EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENINGS PRIOR TO INVENTORY

Stock-Taking Time is At Hand---We Invoice Next Saturday Night---and All Small Lots, Short Lengths and Odds and Ends to be Found in Every Department Are Being Sacrificed, and the Reduction in Every Instance Has Been Extremely Radical. It is a Sensible, Business Proposition---This Clearing Out of all Odds and Ends and Short Lengths Before Invoicing---So for the Next Five Days You'll Find Throughout the Store a Wonderful Array of Marked-Down Goods. Tomorrow's Offers are Unusually Attractive.

Inventory Must Find Us With Lighter Stocks ...In...

DRESS GOODS.

This week's selling is an event of unusual importance, and the week's shoppers will reap substantial benefits.

Wool Dress Goods Remnant Sale.

500 Waist, Skirt and Dress Lengths al Less Than Cost.

A determination to clean out all short ends and odd lots, consisting of all the latest plain and fancy weaves. A big assortment in every new and desirable color, including cream and black.

500 Remnants at Less Than Cost.

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery.

JUST 3 SPECIAL ITEMS, BUT GREATER VALUES YOU'VE NEVER BOUGHT.

Ladies' Fast Black Extra Quality Heavy Fleeced Seamless Cotton Hose, all sizes, best 25c value, at, a pair—

19c

Ladies' Fast Black Extra Fine Cashmere Wool Hose, with gray merino foot, all sizes; for a Fine Cashmere Stocking it's unsurpassed for wear, the regular price is 75c a pair, for this week we offer them at—

50c

Children's Fast Black full regular made extra fine heavy fleeced Cotton Hose, all sizes, a splendid 35c grade, on sale at—

22½c

Children's Fast Black Cashmere Wool Hose, in heavy or fine ribbed, the best wearing stocking in the market, regular price 60c, on sale, all sizes, at—

43c

ESTABLISHED 1864

F. Auerbach & Bro.

ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

Pre-Inventory Specials From Our Cloak Room

PRESENTING SOME OF THE MOST BARGAIN-LIKE VALUES OF THE YEAR. DON'T MISS THEM.

A large collection of tailor-made Suits in all the season's best models, cheviots and mannish mixtures, loose or tight-fitting coats, values up to $30.00. Pre-inventory special—

$14.75

Tourist coats in three-quarter lengths, in full, loose or belted backs, in heavy mannish mixtures, plain or handsomely trimmed, broken sizes, $25 and $27.50 values. Pre-inventory special—

$18.50

Fifty coats, three different styles, in 27 and 30-inch length, every coat distinctive, clever and stylish, sold at $10.95, $12.50 and $14.75. Pre-inventory special—

$8.88

A great assortment of $7.50, $6.75 and $5.95 Silk Shirt Waists, including crepe de chines, peau de soies and fine taffetas, all colors and black. Pre-inventory special—

$3.95

Another lot of silk lined all-over Lace Waists, white and ecru, sizes 32 to 38 only. Pre-inventory special—

$6.75

Walking Skirts. This lot includes great variety in fancy mixtures, strapping of same material and tailor stitching, all lengths, sold regularly at $5.00 and $6.00. Pre-inventory special—

$3.85

Bargains in Lounging Robes, made of ripple eiderdown, sailor collar, kimona sleeves, bound with satin, come in gray, light blue and red. Pre-inventory special—

$3.35

Ladies' Sweaters and Golf Jackets in the blouse effects, plain or fancy colors, the proper thing to wear for skating, sizes 32 to 40. Pre-inventory special—

$1.75

Our Shoe Department.

Pre-Inventory Special All Week.

Children's Shoes.

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S FINE KID SHOES IN FANCY COLORS, RED AND BLACK, BLUE AND WHITE, PINK AND WHITE AND BLACK AND WHITE. AN UNHEARD-OF BARGAIN AND POSITIVELY WORTH FROM $1.25 TO $1.75 A PAIR, SIZES 1 TO 8. SPECIAL SALE PRICE—

75c

SPECIAL CUT PRICES ON ALL CHILDREN'S SHOES THIS WEEK.

We Are Positively Headquarters for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

RUBBERS.

Pre-Inventory Specials

In Boys' Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

A week of the most stupendous values. Stocks too large, must be reduced to normal before stock counting begins.

GENTS' FINE CASHMERE HOSE—In plain black, natural gray, and fancy stripes, sizes 9½ to 11, all 35c values. Special price—

25c

GENT'S SANITARY ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR—All sizes, regular $1.25 grades reduced to per garment—

95c

GENT'S FINE STIFF FRONT DRESS SHIRTS—Sizes 14½ to 17, all our $1.50 and $2.00 grades, reduced to—

95c

BOYS' KNEE PANT SUITS—Ages 3 to 16 years, in cheviots and mixtures, regular $3.50 values, reduced to—

$2.25

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS—Ages 12 to 20 years. Values from $6.50 to $10.00. Your pick from the entire stock for—

$5.00

Read These Pre-Inventory Prices on

Table Felts and Bed Spreads.

A BRIEF BUT IMPORTANT STORY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

200 yards Extra Heavy Bleached Table Felt or Silence Cloth, used as a covering for dining-room tables, 72 inches or 2 yards wide, regularly sold at $1.25, to sell the entire lot this week, special, per yard ..... 84¢

12-4 size Fringed White Crochet Bed Spreads, with cut-out corners, suitable for brass beds, with elaborate raised work designs, regularly sold at $2.75, to close them out this week they go at, each $1.69

Splendid Pre-Inventory Flannel Specials

That shrewd shoppers won't be indifferent to.

To reduce our stock of yard-wide red wool Shaker Flannels, usually sold at 50c. The price will be this week ..... 33⅓¢

To reduce our stock of black twilled all wool Skirting Flannel, value 65c, the price will be this week ..... 46¢

To reduce our stock of navy blue twilled Shirting Flannels we'll sell the 85c quality this week, per yard ..... 59¢

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A DREAM'S FULFILLMENT.

BY SALLY CHAMBERLIN.

(Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin.)

Bang! Bang! Bang!

John Hare jumped from his warm bed into his dressing gown and slippers, switched on the electric light, and was on the lower floor, swinging wide the heavy, massive door, before his eyes were fairly open. Through the blackness of the outer night peered the hard and forbidding faces of two roughly-clad men. The taller man stated in graff tones that his baby was dying and his wife wanted the child baptized.

In less than five minutes the young rector was dressed and back to the men who he had left sitting in the hall, and the three started out. The trip to the outskirts of the city through dark and unknown streets was anything but pleasant. Finally reaching a little, low cottage, set quite apart from any other buildings and lighted by one small lamp which sent its rays through the narrow window, he followed the men through the door into a barely furnished room. On a bed in the corner lay a child, small and wasted, marked with death's stamp, and beside her sat the weeping mother. Some strange mystery haunted the room. What were these poverty-stricken people trying to conceal? The clergyman shook off the feeling and opened his prayer book at the baptismal service.

Having performed his mission, accompanied by the two men, he was passing a grove of trees on his way home, when one of them stopped suddenly, and, pulling a long-bladed knife from his pocket, flashed it before the young rector's face and instantly pointed it toward his heart. He uttered a piercing shriek.

* * * * *

"Light!" said John Hare as the sound of his own voice wakened him and he sat up in bed. "What an ugly nightmare!" Then, with a look at his watch, "It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

His eye caught the picture of a girl's fair, gentle-eyed yet cheery, hanging in a frame on his wall. "And if there's any persuasion in John Hare's poor eloquence, she won't have a cheerless nor a lonely Christmas the next 25th of December."

This young rector had come to Spottsfield, a rising manufacturing city, three years before, after serving as curate in a large city parish. He had transformed his new congregation from a disgruntled, quarreling community composed of a few rich and many poor, to a great family, interested in each other and respecting his Christ-like principles. And incidentally his strict resolution for a busy bachelorhood had been somewhat disturbed by a pair of interested, laughing eyes which belonged to the daughter of a factory-owner.

This energetic but rather shy young woman was famed and loved among the poor and sick of Spottsfield for her gentle and unpretentious way of helping when and where she was needed. Though of different faiths, she and John Hare met quite while on excursions of mercy. He had seen her, too, at her father's home, where he was popular as a dinner guest because of his appreciation of a good cigar and his broad, forceful views on Christianity.

As he dressed that morning before the festive holiday, he realized that the human heart cannot be denied its sustenance—one beating in touch and sympathy with it—and that one fair girl had woven her charms about him so completely that he could no longer refrain from telling her of it, even though of late she had rather seemed to avoid him when he crossed her path and was even chary of her conversation when he dined at her house.

During the long, busy day she was constantly brought to his mind in the homes he visited. A forlorn old woman told of the coming of Miss Ruth with yarn for the next year's knitting and a box of sweets. A grateful mother told of the nights Miss Ruth had stayed and nursed the baby back to life. In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies she had brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children.

It was 10 o'clock before the rector had finished the day's task, and when he reached home he threw himself, quite worn out, on the couch in the library. Not ten minutes seemed to have elapsed when the sound br-r-r-r-r through his sleep wakened him suddenly to the realization that some one was ringing the bell with the evident intention of rousing the entire household, and as he stepped into the hall to open the door he was amazed to see the hands on the old-fashioned clock pointing to 1.

"Sir, we've come to get Mr. Hare. The baby's dying and my wife wants a minister," announced one of the two men who stood on the step facing the tired rector.

The memory of his vivid nightmare had not recurred to him since the morning, but at the words "baby's dying" it all flashed before his mind and he hesitated an instant with some misgivings. Quickly pulling himself together and throwing off the vision, he exclaimed:

"I'm Mr. Hare. Where is your baby?" In a harsh voice the larger of the two men mentioned the outskirts of the city, where the houses were small and low and widely scattered.

Again pushing aside the warning of his apparition, the rector encased himself in warm overcoat and arctics, and locking the door behind him bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom, or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager youngster was awake examining Santa Claus's gifts. Then the houses became dark and the three men trudged on through the gently-falling snow. Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the memory of his grewsome dream grew clearer with each step of the long, dark walk, till he reached the identical cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group, and the suspicious and foreboding glances of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so realistically.

Entering the house behind the larger man he looked instantly toward the corner for the cot and the child. They were there! The thin face of the child showed the same pallor of death; but the mother was not in the chair beside the bed. In her place sat a girlish figure holding a vial in her delicate fingers.

"Thank you so much for coming," said a soft voice, and the Ruth of his daydreams lifted her eyes to his with a wistful, shy glance of comfort and relief. "The mother never would have been consoled for her neglect in not having had her child baptized, and I felt so sure you would come, even though it was at this late hour."

So the dying baby received the blessing of the church, and as the sun rose between two distant hills, the child passed into its Savior's arms. Two hearts were peaceful from a sense of finished duty. Unconsciously radiant with joy at being together, the man and the girl passed from the low-roofed cottage into the clear, frosty air of the blue canopied earth with its fresh carpeting of pure white snow. A Christmas happiness such as they had never known before, illuminated the world for these two alone in the snow-clad woods.

It was some time before the young rector felt inclined to speak, and then it was to recount his nightmare with its realistic reproduction up to the point where he had found her beside the dying child.

"And the knife aimed at your heart? That must have been a dreadful dream."

John Hare paused, holding her with his strong, magnetic gaze.

"The knife is in your hand. If you cannot love me, your 'no' will be the death-blow to my hopes and ambitions."

She smiled up into his eyes and held out both hands.

"See, there is no knife."

TEA

bought and sold close is our whole secret.

Don't care who knows it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Bulling's Best.

HEIRESS WEDS HER FARMHAND

Descendant of Famous Family.

Bride One of the "Don't Give Up the Ship" Lawrences.

Recent Marriage That Occasions Much Gossip in Two Long Island Villages.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Members of the Lawrence family of Long Island, who are descendants of the famous Capt. James Lawrence, hero of the Chesapeake, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," are memorable, were surprised when they learned of the marriage of their kinswoman, Miss Mary Ann Lawrence, to John Burkhardt, the overseer of the old Lawrence estate in Elmhurst, L. I.

Mrs. Burkhardt, who is first cousin to former Supreme Court Justice Abraham R. Lawrence, is worth more than a quarter of a million dollars in her own right, and was looked upon as a confirmed spinster.

Her husband, eight years ago, was a farmhand on the estate of the bride's father, but since Mr. Lawrence's death, in 1898, has managed the estate, and by his marriage has now come to be part owner of it. Burkhardt is a widower with eight children.

The present Mrs. Burkhardt is looked upon as the richest woman in Elmhurst and Newtown. She owns many acres of valuable property in that section, which land is now cut up into lots and sold for big prices.

The two villages, which are only a few miles apart, were agog with the news of the marriage of the rich spinster.

Many young men of the two villages had paid attention to the rich woman, but as the years went by and no announcement came the gossips said she would live and die an old maid. It was known that Burkhardt had been made overseer of the estate by Miss Lawrence on her father's death, but that any affair of the heart existed between the two was never hinted at.

The news of the marriage only became known publicly when John Burkhardt strolled down the main street of Elmhurst in a new suit of clothes and told his friends of the wedding on Sunday. Then several of the villagers remembered seeing a closed carriage drive up to the Lawrence mansion and afterward go in the direction of Maspeth. The curtains in it were drawn, and who the occupants were had not been known.

Was the Bridal Pair.

As a fact it was the bride-to-be and her future husband, who had slipped off quietly to the home of Henry Pase and there, in the presence of only the immediate relatives, the marriage ceremony had been performed. The couple returned to the bride's home in Grand street, where they are spending their honeymoon.

Mrs. Burkhardt is a woman of 45 and her husband is five years her senior. She was dressed simply. A diamond solitaire and a plain band of gold on the marriage finger glistened in the candle-light, and every minute or two her fingers toyed with the jewels. Her husband looks a sturdy man of toil. He possesses a healthy, rugged face, set off with a black mustache.

As the visitor was preparing to go, the husband whispered to his wife, and she, excusing herself, returned a few minutes afterward with a roll of parchment, which proved to be the marriage certificate. Both of them pored over the magic words as they showed it with pride to the reporter.

When Mr. Lawrence, Sr., died he left two sons, Joseph and Peter, and the daughter who has just been married to Burkhardt. Lawrence left a fortune valued at $250,000. Since his death the two sons have died, and, as they were not married, their wealth went to their sister. The father was receiver of taxes in the village for many years, and was much respected by the residents for his kindly disposition and charitable works.

HOLIDAY RATES

Via Oregon Short Line.

Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1904, and January 1, 1905. Final limit January 3. City Ticket office, 201 Main street. See agents.

THE 'PHONE THAT TALKS.

$2 per month in residences.

ATTENDS WEDDING BY PHONE

Mother Thus Enabled to Hear Daughter's Wedding in Another City.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 25.—Though ill in her room at home in Washington, Mrs. Von Matre heard every word of the ceremony in Baltimore that united her daughter, Miss Martha Louise Von Matre, to Harry Underhill Walton, assistant manager of the New Willard hotel in Washington.

So that the mother might hear, a long-distance telephone was rigged up in her room. The ceremony here was performed in a parlor of the Stafford hotel, and the officiating clergyman and the contracting couple stood in front of the telephone, before which a large megaphone had been swung. When the time came communication was established with the mother, forty-five miles away. Every word was spoken distinctly and directly into the megaphone. After the ceremony Dr. Colt, the officiating clergyman, stepped to the telephone.

"Hello! Is this Mrs. Von Matre?" he said.

"It is, thank you," could be heard by those grouped close to the instrument.

"I wish to congratulate you, madame, on the marriage of your daughter to Mr. Walton, which has just been completed."

Mrs. Von Matre said something about "delighted," thanked the clergyman and said she had heard distinctly every word of the ceremony. Then she talked with her daughter and son-in-law.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE REDUCTIONS ON

PIANOS

Will continue for the balance of this month. Now is your chance. See us at once.

CLAYTON MUSIC CO

LEADING MUSIC DEALERS, 109 S. Main St.

TOO HONEST FOR ELECTION.

Secretary Hitchcock Makes Remark That Causes Merriment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, when talking to the President and the Cabinet members about the land fraud cases, spoke eloquently of the honesty of a man who has been identified with their prosecution. The question was asked why the man had never been elected to office. "He's too honest," asserted Secretary Hitchcock.

Secretary Hay, Secretary Morton and Postmaster-General Wynne, who have never been elected to office, nodded approval, but as Secretary Hitchcock looked around he met the reproving eyes of the President and the amazed expressions of Attorney-General Moody, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Taft, Secretary Metcalf and Secretary Shaw, all of whom in their time have been elected to office.

Secretary Hitchcock began to explain, but he was informed that the explanation would have to be clear to grant him immunity from the charge of malicious insinuation. He was reminded that in France he might get a challenge for such a remark. He took refuge in silence. Before the Cabinet meeting ended, however, he had re-established himself in the friendly graces of his colleagues, as was shown by the fact that he rode away with Attorney-General Moody. Senator Mitchell and Representative Binger Herman remain to be heard from.

ITCHING DEVILS

Are little patches of Eczema on the skin, scalp, or hands, which are instantly relieved and speedily cured by baths with CUTICURA SOAP and gentle anointings of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great Skin Cure

Hooper, Utah, Dec. 18, 1904.
Mr. Luke:

Kind Sir:—I will write you a few lines to thank you for collecting that sum of money for me, and I have told others about it and they are intending to place some of their claims in your hands.

Yours truly,
MRS. W. G. PARKER.

The above is one of many appreciative letters we are receiving from satisfied clients.

Send in your claims. Money comes to those who seek it. We are always ready. Are you? Why wait till tomorrow?

Merchants' Protective Association,

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF BAD DEBTS. TOP FLOOR COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

FRANCIS G. LUKE, Gen'l Mgr.
SOME PEOPLE DON'T LIKE US.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND YOURS

Having enjoyed your confidence and patronage during 1904, we stand ready to share our profits with you during 1905. Thanks.

THE MOORE SHOE CO.

258 South Main Street.

Established 1863 Park's

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More quick than words do move a woman's mind.
—SHAKESPEARE.

HAZELNUT BRAND BUTTER

For five cents per pound we guarantee you will never have any bad butter. It costs only this much more than other brands to get Hazelnut which not only carries this guarantee, but gives you the best butter made. It costs but a trifle per meal; why not have the best?

Faust Creamery & Supply Co.