

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Why are there so many unemployed persons in various parts of the world? Business depression is, of course, accountable for the hardships...

The humble hen holds no inconspicuous place as a contributor to the wealth of the country. Missouri is one of the states that keeps official track of the hen, and the labor bureau of that commonwealth has just made a report on the subject.

If, as is intimated, it turns out that the assassination of Prince Ito, the Japanese statesman, was the result of a far-reaching plot in Korea, the situation in that country may become most serious.

The Argentine authorities are moving against the anarchist propaganda with energy and promptness. The government has proclaimed martial law throughout the country for 60 days, and any anarchist who shows the least disposition toward pernicious activity is likely to be "run in" without ceremony.

It is now possible to go under New York in trains running through the new tunnel of the New Jersey-Long Island route. When the airship lines are running it will be possible to go over it.

Criminals who come to this country from Europe do not carry their prison records in card cases for inspection by the immigration officers. They need to be excluded just the same.

That jump in the cost of champagne will trouble many good citizens less than the increase in the price of kitchen tables and other modest furnishings.

Flippant scribes may joke about pellagra, but it is no joke. They waxed facetious over the grip when it first made its appearance in this country.

A Boston poet was arrested for peddling his outbursts from house to house. Yet editors must be bombarded and suffer in silence!

The coal man is smiling. A long and severe winter is predicted in the east. What's one man's meat is another man's poison.

One advantage which the Wright brothers have over other aviators is their ability to be in two places at once.

The Young Turks must have succeeded in getting most of the good jobs. They are making very little noise.

Natural gas has been found in Hungary, but not in the Hungarian parliament.

Does not the average Central American country get on your nerves?

Workhouse as Hotel. A novel incident was reported at the last meeting of the Amersham board of guardians. The master said he had accommodated a traveler with a bed and breakfast in the workhouse, as the man could not obtain lodgings for the night in the town.

Bring your boys to our store and get them fitted out with a good suit or overcoat and save money. Viewers.

A BLUNDER RECTIFIED

Mrs. Morley was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should.

Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of her husband's small means and had graciously informed her that grim starvation stared her in the face, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow the last sob, give up her pretty tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing machine and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for she had presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years.

It was raining sharply, and the demure little widow had drawn her curtains close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her top-like fire, and settled herself for her lonely tea, this time not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half share of the thin wafers.

Suddenly there came a most perplexing knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into the next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and at just six o'clock.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her face gave way before a gasp of alarm, as her visitor proved to be handsome, wealthy James Orr, the man she had rejected years before for the apparently superior charms of the dazzling Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meager fire it was hard to tell which face wore the most puzzled look—hers why he had come, and his, how this lovely, dainty woman managed to exist in a rented parlor, where the carpet didn't reach the north wall by inches and where the one pitiful lamp was gruesomely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she, desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "My see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club and—and I heard the other day that you were here—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a schoolgirl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table, which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease—

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—and the wafers—oh, dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-bearded face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick horror how palely the little blue flame burned, a hasty glance at the plate before him revealed only three wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three thin wafers with the remark—

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined down town." (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your pretty things."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully, and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wondering a half hour before he came how far they would go toward paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically sipped at his weak, savory tea, and didn't blink an eye when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As the conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and gazing his eyes on the fast-fading fire, said—

"Do you know that I do not like to call you 'Mrs.'?"

"The little widow's pale cheeks light-

ed up with an encouraging glow as she replied— "It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss,' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer being a widow to being an old maid."

Mr. Orr's lips set a moment in fierce effort to keep back his thought, but at last he answered bluntly— "Perhaps so, if one doesn't mourn for the one departed."

"I see that you know me," was the low reply, "and I am glad of it. I am not sorry that Mr. Morley is gone. While he lived I was loyal in deed and thought, although I knew then that you—that all my friends—pitied me. Still, I was true to him in spite of all, but now that there is no further use in it I will not be hypocrite enough to pretend that I love his memory. Life is unbearable in many ways, but at least has the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretence is over, yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes and he asked eagerly— "That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What sort of work can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That is true," granted the man ambiguously, as the vision of the pretty woman opposite him bending her dainty head all day over some dull clicking machine in a smoke-circled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion."

"But you embroider?" he said, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual word.

He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of gray cloth, while her full red lips pouted prettily because the impossible blue flower would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know; I never tried it except on my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew the greatest joy of her life had been the child, and her sharp grief when it had died.

"You can write beautifully," he began, under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—to do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so cheerless, cold, you know, and if you will be so kind—"

She realized perfectly well that this was a mere excuse, but a glance at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"Tomorrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse. "Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the afternoon will do excellently, and you must not dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light. I promise you, but as—as it's so important it will be showing me a great favor I assure you."

All this time he had been getting into his coat, as though fearing that a delay might ruin all his plans. He was new at deceit and the strain was making him decidedly irresponsible. Besides, he knew that she wanted to indulge in a good cry, and on his way up to the club he was fingering at his crookedly buttoned mackintosh, and dinner went unateated as he remembered the sad dish of wafers off there in the dingy boarding house.

He went to the office at daybreak next morning to trump up some plans for the mysterious correspondence which he had promised Mrs. Morley awaited her dainty chirography. She was early too, however, and he ground his teeth in rage as he noted how pale she was, and how frequently she lifted her white hands to her temples.

"She is hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with studied carelessness— "Won't you do me the honor to go out to luncheon with me, Mrs. Morley? Yes, I grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I must get back before one. You know, Todd, you are going out at one."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quizzical, for there hadn't been a word said about luncheon. Moreover, the two men generally went out together, and Orr hastened to explain this away by remarking as he thrust his arm into his topcoat— "You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled his pencil to hide a grin, but fell in immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and bravely kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had often come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, she led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears.

He was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once she noticed what he was doing,

and a blush of shame flew to her eyes. An answering, reassuring smile lit her glance, and all barriers of pretence between them finally went down in an ignoble heap.

"I was so hungry," she faltered simply. "I knew it," was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "We were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly on her folded hands, lying helplessly on the cloth before her, but she said never a word. He went on softly— "There is no use in my telling you that I love you. I told you so once and you know I have never changed. You wouldn't listen then, but the mistake is all past now," and he laid his palm over her trembling hand, while she lifted her tear-brimmed eyes to look out on the gray scene before her—a tall bleak wall, through the rain-splashed window. "When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder?"

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips; it hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one flower-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened— that she had let it go so far.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon; he has been dead only six months. Why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," said Mr. Orr, "your heart was prompting you until you sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and me in the future. Come, when will you put aside this black gown, and—"

The consciousness that she was powerless before his pleadings overcame her, so she merely smiled up in a tearful reply— "I can't very well dispense with this gown, you see, for I haven't been able to afford any more than this."

Orr leaned nearer her chair and said— "Then I am sure that you'll not keep me waiting long. A woman's pride may keep her alive on tasteless wafers and insipid tea, but even Mrs. Grandly loses her temper before the fact of only one decent gown."

Evidently Mrs. Morley agreed with him. And the waiter smiled in sympathy as he bore down on them with the finger bowl.

WAITING ORDERS IN THE NAVY.

A Species of Suspended Animation That Officers Do Not Like. When the ordinary citizen meets a naval officer in New York the former usually has some curiosity as to what ship the man-of-war's man belongs to, and is often a little astonished to learn that he belongs to none, says the New York Sun.

The idea that a sailor is always at sea, or just ashore, or about going to sea, is strongly rooted in the public mind, and the landsman is even more astonished to learn that a naval officer may be neither at sea nor on shore duty, but unemployed. There are all sorts of reasons why men should be unemployed, and the record of every commissioned officer shows that a considerable percentage of his time was thus occupied. The naval orders from week to week report this or that officer on leave, with permission to leave the United States, which means nine time out of ten that the officer in question is about to take a vacation in Europe.

Much of every naval officer's time of idleness, however, is involuntary, or at least not directly sought on his part. After every cruise or tour of shore duty an officer usually has a period of waiting orders. This may be with a view to giving him a chance to catch his breath, as the phrase is in the navy, it being supposed that a man's respiration on duty is a bit hurried through the exigencies of the service. Such a time of idleness may endure for ten days or for six weeks or more, but the waiting officer must never be out of reach of orders, and must be ready if need be to start for his new post in 24 hours. He always keeps open his lines of communication with Washington, for a failure to respond promptly to orders may mean a court martial, and will certainly do him harm at the navy department. Few naval officers court a long term on waiting orders, for it means reduced pay and always the haunting sense of responsibility resulting from the necessity of being ready to go at once when the summons comes. No positive engagement can be made 24 hours ahead and the officer must always keep pretty close to the skirts of civilization and a telegraph office.

Waiting orders are not so frequent or so long enduring as they once were now that the navy has begun to catch up with the size of the officers' list. But it is not always easy now to assign a man to new duty. There are occasions, however, when an officer just relieved from a post is seized and packed off to foreign parts in 48 hours. If the need be really pressing the new assignment is accepted without grumbling, but if it seems to be something short of essential there is likely to follow a cautious protest and a strong effort to escape from it.

There are in the navy as in the army men who are able constantly to secure pleasant posts ashore in or about Washington or New York. Now and then an officer's easy term in his badge of shame. There have been men that enjoyed command rank, but never went to sea, because they could not be trusted with a ship. One such remained for nearly 20 years ashore, while all efforts to rid the navy of his presence were time and again defeated.

Determined to Succeed. Napoleon had conquered Europe in imagination before he saw Jena or Austerlitz. When only ten years of age, from the military school at Brienne, he wrote to his mother in Corsica: "With Homer in my pocket, and my sword by my side, I have to carve my way through the world."

Take a hint, do your own thinking. Rough on the outside, but inside you will find a man who will make 50 to 100 little sales that will bring you more than a million. It's the unobtainable extra-ordinary. It's the best business in the world. Substitute and catch money, ready for use.

Very often we find a man is untruthful, although he says "I know this is a fact."

Patrolize Dispatch advertisers.

Christmas Beliefs

FROM time immemorial the cock has been attributed unusual sagacity and energy at Christmas time. Even at the present time in England if the cock crows in the stillness of the November or December night it is commonly said: "He is crowing for Christmas." He is believed to be doing this to scare the evil spirits away from the holy season.

Curious Superstition. In certain parts of Europe the bees are supposed to sing and the cattle to bleat in honor of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession to commemorate the visit of the angels to the shepherds.

Belief of An Indian. One authority relates an incident which, he claims, came under his own observation in Upper Canada. He says one moonlight night he saw an Indian softly stealing through the woods, and, when accosted, the Indian said: "Me watch to see deer kneel 'Christmas night; all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

Talking Cattle. Cattle are supposed to talk on Christmas eve by dwellers in the German Alps, but any one who eavesdrops commits a sin. One of their "bedside tales is of a farmer's servant. He did not believe that cattle possessed this power and hid in his master's barn to prove it. Just as the cock struck 12, the stony goes, one says: "We shall have hard work to do this day week." "Yes, a farmer's man is heavy," said the servant. "And the way to the church is long and steep." That week the servant is said to have been tried.

Jacob's Ladder. Superstitious Poles believe that on Christmas night the heavens open and the Scriptural glory of Jacob's ladder is enacted, but it is permitted only to the saints to see it.

An Austrian Custom. A pretty Austrian custom still practiced in the country places has its origin in superstition. In certain parts here they put candles in the windows at the Christ Child may not stumble when He passes through the village.

Providing Food for Virgin Mary. A custom that is said to be quite general throughout Northern Germany on Christmas night the tables are spread and the lights left burning throughout the entire night, so that the Virgin Mary and the angel, who pass when everybody sleeps, may find something to eat.

Roller Mounting. By George W. Naylor. Christmas trees are usually placed in a corner of the room, and this is often the cause of an upset when decorating parts that are adjacent to the walls and difficult of access. It has been the writer's practice to mount the tree on castors, so that it can be trimmed and lighted in the center of the room away from curtains and draperies and, when ready, moved into the corner or any other desirable location. The tree stand is broad, and the castors make it to slide across the floor rather than up, when the branches are bent in reaching the presents or decorations. The stand consists of two 3-foot lengths of 2x3-inch scantling, halved

and joined together at their centers. An ordinary castor is fitted to each arm of the stand. The tree is mounted in a holder of strap iron consisting of a ring to which four arms are pivoted or secured with stove bolts, as shown in the sketch.

Roller Mounting for the Christmas Tree.

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Gout Defined. "What is gout?" asks a correspondent. Well, it is an affliction if inherited, but is often a source of pride when acquired. — St. Paul Pioneer Press.

There never was a man who was not at one time an easy mark.

HOME ENDORSEMENT. Hundreds of Canfield Citizens Can Tell You All About It.

Home endorsement, the public expression of Canfield people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Canfield reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in faraway places. Read the following:

Thomas Crothers, Lisbon Street, Canfield, Ohio, says: "Kidney complaint made my life miserable for years. The gains in the small of my back were severe and I was also caused much trouble by my kidneys. Sometimes the kidney secretions were profuse and at others there was an almost complete retention. I suffered in this manner until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Morris drug store. I used three boxes in all and was completely cured. It gives me pleasure to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills." (State-ment given August 1, 1909.)

On June 12, 1909, Mr. Crothers said: "There has been a return of kidney trouble in my case since I used Doan's Kidney Pills and consequently I look upon my cure as a permanent one. I am glad to confirm my former endorsement of this remedy."

For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Wholesale—Billsboro Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Many Fear Burial Alive. Numbers of persons exhibit fear of being buried alive by making special kinds of requests in their wills, of which the following are examples: John Blount Price of Iallogton directed that four days after his death two skilled surgeons should receive \$25 each to perform such operations on his body as would kill him in case he were yet alive. The Viscount Carron Lima directed that his body should be watched by his heirs until decomposition set in.

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The Old and the New.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door. When the sands were wasting thin; And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch, And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair, And warmed by the Old Year's fire; And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze As he stretched his hands to the fading blaze, And clinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will, Of summer and vanishing spring; And then of the future, with grave advice— Of love and sorrow and sacrifice, That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened, and warmed his heart in the bloom of the Old Year's past; But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay in the bud and blow of a coming day, And, nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door And warmed in the Old Year's chair; And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept, Then forth in the night he softly stepped, And left the New Year there.

—Harper's Bazar.

Passing of the Old Year. Farewell, old year! I have journeyed on together many days, And now behold the parting of our ways.

With thoughts of mingled gladness and of dread, I see the winding way that I must tread To Future Lands; For thou awaits the realm of shadows deep— The silent Land of years that lie asleep With folded hands.

Farewell, old year! I feel more steps ere we fore or part— A few more words that wake the sobbing heart To hope and fear; Farewell smile, a lingering clasp of hand, For thou shalt lie within the shadow land.

Thou silently; The while I haste a glad new year to greet, The while I journey on with memories sweet, Old year, of thee.

Farewell, old year! Not half I felt or knew till now how kind and brave and true a friend wert thou; For ah, twice dear A loved one seems when comes the darkened day When heart and lips all tremulous must say

A last good-bye; Yet, though thy friendly face no more I see, The memories sweet my heart has kept of thee.

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A Cough Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong cough, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.



The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.

Nervous

"I was very nervous," writes Mrs. Mollie Mirse, of Carrsville, Ky., "had palpitation of the heart, and was irregular. On the advice of Mrs. Hattie Cain I took 2 bottles of Cardui and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I am 44 years old and the change has not left me, but I am lots better since taking Cardui."

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic. Cardui is advertised and sold by its loving friends. The lady who advised Mrs. Mirse to take Cardui, had herself been cured of serious female trouble, by Cardui, so she knew what Cardui would do.

If Cardui cured Mrs. Cain and Mrs. Mirse, it surely will cure you too. Won't you try it? Please do.

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