THE CRITIC'S COLUMN.

DEVOTED TO COMMENT UPON RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

New Books Received—"Decatur and Somers"—"Under Fire"—Mr. Phyffe's Last Work—Notes.

DECATUR AND SOMERS: Young Heroes Of Our Navy. By M. Elliot Seawell. D. Appleton & Co. New York. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

The writer of this admirable book is already well known to both juvenile and mature readers through a series written especially for the profit and enjoyment of the former, but possessing qualities which have made them popular with the latter. Acquaintance with characters like Decatur, Somers, Paul Jones, etc.—men who united to moral greatness, brilliant mental and personal attributes—can only result beneficially to the young.

When, in the work of some sympathetic and able writer, they are enabled to make that acquaintance through the medium of a literary style at once simple and felicitous, we are indebted to that writer for what must prove in the nature of a real moral impetus to our boys, always easily won by dashing qualities of character.

Miss Seawell comes distinctly under the head of such writers. She delights to place before youth the heroic personality of a pure and dauntless patriot in the easiest of literary styles, and she has been rewarded by appreciation wherever her books are known.

The present volume, one of the "Young Heroes of Our Navy" series, is quite up to the standard of its predecessors, and is most interesting reading for men and women, as well as boys and girls.

It is finely and fully illustrated and excellently bound.

UNDER FIRE: By Captain Chas. King, U. S. A. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Capt. King needs no word of introduction here. Each of the volumes he has written has served to give him a firmer hold on the popular taste, a hold which shows that your pure, fresh, virile fiction sustains its own much longer than the mushroom growth of popularity attained by your writer who delights in abnormalities in morals or pruriency.

Captain King is especially well qualified to write of army life, being a soldier, and a brave one, himself. The present volume carries its hero, Percy Davies, a gallant West Pointer, through many adventures before wedding him to a certain Miss Agatha Loomis on the last page, the adventures being counterparts of the experience of many brave men during the days when "Lo" was fighting for his own rights and those of others on the far western frontier. There is, of course, a rascal to give variety and interest and to create keen anticipation as to what he may do next, his name being Capt. Devers. Numerous other characters move entertainingly through the book, making a most interesting and wholesome story; one of the best that even Capt. King has written.

FIVE THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED. By W. H. P. Phyffe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. London. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Mr. Phyffe is already known to us as the author of that very useful and well arranged book—"Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced."

Of the two, both valuable, the volume just published is, perhaps, the most valuable. Among its contents are: Rules and Suggestions for Speling and for the Use of Capitals; Rules and Suggestions for the Division of Words into Syllables; an appendix containing the rules and amended spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London, and the American Philological Association; the Ten Rules for the Amended Spellings; and the list of Amended Spellings.

"While the ability to spell well," says Mr. Phyffe, "may confer no honor, the habit of spelling poorly is justly deemed a disgrace. Often has a letter, written in a worthy cause, failed of its mission on account of its misspelled words. It is claimed that many persons have had the avenues of success closed to them and their prospects blighted, owing to their poor spelling. Moreover public opinion demands that people shall be able to spell correctly. Our orthography may be inconsistent, but this cannot be allowed as an excuse for bad spelling. While good spelling may not mark the scholar, bad spelling marks the ignorant man."

Mr. Phyffe's effort to make matters less difficult for the stumbling speller is the effort of a man thoroughly in earnest, and one who has made the subject a matter of patient thought and careful observation. The result is that he has given us, as before stated, an exceedingly helpful book, of the "multum in farvo" variety.

AMERICAN SONG: With Introductions and Notes. By Arthur B. Simonds, A. M. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. London. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

While Mr Simonds has given us a very pleasant compilation of American poems, it seems to us that he has done a good deal of entirely unnecessary work. Of course that is simply our opinion, and the fact remains that the classification of the poems and Mr. Simond's notes and comments display a fine critical and analytical talent and thorough acquaintance with the authors whom his book represents.

In his preface, he states that in publishing his book he had two distinct aims. "It includes," says he, first, "a compilation of American poems. * * Drawn from the era beginning about the commencement of the century and reaching therefore. it may be of interest to the general reader, as well as of special service to a student of literature wishing to acquaint himself readily with types of American poetry.

Secondly, the book may, it is hoped, be useful for making an inductive study, both of the chief American poets, and, less completely, of the other poets from whose writings extracts are taken according to the plan of the volume. The order in critical study should be, first, the single poem: then the poems of one author; later the poetry of this author's period, finally, the consideration of American poetry as a whole."

The arrangement of the contents of the book is in accordance with these aims, and whether of value or not to the student, it is attractive to the general reader.

THE GOD IN THE CAR. By Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 50 cents. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Mr. Wm. Ruston, the silent and forceful gentleman who makes all the mischief in Mr. Hope's book, is one of that type of men who, as an exchange remarks, are more like "incarnate forces" than human souls. The woman whom he loves and who loves him is the wife of a gentle and true if occasionally tiresome man. She is also the mother of charming children. She is saved from disgrace by no virtue of her own and virtue of the ubiquitous Mr. Ruston, but is still saved and ends her days in her faithful husband's home. Her lover consoles himself by the concentration of all his powers upon the attainment of worldly success and is as thoroughly contemptible throughout as a combination of mental and personal force, cool headedness, and utter selfishness can make him.

Literary Notes.

In the current Century Mr. Gilder has a little editorial saying this age suffers from a lack of art—our literary men do not try to do their "prettiest," as the "Atlantic" school did. The writer of the "Lounger,, in the Critic (the brother or sister of Mr. Gilder) reports an editorial discussion presumably in the Century office in which two editors said we suffer from a lack of art, and one said art was nothing without material. Unfortunately he also went too far, and said material was everything even without art. The fact is, we have too much art without material—that is our chief difficulty. We also have a thousand times too much material without art. What we want is the passions of the heart brought home to the people, and that would be true literature, and true art too.

M. Brunetiere, in taking his seat in the French Academy the other day, delivered a polished, witty, interesting discourse attacking journalism, in which he said modern journalists were a "set of self-sufficient ignoramuses." He slapped the interviewers in the face for making copy out of other men's ideas, and in general criticised journalism for not being good literature, praising the heavy, scholarly, and unsuccessful Littre of the old school. The fact is, journalism is not literature—for which Heaven be praised! Journalism has only to wait for its polished critics of this sort to discover for themselves that they are shooting at a stone wall.

The current Athenaeum has a letter from an American publisher (can it be G. H. Putnam?) against the literary agent, and he asserts that the best way is for an author to get one publisher and stick by him, through small pay and thin. One successful American author he knows took the higher bid of a rival publisher and as a consequence now gets one-third less in advance royalties than formerly, though the first book sold for much more. The literary agent, he says, would tend to make authors scatter their books.

Walter Besant in an interview has just declared his belief that the literary prospect was never better. Barrie and Kipling alone, he says, would be enough to give reputation to any generation; and, says he, "I think the story 'The Man who would be King' (Kipling's) the finest story in the English language." There are others who might question this judgment.

"Ada Cambridge," whose new novel "A Marriage Ceremony," is attracting considerable attention, is a Mrs. Cross, wife of the vicar of one of the fashionable churches of Melbourne, and she is now living in Australia.

ALPHEUS SHERWIN CODY.

THE TIMES DOCTOR.

He Comes Again To-day With Valuable Suggestions.

Apropos, one of the articles in last Sunday's Times under Hygienic Notes, we note that Judge Dixon, of New Jersey says: "If a man, conscious that he carries about with him the germs of a contagious disease, recklessly exposes the health and lives of others, he is a public nuisance and criminal, and may be held answerable for his conduct. If death occurs through his recklessness, he may be indicted for manslaughter. It is held that where a person knowingly communicates a contagious disease to another and death results, the crime is that of manslaughter. The man may also be indicted for spreading the disease by conscious exposure of others thereto by his presence in public places, such as on the streets, in halls, etc. He may be indicted as a public nuisance for endangering the public health in this way even if no consequences had followed. The law provides some penalty for such offenses against the public safety. Take heed of yourselves, so that ye be vaccinated!

SEASONABLE HINTS.

Now that winter with its accompanying ills is almost on us, a few simple measures will not come amiss. Inhalations of steam are valuable in cold in the head, bronchitis, whooping cough and allied disorders. A simple method of administering is to make a tent of a blanket, place the patient on a chair inside of it and then slake lime beneath the chair. Or a few drops of turpentine, oil of encalyptus or other oils of this class may be placed in a kettle of water which is allowed to boil, so that the steam laden with the medicament may be inhaled. Carbolic acid or cresote may be used in the same manner.

FRESH AIR.

Don't forget that fresh air is as necessary in cold as in warm weather. Most of us are likely to forget this, or if not forgetting, to neglect it.

Don't place your weather-strips so that all air is excluded as though it were poison, unless there are special means for ventilation.

Just think of breathing and rebreathing the air laden with decaying matter thrown off from the lungs! The mere thought is sickening. How much more is the actual fact!

Fresh air is life! Fill your lungs with it.

Lower your windows an inch from the top and a good proportion of admisture is almost guaranteed. When going out, the external atmosphere will not give you such a shock and the danger of "catching cold" will be greatly diminished.

CARE OF MILK.

Every housekeeper is aware of the fact that milk placed in a refrigerator will partake of the properties of other articles in the receptacle. For instance, it will taste of bananas if they should be stored there for keeping; likewise of meats. This shows us that it is an absorbent and its capacity in this direction is very great.

Knowing this, one should be careful how milk is exposed. That standing in a sick room should never be drunk. It is known that milk is a vehicle for the germs of typhoid fever, cholera, etc. Any number of cases could be cited where milk has been the cause, beyond peradventure, of extensive and fatal epidemics of typhoid.

In feeding infants by the bottle, careful mothers and nurses place the bottles in boiling water and cooking soda and use boiled milk. In the intervals, they allow a solution of soda to remain in the bottles.

Sterilized milk is now used extensively. Fresh milk is poured into the bottles which have been prepared beforehand and is hermetically sealed. The bottles are then placed in boiling water, which destroys all infectious principles and afterwards stored in refrigerators until ready for use.

The care of milk is as imperative in the cold as in the hot months.

BICYCLE RIDING FOR WOMEN.

Commenting on this an able medical journal says: "At all events, there is no other form of exercise within the capacity of the average woman which involves so general a muscular development and grandular action, combined with a healthy mental and physical exhilaration."

AN OLD TIME DELUSION.

Most readers believe that soups, beef-teas, beef-extracts and others of this diet are nourishing: "a teaspoonful of this extract contains the nourishing properties of a pound of beef" appears on the label of the bottle.

It is hard for the public to believe this is not so; but the proof is positive that the various extracts contain little more than 3 per cent. of the nutriment properties of beef.

But these preparations are quite valuable for their stimulating effects, as in typhoid fever. However, a dependence on them in a long sickness will leave the patient weakened instead of strengthened.

The beef-peptonoids, as they are called, are rapidly superseding the various extracts, essences, etc. These peptonoids are made from partially digested meat and contain also the gluten of wheat. Besides, being stimulating they are nutritious.

SANITAS.

A NEW SPELLER.

Prepared by a Southern Author, Published by a Southern House.

B. F. Johnston Publishing Company have just issued "The Combination Speller, a scientific development of English orthography and orthoepy"—by Rev. James W. Shearer, of Birmingham, Ala., formerly of Virginia.

The speller proposes by an original and unique system of diacritical marks or signs, to combine the science of phonetics with the English language without change of present spelling. Mr. Shearer claims that in teaching by the old a-b-c method the ear and eye pull against each other like a horse and mule hitched at opposite ends of a wagon. Common sense says "unhitch the mule from the rear and place him with the horse as a double team in front, where they mutually assist each other, so in spelling. If we make the ear and eye mutually assist each other, then the ear becomes as it were a teacher to guide to exact pronunciation and clear articulation, whilst the eye learns the language."

Mr. Shearer says this can be accomplished by a new alphabet of the forty-four sounds of the language, named according to the sounds they represent; or by re-naming present letters, diagraphs and phonetically-marked letters according to the sounds represented by them. The book of 168 pages is neatly printed and published in serviceable form and contains several illustrations.

The wearing of moccasins is so common in the rural districts of Maine and New Brunswick that white shoemakers find it profitable to manufacture them wholesale, although the Indians are still reputed to make the best. The true moccasin is a light, thin foot covering of deer skin, but what is called a "shupack," and is, perhaps, even more in use, is a moccasin, with an extra thickness of leather under the sole, and it comes a little higher on the ankle. The lumbermen wear "larrigans," which are made sometimes of deer hide and sometimes of moose leather, thick strong, stiff, and oiled until they are as yellow as bar soap. They are shaped like boots, with heavy soles, and reach half way to the knee.

OLD SHERLOCK HOLMES.

UNAUTHORIZED EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF DR. WILSON.

What the Great Detective Saw in New York —Tricks With a Brass Watch, an Automatic Carpet Bag.

The fact that my friend, Sherlock Holmes, was killed before reaching middle life did not, as the experienced reader will understand, prevent him from attaining a *ripe* old age. In order to be in the line with the most popular detective fiction, I should, in fact, have killed him several times in the course of each of the adventures which it has been my privilege to chronicle. On the contrary, it has been my aim to distinguish these records from fiction, and to convince the reader that they are as near the actual truth as anyhing founded on a married man's diary can be. Therefore, while making a slight concession to the general prejudice by injecting fatal does of cocaine into Holmes on every possible occasion, I have permitted him to die only once.

My gifted friend is an old man now. His lofty forehead extends all the way around to his shirt collar behind; his few remaining teeth are tied in with string; but his eye is as bright as ever, and, with the aid of a little extra cocaine, he can still see things which are not present.. With this brief introduction I will proceed to relate a series of incidents not intended to form a connected narrative, but simply to throw light upon my remarkable friend's character, as it has developed in these later years.

THE WONDERFUL SHERLOCK.

Referring to my diary I find that it was in the fall of 1913. Holmes, by the continued exercise of his rare intellectual faculties, had remained a bachelor. He had the old rooms in Baker street, where the landlord, being quite deaf, did not object to Holmes' performances upon the violin. It was late in the evening and I was dozing before my stove when a ring at the bell called me to the door. Holmes entered.

"Ah, my dear Watson," he said, "can I *intrude* upon your leisure for a few minutes?"

I assured him with an Englishman's politeness that his company was better than none at all.

"So you've been smoking, have you?" he said as he seated himself in my office.

"My dear fellow," I cried, "how is it possible for you to know that?"

"It is perfectly simple," he replied; "there is a strong odor of tobacco in the air. Now, as I happen to know that you and Mrs. Watson are the only persons in the house what follows? It is true that your stove smokes, but it does not smoke tobacco. So you see that, though seemingly complex, the problem is easy."

"To be sure it is," I rejoined, quite vexed at my own stupidity.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "I fear that I make a mistake in giving explanations. They destroy the magic of the thing. But they fill space and, at a guinea a word, that is worth considering. And now to the point. Can you go to New York with me?"

"Why certainly," I hastened to say. "My neighbor, the doctor, is as accommodating as ever. He will take my practice for a few months and my patients will not be *much* worse off than they are now. When shall we sail? And what is the case?"

MISSION TO AMERICA.

"We shall sail at once," he said, "and as for the case, it concerns the Society for the Discouragement of Thieves."

"I never heard of it."

"Perhaps not. I am its president, and in fact its only member at present. I have been unable to find anybody else who could be admitted without decreasing by one the number of persons whom the society is organized to discourage. That, of course, would not be desirable."

"And you intend to admit me?"

"My dear Watson, when you give up the regular practice *of* your profession we will consider that question. Will you come with me to New York? There I expect to find thieves who really need to be discouraged. They have been having things all their own way for 300 years, since the Island of Manhattan was stolen from the Indians."

"I'll be ready in two minutes," said I. "Let me mention to my wife that I'm going. She never objects, you know. In fact a reader of these chronicles once suggested that she seemed anxious to get rid of me."

Our voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful, except that it served to initiate me into the workings of the society. Its purpose, as Holmes admitted, was almost purely amusement. He had amassed an enormous fortune by his profession, and was no longer compelled to do detective work for pay. His services to the Prince of Wales—chronicled in "The Adventures of the Thin-Edged Deal-Box"—put him in a position of independence before the close of *the* last century. He now turns his vast talent to the beneficent task of making life uncomfortable for thieves, through the medium of simple tricks devised by his powerful imagination. Holmes handles a pack of cards in a way to make the king of diamonds wink his other eye, and he discouraged a large number of thieves around the card tables in the smoking room before we reached New York.

THE TRICK WATCH.

Our first considerable adventure in the metropolis of the New World occurred on a Fourth-avenue car on the third day after our arrival. We stood on the front platform as the car bowled along. Suddenly Holmes touched my elbow with an imperceptible gesture.

"You observe," he said, "the gentleman in checked pantaloons waiting at the next crossing. He will board the car, and will stand with us on the platform."

No sooner had my companion spoken these words than the man whom he had indicated raised his hand and signaled to the driver to stop the car.

"Holmes, this is marvelous," I whispered. "How did you know that he would do that?"

"The fellow is a thief," replied Holmes. "Anybody could deduce that from the obvious fact that he has got along well in New York. His attire told me that. Seeing that he was a thief, I took this—here he showed me a large and handsome watch—from my pocket, while the man had his eye upon us. He will board the car with the intention of taking it."

Holmes wound the watch in an ostentatious manner, and replaced it in his waistcoat pocket. He then stared up at the top of the buildings. I kept my eye on the stranger and in a few minutes had the pleasure of seeing him deftly abstract the watch from Holmes' pocket. No sooner had he taken it than a bell inside of it began to ring with a noise like fifty alarm clocks. The man was so startled that he forgot to put the watch into his pocket. He stood and stared at it. Whereupon the watch's case parted and the works fell out. They consisted of a large steel spring and a bell such as is used on alarm clocks.

"The watch is made of brass," said Holmes, as we gathered up the remains of the thief from the platform. "It is a very simple device, but somewhat surprising in its action. I do not wonder that the shock has proved too much for our friend here. Let us hope that when he recovers, he will see cause to adopt a better mode of life."

POSING AS HAYSEEDS.

It may well be imagined that after this amusing incident I kept close to Holmes during all his rambles through the city. We were frequently disguised as visitors from the rural districts. On such occasions Holmes was always provided with a large, black leather pocket book, which protruded conspicuously from the side pocket of his coat. A stout elastic band was fastened to it, and the other end of the band was secured to a strong belt around Holmes' waist. Nothing could be more amusing than to see a member of the light-fingered fraternity seize the pocket book and rush away. The band would stretch to a length of nearly a rod, and then it would bring the thief back with the velocity of a shot out of a gun, for not one of them ever failed to hang on to the pocket book. Holmes always braced himself for the shock, and received the thief in his arms on the recoil. Some of the brief homilies on such occasions were models in their way.

When he tired of the pocket book trick he would frequently stroll into the Grand Central railroad station with a large carpet bag. This he would place upon the floor while he went to the window and made a pretense of purchasing a ticket. The bag contained self-acting machinery which drove two strong screws into the floor the instant it was set down. It never could remain upon the floor more than two minutes before one of the gentlemanly fellows who are always waiting there to welcome the coming and speed the parting jay, would grab it, and attempt to hurry away. The chances were that he would catch the handles "on the fly," as they say in America, and that the unexpected resistance would cause him to turn over as neatly as if he had been brought up in a circus.

VERY NEAT DEVICES.

"This device," Holmes said on the first occasion of its use, "has enabled me to discourage two thieves at once."

"My dear Holmes," I replied, "how do you make that out? I observed only one."

"Ah, my dear Watson," he rejoined, "how often must I tell you that your observation is defective. Did you not see that I pretended to buy a ticket?"

"Yes."

"And I didn't do it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, such conduct as that discourages the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company."

"Just like my stupidity," I exclaimed, "I saw only the thief who attempted to steal your bag."

"He was very small potatoes compared to the other one," said Holmes, as he set the bag again, and walked back toward the window.

I think the neatest of his games, and the one which will be the most generally appreciated, since it deals with the oldest of crimes, was played while we were at a millionaires' luncheon club down town.

As we sat at the table, Holmes directed my attention to a gentleman of imposing appearance who was lunching near us.

"You would not suppose," said Holmes to me, "that that man, so eminently respectable in appearance, was to be the next victim of the society?"

"I will bet you five to one," said the gentleman who had invited us to the club, "that he will not be the victim of anybody or anything. That's old Sam Rhodes, and he's been in Wall Street forty years. He's been the controlling spirit in more than a thousand railroad deals, and it is estimated that if all the rope with which despairing stockholders have hanged themselves on account of Sam Rhodes were joined in one piece it would reach around the world twice and tie a double bow knot."

"And he has never been punished for any crime," said Holmes.

"Punished!" cried our host, "why he's worth forty million dollars."

"His time has come," said my friend, impressively.

We watched Mr. Rhodes while he finished his lunch. When he rose we followed him, obeying a sign from Holmes. The millionaire went out into the vestibule of the club where the hats, coats and umbrellas of the members were left while they were at luncheon.

THE PILFERED UMBRELLA.

Mr. Rhodes selected his hat and coat. "Did you have an umbrella, sir?" asked one of the attendants. "It's raining outside, sir."

"Eh? Umbrella? Certainly, certainly," said Rhodes.

He hastily selected one from the rack. Holmes clutched my arm. The millionaire hurried out upon the steps. He opened the umbrella over his head.

About a quart of some dark substance, which I took to be ink, fell out of the umbrella upon Rhodes' head, and at the same time a thin stream of the same fluid trickled *out of a* hole in the handle and went up Rhodes' sleeve.

"Will you claim the umbrella?" I whispered to Holmes.

"Not just now," he responded in the same guarded tone. "Mr. Rhodes is a very large *man*, and from his language and demeanor at this moment I judge him to be of a violent disposition. I am not so young as I was, and perhaps it would be safer not to introduce myself just now."

We went to the club's smoking-room, where our host insisted upon opening a bottle of champagne. The mystery in the affair which I had just witnessed weighed heavily upon me, and I could not resist the temptation to ask Holmes for an explanation.

"How is it possible," said I, "that you were able to predict with certainty that Mr. Rhodes would steal an umbrella, and not only that, but that he would take yours?"

"It was perfectly simple," said Holmes. "I had bribed the attendant not to let anybody else have it. As for Rhodes' desiring to take it, I have only to say that it was the best looking umbrella in the rack'

"So you see I had laid out the whole thing in advance, and that is the *whole* secret of this detective fiction. It is easy enough for the detective to find the criminal. He is in the confidence of the author who controls destiny as I did in this case. But in real life the detective is *obliged* to contend against the disadvantage of having to find out about it. Thus but two courses are usually open to him. One is to do nothing but draw his pay, and the other is to convict the first man he can get hold of, whether he is guilty or innocent."

HOWARD FIELDING.

Men Needed Who Can Shoot.

The appended report of Colonel George F. Hall, inspector general of rifle practice, on the work of his department during the past year, will be found more than ordinarily interesting. Special attention is called to his recommendations, many of which are extremely radical and will doubtless cause much discussion in the service. In brief, they are as follows:

That qualification in at least the lowest class of marksmanship be made compulsory.

That the office of assistant inspector-general rifle practice, as now connected with staffs of brigades, be abolished.

That an assistant inspector general of rifle practice, ranking as major, be appointed upon the staff of the commander-in-chief.

That a sergeant clerk be allowed for this department.

That regimental and battalion inspectors of rifle practice be given the rank of captain.

That the inspector of the 1st battalion cavalry be assigned to the supervision of the practice of Troop F, unattached.

That a board of officers be appointed for the selection and purchase of a new State rifle range.

That the State range be at all times under control of this department.

That estimating distances be given more attention by regimental and battalion inspectors and company commanders.

That two separate companies of sharpshooters be enrolled.

That all commissioned officers be required to equip themselves with the service revolver, and that the same be issued by the State to all non-commissioned staff officers and headquarters' attaches.

That the selection of teams in regimental and State competitions be limited to enlisted men.

That the commanding officers give to the work of this department their hearty support and encouragement.

That the appropriation for this department be not less than $15,000.—Boston Globe.

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Shoemakers for the People.

As an inducement to parents, we agree to furnish Youth's and Misses' Footwear

AT COST.

Just enough added to the manufacturing price to pay freight, but nothing above that—not a cent to live on.

WHY WILL WE DO THIS?

Because the young misses and youths will grow up to be ladies and gentlemen, and remember who shod them at cost.

Call for our Misses' Spring Heels at $1.25.

Call for our Boys' Calf Shoes at $1.25.

Measures taken. Repairing done.

DABNEY & SAUNDERS,

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"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

The Encyclopædic Dictionary.

An Americanized, revised, corrected and enlarged edition of the original English work, published by Cassell & Co., of London, which required seventeen years of labor and cost nearly three-quarters of a million dollars to produce. It is authentic and reliable. It contains every word in the English language, current and obsolete, from the tenth century to the present day. Five thousand three hundred and forty-six pages, nearly three thousand illustrations, and over two hundred and fifty thousand words. Published in four large quarto volumes, size 9x11 1-2 inches.

The English edition sold at from $40 to $70 per set. The Americanized edition retails at $16 per set, and our price is only $6 per set.

N. B.—Bear in mind that this is the authentic American edition of Cassell's English Dictionary, and the sets are new.

"Tempus Fugit."

Only sixteen days and Christmas will be here. Buy your presents now while the assortment is unbroken. We have goods to suit almost every one—the variety is great and the prices are low.

VISIT OUR HOLIDAY DEPARTMENT.

"Domestic Bliss."

It is a great pleasure to be able to buy Domestic Goods from us at our low prices.

Unbleached Cotton, 3, 4, 5, 6 1-4, 7, 8 1-3c.

Bleached Cotton, 4 1-2, 5, 6 1-4, 7, 8, 10, 12 1-2c.

Unbleached Jeans, 5, 6 1-4, 8 1-3, 10, 12 1-2c.

Bleached Jeans, 8 1-3, 10, 12 1-2, 16 2-3c.

Bleached Sheeting, single bed sheeting, 1 1-2 yards wide, at 12 1-2c.

Double Bed Bleached Sheeting, 18, 20, 22 and 25c.

10-4 Unbleached Sheeting, 15, 20, 22, 25c.

Hemmed Pillow Cases, 6 1-4, 10, 12 1-2, 17c.

Hemmed Sheets, 45, 50, 60c.

The best 10-4 Bleached Sheeting (Utica), 25c. per yard.

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We have Baskets, Dolls, Toys, Games, Blocks, Air Rifles, etc., etc., etc.

SEE OUR TOY DEPARTMENT!
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SEE OUR CUPS AND SAUCERS!
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SEE OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CAPS!

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Dressmakers are great autocrats in their way, and insist upon their patrons getting the right kind of Dress Linings. We sell the right kind at the right prices.

Colored Jeans, for Dress Body Lining, at 5, 8 1-3, 10c.

Double-Face Silesia, the most popular body lining on the market, at 10c. per yard. By the way, no other house here sells this Lining as low as this.

Better Two-Tone Silesias at 12 1-2, 16 2-3 and 25c.

The best quality of Dressmakers' Cambric at 5c. per yard.

Canvas, for Dress Facing, at 10, 12 1-2 and 20c.

Canvas, for Collar Stiffening, at 20, 25 and 30c.

Lining Muslins at 5, 10 and 12 1-2c.

Wigans, 10c.

Rice Cambric, for Sleeve Lining, 8 1-3c.

Tailors' Wigans, 16 2-3c.

Tailor's Canvas at 20c., or 3 1-3 yards for 50c.; worth elsewhere 25c. per yard.

"SEE OUR LININGS!"

:@:

"A Flash in the Pan."

Last week we advertised the Krupp Gun, but the printers had it Knieff. Well, it is Krupp, and the most sensible Toy Cannon that you can give your child. No powder, no caps—only a little piece of newspaper, and you know how easy it is to get REPORTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

:@:

"Little Things at Small Prices."

Darning Needles, 10c. per dozen.
Best Needles, 5c. a paper.
Milliners' Needles, 8c. a paper.
Pins, 1c. a paper up to 15c. for the English.
80 Hair Pins for 5c.
4 rolls Tape for 5c.
600 yards (3 spools) of Sewing Cotton for 5c.
4 spools Cotton for 15c.
1 pound Writing Paper for 10c.
250 good White Envelopes for 25c.
Box Writing Paper at 5, 9, 10, 13, 15, 17, 20, 23, 25 and 39c.
1 dozen spools Embroidery Silk for 8c.
1 dozen Corset Laces for 25c.
3 spools Flax Thread for 25c.
2 balls Darning Cotton for 5c.
1 dozen Lead Pencils for 4c.
1 dozen Slate Pencils for 9c.
Slates at 3, 4, 5 up to 15c.
School Pads at 1, 4, 5 and 9c.
Furniture Gimps, 37 1-2c. for 12 yards.
Feather-Stitched Braid, 5c. apiece.

"The Tale of the Handkerchief."

It is said upon one occasion, many years ago, a lassie and laddie were together at a church festival. The lassie, not making herself as agreeable as she ought to have done, the laddie grew weary and yawned a very wide, deep yawn. The lassie deftly filled up the gap (in conversation) by throwing her balled handkerchief into his mouth.

Our Handkerchiefs fill no such want as that, yet their cheapness is in the mouth of every one who sees them.

Handkerchiefs for Ladies, Gents and Children at 3 for 10c. or 39c. per dozen.

Better Handkerchiefs at 5c.—in white, mourning and colored borders.

The Handkerchiefs at 6 1-4, 7, 8 1-3c. up to $1.50 each.

A splendid value in Ladies' and Children's All-White Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 12 1-2c.; easily worth 20c.

Real Linen Handkerchiefs, Hemstitched, for ladies and children, at 12 1-2, 16 2-3 and 25c.

Lovely Embroidered Handkerchiefs

at 5, 7, 10, 12 1-2, 16 2-3, 20, 37 1-2c. up to $1.50 *each*.

Head Handkerchiefs, for Servants, at 10c.

Turkey-Red Handkerchiefs at 5 and 10c.

Gent's White Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c.—the best value which has ever *been shown in these goods*.

Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs at 10, 12 1-2, 16 2-3, 25, 37 1-2 and 50c.

WE ARE CONFIDENT THAT OUR HANDKERCHIEF STOCK IS IN FIRST-CLASS TRIM.

:@:

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

We have everything for Men's Wear except Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, and Boots and Shoes.

Gent's White Unlaundered Shirts, 29, 50, 75c. and $1.

Gent's White Merino Shirts, 25, 37 1-2, 50, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Men's Gray Merino Shirts, 50c., $1, $1.25.

Gent's Canton Flannel Drawers, 25, 50 and 75c.

Gent's Handkerchiefs, 4c., or 3 for 10c., 5, 8 1-3, 10, 12 1-2, 16 2-3, 25, 37 1-2 and 50c.

Gent's Unlaundered Shirts, 29, 50, 75c. and $1.

Gent's Suspenders, 10, 15, 25, 37 1-2, 50c.

Gent's Socks, 5, 10, 12 1-2, 16 2-3, 19, 25, 37 1-2 and 50c.

Gent's Cuffs, 16 2-3 and 25c.

Gent's Collars, 10, 12 1-2 and 25c.

Gent's Scarfs, 25 and 50c.

ROSE'S, ROSE'S, ROSE'S,

105 E. Broad. 105 E. Broad. 105 E. Broad.

DINNER SET, $12.

15 115-piece English Porcelain Decorated Dinner Set—this set is advertised by other dealers at $18—our price for this week, as long as they last, $12.

TEA SET, $2.50.

10 English Porcelain Decorated Tea Sets, 44 pieces—been selling at $4—will go Monday at $2.50.

CHAMBER SET, $3.50.

30 Decorated Chamber Sets, underglaze decorations—been selling at $5—will go Monday at $3.50.

PLATES, 3½c. EACH.

200 Seine Granite Dinner Plates—been selling at $2 dozen—will go Monday (only) at 3½c. each.

CUPS AND SAUCERS, 5c. PAIR.

300 Cups and Saucers—been selling at $1 dozen—will go Monday (only) at 5c. pair.

GLASSWARE.

WATER TUMBLERS, 3c. EACH.

500 Thin-Blown Tumblers, engraved—the kind that sells at $1 dozen—our price for Monday (only) 3c. each.

INDIVIDUAL SALTS, 1c. EACH.

1,000 Salts or Celery Dips—sell elsewhere 30c. dozen—our price 1c. each.

JELLY GLASSES, 5c.

1,500 Jelly Glasses—sells elsewhere at $1 dozen—our price for Monday 5c. each.

CELERY GLASSES, 10c.

200 Celery Stands—sells elsewhere at 25c.—our price on Monday 10c.

GLASS PITCHERS, 14c.

150 Half Gallon Crystal Pitchers—kind that sells at 25c.—our price for Monday 14c. each.

TINWARE.

DISH PANS, 15c. EACH.

We have succeeded in securing 200 more of those large 17-quart Block Tin Dish pans—worth 30c.—they will go this week, or as long as they last, at 15c. each.

SAUCE PAN, 5c.

100 2½-quart Block Tin Sauce Pan—sells elsewhere 10c.—our price Monday, 5c. each.

COAL VASE, $1.38.

18 Decorated Coal Vases—been selling at $2—will go this week at $1.38.

LAMPS.

BANQUET LAMP, $1.

12 Brass Banquet Lamps, centre draft burner—sells elsewhere at $2—our price Monday $1.

TABLE LAMP, 89c.

25 Table Lamps, decorated shade and fount—sells elsewhere at $1.25—our price for Monday 89c. each.

TOYS.

18 Boys' and Girls' Oak Desks, strong and useful	79c.
25 Express Wagons, 18 inches long	30c.
12 Wheel-Barrows	38c.
150 Clapp Toys—sells elsewhere at 25c.—our price	5c.
100 Dolls, 23 inches long	15c.
25 Drums—sells elsewhere 40c.—our price	23c.
18 Soldier Sets—bought to sell at 60c.	25c.
1,000 Candle Holders, for Xmas trees, per dozen	5c.
Xmas Tree Ornaments, per dozen	20c.
Hobby Horse	$1.89
150 Tin Fire Engines—sells elsewhere 25c.	10c.
25 boxes Nine Pins	9c.
15 Tool Chests	9c.

AGATE WARE.

TEA AND COFFEE POTS—

1½	2	3	4 quarts.
26c.	35c.	44c.	50c.

COFFEE BOILERS—

7½ quarts.	8½ quarts.
96c.	$1.25

SAUCE PANS, WITH COVERS—

5 quarts.	7 quarts.
45c.	53c.

PUDDING PANS—

1½	2	4 quarts.
15c.	18c.	25c.

FRYING PANS—

10 in.	12 in.	14 in.
26c.	37c.	45c.

SPOONS, 14 inches long	10c.
CUPS, one pint	8c.

TEA KETTLES—

4 quarts.	7 quarts.
69c.	99c.

PIE PLATES, 8 inches.................. 5c.

GAS HEATER, $2.40.

YOU'LL WANT ONE

of our Oak Suits when you see them. Just think, I can furnish you with them, consisting of 10 pieces, from $24 up to $200. It is getting to be cold now and perhaps you want a Stove, or a Carpet, also; well, I can furnish you with them, too. In short, I can furnish you with everything necessary to furnish a home, and will sell them to you either for Cash, or Installments. Special Inducements offered for the next two weeks to make room for other stock, which is arriving every day.

WILLIAM DAFFRON,

1420, 1434, 1436 and 1438 E. Main Street; Factory N. 15th Street.

Welcome Xmas Gifts.

PERSIAN RUGS, JAPANESE RUGS, CARPET SWEEPERS, LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERES.

..... SPECIAL PRICES. .....

Carpets, Linoleums, Wall Papers.

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NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE HAD SO MANY NOVELTIES IN

CHAMBER, DINING-ROOM AND PARLOR FURNITURE.

Nearly one-half our stock being exclusive designs not found elsewhere. In our

Upholstery Department

you will find the finest line of

BROCATELLES, SILK DAMASKS TAPESTRIES, ETC.,

in the city. Your old Parlor Suite made good as new at

Habliston & Bro's,

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R. H. BOSHER'S SONS,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

Call and see our large stock of VICTORIAS, PHAETONS, BUGGIES and CARTS. The Best and Cheapest in the city, considering the quality of the work.

Repairing and Repainting done in the best manner.

15 S. NINTH ST., RICHMOND, VA.

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Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

SAFE, always reliable. LADIES, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, [illegible]

Sold by all Local Druggists.　　Philada., Pa.