she proposes to prosecute the Indianapolis News which named a baby elephant "Mrs. Nation."

Boston Store
WALLENSTEIN & COHN

Spring Millinery Opening Today and Tomorrow

We invite you to our Twenty-Eighth Semi-Annual Millinery Opening, the opening display of Spring and Summer Pattern Hats, direct from London and Paris, besides our own creations. Not a dozen or two, but hundreds, representing the styles of the season. Come and bring your friends. Besides the Millinery, we call your attention to the

Opening Display of Our Carpet Department

We invite you to this, our first display of Carpets and Rugs, a showing of the best and newest in the carpet line—Velvets, Axminsters, Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains. We also can show you Rugs of any size or style. Besides the Carpets and Rugs, you'll find Mattings, Linoleums, Curtains, Shades, complete in every detail. This department joins the Millinery on the west, extending to the front, on the corner. After viewing the many pretty Carpets in this department, we invite you to

Our Special Display Of Fine Laces

Embracing the most exquisite designs of the season, in Duchess, Arabian, Russian, Batiste and All-Over Laces. These you will find on the lower floor. Everybody invited; come and bring your friends.

Music by Garcelon's Mandolin Orchestra
Friday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m.
Saturday Evening, 7:30 to 9:30

Boston Store
WALLENSTEIN & COHN

A woman whose home is in Lancaster, Pa., suffered from water brash and sleeplessness, which always ended in severe sick headache, lasting two or three days. Physicians told her it was a "stomach dyspepsia," and that the headaches were due to her age (53 years). She got one small bottle of Ripans Tabules at first, and felt better after taking them. Then she tried more. The water brash left her, and she did not have a spell of sick headache for about a month—the longest she was ever without one for a long time.

WANTED—A man of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S will not benefit. They hereby pay and relieve Piles. One gives relief. Note the word "E" in R.I.P.A.N.S. on the packages and accept no substitute. Q.U.I.N.E. is for Malaria, may be used in any country. The advertisement of R.I.P.A.N.S. will be inserted in any address, for 5 cents, for sending to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

One Hundred Pieces for $13.50

Open Stock, or one piece at prices proportionately.

No Charge for Packing.

J. E. CALDWELL, China Hall,
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