THE STRIKE AT NO. 9.

Tommy Callahan started it. For some weeks Tommy had been developing a scheme which he expected would make the breaker boys of Sugar Notch No. 9 famous from one end of the valley to the other. As events proved, it did, but not in the way that Tommy expected. The scheme was formed after Tommy had attended a meeting of the K. of L., No. —. He was not a delegate nor an invited guest, but the meeting was held in Monohan's Hall, and close to the rear of the hall is a large oak tree with one branch overhanging the roof, and on this roof is a skylight and some loose boards. That is how Tommy attended the meeting and saw and heard all that took place. There were some very fiery speeches, and Tommy's blood tingled with enthusiasm, and he wished over and over again that he was ten years older and a delegate. It was after Tommy's father had made a speech about oppression, monopoly, workingmen's rights, higher scales, foreign labor and recognition of labor unions that Tommy's mind was made up, and he slid down that tree so fast that for a moment he regretted his haste; his enthusiasm triumphed over the momentary pain, however, and he hurried home to lie awake in bed planning and planning, and also pluming himself on the glory which was to be his.

The next week or ten days the residents of the Notch plodded along in their usual humdrum fashion and noticed no disturbing element in the air. Had they paid any particular attention to Tommy Callahan they would have seen him walking about with head unusually erect and an air of importance which boded something worthy of attention. But the only persons who cast a second glance at Tommy in those days were the boys of Tommy's age who worked in the breaker, and to them he would impart in a whisper information which would make them walk in much the same mannner that Tommy did. Then he would go on until he met the next boy, and another whispered consultation would ensue.

Thus a week or ten days passed. Tommy was searching for a grievance and also organizing the boys for the move he intended to make. He found no difficulty in this, the boys being quite as enthusiastic as himself, not perhaps from the same high motives, for it must be confessed that the majority of them viewed the affair as a great piece of fun, and expected to enjoy it much more than they enjoyed playing "hookey" from night school.

Finally Tommy called a meeting of the Executive Board, comprising Paddy Mangan, Mickey Dongher, Denny Doris, Pat Golden and Cornelius St. Aloysius McMonegal, who was called "Condy" by all except his enemies. The five held a meeting in Gorman's barn, Tommy being there, too, as President of the order. He had found a grievance. The boys at No. 3 down in Warrior Run received five cents more a day than the Sugar Notch boys. He made a speech declaring that "such 'scrimination wasn't no go, an' I think us boys ought to be pertected. 'Taint right that no monopoly should set down on us as work so hard fer such small pay. We wants our rights and we'se goin' to have 'em." There was applause at this. Getting warmed to his subject, Tommy continued in more fiery vein, "Der's got to be some action took and to onced; we'se suffered too long under dis reign of tyranny" (he had carefully studied this phrase), "now we must free ourselves from the yoke. In the words of a great politician, rep'sentation without taxes ain't what free Americans want." Tommy did not quite understand this phrase, but it sounded well and there was more applause.

Then Mickey Dongher summed up the situation graphically: "Tommy is right," he said, "we'se got to stand up for our rights. I fer one am ready. Are ye wid me, me buckos?" The committee arose as one man; they were with him to the death.

"To-morrow morning we will pass de word," said Tommy. "De committee and meself 'll make de demand, and if de company don't give us wat we want by de next morning out we goes."

"Yep, out we goes," echoed the others.

"Der's one thing more afore we adjourn," said Tommy; "we ought to have a grip en a pass word."

Denny Doris objected to this. "What's de use?" he remarked; "we all knows each other."

Tommy admitted this, but said every society had a grip and a pass-word. The others agreed with Tommy, and Denny withdrew his objection. After some cogitation it was decided the grip should be the same as when the hand is held for throwing an outcurve with a baseball, the thumb and first two fingers extended and the other fingers closed.

Then came the question of a pass-word. Pat Golden suggested "Buildog," and Condy McMonagel "Johnny Get Your Gun." Paddy Mangan thought "Sweet Marie" more appropriate. Tommy, however, frowned them all down, and suggested "Death to monopoly," and this was accepted.

The next morning the boys filed into the breaker as the seven o'clock whistle blew, and took their seats with no knowledge of what was about to happen. No sooner had the great crushers started on their noisy round and the coal and slate commenced pouring down the iron chutes than Tommy whispered to his neighbor: "De time has come; get ready." Rapidly the word passed from bench to bench and row to row, until the top end boy heard it and waved his hand. Then with the exhilaration of the suppressed excitement finding its way to their flinfler-ends, the boys picked slate as they had never picked before, until Dan Toole, the one-legged breaker boss, sat on his stool watching them work, in such utter amazement that his ugly knotted leather switch fell from his ready hand.

But Dan's amazement was onthing to his astonishment when at 9 o'clock Tommy and the members of the executive board arose from their benches and, with Tommy leading, walked up to the breaker boss. At this unusual demonstration Toole grasped his switch ready for action, for fights between him and the breaker boys were frequent occurrences. But it was a new kind of fight this time.

"Mr. Toole," said Tommy, and the breaker boss, who was generally called Peg Leg Danny, sat up straighter at this. "Mr. Toole, we'se are a committee from the Breaker Boys' Union and we'se decided to request 5 cents more er day dan we'se gittin' now. Down at No. 3 de boys gits 54 cents er day an' we'se only gittin' 49 cents. We desire as much as dey is gittin', an' if we don't git it we'se 'ill have to stop work."

Tommy had rehearsed this speech for three days and delivered it like a prize-recitation, with, it must be admitted, considerable inward quaking, but a bold and determined front, and as much dignity as he could muster.

For a few moments Dan sat silent, overcome with astonishment, and then, as he saw all the boys looking at him, and the coal and slate going down the chute unheeded, he sprang up, snapped his switch and hoarsely ordered them to work or suffer sundry terrible punishments. They turned to their picking with alacrity, and so feared was Dan in his angry moods that the Executive Committee retreated with more haste than order. Tommy, however, stood his ground manfully, a little nervous though, as Dan's half-raised switch shook over him.

"So yer goin' to strike," said Dan at last, lowering his switch; "well, here's fun."

"Unless we'se git the raise, we'se goes out," answered Tommy with a note of defiance in his voice.

"Aw, g'erlong," laughed Dan, "g'erlong back to yer work, an' wait till yer grow up afore yer talk about strikin'."

"We must have an answer before 9 o'clock in de mornin'," replied Tommy as he resumed his seat; while Dan climbed up to the head man to tell him about the good joke the boys had.

Now, Tommy did not know that the proper man to apply to in such a case was the mine Superintendent, and he relied upon Dan settling the matter by himself. On the other hand, Dan, after telling a number of his associates about the boys' joke, forgot all about it, while trying to borrow a pipeful of tobacco from nearly every man he met, thus in the end getting a stock to last him all that evening.

Nothing further was said among the boys of the contemplated strike until the whistle blew for quitting time, when Tommy passed the word around that everybody should watch him in the morning and do as he did. A final meeting of the Executive Committee was also called for that evening at 8 o'clock at Gorman's barn, which was a short distance up the mountain, and where the boys were free from any interruption.

Tommy was on the way to the rendezvous when a girl called to him. She was Sally McGee. Tommy's heart throbbed every time he thought of her, while its condition when he saw her can only be described by Tommy, and that isn't in this story.

"Tommy," said Sally, and she spoke with becoming impressiveness, "you'se boys is goin' to strike to-morry, ain't you?" Tommy was startled at this statement. He thought no one knew it who was not actually concerned. "Now," said Sally, "me and some other girls has been a talkin' and we'se formed a Ladies' Auxiliary"—Sally pronounced this "exliary"—"and we'se goin' to help you'se, same as the 'exliary' helps the Brotherhood of Trainmen."

"Yes, but—" said Tommy, who had a not very exalted idea of the usefulness of women in men's affairs, such as strikes.

"Oh, it's no use er 'jectin'," exclaimed Sally, decisively; "we'se formed, and I be agoin' with you to the meetin'."

If she had been any other girl, Tommy would have refused definitely and directly then and there to allow her to have anything to do with the strike; but she was Sally, and—well, he made up his mind to argue against any objections the boys had. Fortunately, they were favorably impressed with the idea, and the "Ladies' Exilary" was allowed to join the Breaker Boys' Union. There was little to be done that night beyond deciding that unless the advance in wages was granted the boys should strike in the morning, and that the barn should be used as a meeting place.

THE STRIKE.

Breaker Boss Dan sat smoking his pipe and quite contented and comfortable the next morning, with no thought of the unusual happening of the day before. A greater surprise was in store for him, however. Promptly at 9 o'clock Tommy, with the eyes of all the other boys upon him, left his bench and walked over to the boss.

"Is der company a-goin' to give us de 5 cents extra?" he asked, calmly, but with every nerve in his body tingling with suppressed excitement.

Dan sat up with a start. "What!" he cried; "de same old joke. Get back to your work er I'll lay this switch across yer shoulders."

Tommy looked at him in surprise. He had expected different treatment would be shown to the President of the Breaker Boys' Union, but he was not in the least disheartened

"I repeat," he said, "will you give us de advance?"

"No!" roared Dan, white with anger, and as he spoke he brought his whip down on Tommy's back with all his strength. Now, Tommy came of a fighting family, and no sooner did he feel the sting of the whip than he struck back with his fist and Dave, hampered by his wooden leg, fell to the floor, and in a moment a dozen boys were holding him down.

"Tie his hands," said Tommy, rubbing his back. His hands were tied with his own whip lash.

"Now, give the signal," cried Tommy. Two long and two short toots on a tin horn that Mickey Dongher had brought for the purpose rose shrill above the roar of the crushers. No sooner was the last toot given than the boys on Tommy's "side" scrambled down the steps and were met at the foot by the boys from the other two "sides." And then, as had been arranged, in order to avoid any attempt to detain them the boys ran for the strip of woods a few hundred yards from the breaker, at the foot of the mountain, and in fifteen minutes from the time the horn was sounded all the boys, 146 by actual count, were at Gorman's barn. The strike at No. 9 was on.

So quickly had the affair been accomplished that the tipmen at the head of the breaker did not know anything was wrong until the coal in the chutes became clogged and they could empty no more cars. One of them investigating found Breaker Boss Dan helpless on the floor and every breaker boy missing. Signals were sent to the engineer to stop sending cars up to the breaker. The outside foreman ran, fuming, up the breaker steps to see what was the matter. Dan hastily explained. Another order tingled in the engineer's room. It meant stop hoisting from the shaft. The head man telephoned the news to the foot tenders. They in turn told the driver boys who were "pulling trips" from the various lifts of the mine, and almost as rapidly as it would have been done on the surface the news spread underground. Meanwhile the outside foreman telephoned to the district superintendent at the company's headquarters. Back came the question "Are there any empty cars on hand?"

"None," shouted the foreman; "we are sending 'em down as fast as we empty them."

"But one thing to do, then," cried the superintendent; "shut down. I'll drive over at once."

The superintendent was at the shaft an hour later and a crowd of very angry miners he found there. There was reason for their anger. The mine had been working only half time for some months, and they needed as much work as they could get. The unexpected shut down meant the loss of several much needed dollars to each of them.

"What are you goin' to do about this, sir?" asked one of the miners.

Now the superintendent wanted the mine to work as much as did the miners. There was a demand for a certain amount of coal, and he would lose the order if it was not filled. But he was a far seeing man, and so he replied:

"I cannot do anything except wait for the boys to return. We cannot afford to pay a higher scale, and as we cannot get any other boys, we shall have to shut down for a month, if necessary, until they return."

As a matter of fact, if he had thought the boys could stay out three days, he would have granted the increase rather than stop work, but he guessed what would happen, and rightly.

After a few moments' talk among themselves, one of the miners again approached the superintendent and spoke. If Tommy could have been hidden within hearing distance, his views on the unity of labor interests would have been forever shattered, for it was his father who said: "We don't know what this strike means, sir, or nothin' about it, and we don't care; but we can't afford to lose time because of a lot of fool kids. We'll fetch 'em back and make 'em work, you see if we don't."

This being as the superintendent expected, he drove back to his office fully satisfied and not a little amused.

The miners, who nearly all were fathers or brothers of the strikers, at once went to the village to search for the boys, and it was not long before they learned that the strikers' meeting place was at the old barn on the mountain. About a hundred of them started for it at once, while the others, after getting washed, sat down to await the result of the proposed capture and talk over the affair with the women.

But, thanks to the President of the "ladies' exilary," the strikers were not to be humiliated so readily. Sally, who had seen the flight of the boys, walked over to the shaft to await developments, and she was there when the miners resolved to settle the strike themselves. Anticipating their next move, she made all haste to Gorman's barn and broke in upon the assemblage in the midst of a heat debate on the advisability of increasing their demand to 10 cents, instead of 5, so flushed were they by their novel situation and apparent success.

"Get out of here!" cried Sally, breathlessly, "they're after yer; hurry, they're comin'."

In a few words she explained the situation, the boys standing blankly about, and one or two of the smaller ones beginning to cry. Even Tommy was nonplussed by this great and unexpected reverse, and also not a little by the gravity of the affair, for he had not realized in the excitement of the preparations the consequences of the strike.

"What yer goin' ter do?" queried Sally, impatiently, as the boys stared at each other.

"Let's go home," cried several before whose eyes appeared a vision of a strong arm and a swirling strap.

Tommy had recovered by this. "Go home!" he exclaimed; "not much! If our folks is fightin' us too, we'se jus' got to fight 'em back all der harder. We'se got to win, an' we'se goin' to."

Some of the bolder ones cheered, but the majority were not impressed by this heroic speech. Several began edging toward the door, and Tommy saw his hopes of fame vanishing like thin mist, but in this extremity succor came from the "ladies' exilary."

Sally jumped on a bench and in a shrill, clear voice cried, "I'll tell yer what it is, yer folks is mighty mad at yer, and if they catches yer, yer'll all get a mighty good lickin'. If yer keeps out er their way for a time, they'll cool down may be."

Tommy plucked up courage at this. "Sally's right," he cried, "an' I knows a cave up on ther mountain where we'se can hide an' it 'ill be just like a big picnic. Let's go there; whose wid me?"

A wave of enthusiasm swept over the dismayed strikers, and with one accord they started for the cave. Fifteen minutes later, when the miners reached the barn, they could see nobody, and nobody saw them except a little black-haired girl, who peeped out from behind the trunk of a tree and laughed all to herself.

Meanwhile the boys were climbing the mountain to the cave, a big crevice in the mass of rocks which formed a great bluff at the highest part of the mountain. The entrance was up a steep and rocky ascent to an opening about thirty feet long, which gave admittance to a deep and wide chamber, some twelve feet in hight. Here the boys carried arm loads of wood, lighted cheery fires, and settled down to enjoy themselves and await developments. A spring at the foot of the bluff furnished water, while huckleberries were to be had from extensive patches for the picking. Then most of the boys had their dinner pails, and so they prepared for their night of camping out, and but for their fears of the punishment in store, a happier crowd of boys could not have been found from one end of the Wyoming Valley to the other.

THE SURRENDER.

Not finding the boys at the barn, the miners had gone back to the Notch vowing vengeance on them for the trouble they were causing, and there a number of driver boys and others, young in years, but older than any of the strikers, were eager for continuing the search and bringing back the strikers by force. Older men, however, counseled them to spare their efforts, arguing that the boys would return during the night of their own accord.

Midnight passed and morning broke, however, with no sign of the strikers; and as the breaker remained silent and the engine quiet, the men, who had been somewhat lenient the day before, became thoroughly angry. As soon after breakfast as possible the men collected at the mine, and it was then determined to send out searching parties, locate the boys, and take them back to the mines, if it took a week to do so. Accordingly about a hundred of the most active put lunches in their pockets, and at some one's suggestion several yards of stout cord to tie their prisoners with, and thus armed and victualed began the ascent of the mountain, guided by the assertion of a driver boy who said he saw fires in the old cave during the night.

Early in the morning Tommy, after a consultation with the Executive Committee, and ordered a dozen or so of the boys out as sentinels, posting them at various commanding points with instructions to report any approach of the miners. He now realized his situation and heartily wished he had never thought of striking, but his Rubicon was crossed, and he resolved to hold out until the last. He knew that if the boys returned to the village they would not only suffer painful punishment, but gain nothing at all, except the ridicule of everybody. On the other hand, he believed if they could stay out for three or four days the company would grant their demands, in which event he could picture an enviable position for himself as the youngest labor leader in the world, not to speak of getting his picture in all the papers with long accounts of the strike.

He had imbued the others with the belief that their only course was to resist to the last all efforts to take them back, and as he foresaw an attempt would be made that day, he ordered all the boys to keep near the cave, and also to collect heaps of stones at the entrance, ready to repel an attack. As he expected, about 10 o'clock the sentinels ran into the camp wth the news that a number of men were advancing toward the cave. Three toots on the horn, which Tommy had reserved for himself, sounded the retreat and all the boys went into the cave. In a short time they could see the men coming, twenty or thirty driver boys being in the lead. They advanced as if they were quite sure where the boys were hiding, and Tommy, seeing that all attempts at concealment were useless, stepped forth as they began to climb the steep ascent to the cave. Behind him lay the boys, each with a stone ready to throw.

"Don't yer come up here," he cried; "we ain't goin' back with yer, so don't yer come up."

The driver boys answered with a shout of derision, and pressed forward. Tingling with excitement, Tommy cried, "Fire!"

Never was volley more effective; swift and true flew the stones, and back went the driver boys in confusion, with hands pressed over painful bruises and cuts, while Tommy tooted the horn and the boys cheered in triumph. The rest of the attacking force came up just in time to see the advance body hurled back. Then their pent-up anger broke forth in a storm of voices ordering the boys to come down at once. With a wave of his hand Tommy ordered the others back into the cave, and out of sight, while he, calmly waiting until he tumult subsided, then cried out his defiance:

"We'se ain't a-comin' down, an' yez can't bring us down."

One of the men stepped forward and cried in a voice thick with anger, "If you'se boys don't come outer there to oncet we'll lick yer till yer can't stand."

"Oh, golly!" said Denny Doris, who was standing just behind Tommy; "dat's my dad. Say, let's go down. Ain't no use——"

"Shut up," exclaimed Tommy, decisively; and then, turning again to the miners, he shouted derisively: "Aw, go 'long. You'se can't do nothin'." The answer was a volley of stones from below, one of which made a deep gash on Tommy's head. But he did not mind that, and as the enemy again charged, he cried, as did Wellington at Waterloo, "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

Volley after volley poured down upon the men who were trying to climb up the steep slope under cover of a fire from below; their attempt was futile. Steadily and accurately the boys threw their missiles, and one by one the climbers fell or ran back until none was left on the slope, and the boys were howling with delight. Their position was impregnable, and the attacking party realized it. There was some talk, and then the men sat down in the shade of the trees, drew out their pipes and began smoking, while those who were hurt washed their wounds or went down to the Notch to get them dressed and tell the story of the attack.

Tommy was somewhat surprised by this new move, and not a little worried, for some of the boys who had been hurt began calling for water, and there was none to be had except at the spring around which the men were clustered.

"Wait till night, boys," cried Tommy, cheerily, "and then they'll go home, an' we'll get water."

They heard the noon whistles blow in the valley below, and lay about the cave watching the besiegers. The afternoon waned and the sun touched the top of the hills across the river, but still the men sat around the spring, smoking, playing cards and seemingly having a delightfully lazy time. Up in the cave, though, things were different. The boys, hungry and thirsty, were complaining bitterly, and a number of them wanted to go over to the enemy at once and suffer the consequences. Tommy, who was suffering as much as any of them, held them in check as much as possible. He had one hope left, that the men would go home at night. Otherwise there was no alternative but to surrender. There could be no retreat. The only entrance or outlet to the cave was in front. Anxiously Tommy watched the men as dusk fell, and his heart sank as he saw them joined by others from the Notch with big baskets of food. There was very nearly a mutiny in the boys' camp at the sight of this, and Tommy, hungry, cold and miserable, prevented himself from giving in only by shutting his teeth hard.

As night fell the men lighted huge fires and sat around, telling stories and having a good time, incidentally keeping an eye on the cave, for they were determined not to let any of the boys escape.

Through the long, cold night, so different from the first one they had spent there, the boys lay half awake and half asleep, thinking bitterly of the morrow and the punishment in store, but willing to suffer all for a good hot meal and a drink of water.

The morning broke bright and cheery, and as soon as it was light one of the besiegers hailed the boys. "Are yez ready to come down now?" he asked.

"We'se a comin'," answered Tommy meekly, whereupon the men shouted, and each brandished in the air what looked very much like a stout hickory switch.

Then the boys descended, and so, with some painful particulars which I shall not enlarge upon, ended the strike at No. 9.—Percival Ridsdale, in New York Evening Post.

No Percentage Pharmacy.

We pay no one a percentage of our business. On two or three prescriptions we can save you enough to buy an armful of bric-a-brac.

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We are making Pack Saddles and Bags, Knite Sheaths, Pistol Holsters, Money Belts and other leather goods for Klondyke travelers. We also have Sheepskins, Dog Harness material, etc., at less than you can purchase at San Francisco.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

"The Blacksmith"

A $50,000 PAINTING

FREE EXHIBITION.

The people of Sacramento are invited to the free exhibition, in a darkened room near the Carpet Department, of Delorme's wonderful painting, "The Blacksmith." This picture will not be ready for exhibition until Monday noon, January 31st. It is now over a year since we first opened negotiations with the owner of this picture (Mr. Galbraith of Toronto, Canada) to bring it West. That he has finally done so was due mainly to our efforts. We are sure that the picture will be appreciated fully as much here as in the East, where thousands flocked to see it. A rare treat is certainly in store for the people in Sacramento.

Delorme died in 1894. He was a French artist of the first rank, and his most successful work, "The Blacksmith," is valued by Mr. Galbraith at $50,000. The following are a few extracts in regard to the painting from the Eastern press:

New York World.

"The figure of the smith stands out in absolute relief. The flesh and muscles are as perfect a simulation as the brush can produce. The combination of natural and artificial lights, the rays of the sun filtering through the window meeting the gleaming flames of the fire, is a most skillful study."

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"It is worth going a long distance to see."

Philadelphia North American.

"It ranks as one of the masterpieces of the world. As one approaches the picture the figure upon the canvas seems to have life."

Boston Advertiser.

"This marvelous painting has compelled tributes of praise from the best-known Boston artists. Never has a charcoal fire been more realistically painted. It burns with a brilliancy that lights up the canvas with the intensity of diamond flashes. A man in flesh and blood stands before you. The longer one gazes at the picture the more it impresses you."

"THAT MUCH-LOOKED-FOR EVENT."

MONDAY 9:30 A. M.

Annual Embroidery Sale.

This is the great yearly embroidery event to which so many customers look forward. They know from the past that the embroideries are all perfect, fresh goods, in the daintiest and most artistic patterns, and that the price—well, many customers think that they cannot make money any easier than by buying enough embroideries to last the year around.

The embroideries are from St. Gall, Switzerland. The maker there, in order to clear his stock, doesn't count the cost of disposing of what he may have on hand at the close of the year. That is why we are able to get the embroideries so much below value. They are on Nainsook, Swiss and Cambric, and range from narrowest edgings to work eight inches wide. This season there will be

4,000 Yards on Sale.

No two patterns alike. In some cases edgings may be had to match. There will be a great many pieces, but the following will give an idea of the leading ones:

Cambric Embroideries, 1½ to 8 inches wide, at 3c, 6c, 7c, 9c, 12c, 16c, 19c, 22c and 34c per yard.

Nainsook Embroideries, 3 to 9 inches wide, at 7c, 9c, 12c, 14c, 23c to 33c yard.

Swiss Embroideries, 9c, 12c and 16c.

White, with red, pink or blue work, 2 inches wide, at 3½c, 4c and 6c yard.

Cambric and Nainsook Insertion, 1, 1½, 2 and 3 inches, at 4c, 6c, 8c and 13c yard.

Prices, 1c, 1½c, 2c, 3c, 7c, 9c, 12c, 16c, 19c, 23c to 33c.

Do you remember that big embroidery sale of last year? We are planning to make this bigger and better than that.

Four Buyers in New York.

At present this house has four buyers in New York, not including clerical help. These men are busy from morning till night buying goods. They have found thousands of dollars' worth of special merchandise at prices much below value, and have sent forward some of the most telling values imaginable. The first of these new purchases are already at hand, and will be offered at special sales early in February.

Boys' School Shoes.

Hook and Lace School Shoe, with coin toes. These shoes are made with heavy soles, have neat toe caps and the bottoms are fastened with Standard screws, making it impossible for them to rip or break out. Strong, serviceable shoes that possess as much style as shoes that sell for double. Sizes 2½ to 5½. $1 25 pair.

The above shoes are made to our special order, which is a guarantee of excellence.

Those Special Values in Men's Trousers.

We have still a fairly good assortment of fine Trousers for men placed on special sale a few days ago at $2 48 and $3 98. There are not many pairs left of a kind, but the lot was quite large and we have still nearly all sizes and can fit almost anybody.

There are some big values in the extra large sizes.

Horse Blankets Reduced.

Chase's celebrated Horse Blankets, shaped at the neck and with place on each side to put the shafts through. Bound around edges, and with two straps in front of shoulder. This blanket also has the champion warp, making it extra strong. Price reduced to $2 45.

Woolen Horse Blankets in large plaids, exceptionally good quality and ought to go quickly at the reduced price—$2 45.

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Remnant Day

and the last day of our tremendously successful January Clearance Sale.

The end of this Annual Clearance Sale has found us with quite a large number of remnants, odds and ends and broken lots. We propose to offer them at such wonderful reductions as will be befitting the closing of the greatest sale we ever held. You will find the following lines displayed on our counters, with the prices at half:

SILKS	VEILINGS
VELVETS	RIBBONS
DRESS GOODS	LACES
PERCALES	SHEETINGS
CALICOES	MUSLINS
FLANNELS	CRASHES
TRIMMINGS	HOSIERY
DOMESTICS	UNDERWEAR
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TABLE LINENS	KID GLOVES
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WE ARE NOT

What you call cheap men, don't sell cheap clothing, still it would surprise you what GOOD clothing we sell for little money, and can prove it, too. Sounds like brag, maybe, but you needn't care as long as you get the best clothing at the price of sweat shop goods.

Come and let us explain the difference.

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OPP-PLAZA.

"EVERY MAN IS ODD," but we can fit him.

His View of It.

"Have you heard about that New York man who was barred out of society because he married two of his cooks?"

"No! There must be some mistake. New York society will never go back on any man who can afford to keep two cooks."

The Reward of Persistence.

She—I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived.

He—I don't blame you. Life would, for a girl of your lively disposition, be intolerably dull with him.

Then he resumed where she had interrupted him and inside of three minutes she sweetly murmured "yes."

He—What makes you think me a fool about women?

She—Because you're really silly enough to think that you know all about them.—Detroit Free Press.

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