Seen at Bismarck's "Soo" Celebration Saturday

house. The Lidgerwood band led the advance, playing "the Gardes Du Corps" march.

The regular army detachment toward the van of the parade that began the formal celebration was company M of the Twenty-first infantry under command of Captain Parke. Floats especially noteworthy for prodigious sheaves of wheat, mighty ears of corn and other characteristic products of the black Dakota soil, were those of Burleigh county, of the Washburn Land company, and of the Bismarck, Washburn & Great Falls Railway company. Among the several unique floats were two wherein charming children studied big books at real desks before a stern and dimpled teacher, to suggest how abundant are educational facilities in North Dakota. After the frothing, half bucking bronchos of the ranchmen and the "cow punchers"—a group from the early day—rode with the silent dignity of a new era a long line of handsome girls on chainless bicycles. The "teeniest" and perhaps the prettiest rider was small Allee McGahn, whose bike-lette was entwined, like her own brown curls, with yellow ribbon and with golden rod.

On the reviewing stand "Farmer Wallace," with his hand against one of the bunting-wrapped columns of the old Sheridan house, remarked to Captain Isaac Parker, "the original steamboat man," "What would Grant and Sherman and Villard and the Marquis de Mores and Jay Cooke and even old Sheridan himself—what would they have said when they leaned against these columns, if anybody had predicted how Main street would look to-day?"

Prominent among the musicians of the parade was the Bismarck band in its striking white uniform, and the popular band from Lidgerwood, that played, in encore, "The Gardes Du Corps" march.

Each arch bore a sentiment such as "To Our Guests," (followed by a pictured key); "Neighbors All"; "Welcome, Soo," (letters of golden rod on a red ground); "Bismarck, 1902," "Come Again."

Program of Speeches.

General E. A. Williams presided in the big, bunting-covered float at the Soo grounds, where two thousand people stood regardless of hot sunshine to hear speeches from Colonel William Plummer of Fargo and his associates in felicitation.

Cheaper rates, declared Colonel Plummer, will follow the advent of the Soo. Not only cheaper rates, but a good road bridge across the Missouri river. And Bismarck will become the commercial, as it is now the political, capital. The colonel told how North Dakota had been transformed, even in the eyes of its old friends, and even with an inadequate railway system. For the time had been when people believed that neither apples nor corn would grow within the state, and when thousands of now flourishing farms were supposed to be good for nothing else than grazing.

"Farmer" Wallace, whose venerable, Homeric face was greeted with the neighborly cheers due to "everybody's friend," said: "Paragraphers and poets have joked us about the Soo that was coming and came not. But to-day we can laugh last and laugh best. The Soo has arrived."

A. H. Bright of Minneapolis, general solicitor of the Soo railway, related the history of the Soo's extension into Dakota and prophesied that no divorce will hereafter be possible "to separate Madame Soo from Herr Bismarck." Mayor F. H. Register of Bismarck, Colonel B. S. Russell of Jamestown, and Major D. R. Streeter of Linton, Emmons county, interchanged congratulations between sections of the state.

In the crowd of prominent strangers and Dakotans before and about the platform were District Judge W. H. Winchester, Chief Engineer Thomas Greene of the Soo road, Colonel Lounsberry and Captain C. N. Valentine of Fargo, Carl Cupitz, John John Whalen of Minneapolis, formerly of Bismarck; General J. H. Wishek of McIntosh, Captain Isaac Baker, who once owned thirty-seven steamboats on the Missouri, and "Dennie" Hannafin, who welcomed the second resident of Bismarck and is widely known through the state as the "squatter governor" or the "president of the Suicide club." "All the old boys swallowed a little lead, a dose of their own medicine," insists the governor. "Why ain't I dead? Why, how in chaos could I preside over the inquests if they was a sittin' on me? It's points I'm givin' ye; yes, sir, it's points!"

After nine innings of the ball game, the Lidgerwood band played the "Gardes Du Corps" march to celebrate the victory of the Bismarck players, 1 to 0, over the plucky batters from Washburn, N. D.

The most blueberries were inside 8-year-old Clement Woods and about his countenance at the completion of the pie-eating contest on the band stand opposite the Northwest hotel. But Floyd Hastings ate himself into possession of the second prize. Lee Hoffman, aged 14, won the musical chair contest, that required skill in dismounting from a bicycle; W. F. Newman was first, Ernest Robidau second, in the "race in opposite directions around the block"; Robideau and Charles Morris won the three-legged race; Robidaux was first, an "unknown" from Ellendale was second, in the 100-yard foot race; Claude Newman first and Robidaux second in the sack race; Joe Moran first, Dan Woods second in the 100-yard dash for boys.

The extraordinary crowd which congested Main street was most orderly, thanks to the vigilance of Mayor Register, who quickly closed the "blind pigs" that opened in honor of their opportunity. The only disturbance of the day ceased when Chief of Police Ritchey, at the request of well known residents, released a soldier whom the chief himself had arrested after striking him in the face. The chief's action in this matter was condemned by many spectators, who insisted that the soldier had been guilty of no disorder.

Ball at The Athaneum.

At the ball given at the Athaneum in the evening, under the auspices of the Bismarck orchestra an interested and interesting onlooked was a young Indian with a high, turn over collar and a butterfly tie. As the red brother fanned himself with his "Panama" hat, "Vitriol Jake," now a reformed and sedate merchant without a nickname, observed that the young Sioux' father had probably attended several scalp dances and had strained at things of raw hide inserted through muscles of his own bleeding breast when he took part in the sun dance. "And it didn't happen half a mile from this place, neither," added Jacob the vitriolic.

"Bismarck," explained a pioneer colonel to strangers waiting for the special train to leave the glad yet wearied capital at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night, "Bismarck was started alongside of Dennie Hannafin's claim in the summer of 1872. Dannie had settled close to the river, where the Northern Pacific bridge is now, and the town began about two miles east of the river, on the present site. But from that time to last winter, when the Bismarck, Washburn & Great Falls railway was completed from Bismarck north to Washburn on the way to Minot, N. D., and westward, this town had never a vestige of railway competition. There was not even a wagon bridge across the Missouri over to Mandan—where, by the way, the saloons are now open if any of you gentlemen are thirsty enough to stay over—and it was usually said that the railway company had an agreement by which no railway or wagon bridge could be built for a term of years seven miles north or south of the Northern Pacific bridge.

Building of the Line.

The grade of railway extension this way from Minnesota and the southeast was completed by the Northwestern Construction company about 1887. But no rails were laid upon the grade. It came into possession of the Soo in 1890, and ever since then and in fact, since the grade was built, we've been expecting the new railroad. The track was laid as far as Braddock by the Soo last year. The remaining section into Bismarck was begun July 1 this year and was completed Aug. 11. But the first regular train of any sort and the first passenger train arrived today."

W. S. Derrick, superintendent of the "fifth district," or Bismarck division of the Soo, said that Engineer Whitechurch took the first train into Bismarck Saturday with engine 42, the conductor being "Joe" Usher, who was conductor on the construction train that built the line from Braddock. L. M. Harmsen, traveling agent for the Soo, supervised the excursion to the satisfaction of every passenger.

The 4,000 citizens of Bismarck have reason to expect not only a road bridge over the Missouri but many other advantages as direct or indirect results of the new railway.

What the Road Has Done.

"The other road," said a leading business man, "has cut rates on grain a little through this section. But the Soo still keeps two cents a bushel below competitors. Last year the Soo introduced the plan of bringing in threshing outfits and crews absolutely free. The Soo has always made rates to accommodate anybody up here that was anxious to ship something in or send something out. A year or two ago that road even charged $16 fare for men coming to enter up a homestead and then paid out $14 of the $16, so the settler could get his filing papers without cost. Rates on merchandise are already being cut since it was certain the Soo would be here soon; old freight claims, disputed for years, are being paid to Bismarck shippers, and, better than all, land along the Soo extension that wasn't saleable three years ago is now worth anywhere from $10 to $15 an acre."

Dennie's Gruesome Tale.

And so it happens that the business community of the capital gives credence to a statement that Governor Hannafin related privately as part of an address that he intended to deliver during the exercises Saturday.

"Now," said the old man, fixing his telescopic eyes upon the listeners, 'there was oncet a feller hereabout—he run a ranch—what said he didn't care what happened to him pervidin' that Bismarck got the Soo. And when this friend of mine was stretched out ready to yell Keno he sez to me, 'Dennie, the Soo's comin', ain't she? Of course. Well, when the first engine whistles I want you to dig me up, all together respectable like, and give me a ride in the procession. It'll make me a —— site happier if you'll just me that ride.' An' say, gentlemen," concluded the governor, sighing, "I went out where my friend is planted this mornin' and I was goin' to dig him up, but that—well, that committee wouldn't let me!"

AUSTIN, MINN.—Little George, son of George Hogan of Moscow, Freeborn county, was drowned in a watering tank at the home of his grandfather, Daniel W. Hogan, in Lyle township, where the boy's parents were visiting, Sunday noon. He wandered out to play, unnoticed, and was dead when found.

BISMARCK, N. D.—The adjourned independent democratic convention for Burleigh county has nominated two republicans for the legislature, L. D. McGahan, editor of the Bismarck Palladium, the organ of former Mayor Patterson, and John Bostrum, recently an employe at the state capitol. Both are understood to be friends to Senator Hansbrough. The convention decided to make the fight against the regular republican ticket with republicans.

Lots of men would make money but for the trouble they might bump up against in trying to pass it.

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it.

It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood.

It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling.

It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors.

Clean Up Prices.....

Our Men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 Oxford Ties, now $1.98
Ladies' $1.48 Patent Leather Oxfords, now 98c
Ladies' $2.50 Patent Leather Blucher Oxfords and $3.00 Patent Ideal Kid Colonials, now $1.48
Ladies' $2.50 dark Tan, 8-inch top, lace, now $1.19
Misses' $1.12 dark Tan, button, now 49c
Misses' $1.25 dark Tan, lace, now 60c

Home Trade Shoe Store
219-223 Nicollet

TWO SABBATHS A WEEK

Do the Signs of the Times Indicate Their Establishment?

An accepted non-religious definition of "Sabbath" is "a time of rest or quiet, respite from toil, trouble, pain, sorrow, etc." We have two Sabbath days in a week, of religious character, Saturday and Sunday, one being the Jewish and the other the Christian Sabbath. These religious distinctions are likely to be continued indefinitely, but it is a question whether there will not be a gradual blending of the secular aspects of the two days, resulting in two holidays a week, as defined above.

The tendency to resolve Saturday into a secular Sabbath for the masses, the commonly understood holiday, has been constant in recent years. The practice began a generation ago of cutting down the business hours of Saturday afternoon. For instance, mechanics accustomed to working until 6 o'clock on Saturday were allowed to "knock off" at 5 o'clock, and so on.

Through gradual stages we have reached the point where Saturday is practically a half holiday in the summer season, with indications that it will be the same throughout the year in the not far distant future. More rapid progress is being made in the east than in this section of the country in the conversion of Saturday into a general holiday. In New York, for example, as stated by the Times of that city, "Saturday is a half holiday in all seasons, and in summer is practically dies non from a business point of view."

Three notable features have tended to lighten the burden of labor within a generation. First, the limit of a day's work has been cut down; second, several legal holidays have been added to the old list, and third, Saturday has become a partial holiday. All indications point to a continuance in the same direction. The future promises further reduction in the hours constituting a day's work, more legal holidays will be added to the present list, and eventually the secular Sabbath will extend from Friday to Monday.

These gradual changes to which the signs of the times directly point, will be possible for the same reason that the similar innovations already noted were possible. In all the vocations of life men are now capable of accomplishing a great deal more within a given number of hours than was possible thirty or forty years ago. To the aid of the business man has come rapid communication, the telephone, telegraph and modern methods generally. The mechanic and the farmer can do vastly more work and with less drudgery by reason of machinery that is largely automatic. In all lines of business activity, in fact, the inventor is paving the way for making human toil easier and for shortening the work hours of the toiler.

THE CARDINAL'S SOUP

Nothing in It to Prevent Its Use for Baptismal Purposes.

A prominent Roman Catholic clergyman well known to the writer recently visited the Eternal City, and while stopping at the American college there was invited to dine at the house of one of the Roman cardinals, whose name for many reasons is not given, but who is known among the dignitaries of the church in Rome for his parsimony and the poverty of his menu.

His position is such, however, that an invitation to dinner is equal to a command, and it is a common saying among the priests, "I'll have a good appetite for breakfast to-morrow; I dine to-night with Cardinal R—."

Among the guests at the cardinal's table on the evening alluded to was a little old man from the Jesuit's college. He was a jolly fellow, in a quiet way, but his humor was always tinged with satire. He is a metaphysician, and when asked for an opinion on any proposition he almost invariably prefaces his reply with the proviso of the old scholastics—"I distinguish."

At dinner the conversation turned into a serio-comic discussion on the validity of a baptism administered with soup instead of water. The host, thinking to start the disquisitive Jesuit on an amusing dissertation, said to him, giving, meanwhile, a dignified wink to the rest of the guests, "How say you to that proposition, Fr. C——? Is it lawful to baptise in soup?"

"I distinguish, your eminence," replied the old man, and those near him saw the twinkle of a smile behind his glasses. "I distinguish: To baptize in ordinary soup would be, I think, contrary to the canon; but to baptize in your eminence's soup would be entirely lawful."

IS THE SIBLEY HOUSE HAUNTED?

Superstitious Residents of Mendota Think the Old Mansion Has a Ghostly Visitor—The Scene of Historic Events, the Shelter of Distinguished Guests and the Home of a Happy Bride.

Is the Sibley house at Mendota haunted? There are those who say that it is. Ancient and mysterious, falling into ruin with so varied and curious a history, it is perhaps not remarkable that those who know somewhat of its story should believe that at least one unhappy spirit returns to the scene where in the body it passed days both bright and sad.

It is not one of the ghosts of the days when this gray old house held a place in history that is said to yet linger about it, but the spirit of that unhappy woman who, visiting the place only four years ago with a gay and hard working band of art students, suddenly and without a word of warning shot herself one summer night.

It was the old, old story, so rumor said, of unrequited love. Pretty, graceful, picturesque looking, and high strung as the artistic nature usually is, the accepted version of her pitiful yet little known history is, that she was unhappily mated and that she fell in love with one among that light hearted band. He, alas, so far as she, poor thing, was concerned, did not return that affection, and who could blame him, for was she not already married? At last, in some way, the fact that the unhappy wife had become enamored of him was revealed to the young man, and he contrived to convey to her that her love was not returned. This is one version of the story, the other bears a darker color, and there have not been lacking hints that among this group who seemed so happy and so careless there was in reality a suicide club and that this was the first victim.

Ask any of the inhabitants of Mendota about it and they shake their heads and say in that slow, indifferent way so characteristic of the French Canadian and the half-breed temperament:

"I don't know. Maybe yes."

But living in the old house in another almost as old is one woman alone, and with the deep, mysterious, sorrowful eyes of her mixed race, ask her and she says quietly and with not a trace of emotion of fear or of aught but complete conviction, "Ah, yes, she returns, yes; I see her often; she returns."

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! No," is the slow reply. "Why should I be? We must all die. Some day I shall be like that, too."

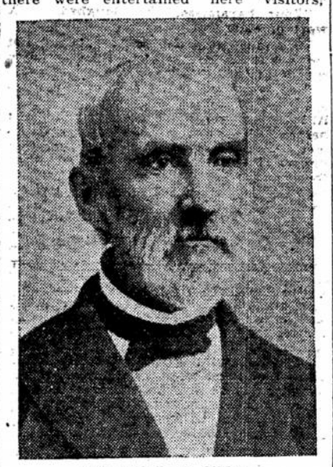
And she relapses into silence, the silence of one who lives alone and talks but seldom.

Since the tragedy the artists live no more in the historic and picturesque mansion, they paint it, and admire it,—but live somewhere else. This was not the first band of the brotherhood and sisterhood of the brush who had taken up their quarters here, for the season before, in 1895, a band of art students from Minneapolis came and stayed there, then this last band in 1897 from the St. Paul Fine Arts School once more fitted it up, and the great old rooms rang with laughter and presented a gay appearance that they had not done for many long years.

If the Walls Could Speak.

What strange and varied stories could this old gray, thick-walled house tell if stones could only speak.

Built long, long ago in 1836, within its four walls have visited and lived not only those sturdy pioneers who made this great state of Minnesota what it is to-day, but there were entertained here visitors,



General H. H. Sibley

many famous authors, historians and painters in the old days when Henry Sibley, factor for the American Fur company, and his charming wife, made this their home.

Much early history was made here in this great bare reception room, and this big living-room that to-day looks so dreary and so depressing in its deserted and abandoned condition echoed with song and laughter.

Henry Sibley himself came to Minnesota in 1834 and in 1836 he had this strange old stone house built by half-breeds and Indians. Mendota was then called St. Peter's or sometimes New Hope, but this was afterwards changed to Minedota, the pretty Indian name meaning the "mingling of waters," for near here the Minnesota and the Mississippi rivers meet, and later became Mendota as it is to-day.

For many years this house was the most pretentious of all in the territory and naturally all visitors and strangers drifted to it.

Something Unique in Architecture.

And how strongly and yet strangely built it is! The great stone walls are four feet thick, and of two layers of stone cemented together with some sort of cement that is to-day as hard as the stone itself. It stands two and a half stories high, and has a gabled roof that is now surmounted with a belfry which was not originally on the building. Nearly all of the cut stone of which the house is built was rafted up the river from St. Louis, and the remainder was cut from the quarries near by. The great supporting beams are of oak, rough hewn out of immense trees by the half-breeds. Equally curious in construction are the partition walls and the ceilings. The upright supports are small trees cut out roughly as the others, while between them are woven willow branches about two inches thick, and split in two, placed about two inches apart and this whole space, which is a foot in width, is filled in with the same clay and mud that has hardened so extraordinarily. Over this is clay put on as plaster.

Even more curious are the ceilings: The heavy oak beams have cleats nailed along the bottom edge of their sides, and between the cleats rough laths are inserted, each one of which is wound with rushes and coarse grass and plastered with clay. The gable roof is supported by great oak timbers and originally covered in with thick oak planks and shingled with heavy oak shingles, but it has been so often repaired that there is little of the original roof left now.

The front door is on the west side, and looks out over the river and was formerly entered by six broad stone steps, but these have now disappeared, possibly been carried away to form steps to some more modern dwellings. Now there are none and so the visitor must enter by scrambling the best way he can from the ground to the doorway.

A Baronial Hall.

And when one throws open the door looking, oh, so empty! and so deserted! Every footstep echoes and almost involuntarily the voice sinks and an intolerable feeling of depression creeps over the gayest spirit. To the left is the stairway leading to the second story and to the right the large reception room, where many a council with the Indians took place and many a meeting and discussion that made history in the pioneer days, was held here. It stretches along the front of the house and is twenty-five by thirty feet with two windows, one opening upon the north and the other upon the east. Here, too, all is desolate and forgotten and the chickens who have made it their abode only add to its melancholy, deserted appearance.

At the end of the hall opposite the front door is a long room running all across the end of the hall and fifteen feet wide. At the east end of this room another door leads into the open air and there is another stairway leading up to the second floor. The rear of the house is divided into two large rooms forming, in days of there is a big hall twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide, high ceiled and old, the dining-room and the kitchen, both of which opened into the large living-room in the center of the house. General Sibley's own office was in the east wing.

Upstairs there are three rooms and a hall. The former were used for bedrooms in Sibley's time and again when that unhappy party of artists made their illfated visit to the historic mansion they were put to the same use. The first room corresponds to the kitchen and dining-room downstairs, and the second room is the same size as the big living-room under it, while the third room corresponds to the kitchen and dining-room in the rear of the house.

The third story was never completed, and it is now lighted by a small skylight put in for the benefit of the artists who used it for a portrait studio.

Below the first floor is a cellar fifteen feet deep, enclosed by thick walls and lighted on all sides by small windows just above the surface of the ground outside. Along the west side is a long room with a large open fireplace that in the old Sibley days was used as a summer kitchen and laundry. The rest of the cellar is divided into two rooms, one of which has great hooks set in the masonry of the walls for hanging whole carcasses of oxen or sheep; the other was a wine cellar.

Distinguished Guests.

And ah! what guests have been entertained here! George Featherstonhaugh, who made the first geological survey of the Mississippi and whose writings displeased the pioneers vastly; Jean N. Nicollet, the famous French scholar and adventurer, upon whose breast was the Legion of Honor, and who was professor in the Royal College of France, spent a whole winter at Mendota. George Catlin, whose books on the American Indians have never been surpassed or equalled. In 1837, just one year after the old house was built, another distinguished visitor arrived, Captain Marryatt, the famous naval writer, whose stay terminated so unpleasantly, because during the Maine boundary dispute he so far forgot himself and his host as to tamper with the Indians until, in a fit of indignation, Sibley is said to have thrown him from that little balcony that still adorns the house.

Then in 1838 Sibley entertained a more charming guest in the person of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, daughter of Philip Schuyler, and widow of Washington's favorite aid and private secretary. For her a ball was given and many other novel entertainments to which the wildness of the surroundings must have lent a strange and unusual charm. Then in 1839, returning with Nicollet, came John Fremont. But beside the white-faced visitors, was there not Hole-in-the-Day, chief of the Chippewas, who rested here during the very height of his feud with the Sioux?

An Unfortunate Red Man.

Next year a rather comical adventure befell the family in the old house, though it ended tragically for the chief actor. An Indian, overcome by a longing for firewater, rose in the night, and tried to break into the wine cellar by getting down through the chimney, but across it was an iron bar which made the throat so narrow that he became stuck in some manner and could neither get up nor down. In the morning some one lighted a fire and as it did not burn, threw more and more wood upon it until the room was filled with smoke. All this time the Indian, though teribly burned and in great pain, with the stoicism of his race, made never a sound and it was not until some one went upon the roof to find out the mysterious cause of all the smoke, that he was discovered and drawn out. But it was too late; he was shockingly burned and died soon after. The next year Sibley entertained a party of 150 of the Dakotahs going to the hunting grounds, and among their number was the Indian chief, Little Crow.

This same year Sibley was made a civil justice and much strange law was dispensed in one of the upper rooms which he used for a courtroom. One case, a contest over the ownership of a piece of land, being decided by the learned judge starting both contestants fairly, and bidding them run a foot race for the property in question, the first to arrive at it to be declared forthwith the legal owner of the property.

Two years later Sibley brought his beautiful young bride to preside over the old mansion, and if there had been gay scenes before, how much gayer and brighter were they now when there was a mistress to charm and entertain the guests! A nobleman, too, came to hide his head here, for Count Harastty, banished from Hungary, his native land, found at the Sibley house a refuge and an abiding place. Later on there was another wedding, the first wedding in the old house between white people, when Mrs. Sibley's sister, Abbie Steele, married Dr. Thomas Potts and once more nuptial music made the great rooms ring. Stephen Douglass, too, was an honored guest when he came to settle some disputed points about the Wisconsin boundary line.

OLD SIBLEY HOUSE.
At Mendota, Oldest Town in Minnesota.

Here in the courtroom upstairs, Ramsey, the first governor, wrote the message which proclaimed the Territory of Minnesota, and on June 11, 1849, proclaimed the judiciary of the new territory, and two months later the first court in the territory was held upstairs in the stone warehouse.

In 1854 Sibley entertained a brilliant party of writers, including Parkman, Larned and Bancroft, all gathering material for their books, and in 1862 came the news of the Indian outbreak which was first received at the Sibley house, that being still the most important mansion in Minnesota. Joy, sorrow, weddings, funerals and great events of state all took place here! it was the center of Minnesota, in fact, the actual headquarters.

The times changed and St. Paul grew up to rob Mendota of the proud position its citizens felt so sure of, and after standing empty some years the Sibley house passed to the Roman Catholic church and the good sisters used it for a parish school when it received the addition of the belfry. Then, in 1895, the Minneapolis art students came to paint and live in it, and finally that last party from St. Paul, in 1897, whose gay coming ended so tragically.

This is that same party of whom some one wrote so shortly before that terrible and awful deed, "In the meantime it shelters as jolly and as industrious a crowd of students as one could wish to see."

And so now it is vacant, yet, if what she who knows it best says is true, it is worse than empty, being haunted by the troubled, restless spirit of that unhappy woman who found life so unhappy as to prefer the dark unknown, and so rushed unbidden to her Maker to whom judgment of her sorrows, her temptations and her sudden end must be left.

—Helen Gregory-Flesher.

FREE OF CHARGE.

Philadelphia Press.

"Let me see," said old Gotrox to young Mainchantz, who had just asked for his daughter's hand, "didn't I overhear you referring to me the other night as 'an old pirate?'"

"Well—er—you see, I didn't mean that exactly—"

"No; I'm no pirate, but I am a sort of a freebooter. This (biff) won't cost you a cent."

PIANOS SUMMER BARGAINS.

We have nearly 100 second-hand pianos, the accumulation of last winter's business. We got some in exchange for new instruments—some are pianos rented during last season—some are manufacturers' samples but slightly shopworn—some are styles just dropped from our new catalogue. ***ALL ARE BARGAINS.*** We must move this stock before the fall trade adds to the accumulation.

Good practice pianos, **$30 $40 and $50**

Excellent pianos of reliable standard makes **$75 $100 and $125**

Easiest Monthly Payments.

We will make terms to suit your convenience.

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