BATCH OF SHORT STORIES

Notes and Incidents Picked Up by Journal Reporters on Their Rounds.

Extinguishing a German Conflagration—Rise of American Corn in Europe—Thought He Heard Them Yell.

An Indianapolitan, who recently traveled among European countries, in making some comparisons between institutions beyond the Atlantic and those of the United States, tells about how fires are extinguished in Stuttgart.

"Very little wood," said he, "is used in the construction of buildings in Europe. Edifices are composed almost entirely of slow-burning material, for, indeed, were it not so, the whole continent would burn to a crisp about the first time a fire broke out.

"One night while I was stopping at Stuttgart I was awakened by a strange noise, and poking my head out of a window, saw a Dutchman in a slightly congested state, blowing a horn in front of a dwelling house. Having given the instrument a vociferous blast, he started in a gentle dog trot, and presently stopped before another residence, repeating the blast. This, to me, was a curious performance, and so soon as some of the people in the house were up, I inquired about the matter, to find that a fire was raging somewhere, and that the Dutchman and the horn were waking up the firemen! About half an hour later I, with a few others, got down to the firehouse, which, by the way, was the only one in Stuttgart, and Stuttgart is a city as large as Indianapolis. We found most of the firemen there, very deliberately arranging department matters for the emergency at hand, and after a time a string of men jogged out on the street, harnessed to a little old hand-pump machine. Arriving at the fire a long line was formed; a bucket of water was pumped up and handed from one man up to another, each of whom spilled more or less until the pail got to the man nearest the fire, and he poured what remained in the bucket out on the fire in a very matter of fact way. It took a long time to put the fire out, but they stayed right with it until it was extinguished and then went jabbering to their barracks. A fire in European cities is not what it is in Indianapolis and the fire departments are not exactly the same."

Stuttgart Fire Alarm.

—‡—

One of the unique figures of the dedication of the Indiana building was Hon. Charles J. Murphy, well known as the American agent for the extension of the sale of American corn in the European market. His wife accompanied him, and like him, watched the proceedings of the occasion with great interest. The latter is a woman of past the prime of life, having silver hair like her husband's, and like him, ruddy-faced and stout. Col. Murphy wears a perfectly clean face as regards beard and looks the picture of rugged health. He is an enthusiast upon the subject of the market of corn in Europe and has spent thousands of dollars of his own money for the purpose in view. He worked five years in this agitation before he was accredited with authority by the United States government, and then it was through the efforts of Secretary Rusk. This has made Col. Murphy an enthusiastic admirer of the venerable ex-Secretary, and both he and his wife speak with great regard of him. Secretary Morton ordered Col. Murphy home for a season, and while here he is trying to induce the world's fair authorities to establish a corn kitchen in the House of Comfort which adorns the ground and has no exhaustive demand upon its utility. He thinks it next to sin that the corn kitchen was not established from the first. The failure to seize the opportunity seems almost like burning greenbacks to Colonel Murphy. He has seen the export of corn grow from next to nothing, against the bitterest because self-seeking opposition, to a point where a score of mills are about to begin the grinding of maize, or "mize," as it is called in Europe, and where the increase alone of exported corn products last year over the year previous was $10,000,000. This is conceded to be due to the untiring work of Colonel Murphy and his wife.

The agitation at first met with great opposition from the millers of Germany on account of a fear on their part that the introduction of American corn products would cut down their business. But such was the success of the agitation that the government ordered that experiments be made with a view of testing the quality of the corn in connection with the Russian rye, which has been so long almost exclusively used. One of the leading chemists, Dr. Thiel, was ordered to prepare a lecture on the subject. He indorsed it officially as an excellent food and especially adaptible to the wants of the army. The bread mixed with rye was found to be tempting to the taste, as well as nourishing, and when the grain had been degerminated and kiln-dried there was no danger of it spoiling. Coming thus with the sanction of the imperial government the effect was highly beneficial. At one time, when distributing the cornmeal in the form of mush to a large crowd of Germans in Berlin, as an advertisement, the cooking was done by Mrs. Murphy herself. "I found there was no one present," said she to a Journal reporter, "who knew the first thing about cooking the meal, so I said that I would cook it. I made a large quantity of the mush, which we served hot to many hundreds of people. It was well liked by the multitude. It was only in this way, by personal distribution of the cooked material, that we succeeded in getting any recognition from the people although it is much cheaper than the bread they use. It was a great advantage to us to have official powers. We in America do not appreciate what deference is shown to one of official station. I feel that my husband is entitled to all the credit for this great work. He has given it all his time for seven years past, and for the most of it was paying the expenses himself. One exhibition alone cost him $1,700 out of his own pocket in the city of Edinburgh."

As Mrs. Murphy spoke of her husband her eyes almost filled with tears of pride and pleasure that she could say so much in spite of all the sacrifices that she and he have made. It cropped out in the conversation that they were made to feel that republics are ungrateful. They have been shown but little consideration by the world's fair management, and have paid their way into the grounds as if they had done nothing deserving of all the good things the country can bestow upon them. The failure to accord them the social honors that are given many very insignificant people had, it is evident, not passed unnoticed.

—‡—

George A. Weadon is a traveling man residing at No. 561 Broadway, and is very fond of a practical joke, appreciating it fully as well should it happen to be upon himself as if it were upon his friend, the only requisite being that it must be a good one. Weadon has a friend, also a traveling salesman, who was caught in the Aldine Hotel bubble, and intending to have a little amusement at the expense of the friend he wrote him a letter calling upon him as a friend for assistance in securing rooms for a visit to the world's fair. As a last little cut Weadon asked his friend if he would recommend the Aldine. The friend set about to wreak an awful vengeance upon Weadon, and forwarded to the Chicago Herald for publication in last Sunday's issue an advertisement for rooms, giving Weadon's address in this city. Weadon left Monday morning on his usual trip and returned the latter part of the week past. Upon his arrival at his home he found a full half bushel of letters awaiting him. He looked at them in amazement and started into them, breaking the seals and glancing at each. They contained all manner of propositions, with photographs of the various alleged hotels and full and acurate descriptions of all their apartments and surroundings. Some said that they would meet him at the depot with a carriage if he would only let them know upon what train he would arrive; others gave directions how to reach the hostlery on foot as it was only one, two or three blocks from the station as suited the caprice or notion of the writer. Weadon sat up till midnight upon the night of his arrival and then became disgusted and threw the remaining letters, half the original number, into the waste basket, and now he would be looking for the man that did it, but his reputation is at stake.

—‡—

One would think that a guard at the world's fair would be the last one to be caught by a sharper, and yet such an instance happened last week, and has so far escaped publication in the Chicago press. The guard's name is Koontz, and he is stationed in the Fine Art Building. One afternoon he was hastily approached by a handsomely dressed and winsome-looking young woman, who, as if taking it for granted that everybody knew him, asked:

"Have you seen my husband here?"

"No, madam," he replied, politely. Then she asked:

"What time is it, please?"

The guard pulled out a fine gold watch and said: "It is half past 4 o'clock." Then she said: "Oh, it is not as late as I thought. I was to meet my husband here at 5 o'clock, and I was afraid I was late. He would have scolded me if I was late a minute. I want to go over to the Floral Building and must be back here at 5. Will you let me have your watch until I return, so that I will be sure not to be late in meeting my husband here?"

The appeal, for some reason, won, and the fair young wife, so innocent-looking, was trusted with the ticker. It is useless to say more. The watch and the fair deceiver have never come back, and Koontz is not saying much about the incident.

—‡—

A woman of this city, who is especially interested and prominent in church work, had occasion recently to go to a city in the northern part of the State. Sitting next to her in the chair car was a rather effeminate-looking young man, who had a covered basket. Every few minutes he would raise the lid of the basket and anxiously look in. During the course of the trip the church worker had occasion to address the young man, and afterward loaned him her paper. He read by snatches, still keeping up his solicitude about the contents of the basket. He finally remarked that his "pet had not eaten anything all day, and he feared it was ill." The c. w. asked him what kind of a pet he had, and he put his hand in the basket and drew out a great big snake, whose forked tongue it moved uneasily. The c. w. uttered a little shriek, grabbed her bag and umbrella, and disappeared into the next car. She has probably vowed never to inquire about pets again.

—‡—

An aged man, with a sunburned coat and a swollen jaw, went with a hesitating step up the stairway leading into a certain school of music in this town.

He stuck his face through the open door of a room, where a young man was wrestling with a violin in such a manner as to draw from the suffering instrument the most excruciating squeals.

"Where's Doc?" mumbled the aged farmer man.

"Doc who?" inquired the young violinist.

"W'y, the dentist. I wanter get this here tooth pulled out."

"There is no dentist here," said the young man, as he picked up his violin again.

"The dickens they ain't. Look here, young man, don't you try to play no roots on me. I heerd the patients a hollerin' when I was half a block away."

And it was only by taking the old man across the alley to the saloon and treating him, that he could be pacified.

—‡—

People in the vicinity of the Circle, ——— night, were surprised to see a man driving a horse and light buggy around the asphalt roadway at a high rate of speed. The outfit went around the Circle three or four times, and the general impression among the spectators at the time was, of course, that the man was intoxicated. Finally, he succeeded in pulling up his steed, and then he explained.

"This blasted beast used to be on the track," said he, "and I guess he thought he had struck a race track that was simply out of sight, and took the opportunity of using it. How many times did I go around this place, anyhow? Whew!"

And the exhausted man mopped his forehead with a red handkerchief and disappeared up Meridian street.

—‡—

"Did you ever play poker with a stammering man?" asked a citizen whose eyes and shaking hands gave signs of a threatened attack of nervous prostration. "No? Well, I did last night, but I'll never do so any more. Just imagine, if you can, a man's feelings when he has put a big fat bluff, and sees that stuttering friend on the other side of the table pick up his cards, and hear him say: 'W-w-w-ell, I g-g-g-uess I'll—guess I'll p-p-p-pass.' I tell you the strain on a man's nerves while he is waiting for the verdict is something awful."

—‡—

A Washington-street furnisher has a cravat in his show window which is called the "Aldine." Patrons of an erstwhile famous Chicago hotel see that it is fashioned after the aforesaid patrons' money—all tied up in in a knot.

—‡—

Sullivan's electric light display next week will not begin to equal in brilliancy the display when the Sullivan and Downing wires get crossed at the coming convention.

—‡—

Shoemaker keep to your last, gambler keep to your "kitty"—and keep out of the cafe business.

Attorney Antoinette D. Leach.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

In your statement of the facts relative to the case of Antoinette D. Leach for admission to practice law in Indiana, recently decided in the Supreme Court, you speak of her residing in Greene county. Mrs. Leach lives in Sullivan county, and at this place. She made her application for admission in the Greene Circuit Court, which is in the Fourteenth judicial circuit, composed of the counties of Sullivan and Greene. The lawyers, generally, seemed to think the case was hopeless under the peculiar wording of the Constitution, but her attorney, John S. Bays, of this place, made a vigorous fight in both the Circuit and Supreme courts, and was finally successful in getting a decision in her favor. Mrs. Leach has a fine law library, and will enter the practice of law in earnest, now that she is entitled to do so. H.

SULLIVAN, Ind., June 17.

By an Indianapolis Composer.

A new song, "Dreams," a waltz comique, has just been published. The composer is Mr. Louis Weslyn Jones, of this city, and the piece is dedicated "to his friend and fellow-dreamer, Armin Recker." The words and music are both by Mr. Jones. The song is a suitable interlude for a comic opera or farce, and properly sung the piece would doubtless take immensely.

Will Preach at Memorial Church.

The Rev. F. O. Ballard, of Chicago, will preach in Memorial Presbyterian Church this morning and evening. Since the retirement of Mr. Edson, the church has been without a pastor, and Mr. Ballard has been invited to preach on trial.

HEATED TERM'S PROBLEMS

Annual Question of Where to Spend the Summer Vacation Arises.

Dreams of Green Grass and Flowing Water—A Drawback to the Lakeside Resorts—People Easily Satisfied.

THE time comes back, with the accuracy of a pendulum, when, through the dust of the city, the vellum trunk and the great valises, pouched tightly as kangaroos, are heading for Union Station, while their owners, with cool dreams of days to come, hidden away in steaming bosoms, follow after. There is such a thing as getting enough asphalt laid in a city to make an oven of it through July and August. Many a day an egg might have been cooked on Washington street last summer, and if this summer proceeds as June predicts it will fry lamb chops, "done on both sides," before the encampment. When the asphalt takes on a culinary turn it is about time for a vacation.

"Where! O where, shall we spend the heated season?" If it be not sacrilege, or otherwise profane, it might be mentioned that the previous question as to where eternity shall be spent, dwindles down into abject insignificance beside this last one. There are a variety of plans and a number of schemes suggested, and at last they all fail. Everything is apt to fail at this time—even the heart—especially when dreaming of the probabilities of spending some months among breezy Canada lakes or the mountain streams, with "the only fellow on earth" in the party!

There is one whose vacation never fails, however—one whose trips are never thrown amiss by rain or wind; he is the man who rises early, before the heat of the day, takes his cane and rod, his dog and his lunch, and finds cool retreats up White river, where the gamey bass wrestles with his minnow from pool to pool, until at last he flaps on the bank, a beautiful two-pounder, aching for the smoking skillet!

While the ladies are fanning themselves into a congested state, matching fanciful stuffs for the "holiday fish," this old fellow is so cool and so happy that a mosquito wouldn't drill him if his hands were tied. Indiana is fast developing summer resorts of her own near this city that will refresh those who care to spend their vacation at home. What could be more enchanting than a week or two in and about beautiful, scenic Spencer or Warsaw, where the poets go? The great attraction is toward the great lakes and the north, where are found the beauty and wealth of this beautiful commonwealth, or uncommonly beautiful wealth that floats around in private yachts at this time of the year, to perhaps as sweet strains as put Cleopatra to sleep in her palmiest days. The only trouble with a month along the lakes is that it makes a comparatively rich man feel so much like a pauper that it takes off the keener edge of his vacation relish. There is not the equalizing influence of a great hotel, wherein a man and his family may disappear and walk down to dinner on a level with the gilded throng, for no matter where his hostelry may be located, sooner or later the great private yacht of Sen. ——, or perhaps Duke of ——, skims over the horizon and draws up for a stare at the little hotel and vagrant beach. Of course the yacht may have cost no more than, say $1,500,000, and is, altogether, a rather cheap affair, but when the "white-winged idyl rounds to" and displays the nest of diamonds in which lies sleeping a pink heiress, it is time to pick up the camp-stool in disgust and shine otherwhere.

But those who go away from the hot city for the sake of comfort, cool air, a better appetite and a love for nature, are never disappointed and always refreshed when they return. The girl who has bent over her typewriting machine all the long, hot hours between 8 o'clock and 6; the man who has stood at the counter until his flesh positively refused to stand up with him any longer; these and all the other ones who have sighed and cried, looked forward and longed for the cool season in the woods, if only down by Broad Ripple, or, in fact, anywhere where grass grows, water flows and the trees are leafy green, they are the ones who are easily pleased as to where they shall go and are never disappointed in themselves or their surroundings.

SHAKSPEARE CLUB.

Its First Meeting Held Beneath the Trees of "the Forest of Arden."

The Shakspeare Club had its first open meeting, on Friday, in the Forest of Arden, at Hammond's, on Fall creek. Three tally-hos from Mr. Cleveland's residence took the club and several invited guests to the wood, where a fine repast was already spread under dense oak, beech, elm and ash trees.

Upon removing the filmy paper napkins a folio programme was found, with the approved portrait of Shakspeare upon one cover and a perfect half-tone photogravure of Mr. Cleveland, for four years the leader of the club, upon the other cover. Within were a dozen mottoes from the myriad-minded man, to whom perpect conception gave infinite perfection of phrase.

After the viands came the feast of reason and flow of soul, tempered with such luxuries as Shakspeare's time hardly knew—coffee, chocolate and cigars. The day was perfect; the courtesies of those who prepared and administered the creature comforts were unbounded. Even the tinge of sadness that one who has brought a new lustre to literary and clerical life in Indianapolis would rarely meet with them again, did not overcome the gayety and cheerfulness of the hour. For in whatever land their diverging steps might lead, about them was the same nature which Shakspeare portrayed, the tongues in trees, the books in running brooks and good in everything.

Mr. Cleveland was first called upon, and expressed his great satisfaction in the party given in his and Shakspeare's honor; that it was a pleasure to see the increase in Shakspeare work initiated and carried on for years by Miss Katherine Merrill in this city. The trivialities of literature were laid aside and more and more the founders of English speech and English thought were studied and admired. Mr. Cleveland spoke of Shakspeare in connection with Dante as the "Saints of Poetry;" they are canonized in literature and it is an impiety to meddle with them. They dwell apart in royal solitude; a glory of complete perfection invests them. Dante embodied, musically, the religion of the middle ages; also, the spiritual life of modern Europe. The voice of ten silent centuries was in his mystic, unfathonable song. Shakspeare embodied for us the outer life of Europe; its chivalries, courtesies, humors and ambitions; the way of thinking, acting and looking at the world. Dante was narrow, deep and fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare virile, placid, far-seeing as the sun, the upper light of the world.

Five centuries ago Italy produced the one world voice; two centuries later the northern Saxon English blood, one of our own kind, produced the other.

Shakspeare was greater than Dante, for he fought and conquered. Like Dante, he had his sorrows, as his sonnets show. He saw the divinity in nature, deep as hell, high as heaven; that we are such stuff as dreams are made of. He was prophet, as well as poet, not of a narrow superstition, but of the universal church of the future, and of all time. Out of his plays rises the universal psalm. His eye was on all history; he wrote the epic of English history; Marlborough knew no English history outside of Shakspeare's historical plays. He will last forever; the latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare.

Mr. George McIntosh spoke to the line "In nature there's no blemish." He spoke of Shakspeare's inimitableness; like Dante and Goethe, he left no heirs to the form or mode of his expression. There is no line in any modern poet that reminds us of Shakspeare; no one has parodied Shakspeare; only poets of the second-class can be imitated. Within the magic circle of Shakspeare none dare to tread.

Mr. Hurty responded to the line, "Medea gathered the enchanted herbs that did renew old Æson," but swept lightly away the apothecary's vocation, and spoke of the great joyousness of Shakspeare. Seeing all, he saw the greatness of the good; that evil is only the vanishing background upon which the Divine and beneficent effulgence temporarily portrays our brief life and introduction to a higher state of being. Life soon ceases to be perspective, and becomes reminiscent; Shakspeare has gilded it for all men and for all time with his golden optimism, his great joy and hope.

Miss Donnon expressed her great pleasure in the opportunity to read and study Shakspeare four years under the guidance of Dr. Cleveland, and the forty or more friends who had clubbed together under the spirit of the world's greatest oracle. But she said there was good work done outside of the clubs, and it was easy to overdo them. The greatest wit, and geniality, and helpfulness went quietly on in this city outside the clubs. An eminent French scholar wished but one sentiment on his monument—that he was not a member of the French Academy. Dante, Goethe, Shakspeare belonged to no clubs. A girl she knew of—nameless, of course—who belonged to all the clubs, was solicited to take the part of Priscilla in a dramitization. She firmly, but without expressed reason, declined. Her mother, forced to an explanation, said her daughter would like to help them out, but really her feet were too large to wear the glass slippers of the play. We should remember our individuality and not be intellectually submerged by clubs.

Responses were made by Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. McGregory, Mrs. Cook and others. The duet, "I Know a Bank," was down for Sadie and Mrs. Walker, and was reinforced by the presence of the wild thyme, the nodding violet and the lush woodbine on every hand.

When "the sun began to gild the western sky" the Shakspeare Club took to their tally-hos, the horns resounded and the party drove around the beautiful road by Allisonville and Tanglewood to the city, returning after a "palpitating day," mixed with cloud and sunshine, threatening, yet witholding rain. As the sun set in rare glory the new moon took its place, and the day closed on the first annual outing of the Shakspeare Club.

For it is designed to make this the nucleus of such Shakspeare work as is done in all cities which prize the intellectual life. There is no basis so broad for associative study, outside the English Bible, as the works of Shakspeare, and with other teachers and students the work commenced by the Shakspeare Club will go forever on.

BOARD OF TRADE.

Committees to Attend the Auxiliary Meetings at the World's Fair.

The board of governors of the Board of Trade will meet to-morrow night to hear the report of the election committee and to elect a secretary and two grain inspectors. President Murphy yesterday made the following appointments of committees to attend the world's fair auxiliary meetings:

Banking and Finances—V. T. Malott, Allen M. Fletcher and John P. Frenzel.

Board of Trade—Geo. Q. Tanner, E. B. Martindale and John H. Holliday.

Water Commerce—Justus C. Adams, Peter F. Bryce and A. H. Nordyke.

Railway Commerce—A. A. Barnes, C. C. Foster and Silas M. Shephard.

Mercantile business—I. S. Gordon, D. W. Coffin and Wm. L. Elder.

Insurance—A. B. Prather, B. A. Richardson and C. F. Sayles.

Stocks and Bonds—W. W. Spencer, S. N. Chambers and Sterling R. Holt.

Building and Loan Associations—Horace M. Hadley, C. S. Denny and J. E. Snideler.

Single Tax—F. J. Van Vorhis, J. B. Conner and Robert N. Lamb.

Why the Invitations Failed.

The failure of the invitations printed by Burford for the dedication of the Indiana building has no doubt caused many to wonder with more or less of injured feeling why they were not invited. The fault is due to no one in particular, as far as discovered, for the invitations reached Chicago on the preceding Friday, being put off at Englewood, where they lay until Tuesday morning. They could not be found, and Executive Commissioner Havens almost sweat blood for several days. This incident illustrates what is noticed in a great many things about the fair. It is too big a concern to be adjusted to smooth working in two months' time, and will probably cause a great deal of disappointment to the end. The machinery of management is bulky, and it is far easier to abandon the search for reasons of failures by railroads, express companies, printers, etc., than to pursue them at the cost of time in following up strings that might lead to the location of blame.

I. M. T. A. at LaPorte.

What promises to be the most successful convention of the State Music Teachers' Association will be held in LaPorte June 27, 28, 29 and 30. The nearness to Chicago and the rates will do a great deal to secure a large attendance, and another lodestone is the programme prepared. There is a larger paid membership at this season than ever before, and the officers are looking forward to giving musical matters a very decided advance. Famous musicians will give vocal and instrumental recitals and papers on a variety of musical subjects, prepared by musicians pre-eminently qualified to speak on the subjects, will be read, and, altogether, the June meeting of the I. M. T. A. for 1893 will be the greatest in its history. Teachers, artists, composers, journalists, critics, theorists, leaders of choruses, orchestras and musical organizations, and professional and amateur musicians from all parts of this State will attend. Quite a large party will go from this city. Mr. Max Leckner is president of the I. M. T. A.

ST. LOUIS is the home of several of the largest manufactories in America, and it is the most strictly representative and typical city on the continent. All visitors to the World's Fair should arrange their trip so as to visit St. Louis for a few days either going or returning. It is directly connected with all the great trunk lines, and it is easy to secure tickets enabling the holders to stop over in it.

IF YOU WANT QUALITY TAKE DONEY'S LELAND CIGAR

The New York Store. [Established 1853.] *The New York Store.* [Established 1853.]

SPECIAL SALE OF CARPETS AND DRAPERIES

Third Floor.

The prices do the talking. All we will do is to remind you that when we say a thing—it's so.

Body Brussels, all odd patterns and odd lengths, from 10 yards up to 100 yards, will be closed out at 80c a yard; our regular price is $1.25.

Twenty rolls of extra quality all-wool extra super Ingrain Carpets at 49c a yard; regular price, 75c.

Ten patterns extra heavy Union Ingrain Carpet, regular price 50c, at 29c.

Our Mattings are low enough priced already. We're not going to cut the price, but we think you'll find what you want among them at a figure that will please you.

Drapery Department—Third Floor.

Our entire line of Lace Curtains of all varieties will be put on sale on Monday at exactly half price.

"Silkaline" is a soft and pretty drapery cloth that takes the place of China Silk. We have 1,000 yards of it to sell Monday at 9c a yard; regular price, 15c.

OUR INVENTORY SALE.

Only two more weeks of the great clearance sale before invoicing. The great store fairly overflows with bargains; those which follow have duplication day after day. Every department has its own special attractions. It is a time when there is great wisdom in laying in a year's supply of the things you will surely need. You will reap from 25 to 50 per cent. on the money so invested.

Colored Dress Goods.

40-inch broken Plaids and fine Checks, 39c a yard; reduced from 50c.

40-inch Bengaline Serge, 69c a yard; reduced from $1; just the thing for summer traveling suits.

40-inch cream white Epingle Cord at 50c a yard; never before offered less than 75c.

Silk Stripe Lansdowne, cream grounds, with light blue, pink, lilac and tan stripes, 43 inches wide, at $1.25; reduced from $1.50; designed for fancy waists.

52-inch two-toned Diagonals, for Eton suits, $1 a yard; reduced from $1.50.

Storm Serges are very desirable, and we have special values in 40-inch at 49c a yard, 46-inch at 75c a yard, 50-inch at $1, worth $1.25.

All our exclusive patterns in fine novelties must be sold this season. Many of them have been reduced to half price.

Fine Wash Goods.

The designs which we control in Japonette are a success, and, as they cannot be duplicated, we would suggest an early morning call for them. They are 31 inches wide and 25c a yard.

25 pieces Indian Dimity, 25c a yard.

20 pieces French Organdies just opened, in designs not shown before this season, 31 inches wide, 39c a yard; worth 50c.

Printed Dotted Swiss, in a variety of designs and colorings, at 30c; reduced from 39c.

Black Striped Grenadine, exact imitation of the silk goods, at 25c a yard; reduced from 39c.

Finest Anderson Ginghams, 25c, including the popular fine checks in light blue, navy, black and pink.

Center Bargain Table.

A big assortment of regular dollar Silks at 69c a yard; Printed Indias, Chinas, Habutais and Kaikais.

Silk—West Aisle.

A very special thing here is a lot of 50 pieces of Wash Surahs — entirely new in designs and colorings and never before sold under $1.25 a yard. Price on Monday will be 79c. We can't tell you how good these are so you'll believe it—you'll have to see them.

Underwear—East Aisle.

Long-sleeved fancy Jersey Ribbed Vests, in white and ecru, at 25c each; regular 35c quality.

Men's Wear—East Aisle.

Men's Silk Zephyr Outing Shirts reduced from $2.50 to $1.29. At that price they ought to be cleaned out in a day.

Men's Fine French Madras Shirts at 98c each; regular price, $2.

Black Goods—West Aisle.

Ten pieces of 46-inch fine Black Henrietta, regular 85c value, for 69c a yard.

Hosiery—East Aisle.

Children's fast black Cotton Hose, fine ribbed, at 6¼c a pair.

A lot of children's No. 7 fast black Cotton Hose, regular price 25c, at 12½c a pair.

Waists—Second Floor.

A new lot of ten dozen Silk Waists that were bought very low; will be sold the same way; $8.50 to $11 waists all go at $5.

Muslin Underwear.

A trimmed Muslin Gown for 33c.

A good Cambric Gown, trimmed in lace, for 79c.

Millinery—Second Floor.

Pearl braid Straw Sailors, with gros grain ribbon band and leather sweat band, at 39c on Monday only.

The new "World's Fair" Sailor, with Milan crown and fancy brims, at $2.

Knox style Sailors, a very stylish hat, in light-weight rough braid, at $1.65.

"The Navigator," a regular $1.25 Sailor, at 89c.

All that are left of those 50c to $1.50 Flowers at 19c a bunch.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

FOURTH OF JULY

Fireworks, Flags, Lanterns,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Send for Catalogue and Prices. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES MAYER & CO.,

29 and 31 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

The Sunday Journal, by Mail, $2 Per Annum