A FLOOD OF BARGAINS

TO BE ON SALE THIS WEEK.

Regular competition paralyzers that will be talked about from one end of the city to the other. CROWDS OF BUYERS. No wonder—the great crush of buyers tells of public confidence in our announcements. LOOK AROUND before you come here. The more you look the better you will be pleased when you reach us.

Men's Suits,

in selected colors, all wool and made up well, cut in square and round cut and double-breasted sacks. We sold them for $5. Our price **$3.87**

Men's Suits, in assorted colors of cassimeres, cheviots, and worsteds, lined with good Italian linings, made with French facings and satin piping. They are strictly all-wool and a good value. The price was $8.50, the price now **$6.25**

Men's Suits, in nice, neat patterns of pure all-wool Worsteds, made and trimmed well and cut in round and square cut and double-breasted sacks, the actual value of these suits was $10. We have reduced them to.... **$7.25**

A Special.

A fine line of Percale Shirts, in all the latest colors, some with White bodies and fancy bosoms and some colored all over, at the same price..... **48c.**

Men's Overcoats.

A flyer for this week: A Light Color Top Coat, strictly all-wool, made and trimmed well, at the low price of..... **$5.98**

MEN'S OVERCOATS.—Black and Blue Overcoats, strictly pure pure wool kerseys, lined with good worsted lining and satin facing, have a good, large velvet collar, and which is warranted for one year, and cut in the latest style, for the low price of..... **$6.98**

Men's Pants,

strictly all-wool cassimeres and cheviots, assorted colors, all sizes, worth $1.50, reduced to..... **98c.**

Children's Suits.

All-Wool Children's Suits, sizes from 6 to 15, in assorted colors of cassimeres, made and trimmed well, worth $1.50, now at..... **98c.**

Underwear, assorted colors, in fleece-lined and Derby Ribbed, actual value 75c., now at..... **48c.**

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

K. FISHER & SON, Proprietors,

Corner Fourteenth and Main streets.

THE NORTHERN NECK.

Farming Operations—The Oyster Interest—Miscellaneous Notes.

COAKORN, KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., October 29.—(Special.)—The fall, now drawing to a close, will long be remembered by farmers and country people generally, as the most remarkable one in many respects—a season unusually favorable to easily all kinds of out-door work and preparations for winter. It will be remembered as one of the very few years when the months of September and October have come and gone without one or more hard storms, or a long rainy "spell," that damage crops and delay all manner of work for days and days together. Throughout the past two months there has not been more than one or two days at a time when out-door work had to be suspended on account of bad weather, and consequently, farming operations and other work are well advanced. In addition to the seeding of wheat and oats, a good deal of corn has already been stocked and housed on the large plantations in the Rappahannock Valley, and the entire crop on some of the forest farms is in the granaries.

A mink, weasel, or some other poultry-loving varmint, killed forty-one head of fowls, belonging to a colored woman of this county, several nights ago. The forty-one turkeys, hens, and chickens lay in the fowl-house the next morning with throats cut, all being the work of a single raid by the varmint.

Arrangements are being made for an oyster supper at King George Courthouse next Tuesday night, for the benefit of Potomac church and Sunday school. Oyster suppers and oyster roasts will be the order of the day throughout the Northern Neck from now until Christmas, and the enjoyment afforded by them can be better imagined than described.

A number of oystermen were arrested on Machodoc creek, this county, a few days ago on a charge of catching oysters under the size prescribed by law. They were tried before a justice of the peace and fined.

A 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grymes, of this county, died several days ago with malarial fever, and five other children of the same parents are now ill. Malarial fever of so malignant a form is very uncommon here, and its appearance at the Grmyes home is a subject of general comment in the county.

The warm friends and ardent admirers here of Mr. McDonald Lee, of Lancaster, whose name was before the recent senatorial convention at Warsaw, will give Hon. C. Harding Walker, the nominee, a hearty support, intimations to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Lee is a general favorite with our people, and his nomination to succeed Judge Mason in the State Senate would have been pleasing and gratifying to them, but all of them, to a man, regard Mr. Walker as a pure and able gentleman, a representative and safe man, and have had no other thought than that of working and voting for him.

Mr. H. B. Trott, of Colonial Beach, has been granted a pension of $8 per month.

Miss Sallie Lee, of Washington, is visiting her mother, in this neighborhood.

Mr. Horace A. Minor has returned to his home, at this place, from a two weeks' visit to friends and kinsfolk in the District of Columbia.

Mr. C. W. Rogers, Jr., of this county, is spending some days with friends in Washington.

Messrs. J. M. Henderson & Son have moved their mercantile business from Carnation, this county, to Chilton's, in Westmoreland county.

Mrs. Wray, wife of the pastor of the Methodist churches in King George, has returned home from a pleasant stay of a week or so in the national capital city.

A report from Westmoreland says that diphtheria is epidemic among the children in a neighborhood of that county, and that Dr. R. H. Stuart, of "Stratford," is making strenuous efforts to prevent a spread of the disease.

Mr. W. W. Laird, of Albemarle, is spending some time in this county.

Mr. Jack Fines, of this neighborhood, raised this season some of the largest sweet potatoes ever grown in this county, some of them weighing eight pounds each.

It is reported here that Mr. C. Conway Baker, of Montross, a lawyer and the chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Westmoreland county, is planning to leave Virginia for some large city in the State of Texas for permanent residence.

A good many men are tramping through the counties of the Neck just now, en route from Chesapeake bay sections to points near Fredericksburg, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad. They have been engaged in oystering, and are now trying to return to their homes, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, etc.

The scarcity of oysters this season is a perplexing question to many of our citizens, who some time ago invested their means in oystering outfits. So far from being lucrative, the business here does not now pay actual expenses, and many are, therefore, forced to abandon it, doing so at a loss, as they cannot get first costs for their boats and other paraphernalia.

The condition of the Misses Greenlaw and Miss Stiff, of Oak Grove, Westmoreland county, who have been ill with fever, is very much improved.

The fisheries, sail-vessels, and all ordinary craft on the Potomac had a rough experience Thursday during the northwest blow. A heavy sea rolled all day; the wild waves broke over the tops of some of the wharves, and made navigation difficult and unpleasant, but no damage has been reported.

Congressman Rixey's "independent" opponent is not cutting much of a figure with the Republicans in this part of the Eighth District as yet, and reports from other counties in the district indicate that he will have a lonely time of it all the way through. The King George Republicans are mighty clannish folks, and they generally stand by men of the "faith and order," but there are those of them who are satisfied with Mr. Rixey as an honest, representative man, and as they have no party nominee in the field this time, they seem disposed to "do as they please," even if some of them "please" to support Mr. Rixey.

Miss Mary Washington Lewis, of "Marmion," this county, is visiting kinsfolk at Rose Dale, D. C.

The county merchants are laying in large stocks of fall and winter merchandise.

NOVEL HALLOWEEN SPORTS.

Those That Amuse Virginians, According to Baltimore Authority.

(Baltimore American.)

Halloween will soon be here. A week from next Monday is the day. How to spend the evening is the question. And it is answered in a thousand ways. It ought to be according to tradition.

This is the way a Virginia lady, now living in Baltimore, says it ought to be done, and in Virginia the night is observed more closely than elsewhere, probably:

"The best place for such a merry-making is in an old-fashioned attic, which extends the entire length of the house. The room should be lighted by candles, some burning in Jack-o'-lanterns, having as grotesque and ghostly faces as it is possible to make, and others under bright shades. Let the decorations consist of autumn leaves and festoons of nuts; and it is really more enjoyable not to have the refreshments served in the usual way; but, instead, to have the fruit, nuts, candies, and cider arranged in fancy dishes everywhere about the room, so that every one can help himself at any time he wishes. Remember that, for this evening, formality is to be laid aside, and that the more nonsense the more fun. When apples are eaten, save the seeds, so that you can try the 'apple-seed trick' of sticking an apple seed on each eyelid and naming each seed. The person whose name is given to the seed that sticks the longest will stick to you through life. Put three candles at an open window, each candle named for a sweetheart, and then watch and see which will puff out first, and show fickleness, and which will flicker and flicker in the breeze, and yet burn brightly the next moment, showing the one who will ever remain faithful.

"Instead of the Halloween custom of suspending an apple by a string, hang a number of popcorn balls, as many as there are guests, and at a given signal let each try to eat his corn without once touching his hand to it. No one can imagine how hard it is until he has made the attempt, and no one can do it with a sober face. As the guests bid the hostess adieu, let her present them with five bay leaves, with the request that before retiring they pin them on their pillow, one on each corner and one in the middle giving some name of the opposite sex to every leaf. The one of whom the sleeper dreams is the destined wife or husband."

UNHAPPY SUNDAYS.

HOW THE IDLER IS FORCED TO SPEND HIS SUNDAYS.

THE CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

They Bear Up Bravely at First, But Get Wriggly Towards the Last—A Stub Pen and a Woman—Mothers-in-Law and Other "In-Laws."

Although Sunday is ordained to be a day of rest, devoted to continual ruminations and a display of our best clothing, the Commander-in-Chief generally manages to arrange for every Sabbath a programme which makes my very bones ache and deprives the occasion of any pleasure whatsoever. Naturally, it is the one day in the week when one would hope to get a good, long, uninterrupted snooze, with an absolute disregard for business and your boss, who bulldozes you six days out of seven. No matter how pious, or impious, you may be, you spend the whole week thinking how you are going to paralyze sleep on the succeeding Sunday, but when the happy time comes something always boos up and disarranges all your plans.

In our household the Commander-in-Chief is the great marplot. This is the one day out of the long, weary seven when she decides to get up at the crack of day, and, being a sociable individual, she, also, decides to have everybody else up at the same time. You needn't try to resist her, or to sleep through her objurgations, for her threats are sufficient to arouse a dead man, much less a poor, drowsy mortal, who feels that he would sell his soul for just 10 minutes' more of the slumber which permeates his whole system.

A favorite trick of the good woman is to swear that it is two hours later than the clock really says. "Way yonder 'bout daybreak, while you are dreaming that you have kicked your boss down the office stairs and ordered him out of his own office, you hear, amidst the thunder of his scattering remains, a shrill voice, yelling: "Get up, get up; it's going on towards 10 o'clock. I certainly do think it's mean to do this way when it upsets the cook so."

In drowsy tones you express your entire willingness to rise instanter, and forthwith you try to get in three more delicious minutes on the worthy busybody. As you doze off again you hear her bustling and buzzing around like a great house-fly, and you know, sleepy as you are, that she's going to light on you again in a second. Your case is hopeless, and experience ought to tell you so, but you resolve to battle for more rest, even if she tears you to pieces.

* * *

Her next tactics, after she has made more fuss than she ever made before in her life, are to yell out and ask you if you want her to fetch your winter flannels from the camphor-chest. And when you say yes, just to get in another minute, she forthwith attacks you in a long argument, urging the wisdom of doing without your flannels for another week. You sleep through this, and resume your dream to that point where you stamp your boss and kick the sawdust out of his lifeless trunk, when you again hear the thunders of her voice.

"It certainly is mean in you to do this way," she screams; "you're spoiling my whole day, and the cook won't get off till late at night. Now get up," and here the voice gets coaxingly persuasive. You readily agree to dress immediately, and just when the early riser begins to arrange her bangs, and put a little whitening on her face, you drowse off again.

For a moment she loses sight of you in her absorbing pursuit, but, her frizzes having been properly adjusted, she renews the assault, and storms tremendously when she perceives that you have again deceived her.

This time she adopts different tactics. "All right," she snorts, "stay right in bed; spoil everybody else's day; let the household go to pieces. I'm glad of one thing, though. You'll get a cold breakfast, and your waffles and fresh fish will be like ice. I certainly ain't going to bother about you."

This is the master-stroke. The word waffles (exclusively a Sabbath luxury) touches you in a spot which is invulnerable to all other considerations. You arise, make the desperate plunge, feel the cold air strike you, sigh, and long for death, which is soothingly called "eternal sleep."

A few minutes later you look at the clock. It is seven minutes to 8. The Commander-in-Chief has deceived you. She said "it was going on to 10," but it will take it over two hours to get there. Thus the day of rest begins.

* * *

It is not to be supposed that the jurisdiction of the Commander-in-Chief is confined exclusively to me. There are the children—the interesting string of stepping stones, who, like their father, would fain sleep late on the Sabbath. But it must not be so. The good woman rightly decides that they cannot begin going to church too young, and so the whole kit and kaboodle of them have their faces polished and their hands scrubbed, and their little shoes shined and their uncomfortably starchy clothing put on. The youngsters—that is to say, the most new-mown of the gang—are not familiar with mundane religious services, having but recently come from Heaven themselves, and so the Commander-in-Chief explains to these innocents what they are to expect.

"The great, big man gets up on a something like a box," she says, "and tells people to be good and to love each other and not throw stones and kill cats, and then the folks sing and pray, and everybody keeps quiet and behaves themselves and tries to be good."

Baker's Dozen, who is too young to have a discriminating mind and who always makes an issue on irrelevant matters, inquires why it is the "great, big man" doesn't wish people to kill cats and throw stones and if the request as to their keeping quiet is intended to cover the whole period of their existence.

Having explained these matters, the head of our column starts us all off, me first and then the string of juveniles, and we show up at the house of worship with a serene front and a calm, placid air, which tells nothing of our domestic sacrifices.

* * *

At first the children are intensely interested, and so am I for that matter, but as time wears on and the services settle down from the preliminaries to a good, old-time, "fiftiethly" sermon, things begin to get nutty. In other words the fledglings no longer venerate the "great big man," but regard him as rather tiresome, and seek to amuse themselves in some legitimate way—legitimacy implying some means which will escape the observation of the Commander-in-Chief, who has eyes like a fly and can almost see out of the back of her head. Marmaduke has long since caught the eye of another small boy across the aisle, and has winked at him and then showed him a gravel-shooter. But the urchin across the way is also handicapped by a female ogre, and soon ceases to be an object of amusement. Then Grover Cleveland gets very much amused at the bald head of the old gentleman in front of him, and in some way finds a straw with which he essays to tickle the shining patch of hairless flesh. Being detected in this, he shoots at Marmaduke's ear with an India-rubber band, and this causes further squirmings and no little agitation all down the line.

Baker's Dozen is making a golden record for himself. He is still deeply interested in his surroundings, which are thoroughly novel to him, and keeps as quiet as a marble infant on a tombstone. Our bosoms swell with pride when we note his splendid behavior, but all of a sudden, when the congregation are waiting in breathless suspense to hear the preacher say "lastly," the youngster's still, small voice, without a moment's warning, says: "Pappy, what make that ole man talk so much."

We hear a convulsion of mirth surging through all our section of the church, but are afraid to pounce on the youngster, for fear that any attempt at correction will precipitate matters. We try strategy. I silently hand him my pocket-book as the best available instrument of amusement, but he refuses to be comforted. "I want to go home," he says, and his infantile voice rings out over the whole church, and all the courting couples titter and the little girls and boys giggle. It is then that the ominous "Hush, hush," of the Commander-in-Chief floats out on the air, but it is useless. Baker's Dozen wants to go home, and having made up his mind to this effect, all the king's horses couldn't stop him. And so, solemnly and peacefully, we gather up the whole string of them, in Indian file, and get them out of church, while the preacher pretends he doesn't see what's going on.

When we get the covey of fledglings back home and punishment has been meted out according to the judicial discretion of the Lord High Executioner, she decides that there are three or four sick old ladies who ought to be visited before dinner, and I am delegated to accompany her on this errand, after which we return to find that it is the cook's evening off, and that we must stay at home to guard and protect our progeny. But I cannot tell the rest of the programme. It makes my bones ache.

* * *

A woman may be smart and quick as greased lightning, and may possess all the masculine qualities—that is to say, good horse sense, practical ways, brevity of speech, and absolute independence—but she never gets so cultured or highly civilized that she will abandon the use of a stub pen. This chirographical instrument is the joy of her soul, and nothing could make her forsake it, though ofttimes she receives hints from gentlemen friends that her manuscript is hideous, and that a fine pointed pen would materially alter things for the better. Indeed, the writing of women gets worse and worse every day. A decade or so ago some enemy of mankind introduced a fashion which required the unfair sex to adopt a large, angular handwriting, and since that day the trouble has been steadily increasing. To-day, the girl who wishes to be in good form writes a hand which would dwarf the lettering on circus bills and put the Egyptian hieroglyphics to the blush. On twenty pages of letter paper she conveys—or rather pretends to convey—information which would be extravagant waste for a postal card. The communication bristles like a porcupine with angles, and the l's, t's, h's, t's, i's, m's, and n's, all fashioned alike and without discrimination, loom up before you in a veritable forest of ink and illegibility. To make things more obscure—if aught be needed for that purpose—the scorner of penmanship forgets to number her pages, and so, when you get a letter from her, you feel that one of the greatest afflictions of life has befallen you. Our grandmothers would have stood on their powdered heads if they could have seen this horrible writing. In their day folk liked to see good penmanship, and were not ashamed when they wrote legibly. All the letters were carefully and daintily formed, and neatness and intelligibility were important considerations. But our grandmothers—peace to their ashes—are now dead and gone, and there's nothing to save us. Oh! that they would establish a Chair of Penmanship in our female colleges.

* * *

A northern newspaper recently printed interviews which purported to come from certain women to whom everybody objects—that is to say, female book agents, mothers-in-law, matrons who take summer boarders, and last, but not least, the lucky ones who capture seats in the street-cars. Each of the quartet, which is representative of a large and energetic class, protest against the abuse and jibes to which they have been subjected, and beg the humorists to give them a rest. The mother-in-law is, perhaps, of all the four, the most vituperative, and her protest against the indignities which are heaped upon her is vigorous and striking. She declares that since the earliest days of antiquity she has been the never-ceasing butt for joke-makers, and suggests that if Adam had had such a kinswoman there would have been jokes cracked about her in the Garden of Eden. In reality, she says there is nothing funny in being a mother-in-law.

We, ourselves, think this noble institution has had her share of abuse and that, be she good or bad, she is not a subject for jesting. Indeed, we never could see anything funny about our mother-in-law, nor could we understand how other people could find the subject one for frivolity. To our mind, mothers-in-law are very serious things.

The one whose remarks have attracted our attention says that her son-in-law, though not himself a very disagreeable person, gives her unlimited trouble, and that as a class, she decidedly objects to him. He bores her to death at times, and will persist in reading mother-in-law jokes at the dinner table and in giggling at the humor directed against these worthy women.

To lay jesting aside, we think all the "in laws" are at fault—that is, all except the fathers-in-law, who are generally good humored old codgers, and fond of the babies and inclined to help the young folk along. The mother-in-law, no matter how sweet and amiable she may be, thinks that no man is quite good enough for her daughter, and if, on the other hand, she is about to dispose of a son, she is certain that no woman is able to take care of the youngster and give him the attention which he has hitherto enjoyed. And so, from the time the marriage license goes into the hands of the preacher, she is a critical observer and ever "looking for trouble." The sons-in-law and daughters-in-law squirm under this inspection and are necessarily uneasy and suspicious, and by and by when the old lady makes her appearance—as she always does in fiction—they feel that a blight has fallen upon them. They, too, become critical and exacting and consirue every evidence of interest on her part as meddlesomeness and pugnacity. And so petty wars spring up and houses become divided against themselves and the neighbors gossip and there is the very mischief to pay. The fault is on both sides, but be she shrewish, meddlesome, or cantankerous, the motives of the mother-in-law are never selfish. Maybe she would like to have things done her way—a weakness of many of the fussy sex—but for all that, she has the interests of her children at heart and would make unlimited sacrifices for them.

We will not dwell here on the female book agent. She has her living to make and should be given all the time she asks when she calls—that is, when she calls on other people. And the matron who takes summer boarders can now take a rest and need not be discussed, though we shall ever hope that the girl who gets the only seat in the street-car will some day learn to say "Thank you" to the individual who makes this sacrifice for her.

An Old-Fashioned Manual of Politeness.

(Hartford Courarnt.)

"How to behave" has always been an important question, and the little matters of bearing which fix a man's social status in this world have been the subject of almost as many treatises as the more important regulations of conduct which fix his status with those who judge a man by his character. The Scotchman's advice to his son about to leave home for the great world was, "Sandy, main year boos and haud a grip o' the bawbee," but even he put the injunction, "mind your bows" (be polite) before the great life-injunction, "Hold tight to the half-penny." The institution of chivalry was a social school which laid great stress on manners. The knight was instructed to "mind his bows," and graduate them carefully in accordance with the social quality of the person to whom he was bowing. He was enjoined to rescue enchanted damsels in a courteous and stately fashion. A code of rules was laid down to regulate courtship, some of which must have necessitated considerable self-denial, as, for instance, the regulation that a perfect knight must not make love to a new girl till he had mourned a certain time for the last who had rejected him. In the eighteenth century manners were much more important than they are at present. The great lawgivers were the French, and their manuals were called "civilities." Extracts from one of them given in a late number of Literature show that table manners were an especial object of interest, then as now. At the same time they illustrate the great advance in dinner-table furniture and implements since 1782. Plates and spoons and knives were in use, but forks, though invented, were so rare that even the great royal dandy, Louis Fourteenth, used his fingers in eating hash.

The writer of this old "manual of politeness," which contained the laws of good breeding but little more than a century ago in the politest nation in Europe, declares that the host should not chastise his servants at table, and reminds the guest that if he swallows his wine too rapidly, he may choke himself, "which is impolite and inconvenient."

The rule to go to dinner with clean hands was already in vogue, but apparently every one kept his hat on at dinner, for you are told to remove it when a person of quality drinks your health. Apparently, too, there was but one towel, for the manual states that "a dry corner should be left for the person who is to use it next." The napkin must be "unfolded in a leisurely way," and not as and spoon on it after every course, but not to "use it as a handkerchief nor rub your face nor scour your plate with it." This shows that knives and spoons were scarce, and one of each must serve for the entire meal.

The guest is warned when the meat comes on "not to gaze at it too earnestly, not to thrust out his plate with eagerness," and "on no account to smack his lips." If he takes anything too hot in his mouth he is to "remove it quickly and pass it behind him to the waiter. Politeness requires that this be done politely, but you are not expected to commit suicide." In drinking wine it is considered good form to empty the glass at a draught and to leave no heel-taps. This rule is probably a legacy from a still earlier time, when there was but one glass for the table. If a lady drank it was customary for attendants to stand on each side of her and hold a napkin under her chin, which must have been an impressive sight. It was at that time, as now, a mark of ill-breeding to "blow out the cheeks in drinking, to gurgle loudly, or to set the beaker down with a short of satisfaction."

The following rules are marked by good sense, and are as valid now as they were in 1782:

"Avoid putting a second morsel into the mouth before the first is swallowed. It is improper to make two mouthfuls of one spoonful. Persons of good breeding never swallow without masticating. If the plate before you is not quite clean, do not scrape it with your fingers; ask for another. It is impossible to admire the guest who regards his neighbors with a sidelong glance to see if their plates are better filled than his. Do not try to eat soup with a fork. The plate should not be scraped with the spoon or fork, as if the guest expected never to dine again. Make as little noise as possible in swallowing. Do not pile up your plate till it will hold no more. Do not on any account clutch your plate with your left hand, as if you feared that some one would snatch it from you. Meat should not be dipped in the salt-cellar or the mustard-pot; take a little salt and mustard on your plate. No one of good breeding beats a bone on the table, or shakes it, to extract the marrow; it is better to leave the marrow alone."

Judging from the above, and some of the "manuals of manners" of the present day, we should say that the author of the old "civility" was still living and getting out new editions of his book. It must be one of his descendants who writes the answers to correspondents on questions of etiquette in the "ladies' journals." Fashions change, but men remain subject to the new ones as they were to the old.

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To-Morrow we will place on sale over *400 Garments*—purchased under special advantages—which will show our leadership in low prices. Suits and Silk Waists made to measure.

Tailor-Made Suits.—Ladies' All-Wool Serge Suits, jacket satin serge lined, cutaway front, very stylish sleeve, entirely new, well worth $17.50, for...$13.50.

Among our many choice styles we have the very latest shades of Serges and Covert Cloths, eleven different patterns to select from, made to order either in double- or single-breasted, tight-fitting or the new cutaway box front, and will positively guarantee you a perfect fit at the low price, well worth $20, of .. ..$15.00.

Ladies' Plain Black Twill Cloth Suits, jacket half satin lined, box front, six-gored skirt, percaline lined, for....$8.00.

Navy Blue and Black All-Wool Cheviot Suits, tight-fitting jacket, satin serge lined, fancy stitched seams, worth $12.00, for .....$10.50.

A full line of Covert Cloths, made in the new style cutaway, box-front jacket, satin lined, fancy stitched seams, worth $15.00, for .....$12.00.

Fur Collarettes.—Fine Black Electric Seal, brocade satin lined, edged with chinchilla, high collar, worth $8, for.....$6.48.

Handsome Quality Electric Seal, edged with chinchilla, plain satin lined, worth $6.75, for .....$4.48.

Handsome Quality Marten Fur High Collar, full sweep, lined with good quality plain satin cerise, worth $18.00, for ....$13.50.

Extra Good Quality Astrachan Fur Collarette, lined with colored Ottoman, worth $6.00, for .....$4.25.

Fine Electric Seal Collarette, good heavy quality satin lined, with Astrachan yoke, worth $12.00, for .....$8.98.

Extra Choice Quality Stone Marten Collarette, stole front and tails, brocade satin lined, very stylish, worth $16.00, for ....$12.48.

Fur Collars.—Large Stone Marten Collars, with eight tails, worth $6, for...$4.98.

Fine Marten Collar, with heads and eight tails, very choice, worth $10.00, for ....$6.98.

One lot of Beaver Collars, with heads and six tails, worth $5.00, for.....$3.98.

Beautiful line of Mink Scarfs, with head and tails, for ....98c.

Another lot of Kimmer Scarfs, full length, with head and tail, for....$1.48.

Thibet Fur Boas, 54 inches long, extra good quality, for .....$1.98.

Extra fine quality Thibet Fur Boas, full 54 inches long, worth fully $5.75, for ....$3.98.

Capes.—Silk Plush Capes, full sweep, high storm collar, with Thibet fur trimming, worth $6, for..$4.48.

Ladies' Black Beaver Cloth Capes, plaited back, high rolling collars, black satin bands, trimming around collar and skirt, worth $7.00, for .....$5.98.

Rich Seal Plush Capes, handsomely braided, braid and jets forming Vandyke yoke, and points around skirt Thibet fur trimmed, worth $12.50, for $9.39.

Military Capes, perfect shade of Blue, with rich Red lining, high straight collar, velvet inlaid, with gilt braid edging, also gilt cord fastening, decidedly the most attractive cut in military style, worth $18.00, for .....$12.50.

Golf Capes in Rich Plaids, combined with Browns and Blues, also in Black and White combinations, at bottom prices, $10.00, $12.00, and .....$18.00.

Ladies' Coats.—Black Beaver Cloth Jackets, strapped seams, coat front, self face, latest style sleeve, worth $6, for.....$4.25.

Ladies' Black and Heavy Melton Cloth Jackets, cutaway front, fancy strapped seams, high collar, worth $7.39, for ....$5.00.

Fine Black Boucle Cloth Jackets, newest cut, corded seams, storm collar, half lined, worth $7.75, for....$5.98.

Tan Freize Cloth Jackets, satin lined throughout, corded front and back, cutaway coat front, worth $10.00, for $6.98.

Extra Fine Black Kersey, military front, fancy-stitched seams, high storm collar, half satin lined, worth $12.00, for ....$9.48.

Miller & Rhoads "The Always-Busy Store."

Main Floor—East Aisle.

To-Morrow—Big Values in Dress Goods and Silks.

WE ask you to compare this Dress Goods and Silk offer with any in the city, or in New York, or in Philadelphia, for correct style, high quality of materials for the price asked, and the uniformly low prices on everything right through the stock; your verdict will be that *Miller & Rhoads* can surpass any competition.

Our Silk Offerings Are Superb.

Our Colored Dress Stuffs, Correct.

Our Black Goods Lustrous, Unchangeable.

Black Dress Goods.—BLACK CREPONS, in new and handsome designs, 42 inches wide, per yard. $1.

VENETIAN CLOTH, in good, heavy weight, with very high lustre, 50 inches wide, per yard, at .....$1.00.

Broadcloths, Mohair Novelties, Florentine Cord, Henriettas, and Whipcords, the yard .....$1.00.

Black Cheviot, 46 inches wide, steamed, sponged, and shrunk, the yard 75c.

Imperial and Storm Serges, Broadcloths, Henriettas, Sicilians, Mohair Diagonals, Moscoveta, French Poplin, and the new Paquin Serge, the yard, 75c.

Black Granite Cloth, 50 inches wide, all wool and good heavy weight, the yard ....62 1-2c.

Armures, Crepons, Granite Suitings, Wool Jacquards, Cheviots, Imperial and Storm Serges, Henriettas, and Mohair Brilliantines, the yard.....50c.

Colored Dress Goods.—English Checks, the newest thing for handsome tailor-made suits, 52 inches wide, the yard..... $1.

Two-Toned Whipcords, Cheviot Diagonals, and the ever popular Broadcloths, the yard .....$1.00.

Wales Coverts, English Cheviots, Melton, and Kersey Cloths, French Poplins, and Broadcloths, the yard 85c.

English Tweeds, Changeable Coverts, Broadcloths, Serges, and Cheviots, the yard ....75c.

Habit Cloths, 52 inches wide, extra weight and finish, a regular 62 1-2c. value, the yard ....50c.

Heavy Cord Bengaline Plaids, silk and Wool Granite, and Serge Plaids, in beautiful combinations, the yard 75c.

New Silks.—BLACK SATIN BROCADES, in small figures and dots, for waists and handsome Bayadere Stripes for skirts, the yard.....59c.

Black Taffeta, 24 inches wide, pure dye, with rich lustre, a regular $1.25 value, the yard .....$1.00.

Black Peau de Soie, 21 inches wide and good heavy weight, the yard..$1.00.

Black Moire Velours, in handsome patterns, 21 inches wide, the yard..75c.

Fancy Novelty Silks, in beautiful designs of the newest colorings in satin bar stripes, Ombre plaids, polka-dots, and brocades, the yard .....$1.00.

CRYSTAL CORDS, PLAIN AND GLACE TAFFETAS, ILLUMINATED CHECKS AND BROCADES, the yard, 59c.

Timely Underwear Sale.

This is a good Underwear Store. If you don't know it "ten to one" your neighbor DOES. There are many reasons why you should buy here. We sell only perfect goods—no seconds that go into holes first washing—and the prices—RIGHT!

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Men's Camel-Hair Shirts and Drawers, this is a regular 37 1-2c. value, now, each ....25c.

Men's White Wool Mixed Shirts and Drawers, 50 per cent. wool, each....50c.

Men's Jersey-Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, in White, Blue, and dark Tan, each .....50c.

Men's Tan Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, this is a regular $1.00 value, now, each ....75c.

Men's All-Wool Camel's-Hair Shirts and Drawers; this is a regular $1.25 value, now ....$1.00.

Men's Scarlet Shirts, in Single- or double-breasted, with Drawers to match, extra value .....$1.00.

A BIG BARGAIN—Men's Gray and Tan Wool Fleeced Shirts and Drawers, all silk-tape finished, made for finest retail trade, and cheap at $1.00, here for ....75c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Fleece-Lined Jersey-Ribbed Union Suits, each .....50c.

Ladies' Heavy Jersey-Ribbed Fleece-Lined Combination Suits, silk-tape neck, pearl buttons, each .....$1.00.

Ladies' Ribbed Mixed Wool Combination Suits, in White and Gray, each $1.50.

Ladies' White Wool Jersey-Ribbed Combination Suits and Elegantly-Finished Garments, each .....$2.00.

Ladies' White and Black Worsted Combination Suits, each .....$2.50.

Children's Fleece-Lined Ribbed Union Suits, each ....25c.

Children's Extra-Heavy Fleeced Jersey-Ribbed Combination Suits, each, 50c.

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