REAL ESTATE MENACE

THE LAW OF EXEMPTION AS SEEN ABROAD.

An Investors' Organ Says the Single Tax Is Coming in the State of Washington—A Warning Given by an Influential Financial Paper.

The following article from the United States Investor, which is published at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, cannot be ignored. It is being widely copied and the people of this state, whatever their views, cannot shut their eyes to the impression created abroad by our revenue law.

"A Menace to Real Estate."

No investor proposing to make investments in land or land mortgages in the state of Washington should do so at present, without first giving the influences and conditions which appear to threaten that species of property in that state the most careful study. Unless all signs fail, the period of investment and speculation in vacant land and mortgages thereon in that state has about drawn to a close, and the state seems to be on the verge of the introduction of legislation entirely new in this country, and which will have immediately for its purpose the very great absorption by the state government of the property which obtains in land, to the consequent sterilization of the field for private investment.

The legislature of that state which met two years ago adopted a law exempting from taxation for state purposes all personal property to the extent of $300. This relieved a large number of individuals from paying any taxes at all, and threw upon the balance of the property in the state and the balance of the taxpayers the entire bulk of the taxation.

The Law of Last Year.

The influence which had moved this exemption did not cease at this success, but at the legislature just passed it procured the enlargement of the exemption from $300 of personal property to $500 of personal property, and also $500 of improvements upon land, making an exemption of $1,000 in all. The effect of this was to relieve from taxation the largest number of the people of the state who had theretofore paid taxes, to very much increase the burdens upon the remaining body of personal property and the buildings which were assessed at over $500, and especially to increase enormously the assessments upon the value of land.

The change in the law seems to have been gotten through the legislature without having attracted very much public attention, and until the legislature had adjourned, and the assessors had begun to hand in the bills made out upon the basis of appraisements adjusted in accordance with the new law, until then but few persons realized what had been done. Immediately the fact was discovered and generally appreciated. However, there was a tremendous howl from those who were thus scheduled to bear the burden of the taxation; meetings were held in the various townships, resolutions were passed pledging unanimity in refusing to pay the assessments, the tax collector was enjoined from enforcing the law, and the case was hurried to the supreme court of the state. That body has rendered its decision, and it finds that the new law is unconstitutional and void, and that the exemptions will not be allowed.

Such, under ordinary conditions, might seem to quell the onslaught and restore confidence in landed property in Washington, for it is well understood that it is against this character of property that the designs of the innovators are lodged, for it is conceded that if the exemption had stood the test of the supreme court, the people who were paying taxes on buildings and personal property would have brought a force to bear upon the succeeding legislature, in unison with the exemptionists, which would have produced a law to eliminate taxes from all that species of property, so that the fight was well recognized as being a distinct attack upon private property in land. But ordinary conditions do not exist in Washington at present, and the onslaught is not quelled.

Fear Local Option in Taxation.

The same legislature which made the thousand dollars exemption passed also a law submitting to the people at the next election the question as to whether the constitution should be amended so as to empower counties and municipalities to determine by vote of all the electors from what species of property their taxes for state and local purposes should be raised. As this question is to be submitted to a general poll, it is believed it will carry, and if it carries it will mean that there will be put in force in many of the counties and towns a provision exempting all personal property and improvements on land from taxation, and drawing all taxes from the value of land; in short, it means practically a confiscation of rent of land.

And the reasons for believing that the conditions in Washington portend the adoption of this constitutional amendment are these: In the first place, the exemption seems to have met with widespread and general popular approval; the press of the state was almost unanimous in its favor, the Post-Intelligencer, the leading daily in the state, declaring that, "if a $300 exemption is legal, it is nonsense to talk about a $1,000 exemption being illegal." Other papers chorused in the same key. People seemed to feel that the relieving of industry from taxation, and throwing it upon the monopoly of land, would have the effect of stimulating one and discouraging the other, of starting new activities in production and exchange through the forcing into use of land long held out of use by speculators awaiting higher prices, of lowering rents through the compelling of the new land into use, and of raising wages through the additional calls upon labor. It was commonly believed that the new law would be productive of much good in this respect and the public mind has not been in the slightest degree changed upon this idea. Such is one reason why it is thought the proposed amendment will carry, but the other reason is more potent still.

The Wedge Started.

The present attempt is the first time in the history of the United States that the wedge has been started between land and property that is not land; it is the first time that a distinct issue has been framed between these two species of property. It is but common sense to believe that each side will vote according to its own respective interests. The question will simply be, which side possesses the numerical superiority. It is believed the ratio of landowners per capita of population is greater in Washington than in the states of the Atlantic coast, where the estimate is that one in thirteen are owners of land. In Washington, it is thought that the proportion is about one in twenty, but even should it be half as great as this the doom of landownership is sealed.

Capital invested in industry seems to be solidly for it, its position being that while it will pay more taxes upon the land of its plants, yet it will be relieved from taxes upon the buildings and machinery of the plant, which are generally of more value than the land, and upon which it usually pays the most taxes; so that under the change, industrial capital will pay less taxes than now. The property in its land will be practically absorbed by the state, but the only reason it has for owning that property is to conduct its business upon it, and its possession will not be disturbed, and if it wishes to move, it can get another piece of land for little more than the agreement to pay the state and municipality the annual rent. Industry will not suffer, but will be vastly benefited. Those who will suffer, however, are those who own vacant land which they cannot use and those who are drawing rent, and it is to warn these people who live in out-of-the-state communities as well as those who may be contemplating investments in landed property in that state, that this letter is written.

To those who say that the proposed legislation is experimental Washingtonians reply that it is not and they point to the successful application of the system in New Zealand and New South Wales, from which countries they have taken their cue. They show that in those countries the threat that by the change capital would not come into the country, was utterly groundless, that there is a better demand in them for capital than ever before, and that the security offered is many times more certain and safe. The people of Washington declare that they want capital to come into the state, and that the present move is not against foreign capital coming in, but that is inviting it they want it to engage in some active industry or to promote such, and not to lend its aid to making land more inaccessible through increasing the price of it, or to absorb through rent the industry of those operating upon the land, while it lends no aid to the operators. The state is being well agitated upon the subject, and if all progress is not snuffed out of by the appearance of Debs and his fellow socialists, it is likely that the change will be made, and that the period of intense depression resulting from land booms, which has for a long time been the portion of those people, will be dispelled, and the state will offer one of the most advantageous fields for investment by Eastern capital which exists in the West.

It ought to be remarked in passing that Washington is not the only state in the West in which the wedge between land and other forms of property has been entered in the recent respective legislatures. In both the law making bodies of Colorado and Minnesota, bills for constitutional amendments like that carried in Washington were entered and defeated in passage only by narrow majorities. In California a proposition to a like end was reported favorably upon by the committees of both the assembly and the senate, was passed by the assembly, and was defeated in the senate only by a few votes and owing to the personal interposition of a number of large vacant landowners of San Francisco. Propaganda upon the subject is rife in California at present, and the friends of the measure declare there will be no doubts about the passage of such a bill at the next session.

IS IT LEATHER STOCKING'S CAVE?

A Discovery Recently Made Near Otsego Lake, N. Y.

The recent discovery of a new cave on the east side of Otsego lake, near Point Judith, or Kingfisher's tower, in the third ledge of rocks, will prove of much interest to readers of Cooper's tales, says a writer in the New York Times. Just where the Leather Stocking cave spoken of by Cooper is located has ever been a matter of dispute. It is probable that the new cave practically settles this beyond a question. By close reading of Cooper's books it is apparent that the described location tallies exactly with the newly found cave. The cave previously known as Leather Stocking's is probably not the one the writer had in mind. Cooper is said to have known of the existence of several caves, and so far only two of them have been found, although close explorations have been made.

The new cave was discovered by Mr. Salisbury, of Hartwick, while he was hunting coons on the east side of the lake. One of the animals disappeared in the rocks and was closely pursued by the hunter's dog. Salisbury carried a hook, which he frequently used when hunting, and attempted to poke the coon from the crevice he was supposed to be in. The loose material covering the hole gave way, and the dog followed the animal into the rocks. Salisbury continued to work at the spot, and soon succeeded in making a hole large enough to admit his body. He crawled into the hole and found himself in a cave large enough for him to stand erect in. The cave extends into the rocks about thirty feet, and grows larger as it goes deeper into the rocks. For a long time Mr. Salisbury kept the discovery a secret. Finally the knowledge of the find reached the Fernleigh farm, the summer residence of the Clarks, and Mrs. Clark has directed that the stones and loose earth that block the entrance be cleared away. This will be done. The stones that block the entrance to the cave are so placed as to indicate that they were laid by human hands. The discovery has caused much speculation, and is considered of much value by those interested in Cooper's works. It adds another place of interest to the many that already surround the little village on the shores of the haunted lake, where even today there linger the same ghostlike inspirations that gave the novelist material for his not faultless but none the less interesting tales.

TWO WHEELS.

She sings by her wheel at the low cottage door
Which the long evening shadows are stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams —John G. Whittier.

If the good Quaker poet could only look back,
And cast his mild eye o'er progress' hot track,
From the maidens that were to the maidens that be,
Oh, weeping Jerusalem, what would he see?

The maiden who sung by her wheel, at the door,
Isn't running that kind of a wheel any more;
She spinneth not flax by the cottage door neat;
She straddles the wheel and goes forth on the street.

The girl with the wheel, in the good Quaker's day,
Calm, quiet and modest, was spinning away
Where the cool waters flowed and the light zephyrs fair,
Blew the truant locks loose that had strayed from her hair.

And her manner was tranquil, her skin lily white,
And her gown it was clean, and her speech was polite.
In short, this fair maiden, the wheel who possessed,
Was a pattern of modesty, coolness and rest.

The girl with the wheel at the present goes out,
Without any weak hesitation or doubt,
And in dirt, and in dust, perspiration and heat,
She pushes her way 'mong the teams on the street.

She has large, baggy trousers, no bothersome skirt,
A manly cravat, and a coat, and a shirt,
And her face becomes red as she onward doth plow,
And the hot perspiration stands forth on her brow.

Shades of our grandmothers, look o'er the tide;
Think of your spinning, the cottage beside,
Then look at these bloomers, this skirt and cravat,
Shade of our ancestors, where are we at?
—Joseph Bert Smiley in Inter Ocean.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, what is the striking feature in the story of Jonah and the whale?

Pupil—They separated on account of mutual incompatibility.—Troy Times.

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SAILING A BICYCLE.

A YACHTSMAN ON WHEELS WHO HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

He Writes a Signed Article for This Newspaper—L. E. Hudson, of Ellesburg, N. Y., After a Deal of Experimenting, Discovers a Practical Way—Every Rider Will Be Glad to Know How, When Tired, They Can Sail Home.

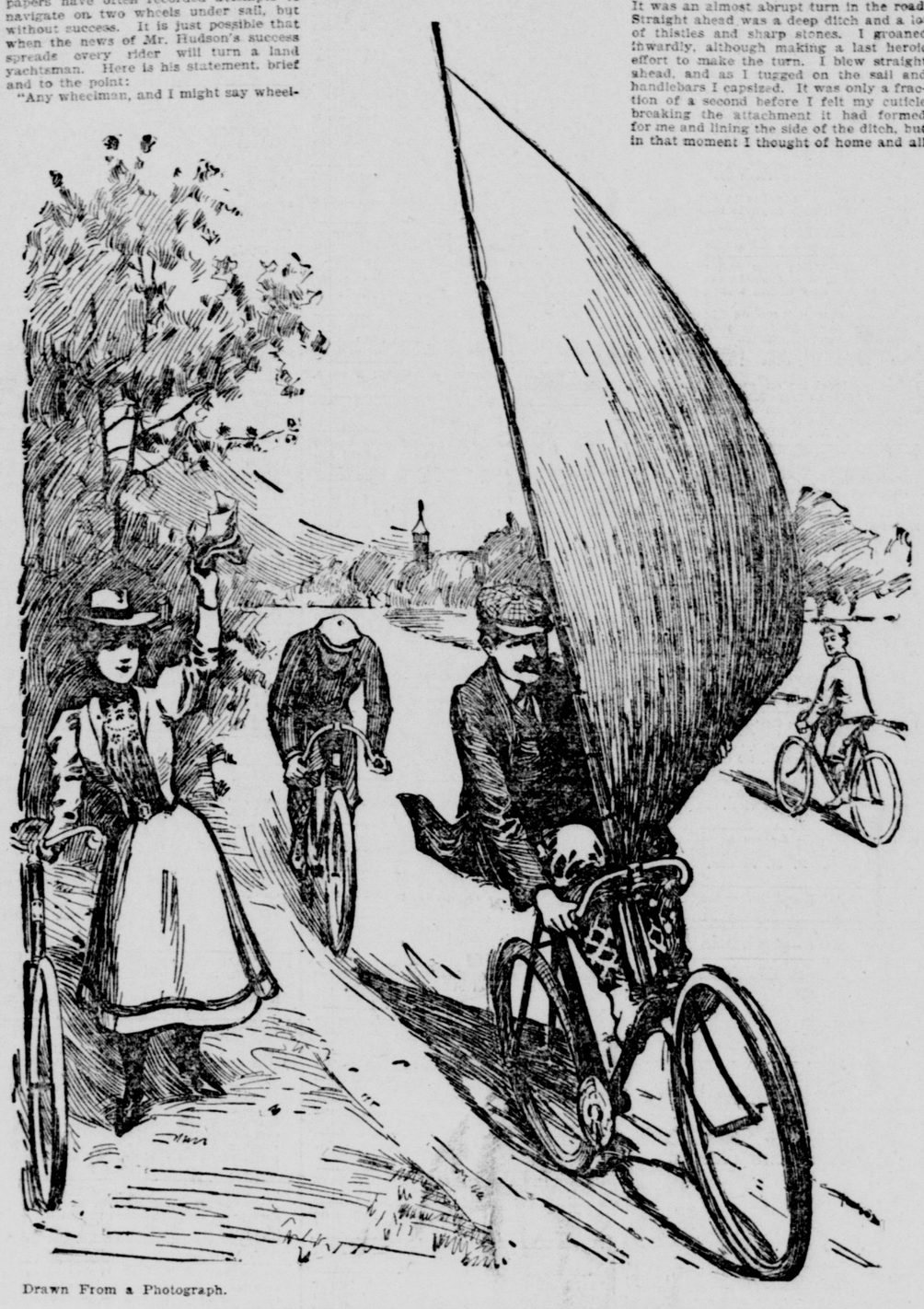
ELLESBURG, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The following signed statement by L. E. Hudson, who, although a young man, occupies a prominent position here, both socially and in a business way, will be received with the greatest interest as Mr. Hudson is believed to be the first rider to successfully sail a bicycle. The newspapers have often recorded attempts to navigate on two wheels under sail, but without success. It is just possible that when the news of Mr. Hudson's success spreads every rider will turn a land yachtsman. Here is his statement, brief and to the point:

"Any wheelman, and I might say wheelwoman, can learn to sail a bicycle if they understand the first principle of managing a sail. Of course, like many other things, sailing a bicycle cannot be learned in a day. Success depends a great deal on the skill acquired, and not so much on technical knowledge. Certain it is that, when once a cyclist has mastered the art, he will only place his foot on the pedals when becalmed. Think of being becalmed on land!

"Well, I suppose I should start at the beginning and tell what happened to me when I set out to be a terra firma yachtsman. I rigged a mast of spruce ten feet high to the frame of the wheel, about four inches back of the handle bars. Rigidity was secured by two bolts and a cleat on the opposite side. Now for the sail. It was made of heavy cotton cloth with a light boom at the bottom to which a strong cord is attached and passed through a light pulley block attached to the saddle post and through another attached to the center of the handle bars. This I found to be an excellent arrangement, as it enabled me to hold the sail without interfering with the steering of the wheel. Of course, it took some little time to figure this all out. In fact, I did not have it all so complete the first time I rigged up the sail. The improvements naturally came with experience.

"Knowing that the idea would be likely to arouse facetious comment from my acquaintances until its practicability had been demonstrated, I did not parade the wind cycle down the main street. Instead I waited until old Boreas was kindly disposed and then stole out to a road where I would not meet many people. It was with considerable trepidation that I mounted the wheel. The towering mast and flapping sail disconcerted me a bit, and in order to accustom myself to their presence on the machine I furled the sail and rode up and down until I became at home. Then I tried the running gear with one hand while I steered with the other. The breeze freshened, and I realized that the fatal moment had come. I use the word 'fatal' advisedly, as subsequent events will show. As the wind caught the sail the bicycle moved along smoothly, but rapidly developed an inclination to seek its affinity in a ditch. Happily I was able to correct this whim of the wheel and convert it into a middle-of-the-roader. I gradually slacked away at the cord, and angles the speed increased. 'I'm off,' I soliloquized, and an instant later there was as the boom swung round to nearly right no doubt in my mind that I was covering ground at a great rate. A great joy filled me, and I felt that I had solved the cycling problem of the age, but I reckoned without that precise knowledge which is necessary in navigation on land or mere, and next moment, as my wheeled craft began to lurch like a ship in a storm, I grew slightly nervous. This uneasy feeling increased as the wind grew stronger and I found myself skimming along faster than I had ever essayed as a mere scorcher. How to stop was a question that I had given but little thought to. But now it loomed up as a most important factor to the continuance of my career. I thrust my foot on the front tire, as I had often done in going down steep hills, but the only effect was a strong odor of burning rubber and a warm sensation on the bottom of my foot. I had already covered two miles at a hair-raising clip, and the speed seemed to increase as I struck a stretch of open country where the wind had full play. I prayed that the wind would keep right at my back and not try any veering. I had no desire to jibe, or attempt any maneuvers of a fancy order. Of course the sport was exhilarating, and there was just that dash of danger which I confess intensified the pleasure. But my Waterloo was in waiting. I saw it. I knew it. I realized it with a harrowing sense of helplessness. It was an almost abrupt turn in the road. Straight ahead was a deep ditch and a lot of thistles and sharp stones. I groaned inwardly, although making a last heroic effort to make the turn. I blew straight ahead, and as I tugged on the sail and handlebars I capsized. It was only a fraction of a second before I felt my cuticle breaking the attachment it had formed for me and lining the side of the ditch, but in that moment I thought of home and all things dear. I wished again I was simply a plain, every-day cyclist without wheels or sails in my head. Perhaps I said something that would not look well in print. Finally I picked myself up and trudged home, as sailing against the wind on a twenty-foot road was not my specialty.

"Nearly every breezy day since that memorable experience which occurred several months ago I have gone a sailing on my wheel and now find little difficulty in navigating. When the wind gets too strong I take a reef in the sail or apply the new brake I have got. I guess I have written more than you will care to print, so will close hoping that others will benefit from my experience. "L. E. HUDSON."



Drawn From a Photograph.

L. E. Hudson, of Ellesburg, N. Y., Sailing a Bicycle.

A NOTABLE FIGURE.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, OLD SENATOR GEORGE.

A Man of Strong Convictions, Though Not of Great Ability—How He Bearded President Cleveland, but Capitulated to a Baptist Preacher—A Hearty Eater in Old Age.

The death of United States Senator James Z. George, of Mississippi, removes a notable figure from public life, says H. S. Canfield in the Chicago Times-Herald. He was not great as an orator and not great as a statesman, but he was one of the purest and most characteristic representatives of his section, and he did not know what physical or moral fear was. He did not say "whar" and "thar" or "cyart" and "gyarden," like some of the older style of Virginians, but he had the soft, slurring, vowel-slided Southern accent more strongly than any public man I know. In the heat of debate this would cause the galleries to smile. "Son," he would say to his committee clerk, "cain't y' shut th' do'? 'Pears t' me, in reason, y' could 'f y'd try right habd." With the accent he had something of the manners of the old Southern school, but he was a rough man by nature, and the veneer of social usage rubbed off sometimes and showed the gnarled grain of the wood underneath. He had plenty of temper, which was not under steady control, and he believed always in calling a spade a spade. His disposition led him into many altercations with contemporaries, but it cannot be said of him that he ever showed an unwillingness to combat or a disposition to retreat. In person he was heavy and clumsy. He had a leonine head and his voice was harsh. He was idolized by his people, and will be mourned sincerely.

His Sturdy Independence.

Senator George was a man of earnest convictions and one of the soundest constitutional lawyers the country has produced. Perhaps his most noticeable trait was independence. He was a living refutation of the Byronic maxim that every man has his price. Nothing could buy him. When Mr. Cleveland called congress into extraordinary session in 1893, with the purpose of repealing the Sherman coinage act and thus utterly demonetizing silver, he withheld all important nominations, with the design of whipping congressmen into line. American history furnishes no more pathetic instance of men surrendering their most cherished convictions for the sake of spoils. Senator George would not be led or driven. He was much interested in the candidacy of W. H. L. Hemingway to be district attorney for New Mexico. In order to placate him, Mr. Cleveland appointed Hemingway, but he would not be placated. Then Walter Q. Gresham, a man whom he loved, was sent to him with a request that he call at the White House.

"You tell the big beef from Buffalo," was his bluff answer, "that it is no nearer from the capitol to the White House than from the White House to the capitol. I get up at 5 o'clock every morning, eat my breakfast, come down here and go to work. If he wants me he knows where to find me."

Straight Shot at Cleveland.

When Mr. Cleveland nominated Judge Peckham to be one of the justices of the supreme court, a nomination which was subsequently defeated by D. B. Hill, he again requested Senator George to call. This time both Gresham and Lamont were the emissaries. George went.

"I know, Mr. President, what you want with me," he said, as he entered the executive's room. "You want me to vote for Peckham. Well, I am going to do it. But I want you to understand that I am not going to vote for him because you want me to vote for him. I am going to vote for him because Judge Peckham believes in the unconstitutionality of a tariff tax and in states' rights. If he didn't I would see him further in shool than a pigeon can fly with a grain of corn before he could have my vote."

The result of this interview was that Senator Walthall got all of the patronage coming to Mississippi.

What Is "Menu" Anyhow?

Though a learned lawyer, Senator George knew little of the ordinary things of life. He did not mix in society, and held it rather in contempt. An apocryphal story is told of him: He dined at a swell restaurant in Washington with a party of five Mississippians. One of them, glancing at the top of the card, saw the word "Menu."

"What kind of a dish is 'menoo?' he asked. The senator laughed heartily.

"Go back to the Yazoo delta, Bob," he said, "and stay there. Eat cracklin' bread and drink buttermilk. It's all you're fitted for." After the repast he called one of his companions aside.

"Say," he whispered anxiously, "what kind of truck is that menoo anyhow?"

The dead man was eminently domestic and passionately loved his wife, who was one of the most charming women in a land of charming women. They were always together, and nearly all of his success in life was due to her. His high ideals of duty to one's self and one's country came from her, and she saw that he lived up to them. He had a beautiful home, two miles from Carrollton, where, when not in Washington, he lived a simple life of a country gentleman. There, in a building apart from the family residence, he had one of the largest libraries in the South.

Surrendered to a Preacher.

Mrs. George was deeply religious, and the senator had been an agnostic. She placed a neighboring Baptist minister upon his trail and he got no peace. At meal times, in his library, in the field, on his visits to the county seat, the minister bobbed up serenely and exhorted him to come into the fold. He grew tired. Once, riding slowly home from Carrollton and reading his mail, the preacher burst out of the woods on his right hand and began. They came to a creek and crossed it. It was, in the senator's language, "saddle-pocket deep." On the further bank he dismounted. "G'it down!" he said fiercely. The minister looked at him doubtfully. He feared a personal encounter.

"G'it down!" He got down.

"Now," said George, "I'm tired o' bein' harried around th' kentry like I was a cotton-tail rabbit an' you was a pack o' nigger dogs. Baptize me right here." It was winter time, but the venerable statesman would not be denied. The two men waded into the icy water up to their armpits and the ceremony was performed. Senator George climbed into his saddle and looked down on the shivering evangelist.

"Now," he said, "you go home and stay home. I'm through with this —— foolishness."

His Peculiar Diet.

He was more than 70 years old when he died, and therefore the following will not be believed, but it is the truth. I called on him some years ago, purposing to interview him. I found him in his library, and he would not talk for publication. He was "feelin' ve'y po'ly, ve'y po'ly, indeed, suh. Hain't had a well day f'r a week." Dinner was served at midday and I went in with him. After grace was said he reached for a dish of boiled cabbage and heaped his plate with it. This he drowned in vinegar and devoured with eagerness. Two glasses of rich buttermilk followed the cabbage. There was apple pie on the table and he took half a pie. Over it he poured a pitcher of honey. It disappeared. Then he went to the front gallery and stretched himself in a rocking chair. I suppose that but for his peculiar diet Senator George would have reached his century.

His successor will be appointed by Gov. Anselm J. McLaurin. The friends of "Private" John Allen are confident. The governor's record, however, leads political prophets to predict the elevation of Wallace McLaurin, now in Idaho; "Tuck" Hollingsworth, of Jackson, or "Dave" Puckett, of Brandon.

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Medium Grade Mackinaw, $2.50.
Better Grade Mackinaw, $3.00.
Heavy All-Wool Mackinaw, $3.25.
Heaviest Mackinaw made, guaranteed, and warranted waterproof, $4.50.
Heavy Mackinaw Pants, $2.75.
The best Mackinaw Pants, $4.00.
Gray Knit Underwear, per suit, $1.50.
Heavy All-Wool Gray Underwear, per suit, $2.00.
Heavy All-Wool Gray Underwear, double front and back, warranted all wool, per suit, $2.50.
Best Llama Knit Underwear, double chested and double back, guaranteed pure wool, per suit, $3.00.
Red Flannel Underwear, per suit, $2.00.
Blue California Flannel Underwear, per suit, $2.00.
Stockton Woolen Mill Red Underwear, per suit, $2.50.
Stockton Woolen Mill Blue Underwear, per suit, $2.50.
Stockton Woolen Mill Heaviest Red Underwear, per suit, $3.00.
Stockton Woolen Mill Heaviest Blue Underwear, per suit, $3.00.
Stockton Woolen Mill Heaviest Brown Underwear, per suit, $3.00.
Good Heavy Cassimere Shirt, $1.00.
Good Heavy All-Wool Shirt, $1.50.
Heavy Blue Flannel Shirt, $1.50.
Extra Heavy Blue Flannel Shirt, yoke back, $2.00.
Extra Heavy Gray Cassimere, yoke back and double seamed all through, $2.50.
Extra Heavy Stockton Woolen Mills Blue Flannel Overshirt, double breasted, yoke back, and double seamed, $2.75.
Extra Heavy Stockton Woolen Mills Brown Flannel Overshirt, double breasted, yoke back, double seamed, $2.75.
Extra Heavy Stockton Woolen Mills Black Flannel Overshirt, double seamed and single breasted, $2.50.
Heaviest grade Overalls and Jumpers, warranted not to rip, 50c each.
Hip Rubber Boots, per pair, $3.
Hunting Rubber Boots, per pair, $3.00.
Hip Snag-proof Rubber Boots, per pair, $4.00.
Hunting Snag-proof Rubber Boots, per pair, $4.00.
Hip Snag-proof Leather Sole Rubber Boots, per pair, $5.50.
Gold Seal Rubber Boots, per pair, $6.00.
Short Oil Coat, yellow or black, 90c each.
Oil Pants, yellow or black, 90c each.
Three-quarter Oil Coat, yellow or black, $1.50 each.
Extra Long Oil Coat, yellow or black, $1.75 each.
Extra quality Oil Coat, yellow or black, leather bound, button holes double seamed and warranted water-proof, $1.75 each.
Extra quality Fish Brand Oil Coats, yellow or black, snap buttons, $2.25 each.
Oil Hats, yellow or black, 20c each.
Extra quality Cape Ann Oil Hats, black, 40c each.
Heavy Wool Sox, 25c per pair.
Extra Heavy All-Wool Sox, 3 pair $1.00.
Men's All-Wool Sweaters, $1.00.
Men's Heavy All-Wool Sweaters, $1.50.
Men's Pure Llama Wool Sweaters, $2.00.
Men's Very Best Grade All-Wool Sweater, in blue, black and maroon, guaranteed, $2.50.
Arctic Socks, 25c.

German Sox, 75c.
Heavy Lumbermen's German Sox, fulled and with straps, $1.00.
Corduroy Pants, $2.00.
Corduroy Pants, heavy, $3.00.
Best English Corduroy Pants, guaranteed not to rip and warranted to wear, $4.50.
Jeans, $1.00.
Climax Jeans, warranted, $1.45.
Canvas Coats, $1.50.
Canvas Coats, water-proof, $2.
Canvas Coats, heaviest waterproof, $2.50.
Leather Coats, flannel lined, $5.
Heaviest Leather Coats, corduroy lined, $5.50.
Tan Calfskin Coat, corduroy lined, reversible, finest quality, $9.00.
Leather Pants, $5.00.
Leather Vest, corduroy lined, reversible, $3.50.
Extra heavy Sheepskin Coats, 4.50.
Extra heavy Sheepskin Vests, $2.50.
Extra heavy Canvas Coats, sheepskin lined, $4.50.
Extra heavy Canvas Vests, sheepskin lined, $2.50.
Extra heavy Canvas Ulster, sheepskin lined, guaranteed water-proof, $12.50.
Fur Esquimaux Suits, $25.00.
Heavy Canvas Pants, wool lined, $1.50.
Extra heavy Canvas Pants, wool lined, $2.25.
Extra heavy Corduroy Suits, $10.00.
Heavy Sheepskin "Gauntlets," extra long, $2.00.
Heavy Sheepskin Mittens, $1.00.
Fur Mitts, wool lined, "wristlet" attached, $1.25.
Heavy Wool Mitts, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Heavy Rubber Mitts, $1.50.
Heavy Rubber Gloves, $1.50.
Fur Gloves, wool lined, extra long, $2.50.
Extra heavy Felt Boots, $1.00.
Extra heavy two-buckle Lumbermen's Overshoes, $2.00.
Extra heavy Prospectors' Shoes, $4.00, $4.50.
Extra heavy Wool Caps, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Heavy Plush Caps, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.50.
Extra heavy Fur Caps, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00.
Extra heavy Mackinaw Hood, $1.50.
Extra heavy Canvas, wool-lined Hood, guaranteed waterproof, $2.50.
Heavy Sheepskin Hood, $1.75.
Extra heavy Sheepskin Hood, $2.00.
Cowboy Hats, $2.00.
Cowboy Hats, $2.50.
6-oz. Cowboy Hat, good quality, $3.00.
8-oz. Cowboy Hat, good quality, $3.50.
10-oz. Cowboy Hat, good quality, $4.00.
10-oz. Cowboy Hat, best quality, $5.00.
BLANKETS—
Mackinaw Underwear, extra heavy, $4.00.
Arctic Underwear, fleece-lined, $4.00.
Heavy Leather Belts, 25c, 50c.
Pack Straps, $1.00.
Mosquito Tents, $1.00.
Buckskin Money Belts, $1.00, $1.25.
Buckskin Money Bags, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c.
Snow Goggles, 25c, 50c.
Prospectors' Magnifying Glasses, 50c, 75c.
Extra large Turkish Towels, 3 for $1.00.
Canvas Bags, heavy Ducking, 75c, $1.00.
Rubber Blankets, $1.00.

We carry a complete line of Tobaccos of all kinds and retail same lower than any house in the city. NOTE OUR PRICES.

Battle Ax Chewing, 25c per pound.
Horse Shoe Chewing, 40c per pound.
Red Front Smoking, 40c per pound.
Blackwell's Durham Smoking 45c per pound.

Seal of North Carolina, 1-lb package, 40c.
Star Chewing Tobacco, 40c per pound.
Piper Heidsieck, 45c per pound.
Climax Chewing, 40c per pound.
Canadian T. & B., 50c per pound.

See us for your outfit before making a purchase, as we can save you money.

The Red Front

615 Second Avenue.