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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23

New York piano dealers and piano renters were thrown into a state of excitement by a purported decision that rented pianos were liable to be seized for the debts of persons hiring them. The dealers had a meeting, and there was evidently much trembling for the fate of the thousands of hired pianos scattered over the city. After a good deal of alarm on the part of the dealers, and no little anxiety on the part of the daughters of music who make whole neighborhoods hideous by thumping hired pianos, it turned out that there was nothing terrible in the decision after all. The Judge decided that the owner of a piano could rent it to another just as could the owner of a car or a boat and the right of property still remained in the owner. That a piano could be sold as a chattel mortgage taken on it, just as on any other piece of personal property, and the mortgage would be a lien on the instrument to the extent of his claim. But as in the case which was tried where a dealer sold a piano and received part payment, and took no mortgage, the purchaser could not afterwards charge the transaction from a "sale" to a "let," to the detriment of the third party, who had in the mean time levied an execution on the instrument. The piano having been sold became the property of the purchaser, and the dealer for his balance having secured no lien in the shape of a mortgage took his chances with other creditors. It was clear enough that the piano could not again become the property of the dealer without being sold back to him, and when thus sold the property would be subject to the lien that had accrued against it while it belonged to the first purchaser. There was nothing unusual or startling in the decision, and the excitement was without foundation. The Judge, in deciding the case, commented severely on some phases of the system, but there was nothing either in his decision or his remarks to excite alarm or indignation, and the persons that let instruments and those that thump them are again serene.

The proposition to give members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of Congress, and allow them to participate in the debates is not a new one. It has been made many times before—once by Mr. Pendleton during his last term of Congress. It would have the advantage of often giving Congress needed information in a more speedy and satisfactory manner than is now possible. When a matter pertaining to the Post-office Department was under consideration, the Postmaster General could be on hand to explain the course he had taken or proposed to take, the results he expected from certain legislation, and how similar measures had affected his department in the past. He could oppose or support as seemed best, and Congress would have the benefit of his experience and greater knowledge of the subject to assist in shaping the legislation for his department. And so with all the other members of the Cabinet. The objection urged is that a Cabinet officer on the floor without a vote would be merely ornamental, and that it would not be of course be proper in a deliberative body to give an appointee of the executive the power of a vote. The further consideration that it would be assimilating our form of government still more to that of Great Britain is urged with much force among a certain class as an objection.

It is now announced that under no pretense whatever will more money be voted to Mr. Robeson's department, and that if he has exceeded the appropriations or expended money belonging to other departments, he must take the consequences. This statement is said to come from a member of the Naval Committee and purports to be a cruelly true. If that is the way the Secretary of the Navy is to be treated, what was the use of all that cry of war with Spain and the two weeks of terrible activity in the Navy-yards to prepare for a combat with England. There are people exacting enough to want to see just how the finances of the Navy Department stand.

SEVERAL Eastern papers are suggesting that as New Year's day will be the first day of the new year it be observed with more than the ordinary ceremonies. Another suggestion comes that this year the Christmas-tree toys and presents for the children be as far as possible of such a substantial kind that they can be preserved and handed down to future generations as memorials of the first centennial year of our country.

EARTHQUAKE shocks are reported lately with fearful frequency. In the past these phenomena were confined mainly to their legitimate field, the Pacific coast, but of late they shake up things without regard to class, condition or location. Old Virginia caught it last night, and the people of Richmond were

rushing around terribly excited, inquiring where the noise came from. HALF of the State of Kentucky is foaming and fuming over the election of a United States Senator to succeed Hon. J. W. Stevenson, whose term expires March 3, 1877. Trouble will commence in due form the first Monday in January.

St. LOUIS, with its new Chamber of Commerce finished and dedicated, is becoming reckless. The G-Democrat proposes that city officials shall be furnished a square meal for every four hours' work.

If Mr. Kerr desires to know whether or not his selections of Committee Chairmen were wise, let him have a general caucus of Chairmen called and a vote taken on the question.

THE influential Democratic journals that once set their hearts on Tom Scott for President, are now uniting on Jeremiah Black.

HOLIDAY DIRECTORY.

WHERE TO BUY YOUR GIFTS.

That Christmas is almost at our doors is attested by displays in every shop-window in the city. At this particular time everybody who has any money at all to spend very naturally thinks of buying some sort of a gift for friends or family, and it just as naturally follows that men who have goods to sell of any description will take unusual pains to make their display as attractive as possible; and for all that the stringency in the money market still continues to a considerable extent, the demand for holiday goods is as active as in former years. The only difference seemingly is that buyers desire cheapness with durability. We propose to inform the readers of the STAR just where they can get the best article for the least money. Many of the large stores on the most prominent streets are kept open in the evening to accommodate those who find it inconvenient to come out during the day; and being brilliantly illuminated and thronged with customers, present a lively and interesting appearance.

JOHN SHILLITO & CO., NOS. 101, 103 AND 105 WEST FOURTH STREET. This well-known firm are offering superior inducements in the line of general household goods, a general assortment of dry-goods, together with scarfs, bows, handkerchiefs, mufflers, collars and cuffs, hosiery, gloves, and, in fact, everything of the best, marked down at prices to suit Christmas purchasers.

J. LE BOUTILLIER & BRO., NOS. 104 AND 106 WEST FOURTH STREET. The above firm offer unprecedented bargains in silk dresses, going, hair plaids, serges, cassimeres, merinos, and all the fancy goods known. They are all marked at prices to insure their sale.

C. S. WATHERBY & CO., NORTHWEST CORNER FIFTH AND VINE STREETS. For a splendid assortment of holiday novelties this well-known house should receive your attention. In their show and suit departments the recent reductions made can not fail to please. Among them many attractions may be mentioned—cloth, polonaises, jackets and overalls, ladies' and children's bonnets, jackets, children's, misses' and infants' long and short coats, and any thing else you may need.

WM. BELL & CO., 94 WEST FOURTH STREET. Purchasers in quest of suitable holiday presents, should attend the great display of ladies' and gentlemen's furnishings goods at this house, as everybody acknowledges the prices asked for goods to be the lowest ever known in Cincinnati. They offer great inducements in zests' custom-made shirts, ladies' and gentlemen's silk neckwear, hosiery, kid gloves, handkerchiefs, embroideries, neck, ribbons, corsets, fans, pocket-books, mufflers, umbrellas, &c. In order that purchasers may have an opportunity of securing some of the bargains offered, their store will be brilliantly illuminated and kept open to the evening until 10 o'clock. Don't fail to attend.

DUHME & CO., SOUTHWEST CORNER FOURTH AND WALNUT. The stock in this house comprises the choicest productions of all the prominent goldsmiths, silversmiths and platers in the United States. Their styles of jewelry for the present season are singularly elegant and tasteful, and are by no means expensive. They have just received the latest importations of Paris and Vienna goods, clocks, bronzes, statuettes, jewel caskets, &c. Our readers will study their interest to give Duhme & Co. a call.

JOHN B. MORRIS, 168 WALNUT. In looking around for a suitable present for your friends, step into this brilliant establishment, and a glance at the unrivaled display of gold and silver watches, chains, bracelets, earrings, dagger-rings, clocks, and in fact everything else in this line, will convince you that the house of John B. Morris is a good place to buy.

MAUS & CO., NORTHEAST CORNER FIFTH AND VINE. If you wish to make a useful and welcome present for the holidays to man or boy, there is nothing more acceptable or sensible than a stylish overcoat or handsome suit of clothes. At Maus & Co.'s you can choose from a large stock of ready-made clothes, or have a stylish suit made to measure.

MACK & CO., NO. 140 WEST FIFTH STREET. In these times the public are bound to buy cheap clothing, and this house affords the opportunity to get handsome Christmas presents in the way of elegant garments of the most stylish cut, made of the most substantial material, at prices so low as to be almost beyond belief. Go and see them.

ROSS, THE STAR HATTER, NO. 210 WEST FIFTH. Owing to the recent failure of the Manhattan Fur Company this house is offering great inducements in the fur line. Here is the opportunity to secure a fine set of furs at a fabulously low price, made of French, selected and made up by the most competent furriers in the country. And for hats and caps just go right there and be made happy.

MARTIN, THE HATTER, CORNER FIFTH AND WALNUT. We regard it a pleasure to recommend this old established and reliable house to the favorable consideration of the STAR readers for Christmas presents in the way of furs, boas, mufflers, ladies' skating caps, ear muffs, and so on, and a general assortment of the best articles in the hat and cap line. Don't fail to see Martin. He'll suit you.

CHRISTMAS LUXURIES.

People like to feel well during the holidays, especially. Below we endeavor to point out just where to go to get the best of articles.

ROBERT ORR & CO., 115 WEST SIXTH STREET. agent for Maltby & Co.'s celebrated brand of oysters, has secured a large supply, both in cans and in bulk, put up expressly for the holidays. The oysters are noted for their excellent flavor, superior quality, and extra size. He also has an unusual supply of ocean, lake and river fish; and all kinds of game taken for the occasion.

J. E. FREY, NOS. 125 AND 127 WEST FIFTH STREET. agent for Ellis & Co.'s Star Brand, is also prepared to help his friends pass a Merry Christmas. His stock is large and his prices excellent. Corn-fed turkeys, dressed poultry, game of all kinds and from all directions; and a full line of canned fruits are also among the inducements to be offered.

JOHN A. DRPPE & CO., 286 WEST SIXTH STREET. have also made complete Holiday arrangements. They are agents for the Big (C) Sea oysters, and have an excellent assortment of poultry, game and fish. They have oysters in kegs, cans and shell.

J. E. HOPKINS, 264 WEST SIXTH STREET. agent for Platt & Co.'s "Old Reliable" brand of oysters, is also prepared to see his friends and supply them on the extraordinary occasion of the holidays. He has a full line of all kinds and from all directions; and a full line of canned fruits are also among the inducements to be offered.

JOHN A. DRPPE & CO., 286 WEST SIXTH STREET. is agent for J. S. Farren & Co.'s Big (C) Oysters. He has a fine stock, selected expressly for Christmas week. He has also confectionery of every kind, and will be glad to see all his friends.

J. FITCHNER, 311 WEST SIXTH STREET, the Baltimore ice-cream man, comes to the front with the statement that "No dinner is complete without ice-cream," and he is about right.

H. G. STEWART, OF 280 WEST SIXTH STREET, is the man who makes the celebrated Empire Ice-cream Brand. He makes a specialty also of furnishing balls and parties and weddings, &c., with fine cakes. He sells fine French candy at 25c a pound, Malaga grapes at 30c, and other goods in proportion.

A Footpad's Daring Robbery of a Stage.

[From the Bakersfield, Cal., Gazette.] Last Saturday night, as the Los Angeles stage was chugging along, a robbery was stopped by a footpad, who presented arms and demanded Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box, which was handed him, and he secured about \$2,000 in money. Last Monday night the stable of Mr. Fountain, in Caliente, was broken open and a valuable horse stolen. Tuesday morning J. B. Fountain, a son of the owner of the horse, came down to Bakersfield and reported the facts at the Sheriff's office, and that afternoon Deputy Sheriff Maburin started out to hunt up the thief, if possible.

He soon got on the track of the horse, whose foot was somewhat peculiar in shape, and followed it. Wednesday morning he ascertained that the rider staid at a sheep-camp the night before. He passed on, and in the afternoon, came in sight of his man. About four o'clock in the afternoon he came upon the robber, and, after moving on him strategically for a short time, succeeded in capturing him without difficulty. The fellow saw the officer and his companion some distance behind him, and pushed ahead to reach an old abode where he intended to make a stand, but the officer surmising his intention, hurried forward and overtook him. The thief was thrown off his guard by the officer making inquiry about some pretended criminal that he professed to be in search of, and he covered him with his pistol before he was aware of it, when he threw up his hands and dismounted without offering the slightest resistance. On being searched a small three-inch barrel Ballard derringer was the only weapon found upon him. Suspected in his clothes were various places the officer found \$1,224 25, as follows: \$630 50 in greenbacks, \$70 in gold notes, \$655 15 gold and silver coin, and \$12 45 in loose change. Between \$80 and \$100 in silver was tied behind his saddle. The money was found put up in packages just as it left the express office, and the greenbacks were wrapped in a Los Angeles newspaper. This clearly fixes the robbery of the Los Angeles stage, last Saturday night, upon this man, whose name he gives as Robert Kirtland. The fellow has a broken leg, caused by stepping over Tunnel No. 4, on the S. P. railroad, and it is really astonishing that he is in condition to get up and work he did. When it is considered that the stage was robbed by a man with a broken leg and with a little pocket, single-barreled pistol, it becomes ludicrous. Officer Maburin brought his man to Bakersfield Wednesday evening, a distance of thirty-four miles, and lodged him in jail. The capture was made at Comanche Pass, near the old Tejon Reservation.

Selfish Sorrow.

At a recent funeral of a Danbury man, one of the neighbors, a female of a very sympathetic nature, was so deeply affected as to attract the attention of those present. The wife of the deceased, a well-to-do woman, noticing the attention paid to the neighbor, kindly approached her, and in a hoarse whisper, indicative of the most intense disgust, demanded: "Who is running this funeral? You or me?" The sympathetic neighbor dried her tears. (Danbury News.)

THE LAND OF TINSEL.

A Story for Christmas or Any Time.

Neither far distant from here, nor many years ago, there stood on the cliffs by the sea a white cottage, which was all overgrown with honeysuckle and wild roses. On a warm summer's day, when the little waves splashed with a soft murmur on the beach, a woman could tell where the deep blue sky and the dark blue water came to an end, folks loved to come and visit the old captain and his pretty daughter, who lived alone in Sea Gull Cottage. Sea Gull Cottage had pretty shade trees all around it, there was a garden in which grew vegetable, currants and strawberries and beautiful roses, violets and mignonette. But the captain's favorite place was on the wooden bench in front of the door just under the old pine. With the rich-scented wall flowers around him, the captain would sit through the long summer afternoons, smoking his pipe, reading some old newspaper, watching the waves, or perhaps, leaning on the gate of his garden wall, have a chat with some old comrade. But there was one occupation for which the old captain would leave all others, and that was watching his daughter Mary. Mary was only sixteen years old; but then, as her mother had died, when she was a very young girl, Mary was much more sensible than girls generally are at her age, and since Betsy the old servant had died, Mary had taken entire charge of the little white cottage, the lovely garden, and of her old papa also. Everybody in the neighborhood knew Mary. She was the fairest of the fair. Her hair was like the golden sand on the shore, her eyes like the dark blue sea, her lips as fresh and ripe as the strawberries in her own garden. Her step was so quick and fairy-like, her voice so sweet and melodious, and her touch so gentle, that the sailors said she resembled the soft south wind.

Of course all the youths in the village knew her, and when there was a dance on the green lawn in front of the school-house on warm midsummer evenings, Mary had a great many partners and a great many more who wished to be. One night in August, when the moon shone so brightly that the stars were almost hidden, and the waltz of the light seemed tipped with silver, Mary, who had been staying later than usual down in the village, and had refused an escort home, because she preferred neither one young man to the other and she did not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, came tripping along the path which led over the hill to Sea Gull Cottage. As she approached a rock, which was a favorite resort of hers and where she loved to sit with her book or her needle-work, watching the broad ocean, she could not resist the temptation of sitting down to rest herself and enjoy the balmy evening breeze, and admire the bright moon which shone down so calm and holy on the great dark world.

She had not been here long, when, from behind a neighboring promontory, there shot out a barge, which rapidly neared the rock on which she was seated. It was nothing unusual for the boats to come in at this hour of the night, and she was not at all surprised when she saw about this particular one, that Mary was overcome with surprise. The sides of the barge glistened in the moonlight as if they were burnished gold. Six men, who seemed taller than any Mary had ever seen before, and who appeared all sparkling with rubies and diamonds, were pulling oars, which shone like bright lights, with marvelous rapidity through the water. But what fascinated Mary most was a young man who stood in the stern of the boat. Mary could distinguish that he had beautiful hair, as black as night, which waved in the wind, and a handsome moustache. In his hand he carried a cap with a long white plume, with which he bowed to her again and again. His dress was all gold and jewels, and so magnificent that it quite dazzled Mary. In her confusion she would have risen and run away, had she not seemed chained to the spot by some invisible power. But the boat came nearer and nearer, and Mary found herself rising to greet the beautiful youth, who soon sprang upon the white beach and clasped her in his arms.

"Mary," said the youth, "I am Prince Romance, and I have come to claim you, as I claim all lovely maidens at your age. I love you, you do not love me, ready. Come and live with me in the palace of my father, the King Tinsel." Mary was so overcome with sudden admiration that she could not utter a sound, much less a word. So the noble Prince clasped her again in his arms, and having carried her to the boat and placed her on some high, soft velvet cushions, he bade his oarsmen row back quickly to the palace. Soon Mary saw rising out of the water an island, on which grew the most beautiful trees of every climate; there was the palm tree, the cedar of Lebanon, the great straggling oak, the eucalyptus, the giant pine, the weeping willow and the graceful cypripedium. She could distinguish the brightest flowers growing amongst the luxuriant grass, whilst birds of gay plumage flitted hither and thither in the moonlight, and the dulcet tones of the nightingale were wafted to her from some stilly grove. But soon Mary's wonder and admiration was excited to a much higher degree. The boat reached the island, and with the help of the handsome Prince, Mary sprang lightly on to a bank of rich moss and ferns, so beautiful that it seemed a sad shame to crush them under foot. Near the bank sat a youth to whom his pale face and large, blue, yearning eyes, from which the tears were streaming, and dejected attitude, gave an appearance of the deepest sorrow. Mary was touched by the evident sadness of the youth and she could not help inquiring about him of Prince Romance.

"Oh," replied he, "that is my love-sick figure, he always sits there by the water's edge, just as you see. He would have asked more questions had her attention not been distracted by a maid with long golden hair, who appeared from the neighboring grove of pine trees. Her eyes were rolling wildly, in her hand she clutched a crumpled paper; she rushed with a wild shriek to the summit of a rock and precipitated herself into the sea. Mary was struck with fright and was about to fly to the rescue, when the prince gently retained her and reassured her: "Do not trouble yourself; she was a character who was becoming inconvenient, and I was forced to have her commit suicide." Mary thought the prince a very cruel, bad fellow, and drew a little further away from him.

As they walked on, they saw a beautiful girl and a young man standing near an oak. The girl had her arms about the young man's neck, whilst he was carrying some letters on the trunk of the tree. "Ah, how happy those two are," said Mary. "Yes," said the prince, "they are so at present, but if you will wait a moment, you will see that the young man shot dead." Mary was terribly frightened and hurried on. All at once they came in sight of the palace, which was a very extraordinary structure. One portion was most magnificent, the walls were of gold and shone like the sun, whilst the windows seemed to be made of diamonds; another portion was like a grand old castle, with towers and

battlements, and flags flying, and there were knights in armor riding over the drawbridge and under the portcullis, and beautiful ladies waving embroidered scarfs from the narrow windows. Another wing of the palace was again entirely different; it was a gloomy mansion, with dark, sad colored walls, which looked weird in the moonlight. No music descended from the dark, dreary windows; all was silent as death. The courtyard in front was deserted, and long, rank grass had grown up between the irregular stones which served as pavement. But as Mary watched, a light appeared in one of the upper windows. The shadowy figure of a woman was discerned holding a light in one hand, whilst the other pointed with skeleton fingers at a broad gash in her neck, from which the blood dripped to the floor. A wild shriek rang out into the midnight air, the candle went out with a splutter, and all was again dark and still as death.

Mary turned with a shudder to her companion, who, himself somewhat overcome, murmured something about "haunted" and "murdered," and as if to call her attention to a more pleasant subject, pointed to another angle of the building; there a little cottage, overgrown with ivy, nestled among the trees. Between the parted curtains, a bright light shone out on to the neat gravel walk, the interior of one of the rooms might be seen. The fire in the open grate was burning brightly and the kettle was hissing on the hob. On the rug in front of the hearth a large cat, curled up, lay purring contentedly. The table, covered with a snowy damask cloth, stood the tea things.

The master of the cottage had just entered, for a pretty woman, apparently his wife, stood by his side holding his wrapper, whilst she hung tenderly on his arm as he bent fondly over a cradle, in which slept a rosy baby. "Oh how lovely," cried Mary. "Yes," said Prince Romance, "well enough; but how awfully hatched?" There were many other parts of this immense building which Mary could only discern dimly. All seemed different, some lay entirely in ruins, whilst others were again very fresh and modern. She could descry lovely gardens and parks, dark forests and lonely lanes, canals and rivers, or last slopes reflected in peaceful lakes, arid deserts. But what seemed most wonderful of all to her, was that in whatever direction she looked she immediately seemed to be hovering over the very spot on which she had fixed her eyes. And then she would see some tragic deed performed, some piece of heinous or a lady's window, in another place a desperate battle was raging and a hundred and one other incidents passed before her eyes until she was quite bewildered. Then Prince Romance took her by the hand and conducted her up the broad steps which ascended towards the castle entrance. When she reached it she was very much surprised to find that she was joined by a great many more girls of her own age, each of whom was accompanied by a gentleman, who looked so much like the Prince Romance by her side that Mary could not tell the difference.

The girls looked very tired, and haggard, as if they had been wandering in the garden of King Tinsel. Some were crying bitterly, whilst others were silly, and some were raving about all sorts of impossible things. But they walked on in a great crowd through galleries hung with pictures, which looked like family portraits, until they came to a great smoking hall, in which there was a long table covered with delicious-looking fruits. And a loud voice proclaimed that all present were invited by the great King Tinsel to partake of the produce of his kingdom. So they sat down, and as poor Mary was both hungry and thirsty she did not wait to be asked, and helped herself to a large, rosy apple.

But she was terribly disappointed, when, on placing it to her lips, it crumbled into fine dust, which flew away. Then Mary could not help feeling very vexed and angry, and thought she would take no more of the King Tinsel's treats. So she ate and watched the other girls, and she discovered that while some were as angry as she, others were willing to take the sham for the real, and continued in persevering efforts to eat some of the fruit. A great many of the girls seemed ill and dying, when suddenly the loud voice proclaimed that His Majesty King Tinsel would now appear in person. With this there was a great crash, as if the walls of the palace were about to fall in, the walls shook, and the air seemed filled with flames! The thunder rolled, the firing of cannon could be heard, the sound of trumpets, the cries of men and women, the neighing of horses, and the tramp of armed men. The din was tremendous! Suddenly all was still as death, the banquet hall became pitch dark, when a tiny luminous soap-bubble came floating over their heads, hovered for a moment in mid-air and then silently burst. Then the ground under their feet opened, and Mary felt herself falling, falling, falling to a great depth, when she heard the voice of her father long way off, calling "Mary, Mary," and the voice came nearer and nearer, calling "Mary, Mary." Then Mary wanted to spring into her father's arms, but she was gently retained. She struggled to free herself, but all at once she found herself lying on the rock by the sea, near her little cottage. The moon had disappeared, and there was a streak of light in the far, far East. But over her were leaning her father and youths from the village with pale, anxious faces. "Oh, Mary, Mary!" said her father, "we thought you were lost; how could you go to sleep here?" Mary looked round, from one to the other, and as she ruse, she said, "Only a dream after all!"

A farmer told us the other day that he would not be without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup if it cost five dollars a bottle. It must be a wonderful remedy.

ATTORNEYS. G. B. HOLLISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 230 Walnut Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO. ms-0m

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