

BORN'S REMODELING SALE

In a few weeks workmen will commence tearing out the front of our store room, and in its place will be erected one of the most modern store fronts in Western Kansas.

It means that we have to get rid of thousands of dollars worth of desirable merchandise several weeks earlier in the season than usual.

It means that the entrance to our store while this work is going on will place us at some disadvantage. In order to overcome it we have made up our minds to dispose of as much merchandise as possible before the work begins.

It means that you can save from 25 to 50 per cent on your purchases during this sale. The stock must be moved at once, the sale cannot drag along for weeks. It's a bonafide quick action, stock reducing sale, that's worth coming miles to attend.

Thousands of dollars worth of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes and Ready-to-Wear Garments Thrown on the Market at Manufacturer's Cost.

Sale Starts SATURDAY, MARCH 18th.

THE WORKMEN MUST HAVE THE ROOM

BORN'S

A Trip to the Orient on the Steam Ship "Cincinnati" --- by Peter Brack

Following is the fifth installment of this story, which will be continued weekly until completed.

We passed on to the new road to Jericho, it is said to be broader and smoother than the old Roman or Camel road, but the track is the same as, in the days of Christ. In a few minutes we came across some fig trees in a hollow on the road side. Here or hereabouts, Christ found the fruitless fig tree. To Christ image loving mind the fate of the withered fig tree was the fate of Jewry. We rode by the Apostles Fountain, a springing well

where tradition says, our Lord and the Twelve often rested on their way to and from Jericho, and then past the Khan of the good Samaritan, and on entering the village of Riha is a cluster of wretched huts, clustered near the junction point of the streams of Wady Keft and the Aines Sultan, which we had to forde as the bridge was under repair, at this point there is an old ruined tower or castle, about 30 feet square, and 40 feet high probably of Sar-

acenic origin and is known as the house of Zaehmas. We pass into Jericho through narrow lanes bordered with hedges of briars, there are about a dozen houses and huts, and four hotels, two copious springs a square stone pond a patch of swamp, a ruined aqueduct, a mound of earth in which may lie column and statue, a handfull of men neither Jews or Arabs, and women like Egyptian in size and figure. We drove to the ruins of old Jericho where there are some excavations going on, bringing to light some of the foundations of the old city.

Then we drove to the hotel Bellevue amidst a cluster of wooden buildings, which we found to be clean and comfortable. After lunch we started out to see the Jordan, for a full hour, before reaching the river we passed over soft turf, covered with beautiful flowers, red anemones and lavender stocks, the white

broom called in Scripture, the juniper, large white chrysantheums, daisies, pink cistus and tall spikes of asphodel. We reached the Greek bathing place on the Jordan now called El-Meshra. This place is believed in the East to be the spot where the Israelites crossed with the Ark of Covenant, and where St. Japtized our Lord on the day he was recognized by a voice from Heaven. The river is here about 60 feet broad and on either bank are thickets of poplar and willow. The water is a turbid clay-colored stream. The Jordan has no romantic beauty like the Rhine; no magnificent scenery like the Rhone or the Hudson; and yet what other river awakens memories of such overwhelming interest. It is a consecrated river. There are a few small boats for hire to travelers, but myself and companions were satisfied to splash each other with the muddy water of the Jordan, the current was too rapid and the air too cold to do any more than wash our hands and faces in the sacred waters.

We left the waters of the Jordan hallowed by Him who, coming to baptize us in His Blood, was baptized in its waters by the Spirit from on high, no wonder the traveler from distant climes make a Pilgrimage to its sacred waters, that they regard it with emotion, and gaze upon it with delight, and when they must leave its banks and pursue their way, they cast many a long last lingering look behind. We passed over a long plain of sand, dark brown in color here and there, rounded hills with patches of white Alkali. There was not a tree hardly a shrub all was desolate and black. After an hour's drive, there rose before us the purple hills of Moab, and by the clear glistening of the Dead Sea, at length we came down to its shores which are covered with small stones, and a number of which we carried away, the sea was called by the Jews of old The Salt Sea, and by the Arabs now the Sea of Lot. Nothing lives within its waters and the shores around are barren. All around is desolation, its shores strewn with trunks and branches of trees carried down to the Sea by the current of the Jordan, and thrown up again by the waves on the shore, still this sea is one of the most remarkable in the world

it is the deepest depression in the earth's surface, being 1400 feet below the level of the ocean. Its enormous depth exceeds that of other lakes. It is 1300 feet deep near the north end and close to the Eastern or Moab shore, it descends sheer for 900 feet. It is about 40 miles in length, and 8 or 10 in breadth. All the waters of the Jordan are poured into it, it has no outlet, yet it never overflows its banks, the great process of evaporation almost keeps it on a dead level. We tasted the water and found it very salty. We would liked to have gone into bathe, but the air was too cold, and there was every appearance of a rain storm coming on, so we traveled along as fast as our good horse could go, for our hotel at Jericho. The storm that we expected to come passed over, and the evening closed in fair weather.

The evening was spent in the court yard of the hotel, and we retired early. We were up at 6

o'clock and on preparing to set out for Bethany, we found our host had an extra bill for us to pay, we had asked for tea, at our three meals, instead of coffee, and for the cup that cheers we had to pay \$1.12. We set out on the road and found 10 or 15 carriages returning from Jericho to Jerusalem. All the carriages turned into the yard of Khan of the good Samaritan to give the horse their breakfast. We spent an hour here and then set out on the road to Jerusalem.

We stopped at Bethany, it is a squalid mountain village, inhabited by fanatical Moslems, some of whom are cave dwellers, and little better than gypsies.

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