WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

"Clink, clink, clink-clink, a-clinkety-clink"—
Through the ragged brush of the pasture path,
And the "old boss" stops at the brook to drink,
And tosses her head with a jest of wrath.
With hoofs sunk deep in the brook's black loam,
And muzzle deep in the lazy stream,
She waits for the laggard herd to come,
With ears that droop and eyes that dream.
Her sleek sides bulge with contentedness,
And her udders drip with an overflow
That blotches with white the watercress
That sags with the current, to and fro.

The eddies whirl where her long tail flings
Its tufted end with a listless toss,
And the gurgling water swings and sings
Like whirling wings in the brookside moss.
As the water clears of its muddy rile
And the old boss drinks, with nostrils flared,
The dusk, slow stealing, mile on mile,
Grows dark where the deep woods stand ensnared
On the east horizon's farthest rim,
And out of the twilight's hazy height,
Where the Dog Star loiters, white and dim,
A drifting swallow pipes good night.

Then, drowsily, with a soul-deep breath,
The old boss raises her head and sighs,
And, bright as a sword from its guarding sheath,
The sunset gleams in her glowing eyes.
It turns the bell at her throat to gold
And silvers the red of her silken coat,
And the tell-tale leaves of the year grown old
Turn pale in the pools where they lie afloat,
Out of the silence, shrill and high,
A voice of the farmyard quavers through:
"Come, boss! come, boss! come, boss!" its cry,
And the old boss softly answers: "Moo!"

Only the call of the cow—that's all;
Only a wistful moo, and yet
It seems that I heard my childhood call—
And the dusk is here and my eyes are wet.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Luck Fills the Game Bag

"I USED to spend more than half my time in the Pennsylvanie woods hunting and trapping during the season," said a resident of the Southern Tier, "because I loved the chase, and I loved to try my skill and ingenuity in outwitting the cunning of the fox, the bear, the wildcat and other sagacious beasts in luring them to my traps and snares and pitfalls. And I used to gloat at the way I could run down and bag the fleet and wily deer. It was great sport, and I used to get indignant when some one would exclaim when I came in with a lot of game:

"'Say, maybe you didn't have good luck.'

"That always made me indignant, and I would reply: 'Luck be blowed! No luck about it. Skill! That's what fills your game bag. Skill, not luck.'

"And I thought and believed so, of course. But I haven't been in the woods hunting or trapping now for more than ten years. The fact of the matter is, I got disgusted. I found out that I had to take back a good deal of what I had always said about there not being anything in luck bagging your game; that it was skill that did it, not luck. Had to take it back, and it disgusted me so that I came home and gave up my gun, gave my traps away, and haven't been in the woods on a hunting expedition since.

"The way my disgust started in to take possession of me was through an experience I had on Kettle creek in the fall of '86. An immense buck had been airing himself in the neighborhood of my camp on the creek. It didn't take me long to discover that he was as smart as he was big, and I used all the tricks I had learned in 30 years as a hunter and trapper in trying to bag that buck, but he got the best of me every time. That same fall a wildcat had likewise defied all my skill as a trapper, and continued to prowl around there laughing at me; and, to increase my chagrin over the situation, a big she bear, followed by a couple of spring cubs, took to lounging and foraging and slouching almost under my very nose, and yet gave me the slip every time I went out with my gun and treated with contempt my efforts to show them what a superior dissembler I was in fixing up a trap.

"I was growing furious when some little encouragement came to me. I discovered that I had got the best of the wildcat enough to fool her into stepping into a steel trap, but the ugly critter had walked away with the trap. I followed the trail of the wildcat for miles and lost it. The same day I got after the buck and thought I had him dead sure when the cunning old cuss circumvented me the slickest kind. I was going back to camp disgusted when I struck the track of the bear and the two cubs. Although I knew from the marks in the snow the bear must have passed that way two or three hours before, I struck right in after 'em with teeth set and blood in my eye. I had followed them a mile or more and the track was getting fresher, when I heard a shot off to my left. I went down to see who it was and what he had shot. I found a fellow named Asa Cole, who drove a team for the mill people. He sat in the snow and looked half scared to death. Six feet away, to my amazement and increased disgust, lay the wildcat I had tried so long to capture. My trap was on one of its legs and the cat was dead with a bullet hole in its side. Maybe I wasn't mad! As soon as Asa saw me he seemed to think he was safe and he began to grin.

"'Did you hear me shootin'?' said he.

"'Yes,' and I snapped it out pretty ugly.

"'Jist now?' said Asa.

"'Yes,' said I. 'Just now.'

"'Oh, then it wasn't this here wildcat you heerd me shoot!' said he. 'I shot him a good while ago. It was the big deer that you heerd me shoot jist now. He's layin' over there in the brush, I guess, 'cause I didn't hear him git up and go after he tumbled.'

"I stepped over and peered into the brush. There lay the big buck that had fooled me for two months. He was dead as a stone. I turned back on Asa and was going to say something ugly, but before I said it he spoke again and then I forgot all I was going to say and didn't try to say anything at all.

"'Yes,' said Asa, 'and if you'd been up yonder on the ridge about a mile you mowt a-heerd me shoot some more. That was the two bears, a big un and a little un. There was two little uns, but one on 'em got away 'fore I could shoot him, too.'

"Now, Asa Cole had never been in the woods with a gun before in all his life, and here, just by blind bullhead luck he had killed inside of an hour the wildcat, the buck and two of the bears that had defied me and all my skill for weeks. I was so mad that I made Asa a present of the trap the wildcat had on and went in and broke camp. I might not have let this convince me entirely that skill was inferior to luck in the bagging of game if the memory of another experience in the woods hadn't been fresh upon me and was still galling me. If it hadn't been for that I might have gone back to Kettle creek the next season and hunted and trapped as of yore. But putting the two together, I didn't have the heart.

"This previous experience was down along the Juniata, where I was wild turkey hunting, and where I had been for three successive seasons for no other purpose than to bag a mammoth wild turkey that was so smart that it had fooled all my efforts, as it had all the efforts of every other good hunter who tried to bag it. There are a good many wild turkeys yet in the mountains of that part of Pennsylvania, but there never was one in the whole state so smart or as big as this one. I had seen him often, and had heard it a great deal oftener. It had the longest and reddest wattles of any gobbler I ever saw. They actually gleamed like a streak of red fire as it flew or ran through the woods. Its plumage was almost black, and had a luster that nearly blinded you when the sun shone on it. It had been shot at and missed by all the crack turkey hunters, and came to be known as the spook gobbler.

"This third year that I hunted this big gobbler I went to the Juniata country early in May. The sly old fellow had already been seen by a dozen hunters and shot at a hundred times without a feather having been knocked out of it. I got three shots at the big aggravating bird the first day I was there, and any one of them should have brought it down. A wood chopper named Schaeffer had come into those woods on a chopping job, and had his 12-year-old boy with him. The boy had a 20-shilling shotgun, and

"DID YOU HEAR ME SHOOTIN'?"

the second day I was there he got up before daylight, loaded his gun with buckshot, and said he was going out after the spook turkey gobbler.

"That was the last I or anyone else thought about it until an hour later, when I saw his boy coming out of the woods, bending almost to the ground beneath the weight of something he was carrying on his back. When he reached the cabin he sank down on the door sill, and I don't want to live another minute if his burden wasn't the monster wild turkey gobbler that had gouged the bullets of all that region for three mortal years! That boy had killed the spook gobbler, sure enough.

"'I heard him holler,' said the boy, 'and jest snuck up to the tree where he was roostin'. He looked at me as if he was goin' to fly down and gobble me up, and I was afeerd he would, so I jest plunked him.'

"A pot-metal gun and a boy not near so big as the turkey had done what the sharpest shooters, with the best guns to be had, had been unable to do, and a sicker lot of hunters than there were never lived in any wood when that news got around. The gobbler stood nearly five feet high and weighed 45 pounds. I gave the boy five dollars for the big bird. I sent it to a friend of mine at Albany, who gave a big dinner and invited me over to eat some of the turkey, but I actually hadn't the heart to go. And so, when my experience with the big buck, the bears and the wildcat down on Kettle creek came along right on the heels of this one, I thought it was time to knuckle under and give luck the belt over skill; and that being the case, of course, I couldn't find it in my nature to hunt or trap any more, and I haven't been in the woods in ten years."—N. Y. Sun.

Objected to the Judge.

Counsel appointed to defend an Irishman challenged several of the jury, who his client said had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the barrister. "No sir; the jury's awl roight; but Oi want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times al ready, and loikely he's beginnin' to have a prejudice against me."—Tit-Bits.

An Excuse with a Point.

It was "composition day" in a St. Louis primary school, and the teacher told her pupils that they might each write a letter to her, making an excuse for not inviting her to an imaginary birthday party. The pupils were called upon in turn to read their letters aloud. One little girl made her excuse as follows: "Dear Miss Potts:—I want to apologize for not asking you to come to my birthday party yesterday. I fully intended to do so, but—as I always do in everything—I put it off until the last minute. When at last I started and reached your gate, I saw the doctor's buggy standing there, and thinking some one was very ill, I did not go in. What was my consternation the next day to learn that the doctor was courting your sister!"

Suspicious.

"I wonder why Keeks wears glasses; I know he doesn't need them."

"They say it is because he is such a suspicious beggar."

"Why, what has that got to do with it?"

"He can't believe his own eyes."—N. Y. Truth.

Sympathy.

"Yes," said the returned traveler, "I spent two years in London."

"Ah!" said his friend; "then you have seen dark days."—Puck.

Hard on Jones.

They met in a cafe.

"Ever take anything?" queried Smith.

"Oh, yes, occasionally," replied Jones, with the happy air usually worn by a man who accepts an invitation.

"Well," pursued Smith, as he tossed off a cocktail while Jones looked on, "you ought to quit it. It's a very bad habit and will be the death of you. So long."—N. Y. Journal.

PETS and THEIR CARE

Common Sense Rules Carefully Observed Will Work Wonders with Their Health and Temperaments.

—Copyright, 1898

WE ARE familiar with the home where the dog is a terror and an alarm to callers; the small dog of uncertain breed and wholly doubtful temper that skulks and snarls at the heels of the uninitiated visitor when he or she enters or leaves the house, and that heeds neither coaxing nor commands from master or mistress.

No family that desires to enjoy the esteem of its friends should be guilty of maintaining such a nuisance, and no family need, for if a dog is properly fed and cared for the chances are ninety-nine to one that it will be good-tempered and at least fairly obedient. A few simple facts are to be borne in mind.

Originally, of course, dogs were flesh-eaters, but domestication has somewhat changed their requirements. Meat is still an essential part, but it is a mistake to restrict them to it simply because it is easy to procure and can be fed without preparation. Vegetables, grains and milk, with a little meat now and then, is the ideal diet when one wishes good temper, good looks and good health for their pets.

Men who make a business of breeding fine dogs say that a puppy should be fed four times a day until it is four months old. From the fourth on to the seventh month three meals a day are sufficient, and after that two. The first meal should be of warm milk; into this put part of a dog biscuit broken in small bits, or, better still, grated fine on a nutmeg grater; before it is added to the milk it should be scalded.

The second meal should consist of milk alone; the third of oatmeal and milk, and for the fourth beef broth and bread. This diet may be varied by substituting Indian for the oatmeal, while mashed potatoes or similar vegetables may be used.

After the third month a little raw beef may be given three or four times a week. Overfeeding should be carefully guarded against.

All this suggests a great deal of care, but unless one is prepared to bestow it one has no business to keep a dog. Many people feed old dogs but once a day, and when the animal is limited to a flat or apartment in the city and has no yard in which to run it is quite enough. Where it has a large yard and can take the necessary amount of exercise it should be fed morning and evening, the last meal being the heaviest. It will thrive on Indian or oatmeal and milk, with meat once a day. This can be varied by using bread with the milk or potatoes and vegetables with the meat. There are also numerous makes of dog biscuits on the market that can be given from time to time. It is a questionable practice, however, to depend on them exclusively.

Dogs are very rarely free from insects, and there is scarcely a fancier in the country who has not an exterminator, either a powder or a wash of his own devising, that he does not recommend as a "sure thing."

Carbolic soap, the stronger sort that is especially prepared for animals, will if properly applied, destroy fleas or other parasites. One must bear in mind, however, that the composition is more or less poisonous. The bath must be as brief as possible, and it should always be immediately followed by one of fresh water.

Clean kennels and frequent ordinary baths—in a word, cleanliness—will do much toward preventing the appearance of pests of this sort. If the dog is to sleep on a rug or blanket in the house, a disinfectant or insect powder may occasionally be sprinkled upon it with good results.

Cats are supposed to require less care than almost any other domestic animal. This is in a measure so, but it is not saying that they are any the better off for being neglected. They probably suffer more than all the other pets of a household together.

One of the most common fallacies regarding cats is that they never require water. It is true they drink less water in proportion than do dogs, for instance, but the little they use they need quite as much as the dog does the greater quantity he consumes.

Cats should be fed principally on milk; bread may be mixed with it or oatmeal. A little raw liver or cooked fish two or three times a week is all the meat they need or should have. They should never be allowed to eat the rats or mice they catch, and their interest in the extermination of these pests will be in no way diminished if they are not permitted to.

One of the very common practices—and it is true of people who would vigorously resent the suggestion that they are not humane—is when the summer comes, with its exodus to mountain or seashore, to close the town house and leave the cat to shift for itself as best it may or to be dependent on the uncertain charity of the caretaker.

Here in America birds are no longer fashionable. They are seldom seen in the homes of the rich except in aviaries. Even the canary—once the feathered favorite of royalty—has lost its hold. In England, however, there are societies that exist solely to keep active the interest in the little songsters and that are constantly working for new crosses and colors. Indeed, they have made the breeding of these birds as much of a science as the raising of the dogs and trotting horses is in this country.

Canaries want warmth and it is certain that except in confinement they could not live in our northern states. They require a varied diet. The "bird seeds," as they are called—hemp, rape and canary—can be bought properly mixed. They should always be used in connection with bread and milk or fruits.

The floor of the cage should be kept covered with clean sand for the birds to peck at, or if for any reason this cannot be had, the best substitute is a preparation known as fish bone. The cage should be kept scrupulously clean.

When canaries show hoarseness, one of the best remedies is Spanish licorice. This will bring back the voice quicker than anything else.

For any ailment that passes your bird craft seek a bird doctor with greater knowledge, or if the services of an expert are out of the question, a warm bath may be found efficacious; for this, heat the water to a temperature of about 96 degrees. The bath should last not above a minute, when the bird should be placed in the sunshine or near the fire to dry.

Red birds should have about the same care as regards food.

Another beautiful native songster is the mocking bird. It is a question though if it is not a mistake to seek to domesticate this bird, as for every one that lives in confinement, two die from their longing for freedom.

If one is determined to have a mocking bird at any cost, there are two rules, that if observed will increase the chances of keeping it alive. They are cleanliness and a wide range in the matter of diet. Fresh meat should figure frequently in the bill of fare, or better still, earth worms. At best, however, the mocking bird is imprisoned and not domesticated.

Squirrels, dor mice, white mice and other little creatures are so rare as pets that their care need scarcely be considered. Their cages should be kept sweet and clean, and the revolving wheel that is usually part of the fittings of a squirrel's cage should be banished from the homes of the captives, who realize in them only ingenious torture.

No man who has owned pets will deny that they require a great care. Their ownership involves a certain degree of responsibility and unless one is prepared to discharge this obligation one would better not succumb to any passing whim to acquire them.

VAUGHN KESTER.

An Ironclad Rule.

"I'd like to, lady," said Meandering Mike, "but it's impossible for me to clean dem rugs on de terms you offer."

"You said you were willing to work."

"Yes'm. But me an' Pete here has organized the Carpet Beaters' union, an' if either of us works fur less dan seven dollars an hour he forfeits his membership."—Washington Star.

The Autumn Young Man.

He finds he is, socially, not on the turf,
She smiles, but no longer on him.
In those old seaside days they were both in the surf,
But now he is not in the swim.
—Washington Star.

VERY NEATLY PUT.

The Gentleman (who has been waiting)—It strikes me that the women of the hour are those who promise to be ready in a second.—Judge.

ELEPHANT GREAT IN CRIME.

The Animal's Intellectual Powers Are Most Apparent in his Schemes for Revenge.

Few more impressive confidences can be imparted than one in which a Hindoo describes how he knows his elephant intends to destroy him. It is all so seemingly trivial, and yet in reality of such deadly significance. His story is so full of details that prove the man's profound understanding of what he is talking about that one remains equally amazed at the brute's power to dissemble and its intended victim's insight into the would-be murderer's character. And yet, from the psychological standpoint, an elephant never gives any other such indication of mental power as is exhibited in its revenge. That patient, watchful, implacable hatred, often provoked simply because a man is in attendance upon another animal (for it is the rule with tuskers to detest their next neighbors), speaks more conclusively of a high intellectual guide than all stories, true or false, that have been told of their ability. Such concentration and fixedness of purpose, such careful, unrelaxed vigilance, such perfect and consistent pretense, and when the time comes, such desperate, unhesitating energy as homicidal animals exhibit, are impossible without a very considerable, although in this instance, very irregular, development, says Outing.

No one can deny that if this creature is great at all its greatness shows itself in its crimes. These have caused it to be worshiped in the east, where men venerate nothing but merciless, irresponsible force, and where an exhibition of those qualities and traits described fully account for the formula: "My lord, the elephant."

NOT A COWARD.

The Strange Effect of Nervous Strain on a Brave Little Soldier in Cuba.

Nervous excitement is responsible for much that might pass for cowardice. The author of "A Cuban Expedition" speaks of one dreadful day when he and his comrades sat in a wet ditch and waited, concealed, while the Spaniards were so near that escape seemed almost impossible.

The discomfort of our predicament—up to the middle in mud and water, with the rain pouring down on us—was at the moment unfelt, in our excitement and eagerness in watching the enemy. Little Joe Storey, who was next to me, was trembling all over. Suddenly he grasped my arm and whispered:

"Oh, what shall I do? I must scream or fire off my rifle! I can't help it!"

I, too, felt that he would do either the one or the other, and I whispered back the first thing that occurred to me.

"Storey," I said, "if you make the least noise, I'll stab you to death!"

Then I told him to keep his eyes closed, and try to think of something else, until he heard the first shot fired. After that he might shout as loudly as he liked. I put one arm about his neck and drew him close to me. There, trembling, he rested like a quiet child. Presently his excitement wore off, and he became used to the situation; then he was heartily ashamed of his breakdown.

But Storey was not a coward. He was a gallant little soul in action, and only his tortured nerves were responsible for this temporary revolt.

Capital Dry Goods House

The Instant Success of Our Store Has Surprised the Community

Three years has scarcely passed and we are selling as many goods as any Newport News store ever did after eight years of trying. The cause is plain. Trade notions have been given a hard blow. Prices have been lowered along the line. Nothing is recognized as a "staple" here—and prices are gauged according to costs. Costs are lowered to ground floor. We pay less for everything, "with a few possible exceptions," than any other store, as we have complete command of the market.

Part of a Millinery Stock At Less Than Half.

As we bought part of Trantman & Heller's millinery stock, so shall we sell it, and that means more than at first glance, because we paid a ridiculously little price for it, considering the perfect quality and desirability of it. This will bring great crowds to our store. Come early to avoid the rush and get your choice.

75C. AND $1 HATS FOR 48 CENTS.

Fine quality of French and Wool Felt Hats in all the newest and most fashionable shapes and colors, including the stylish Shepherdess, as well as turbans, short back sailors; also a lot of French Felt Children's Flats in all colors that are worth $1.00. Choice of any for 48 cents.

YALE AND VOLUNTEER HATS 29C.

You may have your pick from two cases of Yale Hats which are the newest thing for misses, all colors, and one case Volunteer Hats in blue or black, with leather straps around brim, that are worth 75 cents and $1.00. Your choice for 29 cents.

ALPINES AND SAILORS 98 CENTS.

You may have any of the fine Satin finish Felt Alpines in cardinal, navy or black, with polka dot velvet bands and fine curled quills that we have sold for $1.98. You can have your choice for 98 cents. A lot of the newest things in a Sailor for ladies that are worth $1.50 for 98 cents.

19 CENT RIBBONS 11 CENTS.

One lot of plain color Taffeta Ribbons in black and all colors, that sell for 19 cents. Our price 11 1-2 cents.

Another lot of wider Taffeta Ribbons, No. 60, that you never bought for less than 25 cents, will go for 14 cents.

QUILLS ONE CENT.

Quills, straight or curled, in black, natural, and all colors, for one cent each.

3 QUILLS IN A BUNCH 5 CENTS.

Three Curled Quills bunched together, that sell everywhere for 15 cents, our price 5 cents.

25 CENT BIRDS 11 CENTS.

All colors of small Birds that can be used on any style hat for the small price of 11 cents.

TRIMMED VELVET HATS $1.98.

One special lot of Trimmed Velvet Hats that are worth from $3 to $4. Will go at $1.98.

75 CENT BLACK PARROTS 39 CENTS

Black Parrots; something that is strange, but used a good deal and makes a hat look stylish. Worth 75 cents; will go at 39 cents

50 CENT OSTRICH PLUMES 19 CTS.

Black Ostrich Plumes of a good quality; the same sort you usually pay 50 cents for. With a saving like this everyone can afford to buy one. Only 19 cents.

$1 OSTRICH PLUMES 59 CENTS.

Fifty-nine cents will buy the same good quality of black Ostrich Plumes for which you have always paid one dollar. Rich lustrous, black, long and wavy; a perfect quality.

Waists.

FLANNEL WAISTS $1.39.

A lot of all Wool Flannel Waists in all colors, trimmed with braid, nicely made and well fitting, with detachable collar of same material. They are actually worth $2.00; will be sold for $1.39.

VELVET WAISTS $1.98.

We will put on sale a lot of ladies' Waists in all colors of velvet which is the newest thing in Waists, perfect fitting and well made, for $1.98.

Skirts, Capes, Coats and Furs At Half of Regular Price

The sale which starts here tomorrow is without precedent. The opportunity is brought about in this way: There has been a change with a leading Skirt, Cape and Coat Manufacturing Concern of New York and we happened to be one of the fortunate ones to get hold of part of the stock. There are Skirts from 98 cents to $15 and Capes from $1.98 to $25.

Capes and Cloaks.

$6.98 FOR KERSEY COATS.

Ladies stylish winter Jackets of Kersey, the most stylish garment you can get which are all silk lined, and the best you can get at $10 anywhere. Will go at $6.98.

ASTRACHAN COATS $3.98.

A lot of Astrachan Coats in all sizes, half lined, well fitting, that are valued at $6.50. Our price $3.98.

$2.98 FOR SILK PLUSH CAPE.

A plain Plush Cape, trimmed with fur, nicely made and lined; a regular $5.00 Cape. Our price $2.98.

BEADED AND BRAIDED PLUSH CAPES $4.98.

New and stylish beaded and braided Pluch Capes, with Thibet or Angora fur down collar and front; guaranteed Saltz's best plush. These are worth $8 and cannot be duplicated for less. Will go at $4.98.

ELECTRIC SEAL COLLARETTES FOR $3.98.

A lot of the most fashionable Electric Seal Collarettes, with full sweep and full lined. They are not to be equaled elsewhere for less than $7.50. Will go at $3.98.

FEATHER BOAS AT 25 CENTS.

A lot of Feather Boas that is always handy over a Cape or Coat to make one feel comfortable, for 25 cents, that is worth more than double the money.

ASTRACHAN CAPES $1.98.

About fifty Astrachan Capes, trimmed around the collar and down front with Thibet fur, that we bought for less than the manufacturer's cost, and will be sold for $1.98. They are worth $4.50.

Skirts.

SKIRTS 98 CENTS.

A lot of ladies' stylishly made Skirts of figured worsted goods in black or colors, which are made with more than the usual care, not simply made up like some others will show you. Full in width and thoroughly finished. Worth $1.50 to $2.00; will go at 98 cents.

FIGURED BRILLIANTINE SKIRTS.

A lot of black figured Brilliantine Skirts in the raised silky figured effects; guaranteed absolutely fast color; with desirable flare, and as perfect hanging as can be found. These are the regular $2.50 garment, mind you, for $1.29.

$7.50 SILK SKIRTS $4.98.

A lot of Black Satin brocaded grosgrain Skirts in the handsomest designs a woman could wish to wear—thoroughly fashionable in every detail of workmanship and finish with perfect hang, splendidly lined and bound; they are the regular $7.50 Skirt for $4.98.

SATIN SKIRTS $10.98.

A lot of Black Satin Skirts in the latest flounce style—thoroughly up-to-date in every respect; cut according to the latest dictates of Dame Fashion. Will be offered at $10.98.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods.

We have been so busy with our Millinery that we have almost forgotten our Dry Goods Department; but we will not allow it to lag behind as we intend to give you such prices that will astonish you.

COTTON FABRICS.

Canton Flannel, 3 3-4 cents a yard.
Unbleached Cotton, 4 1-4 cents a yard.
Dress Cambrics, 2 3-4 cents a yard.
All shades of Silesias, 6 1-2 cents a yard.
Black, gray and tan, yard wide Russet Cambric, 5 cents.
Lancaster Apron Ginghams, 5 cents a yard.
White Wool Flannel, 12 1-2 cents.
Red Twill Flannel, 12 1-2 cents.
Androscoggin Cotton, 5 1-4 cents.
Forrest Mills Cotton 4 3-4 cents.
10-4 Bleached Sheeting, 14 cents.
10-4 Unbleached Sheeting, 11 1-2 cents.
10-4 Canton Blankets, 45 cents.
Red Comforts, 45 cents.

Dress Goods.

25 CENT SUITINGS 12 1-2 CENTS.

A lot of 31-inch check Suitings in different colors of checks that sell for 25 cents; we will sell for 12 1-2 cents.

35 CENT ALL WOOL FABRICS 25 CTS

36-inch all wool fancy fabrics in all colors, also black and blue Serges, that are worth 35 cents, will be sold for 25 cents.

50 CENT ALL WOOL CLOTH 33 CTS.

36-inch all Wool Cloth in all of the new shades, that are worth 50 cents, will be sold for 33 cents.

75 CENT ALL WOOL FIGURED SERGES 48 CENTS.

42-inch black all Wool Figured Dress Goods that sells for 75 cents. Our price 48 cents.