

A \$10,000 BANKRUPT STOCK OF BOOTS and SHOES

On Sale at the NEW ENGLAND SHOE STORE, 11 South Main Street

NEW ENGLAND SHOE STORE,

NEW ENGLAND SHOE STORE,

We have secured through our Eastern Buyer a Choice Stock of Shoes, which was bought at about 47c on the dollar at a forced sale. This immense stock consists of all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers and Felt Goods. With this big shipment we have twice the stock necessary to carry on our business, and we are prepared to offer anything in the shoe line at such a great discount that will induce everybody to buy now whether in need of Shoes or not. WE MUST SELL THE GOODS. Following is a List of Prices at which we will sell:

Men's Fine Calf Shoes, - - - \$3.50 (Congress and Lace, hand-sewed, welt, good style and fit, warranted to be worth \$5; if not as represented money will be refunded.)	Ladies' Fine Kid Button Shoes, - - - \$2.00 (This Shoe has a flexible sole, made of bright Dongola Kid, good style and fit, and is worth \$3.50 in any regular store.)
One mixed lot of Men's Kangaroo Shoes, all sizes, - - - 3.50	One lot of about 300 pairs of Ladies' Tan and Russet Low Shoes, any pair in the store for - - - .75 (Some in this lot are worth \$2.50.)
Dongola Congress, - - - \$2.50 and 3.00	French Kid Shoes, - - - 3.50 (These Shoes are made from fine selected stock, are hand sewed turn, and worth \$6; if not as represented money will be refunded.)
Men's hand-sewed Kangaroo and fine calf, 5.00 (Equal to any \$7 Shoe made.)	Women's Kid House Slippers, - - - .50
One job lot Men's Light Congress Shoes, 1.25	Button and Lace Slippers, - - - .75
Carpet Slippers, - - - .25	Children's Wigwam Slippers, - - - .50
Men's Russet Shoes, - - - 1.00	Ladies' fine hand-sewed Shoes, - - - 4.00
One lot Men's Buckle Working Shoes, .50	Babies' Kid Shoes, - - - .25, .50 and .75
O. K. Miners' Shoes, two-buckle, 1.50	All kinds of Children's School Shoes, - - - Prices same proportion
Felt Shoes and Slippers, from 75c upwards.	About 250 pairs Misses' and Children's Russets and Button Shoes, heels and spring heels, any pair in the store for .90 (Some have sold for \$2.50.)
Boys' Congress Shoes, only 1.00	
Henderson's Red School House Shoes, - - - at a discount	
Men's fine Velvet Slippers, from 75c upwards.	
Buckle Arctics and Overshoes of all kinds, - - - at less than regular price	
Fine Calf Lace Shoes, - - - 2.50	

RECKLESS PRICES ON EVERYTHING. On any and all of our regular goods, (which are from some of the leading Manufacturers,) we make a special price during this sale. REMEMBER, THIS STOCK MUST BE SOLD! Actual Values cut no figure in this sale, as this fine stock was bought at a Great Bargain. An opportunity seldom equalled. You cannot afford to miss it. REMEMBER THE PLACE:

NEW ENGLAND SHOE STORE, 11 SOUTH MAIN ST. S. L. SMITHERS, Manager.

P. S.—We can save every Lady wearing a N. 3 Shoe from \$1 to \$3 on any pair she may select.

A NATION BOWED DOWN.

Ireland, Oppressed by Hostile Garisons and an Alien Police Force.

Even the Pretty Girls Disdain to Flirt With the Blue Coats.

Disagreeable Lot of the Constabulary—Military Dudes Off Duty—Dublin the Place for Dandies.

[Special Correspondence of THE INDEPENDENT.]

DUBLIN, Oct. 2.—After passing three or four hours along a lonely and forbidding coast, the first sign of human life which one sees in Ireland is a red coat and a flashing bayonet on the heights outside Queenstown, where a British sentinel paces his lonely rounds. After passing through Ireland and noticing everywhere the signs of a military occupation, the last impression one gets of the island is of gaily decked squadrons, tramping regiments and shrill military music in the streets of Dublin. The dominant impression of the country which remains in the mind, rising above the ruins, the pigs, the jaunting cars and the beautiful hills and lakes, is that it is held under subjection by military force.

At the very bottom of the military pyramid is the police force, or what corresponds to it. In America universally the police force is a popular institution. Its members are citizens of the city, usually reflecting the politics of its dominant party, on thoroughly good terms with all its respectable citizens and appointed and controlled by officials created by vote. Not so in Ireland. Such a police force would not do the work expected of the Royal Irish constabulary. It would preserve order, arrest thieves and murderers and direct inquirers, but it could not be relied upon to do the work of the eviction agents, to go against the will of the com-

what the constabulary does every day of its anything but humdrum existence. The members of this curious force are not necessarily Irish born or bred. They are commanded through the various subdivisions of course, but practically from London. They swarm on every street corner, in every town where trouble is to be apprehended, and no remote rural hamlet is so insignificant as not to have one or two within call. At every railway station one of the crowd of idlers is a blue-coated member of the Royal Irish. Upon these humble warriors falls the real hardship of Irish duty. The post is not one of great or unusual danger for the Irish people are well advised and commonly peaceable in their resistance to law, but it has its disagreeable features. Whatever a man's politics may be, however little he may sympathize with the home rulers or admire the plan of campaign, it is not pleasant to be perpetually assisting at evictions, with the monotony varied occasionally by hot water and pitchforks. I suppose the Royal Irish get used to it as undertakers get used to attending funerals. Certainly they seem a reasonably contented lot of men as they wander through the streets of a town, speaking to no one, spoken to by no one, a strange contrast to the American policeman with his word or smile for every one on his beat.

Except in towns large enough to furnish a loyal minority, there is small chance for an Irish policeman to flirt with pretty ser-



TOMMY ATKINS OFF DUTY.

vant girls at the gate. The pretty girl, if she be a home ruler, as most women are by instinct, will have none of it. After the blue coats come the red. Ireland is dotted with them, particularly in the neighborhood of important military posts, like Queenstown, or Dublin or Mallow. At Cork, which is a hotbed of nationalism, they fairly swarm. Every Queenstown soldier, who gets a few hours' leave of absence, hastens to Cork to spend it. The Queenstown variety of soldiers are usually plain infantrymen or artillerymen. The military frills and furbelows are reserved for show purposes at Dublin. Off duty the soldier is armed only with a light cane, and sticks his little cap as far over one ear as possible. I have seen a couple of howling military swells parading through the streets of Cork, caps on one side, plaid breeches, red coats, bow-legged both at knees and shoulders, who would have made a dog laugh if the dog were not well used to them. The soldiers get on much better with the girls than do the constables. The queen's red coat is looked upon with marked disfavor and rarely is an Irish face seen above its collar, but the soldier's main duty, nominally at least, is the national defense against an outside foe; he is not called upon to help at evictions or to repress disorder, except in very extreme cases, and does not come in conflict with popular prejudices at so many points. The girls and boys too, are ready to admit that if the color of his coat were different Tommy Atkins might be a very decent fellow. Even at strategic centers of the Irish campaign like Tipperary the constables do all the real work, while the red-coated men drill in their barracks or enjoy themselves soldier fashion off duty.

The red coated leader whom one meets on the street is almost always British in appearance. Mature men do not exist. Above twenty-five years a man cannot legally join the regular army.

But Dublin—and Dublin is the place to see the dandies of the service! Dublin is the seat and center of the military power and authority, the strength of the British rule

in Ireland. The city is devotedly nationalistic in politics, but about the castle hangs a small knot of people, principally connected with it in one capacity or another, or dependent upon it and its garrison for



HIGHLANDER—42ND REGIMENT.

trade. Altogether they form a circle which may be compared to the English element in Paris. Its members enjoy life pretty well, for there are enough to keep each other in countenance. They bask in the mild, seductive rays of royalty reflected from viceregalty. They are intensely loyal. They lift their hats and wave their handkerchiefs when the soldiers march by. No one else pays them the slightest heed. I have seen two or three hundred splendid Highlanders, with bare knees, cross-gartered legs and towering black bearskin shakos, march all the way down the Liffey quay and past the O'Connell bridge in the heart of the town without attracting more than a half a dozen spectators. Such an unwanted sight in the peaceful streets of New York would be viewed by thousands of people. Even the looting and thumping of an excellent military band aroused only the most languid enthusiasm.

Time hangs heavy on the soldier's hands when he is shut off from all neighborhood companionship. It was a soldier stationed in Ireland who recently astonished the natives of England by exhibiting in London a great pin cushion decorated with trails of shamrock and Erin's harp, all done in pins stuck in according to a laboriously conceived pattern. It was another who made a design of beads and pins, using 1,120,486

OFFICERS OF HUSBANDS—CAVALRY.



beads and 124,486 pins. Others do wonderful work in making mosaics of old postage stamps, whitening ship models, making embroidery, piecing patchwork, making crazy quilts, descending counterpane, heartily rug, not quite so noble covers. Some of the embroideries done by soldiers and shown in the Royal Military exhibition, represented spirited battle and camp scenes, all depicted in needlework with myriads of fine stitches. Tommy is bothered by ennui. Probably there is not upon this oblique spheroid of ours a more splendid spectacle than a Highlander with his phibias, bare knees and white gaiters, a cavalryman with his gaiters, breeches and lance, a member of the 10th guards of long legs and big girls, a

"beefsteak" in his ancient garb, or an artilleryman in neatly fitting toga. But it rather interferes with the glory of the vision to know that the splendid creature in paid from 25 to 50 cents per day, with a pension after twenty-one years service, and that the utmost promotion possible in ordinary times is to a staff sergeant worth about a dollar a day. Only seventy-seven men from the ranks were promoted to lieutenantcies in the five years preceding the issue of general orders No. 6,147. Only four per cent of the private soldiers can afford to marry, or at least do so. The lot of one of the queen's own in Ireland, or out of it, is not an especially happy one. JOHN L. HEATON. Copyright.

THE ZIGZAG PLAN.

If Jimmy Whitcomb Biley and his lesser gifted pals would stop juggling verses about cross-eyed county "gals," they'd find, as sure as preaching, that 'twould pay 'em to a man just to build their funny poems on the ZIGZAG PLAN. It's true the old step-ladder style was first rate while 'twas new, and then the semicircular racket might be made to do. Put for grabbing paying space from the editorial mob. There's nothing in creation like the ZIGZAG PLAN. You may say it's waste of time, and that it's not a pretty row, but great for making money when your ideas fall to flow; and smooth, straight lines may be the quickest way for mortal man. But lightning often gets there on the ZIGZAG PLAN. And the old-time country fencer that the farmer likes the best. When the children play at keeping house, with mud pipe and a pan, these fencers are constructed on the ZIGZAG PLAN. The road of sin is broad and smooth, and straight as any dart. And you can see the ending from the very earl "Be' run, sir? Your face looks a little rough." "Yes; you shaved me last week. Have I any choice of liquors?" "Certainly, sir." "Then give me a little chablis before you begin, please."

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RE-OPENED!

THE BEDROCK STORE

New and Second-Hand FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND HOUSEKEEPING GOOD Everything Bought and Sold. NO. 24 JACKSON ST., BETWEEN BROADWAY AND GRAY J. B. LOOMIS, Manager.

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If you are thinking of enlarging, or improving your farm, or wish to purchase stock; or, if you own a lot in town, on which you wish to build, and desire a loan at a low rate of interest, call upon or write to THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY, Helena, Mont., who also make a specialty of handling all classes of desirable local bonds.

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Stationary and Portable Engines, Boilers, Steam Pumps, and Governors.

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A DUBLIN POLICEMAN.

quity, to face the anger of the entire people, to live among them as aliens, to suffer the boycott, to have wives and children ostracized at school, and even in the church, to omit in besieging barricaded forts, and then necessary, to clear them by the torch and the ax. All this a popular or municipal police force would not do, and this is