THE HONORABLE J. N. FOOTE AND MR. PEVELY SADDERS

The Honorable J. N. Foote Visits Pevely, Who Delivers an Impromptu Speech on the Republican Candidates—Pevely Propounds the Question: What Office Is Walbridge Running For?

Scarcely had Pevely Sadders returned to his home last week than he sent me this letter:

"Honoble J. N. Foote, dear sir Wallbrige ain't got no more show than a hareless rabit in a thorn patch.

"I crossed at Miami and come home aroun by way of Bogard and met the Poastmaster of the next town, he clum in with me and i druv him in he sed.

"'Pevely what do you no? find out anything about politicks wile you was gone?'

"'I sed yes i no the repugilcon party has got boodlars stuck on it as thick as cuckle burrs on a Osage blankit in October and don't stan no more show to carry Mo than a blind fiddler to carry a morgage, about all the repugilcon party kin carry in Mo is the mail,' I sed

"'Well,' sed the Poastmaster, 'it looks to me some doutful if we kin even keep on carryin' the mail, because Needringus and them felows Allo and Winebrewer and Spencir and How licked Achins at St. Joe and a lot of us is liable to git our jobs taken away from us, i expect you air right, he sed, our party is tollable bad off fer carryin' the State.

"'It don't matter who gits the jobs,' I set, 'yore party is boun' to lose, it is boun' to lose because it's got boodlars tied on to it at Washin'ton and it is boun' to lose in Mo fer the same reason, it's jest nachally got boodlars all over it in Mo.'

"'But,' the Poastmaster sed, 'Mr. Wallbrige claims in his speach that thair ain't no unholy allance.'

"'Yes,' i sez, 'but you notice when he come to that part of it he hucked away from saying anything agin the boodlars and Butler, like a harelip man backin' away from a floot, what do you make of that?' i sez.

"The Poastmaster, he wunk at me kind of slick and lauffed, he sed, 'well, what's the use of makin' them felows mad and besides they won't stan' hitched if you holler at 'em all the time.

"'Air you goin to git out and work some?' I ask him.

"He sez, 'well, us Poastmasters don no which way the cats goin to jump we don no if its best to stay with Achins and the ole crowd or git out and hussle fer the new ones we air kind of on the fens yit, this talk about Wallbridge not runnin to win but only fer a bluf scairs us till we don no whair we air at.'

"So, Honoble J. N. you see what shaip they air in and if you kin come up hear you mite find out a hole lot more, you better come on, Well i expect trubble with Hicocklorum hes up hear, got hear about the same time I did and is mad about what i sed about him but i don keer i jest as leave everbody noed what them Organ County rascels is up to, Honoble J. N. I never noed you was aiming to put it in the paper but I don keer.

"A Democrat that is skeered to tell the truth ain't no Democrat. Well, this Hickolorum come up hear Wensday vacxonating cavves and sed. This felow, Pevely Sadders, better keep out of my way fer ill hosswhup him shore if i ketch him.

"Now, I ain't aiming to let no Organ County Republican do nothin' like that to me; he better go on with his cavves and not come foolin' aroun' whare i am, i will let him be so long as he lets me be, but no man ain't never hosswhuo me yit.

"Well, at Norborne they hear what Senator Frank Farce and his crowd air up to down thair in Dent and his deestrick. The repugilcons down thair is all tied up with Senator Farce and his crowd and they figger that if they kin git a awnry repugilcon to run agin him about the size of this hear Hickokolorum that Farce will beat him, i recomraen Hickolorum to move up in Farce's deestrick whair he kin be some use. Well, it's some game like that that Farce and his crowd is up to, and it will keep that honoble and feerless Democrat John Organ and the other desent Democrats tolable busy to spile them tricks, i reckin, but Organ has fit them before and nose how.

"If you come up hear ill help you show up a lot more. Yores Truly.

"PEVELY SADDERS."

"Ps., if i lern anything new ill let no you, kin you figger out what Walbridge is up to?"

Upon receipt of Mr. Sadders's letter I lost no time in making for his part of the State and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon alighted at his station on the Wabash road, where I found him sitting with several other persons at the shady end of the depot platform. An air of suppressed excitement seemed to prevail in the group. Sadders, who was decorating a cob with a barlow, held both objects in one hand while he greeted me with the other, inviting me to a seat. The station master came out and joined us, and the group was soon augmented by several others, one of whom Pevely greeted as "Mr. Postmaster." Although a considerable crowd had collected, no one had much to say, and it was evident that they were waiting in anticipation of some exciting event.

Finally Pevely Sadders pointed over his shoulder with the cob and remarked for my enlightenment: "Thair he is, back thair." I looked in the direction of the whitewashed cattle pens at the far end of the depot and observed the celebrated Highcockolorum superintending preparations for loading some live stock into a car.

"He's goin' away on the next freight," Pevely explained, "and we're waitin' to see if he's goin' to hosswhup me before he goes, er if he's goin' to put it off till the next trip."

The florid person, the editor of the local Republican newspaper, jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "By thunder, he ought to—"

"Ought to what?" The Democratic county chairman was on his feet at the same instant, and pallor for an instant succeeded to the efflorescence of the editor's physiognomy.

"Now, gentlemen, easy, easy," interposed another, who stepped between them. By his star I took him to be either the Sheriff or Town Marshal, or both. Meanwhile the Highcockolorum was quietly attending to his business and gave no sign of evil intentions.

"Is he really such a bellicose person?" I inquired.

"Bellicose!" echoed Pevely. "Why, he's mighty nigh all belly! Didn't I tell you he was a Republican politician?"

In truth the man did possess a remarkable abdominal protuberance, and it occurred to me that Pevely had unconsciously guessed the real meaning of Republican bellicosity in Missouri—it is mostly appetite.

The Highcockolorum, having finished his preparations, now came toward us, but seated himself on a dry goods box at some little distance removed; where he was joined by the Republican editor and the Postmaster. They held close converse for several minutes, apparently indulging in various arguments pro and con concerning the proposed castigation of my quondam controversialist, but now esteemed friend, Pevely Sadders. Meanwhile our group said nothing and did not even glance toward the Republican conference. Silence and suspense gave the situation all of that tenseness of the dark hour which precedes the lightning bolt—but nothing happened.

Eventually, after a period of almost excruciating quiet, a man near me ganced toward the Republican contingent and remarked, in a disappointed tone: "Way, he ain't even got a whip." This depressing observation left its effect for some moments. Then gradually the conversational quality was restored to the occasion.

It was at this juncture that a negro approached from the other end of the depot and joined the Republican group, seating himself between the Republican editor and the Postmaster. They introduced him to Highcockolorum, who shook hands with him cordially.

"That thair," said Pevely, "is the nigger I tol' you about that's turnin' white."

Sure enough, there appeared some discoloration of the individual's epidermis about his forehead, as I noticed when he removed his hat.

"Oh, Rufe," Pevely called to him; "want to make two bits?"

"Yassuh," the negro answered.

"Come in the waitin room and strip off your shirt. This gentleman wants to see your back."

"Yessah." The negro promptly arose and was followed into the men's waiting-room by all, including his Republican friends.

When his shirt was removed, however, and his fine Ethiopian torso bared to the light, there appeared only a light yellow streak, running the length of his spine.

"Why," I exclaimed; "he's not turning white!"

"Well," Pevely assented, "I reckon they's still enough nigger in him to vote the Republican ticket! And what ain't nigger is yaller streak; so I reckin he vote it anyhow."

This was the spark needed to explode the mine of bad feeling which had been gathering on both sides; and the mine exploded. Highcockolorum swore. The Republican editor flared up and clinched his fist. But the Postmaster fairly roared. He waved his arm madly and poured forth a torrent of incoherent abuse. By common consent all had adjourned to the platform outside; and the Postmaster's noisy wrath attracted numerous others to the scene, so that the place soon became as populous and as crowded as at evening train time; surging around the Postmaster and watching his series of hydrophobic, profane explosions and windmill gesticulations as they would bend over a dogfight or gather about a man in a fit. When his ravings had subsided, another voice drew sudden attention, and, turning, the crowd observed Pevely Sadders mounted upon the dry goods box. Immediately they surged close about him.

"Gentlemen," he began in his inimitably bland fashion. "It has jest natu'lly give me a heap o' pleasure to listen to the rep-sentative voice of the three thousan' Postmasters who constitutes the most o' the great Republican party in our glorious ol' Commonwealth, but it pains me like everything to hyear the party voice utterin' such sufferin' agonies and miseries of defeat and disapp'intment and despair, like a ol' hen gone crazy from settin' on somethin' that won't hatch. The ol' Republican party has been settin on a doorknob in Missoury fer the past generation and she's jest now findin' out they ain't nothin' in it." A tumultuous cheer broke from the crowd. You could have heard it up on the square in town, and it drew more listeners to the scene. The Republican editor, however, started to leave when Pevely called out:

"Hol' on; don't go away. I want you to take down this speech and print it. I'm comin' d'rectly to yore Republican candidates, and I'll say somethin' yore readers ought to hear!" The editor halted uncertainly, his face reddening.

"Yes," Pevely resumed, "the Republican party has wore herse'f out on a forlornity. She can't lay nothin' but a boodle scheme and can't hatch nothin' more'n a disturbance."

Again a great yell resounded from the throng.

"And," he continued, "she's got the hungriest lot of ol' chickens foragin' in this campaign she ever had in 'er life.

"There's Swanger fer Secretary of State. Law! law! Swanger fer Secretary of State—the champion pie biter, editor and ex-Postmaster of Milan, that's gobbled ever'thing that ever come his way from garden seed to General Assembly, and Colonel Kerens throwed in, and is honin' fer more!

"And there's that great patriot fer pie, Gmelich of Boonville, runnin' fer State Treasurer like a famine sufferer to a feed camp.

"And Wilder of Ste. Genevieve fer Auditor! He's a brewer and was th'owed on the ticket as a sop to the Germans, who was jest natu'lly thirstin' fer his nomination while he was hungerin' fer office, and they tell me the Ste. Genevieve campaign is so wet the voters carries it home in buckets, but I reckin it will leave Wilder tollable dry and still hungerin'. Swanger and Gmelich and Wilder is a great trio, and when you git Wightman th'owed in fer Railroad Commissioner you got four that's hard to beat—fer some things, but not fer office, I expect.

"Wightman's a conductor, and seems to be runnin' on Joe Flory's reputation and ridin' his bicycle. Maybe he'll ride it into some nice easy Federal job before he gits off, or maybe he'll ride it into Colonel Kerens's bank account,bein' a Kerens man, or maybe he'll jest ride the railroads.

"Gmelich, Swanger, Wightman and Wilder—Gimlet and Gimcracks and Whetstones and Jumpinjacks! Ain't that a fine ticket for the glorious ol' Republican party of Missoury? With the Metropolitan Street Railway Company th'owed in! Thair's Hadley runnin' for Attorney General like a claim agent after a plaintiff's witness. And right hyear I want to ask you if you think it's a good thing to have a defendant's attorney rep'sentin' the plaintiff up thair in the State Board of Equalization—because when it comes to taxin' the railroads the State is the plaintiff and the railroads is the defendant. And Mr. Hadley, if he is elected, would pass on the assessment of that thair street railway, jest as Hon'able Walbridge would pass on the assessment of his telephone company when the State gits to taxin' it.

"And jest to think of it—Hadley used to be a Folk man! Why, it ain't hardly over a year since he made a terrible big Folk speech up thair at Lone Jack. Law! Law! Gmelich, Wilder, Gimlet, Swanger, Whangdoodle and Hadley—ain't that a ticket fer the grand ol' Republican party in our glorious Commonwealth of ol' Missoury? By cracky and jiminy Christmas! And when you top it off with the Hon'able Walbridge, what more is they to say?

"The Hon'able Cabbage—I mean the Hon'able Wilbridge—is a tried an' trusted servant o' the party. He ain't never led no charge up a Cubyan hill, but he has steered a garbage bill whair others faltered. Three cheers fer prosperity and the full garbage pail!"

Seldom have I heard such an explosion of political enthusiasm as that which shattered the atmosphere in response to Pevely's demand. It rocked the foundations of the depot, shocked the auditory nerves of the multitude, and the vigor of the vibrations even warmed those sufferers who had brought back chills from the Fairbanks rally at Kansas City. When the demonstration had sufficiently subsided for Pevely to proceed, he proceeded:

"Fellow-citizens, I come now to ask yore ca'm consideration of the great problem which is vexin' and worryin' the life out of the Republican voters of this State th t knows that the Hon'able Gar—I m an Wa l—the Hon'able Walbridge is runnin' fer office. It is the great problem which is keepin' the 2,000 Postmasters of our glorious Commonwealth awake nights and interferin' with the distribution o' the mail in the day time. It is the great problem which is wearin' the Republican editors to a frazzle and plungin' 'em into despair.

Fellow citizens, the great problem is: What is the Hon'able Cabba—I mean Wall—Hon'able Walbridge runnin' fer? What office is he almin' at?

"He started out in this campaign by runnin' for Vice President and now the question is, Is he runnin' fer Governor, Senator, Secretary of the Interior, Congress, Mayor of St. Louis, or any of 'em, or all of 'em, or how many of 'em anyhow, or ain't he runnin' fer none of 'em or will he be satisfied with jest three or four of 'em? Why, friends, they is as many kind of offices chucked together in the Hon'able's ambition as they is different kinds of vegetables in a garbage pail, and no man livin' kin tell whether he aims to cart off the whole pail or to sort 'em out and distribute 'em or to throw 'em all in the trough at once and git in with both feet or what he's up to—it's too much fer me!

"I kin come mighty nigh tellin' which shell the pea is under sometimes, but I'll be dadblamed if anybody kin tell which office the Hon'able's after.

"Sometimes, when I think o' him, it seems like a shame that one man can't hold more'n seech a small percentage of all the offices at one time, and I feel like they ought to create more offices. It comes over me sometimes that a disappointed near Vice President must be about the saddest creetur on top o' dirt, and that the people owes him a great debt of gratitude and six or seven offices for his self-sacrifice in consentin' to be a candidate at all. And when I reflect that the Hon'able Walbridge not only consented to be a candidate for Vice President, but jest natu'lly run hisself to death after it, why, his self-sacrifice seems overwhelmin'. His self-sacrifice in obeyin' the great silent call of the people to take the nomination at St. Joe was even more overwhelmin', for Ol' Man Chauncey Piley down thair in St. Louis tells us that it cost about $1,500 of somebody's good money to git it.

"And the question is now, gentlemen, what is he runnin' fer?

"A good many Republicans is constantly askin' themselves that question, only in a little different way. They puts it: What in the devil is he runnin' fer?"

"Well, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I kain't answer that thair question. But I kin tell you this much—he ain't runnin' fer Governor; that is, not so's you'd notice it." A cheer greater than any of the others rent the air.

Pevely's speech was concluded at this point by the arrival of the freight train which was to bear Highcockolorum away. He left, a crestfallen and mortified Republican. The Postmaster and the editor had long ago sneaked out of the crowd unobserved. I have locked in the latter's paper without avail for an account of my esteemed copatriot's oration. Indeed, as yet, none of the Republican papers has dared to allude to it.

J. N. FOOTE.
Formerly of Knobnoster, now of Pro-tem, Taney County.

OFFENSIVE CATARRH

I suffered for a long time with a bad case of Catarrh, and took a great deal of medicine without any benefit.

I had a continual headache, my cheeks had grown purple, my nose was always stopped up, my breath had a sickening and disgusting odor, and I coughed incessantly

I heard of your S. S. S. and wrote you. I commenced to use it, and after taking several bottles I was cured and have never since had the slightest symptom of the disease. MISS MARY L. STORM.
Cor. 7th & Felix Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 29, 1903.
I had Nasal Catarrh for years for which I used S. S. S. with very gratifying results. I tried local applications for some time, and getting no permanent relief I came to the conclusion that the seat of the trouble was in the blood. Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood medicine I began its use, and after using it for some little while it did away entirely with the offensive mucus in the nostrils, and I did not have to hawk and spit, especially in the morning, to dislodge the catarrhal matter.
1627 South St. FRED H. PRESSY.

The filthy secretions and foul mucus that are continually dropping back into the throat, find their way into the stomach and are absorbed into the blood. Catarrh then becomes constitutional, and the only way to get rid of it is through the blood. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SPECIAL SALE NEW GOODS!

$1.75 Yard Wide Black Taffeta Silk
At 10 A. M. for One-Half Hour—Manufacturer's Guarantee Woven in Every Yard.
Yard-wide Black Guaranteed Taffeta Silk, beautiful, rich luster, perfection of dye and finish—extreme width, combined with satisfactory wear, makes this an unusually liberal offer—worth $1.75 per yard—Special Monday, a yard..... **97c**

Penny and Gentles
BROADWAY AND WASHINGTON AVE.
CLEARINGS TRANSFER CARS TRANSFER TO PENNY & GENTLES

$3.00 Black Skirt Patterns
At 9:50 A. M. for One-Half Hour.
50 Skirt Patterns, black, all pure wool Cheviot, 52 inches wide, 3 yards a full skirt pattern—worth $3.00—for one-half hour Monday..... **$1.25**

Opening Sale Kid Gloves.
Just received, 250 dozen Ladies' 2-clasp prime Lambskin Gloves—in black, white, red, brown, mode, slate and beaver—these gloves were imported to sell at 98c pair—we will place the lot on sale to-morrow at..... **59c**
Try a pair of our Argyle genuine French Kid Gloves, made from fine selected skins—all the latest fall shades—will compare in fit and quality with the $1.50 gloves sold elsewhere. Fitted and warranted..... **$1.00**
Kayser's Double Finger Tipped Silk Gloves—the kind that doesn't wear out at the finger ends—all shades..... **$1.00, 75c and 50c**

$10.00 Tailor-Made Suits
At 9 A. M. for One-Half Hour.
200 Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, fine wool materials, latest styles, assorted colors and sizes—for half an hour, at 9 a. m..... **$5.95**

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
Parlor Lamps—Center draft—11-inch globe—worth $5.00—Sale Price..... **$3.75**
Gas Chandeliers—2 arms—nicely polished—worth $4.50—Sale Price..... **$2.50**
2-arm Gas Chandelier—worth $1.50—Sale Price..... **79c**
100-piece Dinner Sets—Pink and green decorated—worth $16.00—Sale Price..... **$12.98**
30-piece Dinner Sets—Pretty decorated—gold-lined—worth $5.00—Sale Price..... **$3.98**
Toilet Sets—All colors with jar—worth $7.50—Sale Price..... **$5.89**
Curtain Stretchers—No sag—brass-plated pins—worth 1.00—Sale Price..... **67c**
Rogers' 1847 silver-plated Knives and Forks—worth $4.50 a set—Sale Price..... **$1.50**
Alarm Clocks—Nickel-plated—good timekeeper—worth $1.00..... **63c**
Underglazed Cuspidor—Large size—worth 50c—Sale Price..... **23c**
Underglazed Jardinieres—7 and 8 inch—worth 50c—Sale Price..... **29c**
Gas Mantles—Genuine Welsbach mantles—worth 25c..... **11c**
SCARFS—Pure linen knotted fringed monie Scarfs with openwork all round—worth 60c..... **39c**
TURKISH TOWELS—Heavy unbleached with double and twisted thread—soft and absorbent—worth 17½c..... **12½c**
CRASH—Pure linen—very heavy bleached Barnsley roller Toweling—worth 12½c..... **10c**
FLANNELETTE SKIRTS—Heavy flounced skirt patterns—dark or light styles—50c value..... **39c**
SHEETS—72x90 heavy unbleached hemmed seamed Sheets—our 45c quality—a lot to close..... **35c**
OUTING FLANNELS—New fall stock of best Amoskeag Outing Flannels—best goods made..... **10c**

A Gigantic Purchase of Men's Shirts.
From the New Era Shirt Co., makers of high-grade shirts—every shirt stamped with their trade-mark, which means perfect in fit and finish.
Men's Genuine Madras Cloth Shirts, small stripes and checks, sizes 14 to 17, regular 75c grade; Sale Price, each..... **35c**
2 for $1.00.
Lot very fine Madras Cloth Shirts, all fine, new fall styles; cuffs attached and some extra cuffs; regular price $1.25; Sale Price, each..... **59c**
Men's Fine Madras Cloth Shirts; light, dark and medium colors; sizes 14 to 19; lot Boys' Shirts, all styles and all sizes; worth up to $1; Sale Price, each..... **49c**
Lot very fine imported Madras Cloth Shirts, all neat, new fall styles, finished equal to any $2 shirt; Sale Price, each..... **88c**
2 for $1.75.

Boys' Clothing.
We have an exceptionally fine lot of Boys' New Suits to show you to-morrow. The reasonable prices certainly will interest you.
People know now that here is where they'll save money on stylish boys' suits with staying qualities.
Some of the newest patterns and styles of all-wool Boys' Russian, double-breasted, Norfolk, Eton and 3-piece suits, faultlessly tailored, giving them the dashing style for the dressy boy of to-day—ages 2½ to 16 years—to-morrow, $3.95 and..... **$5.00**
New Russian, Norfolk and double-breasted and 3-piece suits, ages 3½ to 16 years, in fine qualities of pure wool fabrics, to-morrow..... **$2.95**
Special lot of Norfolk and double-breasted suits, ages 3 to 16 years in black, blue and fancy mixtures of woolen cheviots, worth $5.50—to-morrow **$1.98**

A Gigantic Purchase of Lace Curtains.
A cash purchase from one of New York's largest importers of Lace Curtains, consisting of over 2,000 pairs, in Nottingham, Irish Point, Cable Net, Scotch Lace and Ruffled Swiss Curtains, at prices away below actual cost. These will go on sale Monday.
Ruffled Swiss Curtains, 3 yards long, well made, good patterns, worth $1.25—Monday, a pair..... **85c**
Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, overlocked edges, good patterns, worth $1.35—Monday, a pair..... **98c**
Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, extra wide, heavy lace designs, well made, worth $2—Monday, a pair..... **$1.25**
Scotch Lace Curtains, 3½ yds. long and up to 57 inches wide, novelty effects, worth $2.50; Monday, a pair..... **$1.75**
Brussels and fine Scotch Lace Curtains, 3½ yds. long, with rich, heavy borders, worth $3.00—Monday, a pair..... **$2.25**
Cable Net and fine Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, copies of real lace, with $4.50; Mond., pr..... **$3.50**

Sale of Fancy Linens on the Balcony.
25c handmade Cluny Doylies, round and square, size 6x6 inches, for..... **10c**
75c Drawn Linen Scarfs, 18x54—a variety of patterns..... **49c**
$1.00 Hungarian Embroidery Centerpieces—20-inch size—round and square..... **75c**
50c fancy openwork Dresser Scarfs and Squares, Squares can be used for shams, Scarfs 18x54 inches..... **25c**
A great variety of World's Fair Souvenir Novelties—new ideas—new goods—ranging in prices from 10c to..... **$10.00**
On Monday, two well-known artists, E. W. Ayers and Wm. Moran, will show you just how C. D. Gibson's famous Pen and Ink Sketches can be produced on silk, satin or any art fabric. Don't miss it.

BASEMENT BARGAINS.
Dress Ginghams—Fancy plaids—worth 7½c..... **3½c**
New Prints in china blues, grays, black and white—worth 7½c..... **4½c**
Fleece-Lined Dress Flannel—Hundreds of new and beautiful patterns—12½c goods..... **7½c**
Comfort Sateens—36 and 32 inches wide—finest quality—worth 25c..... **12½c**
Silk Ginghams—Solid colors, fancy stripes and small checks, for dresses, shirt waists and men's shirts—worth 60c..... **25c**
$2.75 FANCY SILK WAIST PATTERNS—3½ to 4 yards—colored and black—the pattern, each..... **$1.89**
60c REMNANTS OF ALL-SILK FOULARDS—3½ to 5 yards—worth 60c to 90c yard—Monday, yard 29c and..... **25c**
35c and 39c FANCY SILK LENGTHS—High-grade plain and fancy silks—3 to 5 yards—Monday, yard..... **47c**
$1.95 Black Skirt Patterns—satin jacquard..... **$1.00**
$3.00 Black Skirt Patterns—all pure wool cheviot..... **$2.25**
German Torchon and Medici Laces—per yard..... **2½c**
Platt Valenciennes and Point de Paris Laces—worth 25c per yard..... **10c**
Hamburg and Swiss Embroidery Edges and Insertions—per yard..... **5c**
50 pieces 46-inch Novelty Dress Goods—regularly sold at 35c—all colors—Monday, at..... **19c**
Remnants all-wool Voiles, Plaids and Cashmeres—worth up to 50c—Monday, at..... **25c**
Remnants 52-inch fine imported Broadcloths—worth $1.25 per yard—all colors—Monday, at..... **75c**

39c Silk Mulls
At 9 A. M., for One-Half Hour.
Monday at 9 o'clock we will offer 50 pieces Silk Mull, colors light blue, pink, cream, white and black, worth 39c per yard—for half hour Monday, at..... **12½c**

35c Mercerized Dress Sateens
At 9 A. M. for One-Half Hour.
Monday morning we will place on sale one case of finest quality silk mercerized Figured Dress and Shirt-Waist Sateens, warranted the best quality made, equal in wear to all-silk, in dress skirt and waist lengths; worth 35c—Opening Price for one-half hour, yard..... **10c**

FIVE GENERATIONS ALIVE IN FAMILY

Great-Great-Grandmother of the Celebrated Hermances Is Now Seventy-Eight.

TENDS HALF-ACRE GARDEN.

She Lives in Red Hook, a Village Noted for the Longevity of Its Inhabitants.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Red Hook, N. Y., Sept. 10.—This little village, in Northern Dutchess County, which has been noted for the longevity of some of its inhabitants, is very proud of a remarkable family with five generations living.

Though Mrs. Lucinda Hermance is strong and active and does not look a day more than 60, she is a great-great-grandmother, and very proud of the fact.

As a matter of fact, the family Bible records that Mrs. Hermance was born on February 28, 1826, which makes her 78 years old.

Members of her family believe in early marriages and have followed out that belief in practice, which accounts for the fact that Mrs. Hermance, though less than fourscore years of age, is a great-great-grandmother. She even has hope of living to be a great-great-great-grandmother, and this is certainly a possibility, even if her youngest descendant is only 3 months old, for she comes of a long-lived race. Her father, David Hoffman, was 86 years old when he died.

MARRIED AT SIXTEEN.

Mrs. Hermance was 15 years old when, on June 30, 1841, she changed her name from Lucinda Hoffman to Mrs. Edward Hermance. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, the old edifice of which has been supplanted by one of the handsomest church buildings along the Hudson River. The Reverend Doctor N. W. Gourmer has been for many years its pastor.

Ten children were born as a result of the union, and five still survive. The children now living are Winfield Hermance, who lives in Massachusetts; Robert Hermance, who lives at Fishkill, N. Y.; Mrs. Philip Traver of Upper Red Hook; Mrs. William S. Burnett of this village, and Mrs. Theodoren R. Traver, also of Red Hook. Willis Hermance, now dead, left one son, Edward Hermance, of Hudson, the only male child of his generation.

Winfield Hermance has two daughters, Robert has one, Mrs. Traver has three and Mrs. Traver three. One of these is by her first husband, Augustus Traver. This daughter by the first husband is Mrs. Charles Van Wey, a widow, who, though only 40 years old, is a grandmother. Mrs. Van Wey was 19 when she was married. She has two sons and two daughters, the eldest child being Charles Van Wey, who, a little more than a year ago, when he was 18 years old, married Miss Helen Coon of Barrytown. Their son, Paul Andrew Van Wey, three months old, is the youngest member of the remarkable family.

When Charles Van Wey, father of the infant Paul, was born, both David Hoffman and his wife, who were his great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother, were living. In fact, he even remembers them, for he was about 6 years old when they died.

TENDS GARDEN.

Mrs. Hermance, the great-great-grandmother, lives alone in a comfortable little house in East street, and not only takes care of her house, but nearly half an acre of garden, of which she is very proud. She recently dug ten bushels of potatoes all herself.

The front yard is bright with flowers planted by herself, and in the back yard, besides corn, celery and other vegetables, are several mammoth pumpkins, big enough to take a prize at the county fair.

"It is a fact that I am a great-great-grandmother," Mrs. Hermance said today, producing the big family Bible, "but I can hardly realize it. If I did it might make me feel old. Yes, I have seen generations come and go in Red Hook, but, somehow, the village has not changed a great deal, at least until recent years.

"You see, we believe in early marriages. If we did not I would not be a great-great-grandmother at 78. No, I am not afraid to live alone. Why should I be? I guess I can take care of myself better than any one can take care of me."

Mrs. Hermance was born in the town of Milan, now the Red Hook town line. Her husband, who died about twenty-six years ago, at the age of 53, kept a hotel at Upper Red Hook for eighteen years, and another hotel at Johnstown for three years.

MISS JEFFERSON TO BECOME AN ACTRESS.

Granddaughter of "Rip" Will Represent Sixth Generation of Family on Stage.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Sept. 10.—Miss Loarette Jefferson, a daughter of Thomas Jefferson, a granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, and who is not yet out of her teens, will make her stage debut with her father on September 14 at Lebanon, Pa., in the role of Menie in a revival of "Rip Van Winkle." When Miss Jefferson begins her professional appearance she will represent the sixth generation of Jeffersons who have been in their time actors before the public.

It was thought that Miss Jefferson would not take up a theatrical career. She had appeared in a few amateur performances at her home, in Montclair, N. J., but her father never encouraged her juvenile ambition. When he returned last autumn from his annual tour in "Rip Van Winkle" and saw his daughter in a little amateur playlet her work pleased him so much that he gave his consent to her professional appearance, promising her that she should be a member of his company this season.

Delighted at the prospect of continuing the family traditions Miss Jefferson forthwith took up rehearsals of the part of Menie, with her father's and her grandfather's tuitions as a steppingstone, she hopes, to histrionic honors.

THROWN FROM CAR IN TUNNEL

Remarkable Night Escape of a Colorado Woman.

Denver, Sept. 10.—Just how does it feel to be thrown from a moving train in the dead of night, to find oneself in the impenetrable darkness of a tunnel an eighth of a mile in length? As a matter of fact the average person would be willing to forego such an experience and to take Miss Mabel Ingersoll's word for it.

To have landed in the middle of one of the longest tunnels of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, a tunnel which forms the letter S as it makes its way through the granite mountain, does not fall to the lot of every girl, even though she be Western born and bred.

Miss Ingersoll was sitting up against the side of the tunnel when they found her, and, save for a few bruises and an ugly scalp wound, was practically as good as new.

"How did you make such a miraculous escape?" Miss Ingersoll was asked.

"I know no more about that part of it than you do," she said, as she patted the bandage on her head. "The last thing I knew was that I was walking from the coach into the sleeper, with my hat and a wrap in my hands. The porter passed me and opened the vestibule. The train gave a sudden lurch as it entered the tunnel and, as I had neither hand to hold on with, I was hurled from the train. I suppose it was fortunate that I had something in my hands, for when I fell it was upon those things, and I think that was all that saved me. After that walk from the coach to the sleeper, I remember nothing until I was placed upon the operating table for examination.

"So you see that, although I was sitting up when the conducter and brakeman found me, I was entirely unconscious of what was going on about me. Miraculous? Well, it does seem to have been a strange experience," and the little hand again patted into place the clean white bandage, smoothed the brown curls and seemed in vain to search her brain for an explanation of the catastrophe, which nearly cost her life.

SHAWHAN WHISKEY

"It Keeps On Tasting Good"

WHY?

BECAUSE a million satisfied customers say so.
BECAUSE it is made in the only real distillery selling to you direct.
BECAUSE the same distillery formula is used as was used 120 years ago, and has been handed down through four generations.
BECAUSE George H. Shawhan is the only old-time distiller not in the Whiskey Trust, and is the only distiller maintaining old-time methods.
BECAUSE you get it pure and straight from our distillery warehouse.
BECAUSE we guarantee it to be the purest and best Whiskey in the world. Best formula, best grain, and purest spring water from world-famed Shawhan Spring used.

U. S. REG. DIST. No. 8
WESTON, MO.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20
10-YEAR-OLD SHAWHAN BOURBON OR RYE
Or send us $3.50 for 4 Full Quarts of 14-Year Old Shawhan Lone Jack Rye or Bourbon.
EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

FREE with order, we give a Corkscrew, Whiskey Glass and bottle of our Pure Peach Brandy of our own distilling **FREE**

"We Distill all We Sell and Sell all We Distill"

SHAWHAN DISTILLERY CO.

GENERAL OFFICES, DEPT. 701, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Write us for History of 120 Years' Distilling and Facts on Straight and Crooked Whiskey.