

# Wanted Immediately

AT THE  
**Chicago Bankrupt Clothing Co.**

163 S. Howard St.

- 20 A | Clothing Salesmen
- 18 A | Shoe Salesmen
- 15 A | Gents' Furnishing Goods Salesmen
- 15 A | Dry Goods Sales Ladies
- 10 A | Millinery Sales Ladies.

None but Thoroughly Competent Help Need Apply.

## H. GREENBAUM, Proprietor

### WADDLES' HOLIDAY.

WAS MARRIED BY THE EXPENSE OF LIFE AT A HOTEL.

So Mrs. W. Decided to Better Things by Taking Meals at a Restaurant, With Results Not the Most Satisfactory in the World.

"Now, William, this here livin' at 'expensive hotels is all foolishness. We can't afford it. We get more to eat than we need anyway."

"It's most supper time now," replied William Waddle meekly.

"Yes, an right now's a good time to begin being sensible. We'll go over to that restaurant an have some nice tea an toast. Doctors say folks oughtn't to eat much before goin to bed. Tea an toast is light an healthy. If it wasn't for your wife, William Waddle, you'd get to be a regular kormandizer, like that fat man as sits at our table an eats two meals while decent folks is only gettin ready to begin on one."

So the Waddle procession moved over to the restaurant and pre-empted two seats at the best table.

"Some tea an some toast," ordered Mrs. W.

"Yes'm. What else?" said the waitress.

"Nothin else. Tea an toast is enough supper for anybody. Folks do too much eatin nowadays."

In due time the toast appeared—two thin pieces for Mrs. Waddle, two thinner pieces for William Waddle. A chunk of butter kept guard between each two pieces and refused to soften in honor of the occasion. Likewise the tea arrived, nice and green, nice and cold, and with the cups only half filled.

"What next?" asked the girl, with a faraway look in her eyes.

"Nothin next," snorted Mrs. W., with her eyes on the tea. She detests green tea. The girl went away.

"Pitch in, William. This here toast is good, an—dry," she added, failing to find any other point of excellence.

"So's the tea. Have some sugar—an milk?"

Mr. W. had some accordingly, meanwhile eyeing the pickle jar and the catchup bottle hungrily.

The toast vanished. The tea disappeared like dew under the hot morning sun. Nothing remained but two unappetizing chunks of butter.

Mr. Waddle looked at Mrs. Waddle, but her eyes were on the bottom of the cup. He reached for the cracker jar and helped himself to that, too, seasoning up the crackers to a nibby and adding a pickle by way of an appetizer.

Still Mrs. Waddle made no remark. The girl with the faraway look in her eyes came back.

"Anything else?"

"Some more tea an toast, please," said Mrs. W. carelessly. William wondered, but said nothing. He knows a thing or two, does William.

"What's the bill?" asked Mrs. Waddle in a well fed, unconcerned tone of voice.

"William, wipe that catchup off your whiskers!" William did so promptly.

"Tea, 10 cents; a cup, is 40 cents; toast, 10 cents; a plate, is 40 cents; crackers, 10 cents—90 cents, please."

Mrs. Waddle paid, and Mr. Waddle pondered. As they passed out of the front door he noticed a sign reading thus: "Regular Supper, 35 cents." Then he did a little mental figuring and pondered some more. Mrs. Waddle said not a word, but led the way back to their hotel.

The porch was empty. The guests were inside, comfortably eating their fill in plain sight of the Waddles' camp place. The waiters inside passed the second course. An appetizing whiff of well cooked fish stole on to the porch and landed fairly upon Mrs. Waddle's nose. She is particularly fond of fish. William picked his teeth cautiously, yet hopefully.

Mrs. Waddle rocked placidly back and forth in her perch chair. The Bay View train, just passing by, seemed to engross her entire attention.

### Special Sale

AT THE

### Chicago Meat Market

Tomorrow, Saturday

Watch for specials every Saturday. We offer for Saturday, Nov. 4th.

### Boneless Roast Beef

At 10c per pound

Fresh Spare Ribs, Oysters, Poultry, etc.

Always on hand.

### JOS. BABEL

190 S. Howard st.

Phone 139

### MILITANT DANCING ACADEMY.....

Beginners' Class Monday evenings, 8 o'clock. Advanced Class Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock. Private instruction by appointment. Music furnished for parties, etc. Hall can be rented for dances, concerts, etc. Call at Academy between 9 and 11 a.m. and 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. W. A. Barron, residence, No. 761 East Mill street.

## First-Class

## Grocery

## For Sale...

Known as

## Clarke's

## Grocery

414 E. Market st.

Good reasons for selling.

For further information inquire of Geo. Hoffman, No. 414 E. Market st. and at

## The Clarke

## Grocery

## Company

138 N. Howard

It Went Into the Waste Barrel.

"Your meter in this poem limps a little," replied the editor.

"Ah!" replied the poet. "But please observe that it is about the wooden legged boy of the street cleaning gang." Philadelphia North American.

No Bedolthos Trust.

"Those coal barons can't squeeze me."

"Don't you burn anthracite?"

"Yes, but when the price gets high I go to bed early."—Chicago Record.

### On Mountain Heights.

Everything glittered in the early morning light—the distant Alpine peaks, the sparkling roofs of the chalets, the dew on the mountain grass.

The air was clear, the sky blue, the snow brilliant. As one breathed a sense of freshness, of purity and of life thrilled through one's whole being and tingled to the finger tips.

On the height of Dent Jaune a gun rattled, a signal enthusiastically echoed in the villages below. Dent Jaune is rarely attempted. The ascent is most perilous. The fraying, deceitful rock crumbles under the climber's feet and breaks away from his bleeding fingers.

It has only been scaled four times within record. But Saxon Harvard had now done it, succeeding in the first effort that had been made this season. The eyes of those who were early a stir were centered upon the stern and jagged summit where the hero had his two guides now stood, visible only, however, to those below through a powerful glass.

High up in the heavens the early sun lit the tips of the bare rock. Not even a patch of yellow lichen nor spot of moss could live on the barren crags, but their felspar formation imparted to them a marvelous brilliancy, and their detritus and gravel shimmered and glittered as though they had been sprinkled with the dust of diamonds. A sense of awe and pride, the satisfaction that accompanies a great success, possessed the youthful climber. He looked around at the infinite wealth of view, at the innumerable peaks white with eternal snow, at the thousand summits of Switzerland, which appeared to arise out of a sea of cloud, flushing in their awakening and glorified by the first shafts of morning.

Since Saxon Harvard left school climbing had been his sport. He had scaled the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc and a dozen others of less renown, but this ascent of the Dent Jaune gave him a keener pleasure. The feat was a labor, with the risk of life was great, and though the peak was not of great height, its ascent was most difficult. Then he had luck in the weather. He had never seen the world before under the influence of such a glimmer.

Below all was yet lost and dim, the lower world was in mist and drapery of cloud, but as he looked this planet earth seemed gradually to become born into being under his eyes. The clouds melted. Day, moment by moment, stole lower down the heights. The mountain peaks, snow clad, appeared to grow up out of the gloom and mystery of another world.

"The cathedral" emerged in silent majesty out of a disappearing cloud. Dent Noire loomed like a giant specter in the dawn. The Dent du Midi, crisp and white, stood out in the blue. Above him, beyond afar, the multitudinous peaks of snow white mountains; immediately about him the naked rocks with their marvelous morning hues and everywhere the scintillation and glitter of the felspar. Every cloud now vanished. The visible earth was green in the valley; the hundred chalets of the villages, the winding roads, the sootier gorge, the cascades foaming from the mountain sides and falling by many a cataract into the yet lingering gloom in the valley, where the main torrent pursued its turbulent course, became suddenly more and more distinct—a vast landscape spread beneath his vision.

From Bonvaux a party was ascending to meet him. He discerned them some way up the little stream of ants. Taking his ax, he chipped upon a smooth surface of the summit one name—Eva.

Then he descended.

Some of his relatives then visiting Switzerland, his father, his sisters, legitimately proud of his feat, were laboriously climbing the zigzag mountain path above Bonvaux. With them were porters carrying hand-baskets full of provisions, and a little army of mules, but he had never seen before and never desired to see again. They had organized a picnic in his honor. He was a hero.

As modest as he was plucky, nothing could be more disagreeable to him than to be feted. He decided to avoid this party who had organized a mountain breakfast in his honor, and, instructing his two guides to continue their descent, he struck a path which led him a little way up again toward the glacier.

Skipping along as nimbly as a chamois, he traversed a narrow path until he approached the Caverne Verte.

From its depths reverberated a song. The voice was unmistakable. It was Eva's. Resounding the cry which formed one of the sides of the cavern, he saw her as she sang. She was alone, as she thought, in the stillness.

Eva, always beautiful, was yet more lovely when she sang. Then her whole soul was made visible upon her face. Her eyes put on the splendor of genius, her complexion became transparent, and her spirit was made luminous upon her.

She looked like a nymph of the mountains in that green and lofty solitude. He was awed by this apparition of beauty. Should he speak or pass?

He listened. The melody ceased, and he entered the cavern, cast to welcome the other with a juvenile shout of joy.

They talked at once and together in the glory of the morning, of the altitudes, of all that was high and noble and exalted, of the aspirations of life, of its opportunities for duty. She, of his heroism, of nobility, of bravery and of the grandeur of a courageous life; he, of her beauty, of the loneliness of art and of the sweetness of song, of the unattained heights in the domain of thought, of ambitions that enter only the dreamland of youth.

Eva fired upon him her great, ardent

eyes. He was the hero of all her reveries, and she said simply, "Everything is possible to a man who has climbed the Dent Jaune."

"Yes, Eva," he repeated as he took her hand and held it throbbing in his own scarred and swollen palm, "everything, but there is a height higher than any I have attempted yet, the highest, the highest altitude of all. We will climb that pinnacle together."

"What do you speak of?" asked Eva softly, struck by the seriousness of his tone.

"Of love, Eva," he replied. "Of the highest altitude. The height of all is love."—Illustrated London News.

### A BEWITCHED BEEFSTEAK.

Investor Tripler's Fanny Caper in a Boston Restaurant.

Charles E. Tripler, the famous experimenter in liquid air, recently went to Boston to visit his friend, Ellihu Thompson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air.

It was a simple looking can and might have held baked beans or cold coffee, so far as its outward appearance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails with.

It was a quart of the coldest thing on earth that Mr. Tripler had in his tin can, and he took it with him to Incheon, where he put it on the door by his chair. They lunched in a hotel cafe and ordered a steak. After it had been brought in and while the waiter's back was turned Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. When he put it back on the platter, it was as hard as a rock.

"Waiter," called Mr. Tripler, "come here!" The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" he asked anxiously.

And he lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. "The frozen meat rang like a bell."

"I don't know, sir," he faltered, and he started for the head waiter on the run.

Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the fiercest looking men in the inventing business. His moustache is of the pirate cut, and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore the head waiter approached him with almost timidity.

"Do you serve your steaks like this as a rule?" asked Mr. Tripler as he struck the time of day on it.

"It's that fool chef," explained the head waiter as he started for the kitchen.

A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again.

"Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, piously crossing himself. "I did not do it, sure."

Then Mr. Tripler smiled, and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was ordered, and the frozen one was carried below to fool the rest of the kitchen.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

**Passing.**

"That man Oom Paul always was terribly hard to get along with," remarked the European diplomat.

"He seems to be simpler itself."

"Yes, but he doesn't conform to the ordinary rules of diplomacy. When ever he says anything, he means every word of it."—Washington Star.

**Australian Aborigines.**

At the close of the last century there were supposed to be 1,000,000 aborigines in Australia. There are now fewer than 100,000, and among them are still some cannibals.

**LOCAL MARKETS.**

**WHEAT 70 CENTS.**

**Retail Prices.**

Nov. 3, 8 p. m.—Butter, creamery country 26c, lard 10c; eggs 24c; corn, 10c; wheat, No. 2, 95c; dressed, spring chicken 15c a lb.

Corn, ear 25c per bushel, shelled 40c; oats 30c; hay 65 to 70c a hundred; straw 35c a hundred. Lettuce, 15c to 16c per pound. Head lettuce 15c.

Radishes, two bunches for 5c. Celery 10c a bunch. Potatoes, 60c a ton. Home grown cabbage, 5 to 12c head.

**Wholesale Prices.**

Wheat 70c; oats 35c; corn, ear 20c; lard, 10c; eggs, 24c; dressed, spring chicken 15c a lb. Butter, creamery, 25c; country 15 to 20c; lard, 6 to 6 1/2c; eggs, 19c; chickens, live 7 to 8c, dressed 11c. Navy beans, \$1.80; marrowfat beans \$2.40. Potatoes 35c. Cured hides, No. 1, 9 1/2 No. 2, 8 1/2c; green, No. 1, 7 1/2c, No. 2, 6 1/2c, cured calf skins, No. 1, 10 1/2c, No. 2, 9 1/2c; No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 8c; tallow, No. 1, 4c; sheep pelts, 40 to 65c; lamb skins 45c. Pork, dressed, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2c; lard, 10c; beef, dressed, 8 to 9c; mutton, live, 33c to 42c; dressed, 6c to 8c; spring lamb, 8 1/2 to 9c; pork, loins, 18c; veal, live 3 to 6c, dressed, 8 1/2 to 9c. Sugar-cured ham, 9 1/2c to 11 1/2c; shoulder, 7 to 7 1/2c; California ham, 6 1/2 to 7c; bacon, 8 to 9c; dried beef, 11 to 15c; lard, sime pure, 7 1/2 to 8c; pork, terces; country kettle 6c; prw lard, 6c.

**Lumber.**

Hemlock bill stuff \$18 per m Norway pine \$22 per m Yellow pine siding No. 1 \$27 per m Yellow pine flooring No. 1 common \$23 per m Yellow pine ceiling No. 1 \$27 per m White pine lath No. 1, \$6.00 per m Clear red cedar shingles \$5.50 per 1000 Clear hemlock shingles \$5.75 per 1000.

**DON'T BUY LUMBER** Until you get our prices and see our grades.

**The Hankey Lumber Co.,** Wholesale and retail dealers in LUMBER and manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Etc. 1036 South Main St., Akron, O. Phone 29.

# LION COFFEE

Used in Millions of Homes!  
Accept no substitute!  
Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed FREE in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

Silk Umbrella (either Lady's or Gents).

A very fine umbrella, made of union silk; fast; 26-inch frame with seven ribs; steel rod and silver Congo handle. Would cost \$2.00 at the store.

**Dress-Pin Set.**

Mailed free for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Three pins in the set (larger than above), composed of fine rolled-steel, with handsome substantial made of gold-plated metal. Suitable for neck-pins or as a child's set.

**Sash-Belt and Buckle.**

Mailed free for 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Latest style of imported black Swiss grooved ribbed belt, with stylish imitation oxidized silver buckle; neat, strong and fashionable.

**Silver Napkin-Ring.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat and simple, made of silver-plated metal, heavily silvered patterns.

**Coin-Purse.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of fine kid leather; charming lining; nickel-plated frame, with strong snap-fastener.

**Ladies' Pen-Knife.**

For 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Handles nicely decorated and assorted colors.

**"Knickerbocker" Watch.**

Given for 175 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat appearing and an excellent time-keeper. Solid nickel-silver case, with ornamental back. Nickel movements, escapement fully jeweled. The famous "Knickerbocker" watch.

**Ladies' Watch Chain.**

A double strand of best silk cord, united at intervals with colored beads; neat and substantial. For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Gent's Watch.**

Mailed free for 90 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The celebrated "Ingersoll" watch; strong, wound and stem-wind; double metal-plated case; each watch accompanied by a complete set of tools.

**Ladies' Pocket-Book.**

Large size and latest shape. Black seal-grain leather, with five separate compartments, including a tick-pocket with flap to hold visiting cards.

**Table Cover.**

Durable, dark-colored material that will wash and stain. Includes fancy fringed border. Mailed free for 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Boys' Pocket-Knife.**

The "Eagle" brand; strong, sharp blade; reliable handle. Mailed free for 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Children's Picture Book.**

Given for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Sixteen large pages of 30 illustrations and 30 verses. Beautifully illustrated and with a new and interesting story. We have different books, as you can get an assortment.

**Century Cook-Book.**

368 pages of valuable recipes, also true-to-the-kitchen, 41 new recipes, room-laundry, sick-room, for the more common diseases. Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Art Picture, "Easter Greeting."**

Given for 8 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. A highly artistic picture, the walls grand, the figures fine, the background of royal dark-blue furnishes a most appropriate contrast to the little girl and her white Easter lilies. Size, 11 1/2 x 14 1/2 inches. For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Will send it framed ready for hanging.

**Flower Picture.**

For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. American Beauty, Rose and Lilacs of the Valley. Size, 11 1/2 x 14 1/2 inches. Beautiful and artistic color.

**"The Dancing Lesson."**

The green grass and trees, the little brown kitten and the girl's snow-white dress form a pleasing combination of colors. Size, 11 1/2 x 14 1/2 inches. Mailed free for 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Best Coffee for the Money!  
Try LION COFFEE and you will never use any other. It is absolutely pure Coffee and nothing but Coffee.

**Fancy Gold Ring.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. These rings are genuine rolled-gold plate, having the exact appearance and qualities of solid gold, and guaranteed by the makers to last two years with ordinary usage. New patterns and very popular.

**Genuine Ruby Setting Gold Ring.**

For 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. These rings are genuine rolled-gold plate, having the exact appearance and qualities of solid gold, and guaranteed by the makers to last two years with ordinary usage. New patterns and very popular.

**STRENGTH, PURITY AND FLAVOR**

Two extra fine cambric handkerchiefs, with beautiful imported lace medallion in the corners. Half-inch hemstitching, machine-stitched, stylish and durable. A pair of these handkerchiefs given for 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

**Children's Picture Book.**

Given for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Sixteen large pages of 30 illustrations and 30 verses. Beautifully illustrated and with a new and interesting story. We have different books, as you can get an assortment.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, please save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

**WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

### THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S SON.

A strip of land jutting out into the gulf of St. Lawrence was at the time I write of known by the name of Cape Huron. A magnificent fish-house and barn built at the extreme point, and hard by stood the cottage of the keeper, an old seafaring man named Samuel Johnstone.

Besides two daughters he had four sons, the youngest of whom, Harry, aged 14, is the hero of my story.

One day Samuel Johnstone was left alone with his little son.

As night approached he perceived that the sky was overcast by heavy thunder-clouds, that a cold wet wind was blowing from the north, and the experienced mariner at once concluded that a great storm was impending.

Harry, by entering the cottage and addressing the boy, who was reading by the open fireplace, "run down to the cove and pull up your skill high and dry."

Along the barren shores of Cape Huron came the crews of fugitive Indians, outcasts from their tribes, and here and there might be seen the shanty of some fishermen, who could not also the roles of smuggler and wrecker when necessary required.

Harry found his task of placing the Sea Gull beyond danger more difficult than he imagined. Hence it was some time before he was ready to return to the cottage, and when he turned his steps in that direction the waves were already lashed into fury.

The lighthouse lamp, constructed on the revolving plan, now flashed his radiance through the wet darkness of the night at intervals of a minute's duration.