

RULES AT OXFORD STRICT

Continued from First Page.

A certain number of bars and restaurants, and generally speaking, it means a pound fine for any undergraduate he finds. When out on duty a proctor wears his M.A. gown, college cap and old-fashioned white muslin band at his throat. Thus dressed and acting in his official capacity he can claim entry into any house in Oxford and search it if he has reason to believe that a member of the university is being sheltered there. On his rounds the proctor is accompanied by a couple of men, generally pretty sturdy and fleet of foot, whom he calls the proctor's servants, and whom the undergraduates style bulldogs.

Neither proctor nor bulldog acts in the unbecomingly fashion of what Lord William Cecil calls the "clumsy, lower-class policeman." Having spotted the victim of the proctor's search, the bulldog to him with a proctor's salute, the senior or the junior proctor or the pro-protector wishes to speak to him. The introduction being thus effected the proctor raises his cap and courteously asks: "Are you a member of this university?" Being assured on this point, he then asks the delinquent for his name and college and politely requests him to call next morning. At the appointed hour and punctually, unless he wants his fine to be increased, the undergraduate calls and pays up. If the same man is proctor-led too often the proctor will generally report him to his college authorities, who exercise a more paternal discipline over him.

If the Directorate gown is to be effective—that is to say, if the lower slit is made, so to speak, in good faith and is not to be a mere suggestion of things unseen—it is evident that the underlying revelations must be made the subject of anxious thought. The stoking must be worthy of the occasion, and there must be something to arrest the eye other than the mere contour of the line.

A report from Paris says that the ornamentation of this mysterious garment has now reached an extreme of extravagance. The lifted skirt or the open skirt will now display alarming scarlet beetles and red lobsters with long claws lodged upon an ankle, or an ambitious flight of many hued butterflies.

White silk dragon flies are embroidered on pale blues, pinks and heiotropes. For the fashionables who affect the morbid there are even serpents worked in flaming nasementerie on a dark stocking so that with every movement the beaded length of the snake oosthes and sheds the light like shining scales.

Prof. Muirhead has been telling an experience of his in examining some Birmingham children in moral teaching. Mr. Muirhead asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life. One bright child returned the following: "There are three stages of life. The first is when we are very young, and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older; and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older, and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young; and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are old and repeat the wicked things which we did when we were younger; and this is the dotage."

Central London was treated to an attractive spectacle the other day when a fine body of uniformed Amazons came cantering down from Regent's Park along Oxford street and Holborn toward the city. They were not militant Suffragettes in a new guise, but a section of the Girls' First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps. This was the first time they showed themselves to the public, and their object was to pay an official visit to the big St. Bartholomew Hospital at the invitation of the hospital staff.

The girls were smart, tight fitting scarlet tunics, with white facings, skirts of blue serge braided with white, flat military caps of scarlet and white, riding boots and gaiters. They were all exceedingly well horsed and rode with the erect, immovable seat of the trained cavalryman.

Behind Capt. Baker, the organizer of the corps and its commanding officer, rode the bugler, one of the youngest of the troopers, whose long, bright hair hung in flowing curls over his shoulders. The remainder of the troop followed, riding two abreast.

There are few things that move the London policemen out of their usual immobility of countenance, but this was one. Blank amazement was written on their features as they cleared a way through the taxicab and motor omnibus traffic. The nucleus of Britain's feminine army rode coolly through the thickest traffic and kept their steeds under perfect control. They trotted into the square of the hospital, reined up in a line that would have done credit to a crack cavalry corps and at command leaped lightly to the ground.

The four inspectors over, the nursing troopers sprang gracefully into their saddles and competently received the plaudits of an admiring crowd.

The accession of Albert Kirby Fairfax, born in the United States, to the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron reminds a historian of the most attractive of the American peer's ancestors, Mary Fairfax, afterward Duchess of Buckingham, to whom the Puritan poet, Andrew Marvell, was tutor in 1661.

It was while living at Lord Fairfax's Yorkshire seat of Nunappleton that Marvell wrote most of his exquisite country poems, one of them being "Upon Appleton House," in which Mary Fairfax is thus glorified:

"Is she that to these gardens gave That wondrous beauty which they have; She straggleth on the woods bestow; To her the meadow sweetness owes; Nothing could make the river be So crystal pure, but only she; She yet more pure, sweet, straight and fair; Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are; The poor Duchess had a sad time after her marriage to the wild Duke of Buckingham, and Peppys tells how, when her husband actually brought the Countess of Shrewsbury to his house, his wife said that "it was not for her and the other to live together."

"Why, madam, I did think so," said the Duke, "and therefore I have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's."

A queer survival of medieval customs in England has been brought to light in the press. Few are aware that a man who wishes to practise as a notary within the British empire must, before he can obtain the necessary license to protest bills of exchange, petition the Archbishop of Canterbury, who will deal with his request through his Master of the Faculties.

This is because a notary is still held to be an ecclesiastical officer. The man desiring the office represents to the Archbishop that he is "of known probity, sober life and conversation," that he is "conformable to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England" and that he is well affected to his Majesty and to the present Constitution in Church and State. An eminently safe man, therefore. But if he cannot subscribe to all the above questions he is not qualified to protest a bill of exchange.

To the wonders of modern surgery another has been added by the presentation the other day to the students of the Göttingen University Hospital of a man who, according to all the accepted laws of medicine ought to have been dead six months ago.

In May last he fractured his spine in a fall and was taken to the hospital, where although his case was considered hopeless an operation was decided upon. Accordingly the bones of the vertebral column were reunited with aluminum wire and the affected part straightened with a tube of the same metal.

As the slightest shock would have been fatal to the patient he was placed in a specially constructed bath and kept lying in water for four months, by the end of which the injury had sufficiently healed to allow of his being removed to an ordinary bed. A metal bandage was then placed about his body rendering movement impossible, but after another two months the patient, with the aid of a metal waistcoat, was able to walk.

He is now able to do light work, and so long as he wears his armor and escapes another fall or similar hurt he may reach a green old age.

A report on Italian emigration to the United States by Dr. Luigi Villari, Italian Vice-Consul at Philadelphia, has just been published in Rome. It draws a picture of emigrant life which should induce Italians to stop at home and till the vacant lands of their own country.

Dr. Villari says that there is a growing feeling of opposition to the Italian emigrant in the United States, often due to the prejudice of ignorance, but partly the result of the inadequacy of the American law against foreign criminals, which is practically a dead letter. He says that Italian prisoners in Pennsylvania rarely have a fair trial, because the newspapers have poisoned the minds of the jurors before they have even heard the evidence, and he gives instances of manufacturers which will employ no Italian hands.

He describes the bad effects of the recent financial crisis on the emigrants, and he urges the need of better education at home for the elevation of the Italians who go over to America and who are for the most part quite illiterate and therefore wholly at the mercy of those who trade upon their ignorance.

"Every mile of rail or road," he writes, "every school that is built in Italy tends to improve the condition of the Italians in America," and it would then be possible for them to come to the front and even to hold public offices in the United States, as they have done under more favorable circumstances in Argentina.

In summing up Dr. Villari, while admitting the material advantages of emigration, points out that it loosens family ties, increases alcoholism and tends to introduce that vice to Italy.

A woman's deathbed confession has just led to the discovery of a remarkable case of miscarriage of justice in Italy. On May 23, 1883, the bodies of a man named Luigi and his wife were found at Casaleone, near Verona, and on the denunciation of a woman named Rosa Zanetti five persons were arrested and charged with the murders.

They were Carlo Perazzini, Luigi Perazzi, Riccardo Pozzani, Franco Ferrarero and Camilla Mantovani. Three trials were necessary and at each of them the woman Zanetti gave positive evidence as to the prisoners' guilt although eight other witnesses declared that at the time the crime was committed all the accused were playing cards in a hotel.

The astonishing thing is that the woman's evidence was accepted, while the witnesses for the defence were proceeded against for perjury and the Court eventually sentenced Perazzini to death, the others being sent to penal servitude for life with the exception of Camilla Mantovani, who, being under age, was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment.

Now, twenty-five years later, Rosa Zanetti has died. Summoning her confessor shortly before her death she told him in the presence of five persons that the evidence she gave at the trials was false and was given from motives of hatred and revenge. Only two of her victims are now dead and one of the others having died in prison. The survivors will be liberated in the course of a few days.

The Zanetti woman body was buried by night. This was necessary because the enraged populace threatened to seize the coffin and throw it into the Adige River.

German theatres are not doing well financially and there is a good deal of discussion as to the cause. Some hold that the prices are too high, some that the plays given are too bad, some that the hour for beginning is inconsistent with a due enjoyment of the evening meal at 7.

The theatre as a rule begins at 7:30 or 8 o'clock. How it is asked, can one sit down to dinner at 7 and be seated in the theatre at 8 with the sense of good digestion requisite for enjoyment?

on houses of huge and grandiose exterior, with spacious foyers and roomy parquets, the result being that prices must rule high, while the interior does not afford space enough for the profitable balcony public.

It is not as if the friends and appearance generally were truly solid and imposing and artistic, like, for example, the opera in Paris; they rather suggest a modern style of architecture from a modern writer has coined the term "opera-house."

The Pope gave audience this week to about 1,500 pilgrims from Treviso. He knew them all, and in his usual unaffected way he was so kind and cordial to them that they left the Vatican saying they that they could hardly realize they were in the presence of a Pope.

Among the pilgrims was a newly ordained young priest from Tombolo, the Pope's first parish. The Pope had baptized him and later had him as a student in the seminary at Treviso and called him Lelio. He recognized him, called him by name and congratulated him heartily when he was told that he had recently been ordained priest.

Speaking in Venetian dialect, he said: "Bravo, bravo! So you are a priest now, eh, and a good priest too, I am sure. I would not be surprised, my dear boy, if you became Pope some day. You would like to become a Pope, would you not?" patting the blushing young clergyman on the shoulder.

The young priest could hardly find words to answer, but the Pope insisted on getting a reply. The young man's mother, who was among the pilgrims, then came forward, dropped a curtsy and said:

"Both myself and my son would be very glad if he became a Pope. But it is not very difficult, Holy Father?" "Oh, no, not at all," said the Pope, "it is easy. Then he smiled and added: 'It is easier for your son here, who is a man and a priest, to become a Pope than it is for his sister.'"

The pilgrims laughed and the Pope laughed too. They are telling every one now that their Pope is just as cheerful and just as funny as when he was among them at Treviso.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, who was a passenger on the same steamer bound for Africa with the Count of Turin, gives the following details about the Count's hunting trip in Africa:

The Count, who is accompanied by his aide de camp, Marquis Paolo Solaroli, intends to land in Uganda, organize a caravan and proceed to German East Africa. From there he will continue his march toward Lake Victoria Nyanza and later to the Congo, which he will cross until he reaches the Atlantic. The Count will employ from six to eight months in crossing equatorial Africa from east to west, after which he will take ship in some west African port and go to Casablanca, where he will again go to Casablanca from south to north. The Count of Turin is not expected back to Italy before another eighteen months or two years.

The Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, which has control of everything connected with arts and archaeology in Italy, has just received an important report from Prof. Antonio Sogliano, director of the excavations at Pompeii. He says:

"The long and patient work of excavation outside the Vesuvian Gate has been attended with remarkable success. Along the Publia road, a few yards outside the gate, three sepulchral monuments have been brought to light—one after the other, the first having been erected to an edile or Magistrate named Caius Vestorius Priscus. The inscription shows that he died at the age of only 22, that the ground for the sepulchre was granted gratuitously by the Ordo Decurionum or City Council, which also gave the sum of 2,000 aesterces for funeral expenses. The monument itself was erected by his mother, Mlvia, or Mlvia Prisca, and consists of an altar decorated in stucco between four pillars also covered with stucco and which give indications that they were originally colored vermilion. The whole stands in a rectangular enclosure.

"The second monument, however, is the most beautiful and consists of a slender column with two bases; a square one on which is the inscription, and under it the second, circular one, adorned with a semicircular seat known as a schola, completed at each end by a plinth with bas-reliefs.

"At first it was supposed that it had been surmounted by an urn, as fragments of such a vessel were found not far off, but it has now been ascertained that it was completed by a sun dial, emblematic of time which runs toward eternity, and which was moreover the original of the celebrated sun dial to be seen in the mosaic of the philosophers in the museum at Naples.

"The third monument is a square block of stone surmounted by an elegant column in tufa, which unfortunately is in a rather bad condition. On the front of the block is an inscription, by which it is learned that the monument was erected to a matron called Septimia by her daughter and that the land in this case also was granted by the city, which gave the usual 2,000 aesterces for the funeral, showing that the matron was either much beloved by the people or was nearly connected with some great personage.

Serious hopes are entertained that this is the beginning of the unearthing of the long sought Pompeian suburban necropolis spoken of by Pliny.

Tail Lifting. From *Billy's Magazine*.

Many remarkable but yet properly justified for feats of skill are recorded of professional golfers. Thus on one occasion when in his prime the late Tom Morris, Sr., undertook to demonstrate his ability in lofting a ball. For this purpose he took a hole in the ground and placed a ballooning bridge and sent a number of golfers in succession up to the footpath to lift the ball. The first man who tried probably without knowing it in doing so he was mutuating an earlier performance of an Edinburgh player who once drove half a dozen balls over the spire of St. Giles' Cathedral from the level of the street.

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THE MAN'S EVENING CLOTHES

MUST BE ALL BLACK AND WHITE WITHOUT FREAKISHNESS.

Few changes from year to year in the Cut of the Cloakman—The Fit of the Thing—The Opera Hat is Out of Date—Smartness in the Waistcoats.

Perhaps its simplicity makes every detail of evening dress so important, for the carefully dressed man gives greater care to no other costume in his wardrobe. It is important to avoid everything that savors of freakiness or bad style. It is not to be denied that even in evening dress there has been greater latitude in recent years, yet there must be no presumption on the part of those who are soft shirred and pleated bosoms. Under no circumstances is there to be any interruption to the color scheme of proper evening dress, which remains always white and black. From this most important rule there has been no departure.

The changes in the style of a man's evening suit are scarcely perceptible from year to year to any but the professional eye. The tails of his coat may be longer, the collar may be covered with rep instead of smooth silk or his trousers may be finished with a different braid one winter from the next. Yet it is only important to modishness to have a good fit, proper material and lapels that are the style. This year the lapels should be of satin and should be pointed and not rolled. The waistcoat, which must be white for formal evening wear, must be cut to a point in the opening, but not with the exaggerated pointedness of a few seasons ago. Three buttons should be its depth, and the smartest of the white waistcoats are finished with a collar.

Nothing is so important in the dress shirt as the fit. It is more necessary to have it fit perfectly than it is to have it of fine linen. One need only observe the dressing of the man who promotes in the corridors behind the water jet boxes at the Metropolitan to see that little stress is laid on the fancy shirt. The two pearl studs that button it are all the ornament that such a shirt needs. Men who happen to possess one large pearl are very likely to wear it, but two plain pearls with no other jewel is the best possible form. For the soft bosom shirts three studs are worn usually, and that precaution is wholly founded on utility. Soft shirts will not keep in place with only two buttons.

A part of the shirt is the collar, and this is true in reality when the shirt and collar are worn attached, as is the case with most of the men who make dress a subject of thought. There is no rule as to the style of the collar to be worn with evening dress. It is only in this country that men do not care for the collar that is attached to the shirt.

"That comes from the feeling of our men," said the haberdasher who gave this information on dress fashions, "that the only way for them to feel really dressed up is to have something tight about their necks. No well fitting shirt with the collar attached can be drawn so tightly as a collar that has been buttoned on. So the smallest number of shirts with the collar attached are made here or sent out here from England and France. Yet it is fully possible for a collar to fit well without being so tight that the wearer's eyes will be sore. Occasionally one sees with evening dress the high turnover collar. That is not strictly the best form, however, for those collars suggest a certain informality for evening wear. The standing collar with the polo enjoys just now less favor than the open collar, although one is just as much good form as the other.

"Only a white tie is possible for evening dress, and this year the edges are cut straight in contrast to the style of several seasons past, when they were pointed at the ends. The ties are made in picuré in place of lawn, which would never be so well, as the material would never take the starch to an extent sufficient to make it heavy. The picuré patterns are in small checks, and the difference between the ends and the middle is very slight, so there is not the least suggestion of the butterfly effect that had come to be so overdone in the case of the black silk tie which is worn with the dinner jacket or in mourning. It has square ends measuring about two and a half inches in width in the center at any point and has no ornament other than perhaps narrow fringe."

The white waistcoat is smartest when the pique is without any other pattern than a fine check. Occasionally one should not be made too stiff, as any suggestion of gloss is considered vulgar. The three buttons which are the proper length of the waistcoat may be of mother of pearl or any similar material. The utmost extravagance allowed in the pattern of the dress waistcoat may be an all over scroll or foliage design. The plain, invisible check is smarter. The collar should not be more than two and a half inches wide at any point.

Pumps in patent leather are the proper footwear for evening dress, and with them should be worn black silk socks, preferably with no color in the pattern. But men who dress well in every particular frequently wear to the opera and to dinner buttoned patent leather shoes. Even the low quarter patent leather is worn, but that is so much the same as the pumps it is difficult to see the advantage they possess.

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buttoned shoes are better than those with patent leather pumps are the shoes demanded.

Where, oh where, is the opera? The question that suggests itself who sees the well dressed men at the opera. The convenient, collapsible hats are few and far between. The wearers look hopelessly out of the opera and have gone by the board on the part of the outfit of to-day. They make it a point to bring New York for the opera.

Heavy white gloves are worn, and as dunes a thinner, more delicate pair is preferred. For men who keep their hands on all evening at the opera the thinner kid are sometimes more comfortable. The heavy white gloves have stitching of the same color as the kid and the best style for white gloves at dances is to have the same kind of stitching, although some men prefer for such occasions those with heavy silk stripes on the back.

Evening dress is always called on to include the dinner jacket, although there is so little dress about that costume that it is admissible only on the most informal occasions. Soft bosomed shirts are possible with the dinner coat and so are those of striped and figured pique, and the collar that suits it best is the standing turnover. Patent pumps are the appropriate footwear, with greater latitude as to the color of the socks than is possible with full evening dress. White handkerchiefs that may be out of the ordinary only in their fineness or in the elaborateness of their white embroidery are the best style for both kinds of evening dress.

ENGLAND'S RICHEST DUKE.

Westminster's Grand Duke—Bedford's Aversion to Society. From *Tu-Bis*. Speculation was rife a few days ago concerning the identity of the two millionaires who are credited in the Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom with possessing between them the enormous sum of £2,615,000. These two fortunate persons are probably the Dukes of Westminster and Bedford.

The Duke of Bedford, who is known among his intimates by the nickname of Harry and owns the larger portion of Bloomsbury and the whole of Covent Garden, including the market, which is reputed to bring him £20,000 a year. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford care little for society and the only occasions on which they appear are at rare intervals in the Bedford box at Covent Garden Opera and at Prince's Skating Rink in Knightsbridge. At Woburn Abbey, their principal palatial residence, there are private zoological gardens. The Duchess of Bedford is a fellow of the Zoological Society. The Duke is greatly taken up with all the varied interests of his property and is the author of a book on "The Management of a Great Estate."

It is doubtful whether the Duke of Westminster realizes exactly what he is worth. He is probably the most wealthy territorial magnate in the kingdom, counting among his properties the valuable Grosvenor estate, which is situated in the heart of the West End.

The Grosvenor family represents one of the few remaining sets in London society

that may be described as strictly exclusive. They live in a world of their own. Outside of that world of their own, no one who is born and bred does not belong to the privileged elect. This exclusiveness is probably the result of the successful marriages made by the Grosvenor girls into exalted families.

An idea of the Duke's colossal wealth can be gained by an inspection of his splendid town mansion, which is a treasure house of objects of priceless value. Many people are content with a clock worth £24,000, for it is set with forty-two flawless diamonds, each valued at £1,000. The Duke of Westminster is a popular sportsman and is known among his particular friends as Bend Or, a nickname conferred on him to commemorate the famous racehorse of that name owned by his grandfather, the late Duke. Socialists and others may forgive him his great wealth when it is stated that fancy foods have no favor in the Westminster household. Simple dishes are always provided, such as mutton cutlets, milk puddings, fruit tarts and so on. Much of his vast wealth is derived from ground rents. He grows rich because he can't help it.

W Aged Woman's Walking Record.
From the *London Standard*.

Miss Olivia Blamey Williams of St. Mary's (Cornwall) was aged 2,314 miles last year, or an average of forty-six miles a week, and her record for the present year has already beaten that.

Last week she walked over fifty miles, visiting her customers in other parishes, where she helps with plain sewing. She is over 70 years of age.

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Referring to the consideration for the horse during the Holiday rush, we print this picture of "Old Abe," who died a week ago in a comfortable box stall in Southold, L. I., after twenty-six years of service.

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Gift odd Chairs, \$2.98 to \$49.50	Golden oak Cellarettes, \$19.98 to \$42.50
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