THE BOGLE OF THE WISHING GATE.

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I.

THE CROAKING OF THE RAVENS.

In the heart of that loveliest and grandest region of England, the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, fair as a dream of beauty and repose, lie the vale, the lake and the hamlet of Grasmere.

Towards the north trails the ever ascending highway to Dunmail Raise, where more than a thousand years ago the first Edward crushed the Kingdom of Northumbria and buried the slaughtered monarch, Dunmail, beneath the cairn or Raise of pebbles which stands as he left it to this day, while the Striding Edge of lordly Helvellyn rises dark and fierce beyond.

To the west wind the lofty, serrated edges of Steel Fell and Helm Crag, like half-ruined mighty castle walls, with the black, crone-like Langdale Pikes behind, and shutting in this vale of peace in the east are the hights of Seat Sandal, Fairfield and Nab Scar. The Lake of Grasmere, blue and deep and still, and specked by one emerald islet, rests rippleless and shadowless between.

Where its dreamless waters curve to the south towards shimmering Rydal Water and Royal Windermere, on the hamlet side of the lake a round, high half mountain—which the peasants call "the holt," provincial dialect for the "peaked hill—juts out boldly from Nab Scar. It is forest-crowned and dark with centuries-old trees. The coach road now winds around and below it beside the lake. The ancient highway to rose-embowered Ambleside, which once with Umbrian stubbornness pushed straight across the hight, is still worn bare, brown and smooth by valley folk in haste, by Cupid-teased swains and blushing lasses, by wandering artists and poets seeking the haunts of Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge and by all those tourists from far-off lands who ever loved enough to love to dream again beside a hallowed shrine of Love.

Just there, at the top of the hill, where silence is soundless, where the trees interlace above the old highway like the massive arches of some splendid cathedral nave, the sunshine floods in as through an oriel window, through which again, across meadow, mere, valley and mountain sides, in uttermost longings with the tenderest visions of human eyes, the very peaks of heaven, through centuries, have been seen. For there, famous in legend, romance and song, stands England's tenderest of all love shrines, the ancient Umbrian Wishing Gate.

At noontide of an August day next before the day of its patron saint, Grasmere Hamlet lay snug and sunny at the head of the mere beside its most venerable of English parish churches, gray old St. Oswald's. This good saint's festal day falls on the fifth of August. Almost from the dawn of Christianity in Britain it has been celebrated at Grasmere on the Saturday nearest St. Oswald's Day, by that elsewhere nearly obsolete ceremony, treasured by Umbrian folk with something akin to fierce affection from even pagan times, of rushbearing, or strewing their sacred temples with rushes and with flowers.

This noonday the ancient village seemed smilingly half waking from centuries of repose. The tiny church windows stood open. There were wreaths upon the graves of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. A white-haired sexton, a beautiful young woman and a stalwart young man, were leaning over the churchyard wall, as if listening to the melodies of the Rothray stream below. A few mountain carts stood at the doors of white cottages laden with green rushes—"sieves" the peasants call them—gathered from the breezy upland fells. A "vagrom" crew, with carts and vans, had halted at the village edge and were whummeling their carts, tethering their cattle, turning loose their frowsy children and disposing the ragged ends of a Punch and Judy booth and a patched and splintered merry-go-'round. Sweet staves of hymns to St. Oswald, of rushbearing hymns and of choral even-songs were wafted from unseen places. The little inns were being lazily put to rights. From some far and smothered retreat floated unrestrainable notes of the village band, tuning anew the martial strains of Jemmy Dawson's Rushbearing March, which, in olden days, leaped from the strings of Jemmy Dawson's fiddle, and full in the drowsy sunlight, on the old inn porch, where Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey and Scott once sat in loving converse, the white-haired ravens of the ancient hamlet sat and sagely cawed and croaked.

These were Christopher, or Cursty, Harris, Jemmy Railton, Willy Benn and Tommy Bamthet, all serving men to the Westmoreland country gentry in their time, and now patriarchal Grasmere cotters who met at each other's ingle-neuks, at the public house, or wherever the sun of village hospitality or of heaven shone warmest, there to plaint upon the fashless present times or to purr and croon over the brave and braw old days that were.

Cursty Harris had just joined his companions. He sat down petulantly at the end of the stone bench. His shaggy brows were drawn tightly, and his lips were grotesquely pursed, the corners of the under lip being strained by some unusual inner emotion almost to the bottom of his chin. His friends knew this was a portentious omen, and they kept silence for a time, interchanging sly nudges of mute and expectant prophecy. Soon Willy Benn said softly:

"Th' auld toun is toonin' up a bit?"

"Oh, aye; th' mornin's rushbearin'," ventured Johnny Railton.

"An' St. Oaswald's Neet," piped Tommy Bamthet, with a wink at Jem and Will, "is bogle neet on th' holt by the Wush'n Geat. Whae'll Maister Cursty Harris holp t' lay th' ghaist th' morrer neet?"

"Nabuddy," retorted Cursty so savagely that his three cronies gave three sudden starts and uttered three "Lans-a-marcies" together.

"Nabuddy," he repeated with vehemence. "Na mair o' th' Wush'n Geat bogle for Cursty Harris. What's 'yant deeath I kna nit, but I'll clap ees na mair on ghaists i' this leef, if I can holp it!"

Every one in the lovely valley knew of the bogle, ghost or spirit, of the Wishing Gate. It had appeared every rushbearing night for a quarter of a century. The apparition was that of a white-haired, white-bearded old man, fantastically garlanded with rushes and flowers. It appeared beside the Wishing Gate precisely at midnight, and stood for little time as if waiting for some one that never came. Then it went away. Some one had heard it moan as it disappeared.

"She will surely come next Oswald's night!"

This plaint of the bogle had passed into a sort of saying among the valley folk regarding anything expected or desired at the rushbearing season of the year. Many were in terror of the wraith, and not a few of the older peasant folk complained of the Vicar of St. Oswald's for not "laying the ghaist," as any good priest might do if he would, as had been done in Westmoreland times without number before him. There were strange whispers, too, that this bogle bore some mysterious relation to the almost deadly hatred that had shadowed the lives of two of the oldest families of Westmoreland—the Seacrofts of Rosedale Manor, which stood among the sycamores on the Grasmere side of Fairfield Mountain, just above the hamlet and the Oldgarths of Deepdale Hall, on the eastern side of Fairfield, one of the olden Kings of Patterdale and Ullswater.

It was also believed by a few that old Geordie Nicholson, for nearly half a century the most trusted servant of the Seacrofts, had been instrumental many years before in preventing a tryst, which, if kept, might have changed the fortunes of both families, between the fair Margaret Carew, who afterwards became the Lady of Rosedale Manor, and her then lover, an Oldgarth. As dimly, but as surely, too, it had grown into popular belief that old Geordie was somehow responsible for the Bogle of the Wishing Gate. Piqued by the jibes of the peasantry, with his former fellow servant, Cursty Harris, as trusted companion, he had undertaken to "lay" this troublesome wraith, and come out of the valorous effort with little more than his life. What had occurred had never been divulged, but the Bogle of the Wishing Gate had taken on added terrors, and Cursty Harris had never got so near the grewsome subject, even with his boon companions, as at this moment he seemed to be.

"If ye'll promish t' keep it girt t' yersells, lads," continued Cursty, edging close to his friends with a sheepish but worried look in his face, "I'll tell ye what hap'd last rushbearin' neet."

They promised bravely, and the four old heads were together in an instant.

"Weel, Geordie Nicholson com'd t' mea, an' says, 'Cursty, I can't stan' it na loanger.' I says t' Geordie, 'Doan't, Geordie, if ee can't.' 'I wi' na, fore t' Lord, if ye'll gae wi' mea,' says Geordie. 'Gae wher, mon?' says I, worried wi' th' fiearce way he looket. 'Ta th' holt t' lay th' ghaist o' th' Wush'n Geat,' says Geordie, greave as a passon. 'Ye'll be daft if ye do,' says I. 'I'll be daft if I doan't,' says he, beatin' his head and his breastie, like he'd a sair consence.

"'Seein' sumbuddy must gae wi' Geordie, I gev in, but telt him to his head, I'd hev na han' wi' th' ghaist. 'Leave th' ghaist t' mea,' says Geordie, shakin' his stoot stick an' axin' wud I hev a pint o' yell afore goin'. 'It's dowly wark we're at Geordie', says I, 'an' I'd teyter hev a swoap o' rum nor a pint o' yell.' Geordie bro't it fra th' Dove an' we set oot.

"'Twor a half hour t' midneet, fer Geordie war bund to mak th' Wush'n Geat afoare th' bogle. We clomb th' holt wi'oot jowrin' or freet, though th' neet war a bit scaumy, an' war suin dodderin' an' shiverin' by th' haanted geat. 'Howp ower th' geat,' says Geordie, 'an' hide ahint th' wall.'

"He holp'd me ower an' gev mea some cobble stanes t' heeze at th' ghaist if it sud be gettin' the best o' Geordie. I had nit mair than gat in pleace so I cud kleek ower th' wall at t' scraffle, when Geordie straightened oop braw, his stoot stick in baith hands—lads, I wor proud o' Geordie Nicholson—and whusper'd ower t' wall,

"'Cush—it's coomin!"

"When I looket ance mair ther stood th' ghaist fairly afoare Geordie—all sprettit ower wi' rushes an' roses an' wi' lang white haar an' whuskers tawtit an' tangelt amang 'em. Lans a marcy! I'd a gev fifty paun fer my ain bed! Th' ghaist said nee'r a word an' Geordie said less. Then th' ghaist put oot his hand, cuddlin' like. Geordie waited till th' ghaist wor clais, an' then bumm'd ee wi' his stick. Lord! what a skirlin' an' scrafflin' an' roarin!

"Quick as leetnin' th' ghaist grabbed Geordie an' haistened ee aboot like a hawflin in a helmwind, Geordie beelin' 'Cursty, Cursty! Lord, Cursty, holp mea,' like a young bull, till I thowt ee'd turn'd th' ghaist on mea. Bit th' ghaist seemed like ee'd nawt else in mind bit slaisterin' Geordie.

"I cud nit run; I cud nit heeze th' cobbles; an' fur verra freet I swuun'd deed awa. Lans, lads, may ye niver kna sech a neet! I kna nit what cam o' th' ghaist; bit when I cam aboot 'twor gloam o' th' morn. I foun' poor Geordie speeachless i' th' stanes an' mud, an' dragged ee heeam t' Rosedale. It seemed ee'd nivver coom aroun', but when ee did ee yammert oot i' awfu freet:

"'Lord, Lord! ee's John Auldgarth's ghaist!'

Cursty's companions were stunned by the disclosure and sat gasping and gaping as if recovering from hurt or fright.

"Bit that's nit th' warst," continued Cursty with genuine trepidation. "Miss Margery, ower theer," motioning with his thumb over his crouched shoulder towards the churchyard where lovely Margaret Seacroft and her affianced husband still lingered with the old sexton, brightening up the sacred place for the morrow, "Miss Margery ower theer, as ivery soul in Grasmere loaves, is dangert o' her life."

"Wa dang it," exclaimed Tommy Bamthet furiously, "saay what ye wull, mon, bit doon't saay thot!"

"Saay it I wull, Maister Bamthet. It's trew as th' greave. Hout! Deedn't auld Geordie coom agean last neet? Deed'nt ee grean an' tak on like mad aboot a' th' highfoalk's fashen an' worriten? Deedn't ee telt mea a' th' teal o' young John Auldgarth stannin' oop t' ees fayther's head agin th' fashen an' cursin', year in year oot, fur loave o' Margery? Deedn't young John at t' eend, gang t' Amearky till ee'd gotten t' be a gradly geolergees or sum'et, wi' gold mines an' brass aneuf t' bowten a' Grasmere an' Patterdaal thrawn in? Deedn't Miss Margery haud oot agin his courtin', when ee coom'd heame an' gie in fair, w'en John telt her ee hed gotten ees ain fortun wi' his ain head an' han's? Bit, deedn't th' sonsy lass mak oath t' ne'er wed an Auldgarth till th' Wush'n Geat bogle wor laid, an' the Auldgarths an' Seacrofts wor freeans? Hout, lads! But thot's nit th' warst!"

Cursty was in as great a state of excitement over the grewsome and hopeless circumstances of the situation as his hearers. He continued in a tone of almost desperate compassion.

"Lads, I can nit abear it, bit Miss Margery ower theer ha' swear'd she'll gang alane t' th' Wush'n Geat to-morrer neet. Nabuddy can stoap her. Ye kna she'll gae if t' holt fell'd ower on her t' mak her greave.

"Worser nor a', theer'll be deeath i' Grasmere! I dreamt o' flowers and rushes three neets runnin'. I seed 'em tangelt roun' the ghaist o' th' Geat, roun' Miss Margery, roun' Rosedale Hall. I kna its deeath fur t' pur lass yon; I kna it!"

Gentle-hearted Cursty buried his head in his hands, completely overcome with his miserable forebodings. The mists must also have been deep on his old cronies' eyes. As if with a like impulse of pitying interest they arose, and, shading their faces, looked long and sadly into St. Oswald's churchyard where Margaret Seacroft and young John Oldgarth stood in the dappled sunshine beside the grave of Wordsworth. Just at that moment Margaret was placing another wreath upon the gray old headstone. When they saw her first touch the flowers to her lips in a sweet and loving way, the three old ravens sat down again upon the bench with a despairing groan. Then, one after another, they croaked:

"Lord ha' marcy on she!"

"Lans! sum'et mun be din!"

"Cursty, Cursty, yer dreeam's th' warst o' a'!"

II.

LAYING THE GHAIST.

Adjoining the ancient paneled hall of Rosedale Manor-house were two large apartments with huge bay windows. They were each half chamber, half sitting-room, and looked out past masses of flowers, melodious fountains, shaded paths and driveways, over all the sweet Grasmere vale, with its sleeping hamlet, lake and the blue, circling mountains beyond.

The master of Rosedale, Matthew Seacroft, an invalid since the death of his wife, Margaret, remained almost constantly in one of these rooms looking across his many acres with patient pain and longing; pain at the fear of ever leaving the living image of the dead behind him, longing through that living image to call again his own the deathless image beyond the grave.

The other bayed room, which had been his wife's, was now his daughter Margery's, as she was called in loving familiarity at Rosedale and in the valley homes below. The toast of the country gentry for years, "to the bravest woman in Westmoreland, and the tenderest," had been to this fine, fair gentle woman, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. Such the power of a pure, calm soul shining through steadfast, kindly eyes upon human kind, that Grasmere peasant folk had the common saying, "When Miss Margery claps een on yan, ye'll na langer hide yer thowts."

But a few hours had passed since the ravens were croaking beside the Grasmere Inn. Margery was in her own room at Rosedale, her fingers listlessly but fondly wandering over the keys of her piano, her eyes fixed upon her mother's portrait opposite the huge carved oaken bed, and her whole attitude that of one gently but anxiously awaiting the outcome of some fondly cherished project.

And well she might, for that very morning she had won from her father the only reluctant gift of his life—a letter to her lover's father, Ralph Oldgarth, asking in no measured words that the past might be forgotten, that their children might be spared the shadow of hate between them, and that the Oldgarths and Seacrofts might henceforth be known in dear old Westmoreland only as friends.

Old Geordie, when ordered to deliver this letter at Deepdale Hall, had, for the first time, come close to rebellion. He pothered about long before going, and muttered ominously to himself when finally setting out. In fair weather, like this, his errand to Deepdale Hall, which lay just over the brow of Fairfield, should require but an hour, and Margery was now awaiting the old man's return. She mused thoughtfully over her piano, passed now and then into her father's room for a moment, but always came back to the window, looking wistfully over the hedges along the mountain path over which Geordie must come.

She came again to the piano and softly played the airs of the morrow's sacred hymns and songs. Soon her sweet, true voice rose strong and clear with the melody and words of that grand old hymn to St. Oswald, which had been borne aloft through the black timbered vault of the ancient Grasmere Church by a thousand voices, led by her own, for many a past Rushbearing Day:

They won us peace, Thy saints, O Lord,
Even though, like Royal David, they,
Smiting and smitten with the sword,
Toiled through their mortal day.

Thou makest the wrath of man thy praise—

At this moment old Geordie burst into the room, faint from exertion and overcome by terror and rage. Margery, without an exclamation, but almost as quick as thought, with a warning gesture of silence to Geordie, had softly closed her father's door, got the old servant into her own easy-chair and herself close and quieting beside him.

"Time enough, Geordie; time enough;" she said in her grave, gentle way as she picked the brambles one by one from his torn clothing to divert him. "We let none of these grow on our side of Fairfield, do we, Geordie?"

"Na, na, Miss Margery; bit th' curs'd Auldgarth pleace——"

"There, there, Geordie. I know all that has happened. You just went to Ralph Oldgarth with the letter, and—and—it did not quite please him; and——"

"An' fore t' Lord! I'd a murdert ee on'y fur loave o' yersel an' auld maister theer!" broke in Geordie viciously and passionately.

"Murder is a dreadful, dreadful word, Geordie. And then, you felt so badly about disappointing us, that you hurried away, Geordie."

"Hurried awa!—hurried awa! Lord, Miss Margery, th' auld curse loos'd th' houns' on mea, afore I'd med th' geat. I clear'd th' geat at a boun', fur my leaf; an' as I toorned t' heeze a bow'der at t' pack—Laws! wha met my een oop theer i' th' auld Hall wundow, aboon th' poarch, bit th' Bogle o' th' Wush'n Great, glowerin an' clutchin like eed lowp th' houn's an' geat an' a', an' ha' my verra leaf. Oh, Miss Margery!" whined the old man piteously, "yer a deed ooman, if ye gae t' Geat t'morrer neet. Ye'll be smashered t' bits wi' auld John Auldgarth's ghaist!"

Margery raised Geordie to his feet, and, with a parting injunction to secrecy, dismissed him as graciously as though her own heart were free from pang or storm.

When the door had closed behind him, she pressed her face against the window panes toward the peaceful vale below, and again upon the panes toward the wild mountain path above. She listened a moment at her father's door. From this she turned her white, hurt face, now filled with unutterable childish longing, to the mute mother-face against the wall. Then she threw herself on her couch, giving way to sobs and tears; while the deepening shadows of the evening gathered close and chill over hamlet, vale and hall.

The next day, the famous Rushbearing Day in Grasmere, had come and almost gone. The peasant folk for miles around had trooped into the old hamlet, as had their forefathers for hundreds of years before them. All the ancient merrymaking and rustic games of football, cricket, wrestling and "putting the stone" had been enjoyed, as of yore, by the strong Umbrian men and youth; while the lusty mountain lasses had gazed with unstinted awe on the "vagrom" shows, had flaunted their conscious beauty and coquetted to their heart's content. Old and young had joined the immemorial procession which always forms at the mossy Rothay bridge. The village band, piping the enlivening strains of Jemmy Dawson's March, and four maidens in white, with Margery at their head as was her wont, garlanded with flowers, and carrying a silken rose-bordered scarf filled with green rushes for the strewing, had led. A motley troop of children had come after, carrying tall holly boughs—the "bearings" for the rushes—entwined with rushes and flowers, crosses, hearts and wreaths, here and there interspersed with figures of the infant Moses in the bulrushes; and then all the sturdy Umbrian folk, with handfuls of rushes and flowers, had gaily followed on. The throng had wound in and out of the few narrow village streets; and had halted at the churchyard entrance where the band ceased playing and where a thousand solemn voices had joined in the noble hymn to St. Oswald. Thus the quaint old church had been filled; and the multitude, still singing soft and low, had strewn flowers and rushes in crumbling porch, in shadowy loft, in ghostly belfry, on grim old Norman tower, in aisle and pew and chancel, and at last upon the sacred altar of the hallowed pile, as the sweet old hymn was done.

Margery had been the veritable sunshine and life in these simple and venerable rites and observances of St. Oswald's festal day, as she had been for years; had led the tender Grasmere even-song, singing as she had never sung before; had given glad gayety and zest to that last and merriest ancient custom of the day, the laughter-making distribution of gingerbread and sweets, John Oldgarth, at her bidding, serving the generous portions with mirth-provoking jests; and as the August evening fell and the happy-hearted peasant folk were lumbering up the mountain ways to their quaint, old rock-built homes, she had bidden her betrothed an affectionate good night at the gate of the rectory where she was to remain until morning, in the knowledge that he was to pass the night with some American tourist friends at the Prince of Wales hostelry beside the lake.

In all this long and happy day, if Margery's heart had ached, it was unheeded by any, save the five arch conspirators who gathered, towards midnight, at Curtsy Harris' cottage, roundly swearing that "sum'et mun be din," while nursing their fading courage with generous drafts of ale. Hudge cudgels stood against the wall, and their brave plot, determined at the last moment after such friendly wrangling, was that Curtsy Harris, Willy Ben, Jemmy Railton and Tommy Bamthet, were to proceed to the Wishing Gate to rescue Margery, and engage the agile and powerful ghost at all hazards, until Geordie could hasten to the scene, with John Oldgarth, to render fitting assistance to Miss Margery, and give color in her eyes to their traitorous though affectionate and chivalrous interference.

A little before midnight Margery, still clad as at the Rushbearing, set out from the rectory along the old highway leading across the holt. She had hardly reached the little cottage at the hillside, when she became conscious of being followed. "Ah, Geordie, Geordie," she reflected, "you have played me false at last!"

She halted a moment, and the skulking figures also stopped. She advanced toward them and they retreated. She turned and precoeded up the hill, when they again followed. She increased her pace. So did those behind. When alongside the cottage she suddenly left the hill, and, speeding along the hedge to the highway at the lake edge, quickly disappeared.

One of her pursuers whispered, "Lans a marcy! She hev gied oop th' ghaist;" then the group huddled at the edge of the holt-copse shuddering and wondering what wisdom and valor would next suggest. They had not long to wait. Margery had made the half circuit of the little hill in a few moments. Gliding past the dread Wishing Gate, without even a glance of interest or fear, she grasped a handful of pebbles and mortar from the crumbling coping of the wall, and, dashing down the steep holtside, she appeared before her startled rescuers so suddenly and pelted them with the missiles so sharply, that all these ale-fuddled Don Quixotes of Grasmere, with cries of superstitious terror, incontinently took to their heels, never checking their mad flight until barred safely from all ghosts and terrors behind their humble cottage doors.

Almost laughing and crying at the rout of her pursuers and the grewsomeness of her situation, in a moment more she had reached the Wishing Gate. The moonlit scene below was tranquil and serene. As she leaned against the old love-shrine, whose bars are cut with names and dates by countless pilgrim hands, she mused aloud: "What should be my dearest wish, beyond laying the ghost—if one ever really comes here!—this strangely sweetly St. Oswald's night?"

"To be John Oldgarth's happy bride! God bless you, Margaret Carew, I knew you would come at last," spoke a voice close beside her, in tones so thrillingly like her lover's, that she turned in glad surprise—to find herself clasped tenderly in the arms of the dread ghost she had come to lay!

Just as the first morning light was faintly stealing over the higher mountain peaks, an old white-haired and white-bearded man was reclining in Margery's easy-chair in her own room at Rosdale Manor-house. He rested in an ineffable light and calm after half a life time of utter night and storm. One hand held that of Mathew Seacroft firm and sure and true. The other lovingly stroked the fair head of the noble woman beside him. His deep, kindly eyes fell now upon the portrait on the wall, now upon Margery's smiling, upturned face, again upon Margery's lover standing near, and even rested benignly upon trembling old Geordie, cowering in the shadows behind. Finally the old man spoke.

"John, your father gave out that I was dead. But I am the elder brother still. Thank God and Margaret! I am again the master of Deepdale Hall, and it shall remain a John Oldgarth's after I am gone. Margery," and his voice sank for a moment, "has made us one glad family at the end."

As the sun swept bright and clear into the Umbrian Valleys, and St. Oswald's matin-chime stole sweetly on them there, the Bogle of the Wishing Gate, without the aid of Cursty, Jemmy, Will and Tam, was thus happily and forever laid.

Imagine a household numbering 6,000 persons and no women allowed any part in its management! Such is the case at Dolma Bagtche palace of the Sultan. His majesty never uses a plate and seldom a knife or fork, but the dinner services are of gold or silver.

Miscellaneous.

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$8 Men's Heavy Ulsters, sizes 34 to 38.....$3 95
How is this? Men's Dark Gray Medium Weight All-wool Sack Suits, sizes 34 to 40, for.....$2 95
Men's Brown Satinet Sack Suits, medium weight, for.....$1 75
Men's Black Oilskin Suit (coat, pants and hat), worth $2 40; all for.....60c
A choice of 500 Gents' Silk Teck Scarfs for.....10c
50 dozen Gents' White Handkerchiefs.....4 for 10c
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In Fancy Goods Department we have on sale Ladies' Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Closing in the Dry Goods Department: Table Linens, Dress Goods, Towels, Table Covers, Blankets, Prints, Canton Flannels and Sheetings.

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The past year has been in many places outside of Sacramento a most severe one from a financial standpoint. The few and small failures here demonstrate what the steady growth of a city means: General prosperity and bright prospects for its inhabitants. Sacramento real estate has not depreciated, large sales and many of them have been made and, while none of the boom fuss has been made of the business done by "we real estate men," the record for 1893 is not to be sneezed at. The outlook for 1894 is bright in our line. That means good times for everyone. Let all have a good word for Sacramento.

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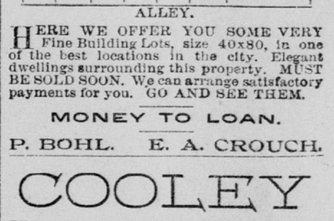

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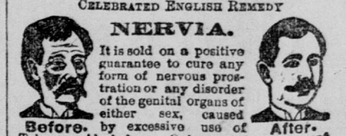

It is sold on a positive guarantee to cure any form of nervous prostration or any disorder of the genital organs of either sex, caused by excessive use of Tobacco, Alcohol or Opium, or on account of youthful indiscretion or over indulgence etc., Dizziness, Convulsions, Wakefulness, Headache, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Weak Memory, Bearing Down Pains, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nocturnal Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected, may lead to premature old age and insanity.

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