ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

Elizabeth Visits America.

By Elinor Glyn. Duffield & Co., of New York. $1.50.

As the author of "Three Weeks," Mrs. Glyn has been largely disapproved of in America, where she visited shortly after the appearance of that reprehensible publication.

But that she is clever and most entertaining in her previous books every one will admit, and that it is a good thing for Americans to realize the impression made by them on so shrewd an observer as Mrs. Glyn is patent to the most casual reader. The new book in which her impressions of America and Americans are set down is in no sense a sequel to Mrs. Glyn's first pronounced success, "The Visits of Elizabeth," though some of the same persons appear in it, and it is told in the same form of letters written from a daughter to a mother. The earlier book applied to French and English things and people. This time it is the United States that comes in for the fun. In the years that have elapsed between the two books Elizabeth, the girl, has become Elizabeth, Marchioness of Valmond. The marquis, more familiarly known as "Harry," waxes furious over a flirtation between his wife and a French visconte, Gaston de la Tremors. There is a quarrel, and the husband rushes off to Africa to shoot big game. Elizabeth retaliates by coming over to America with two of her best friends. She sees social life and fun in New York, Philadelphia and at a country house week-end party on Long Island. Travel through the mining country of the West ends in exciting adventure that furnishes any required amount of sensation.

The pith of the story, of course, lies in what she has to say about this country, the people she meets and the impressions they make on her. The impressions begin the moment she lands in New York, for, recalling her progress from the steamer to her hotel, she says:

"Every creature in the street has got a purposeful, determined air, and even the horses have it too. I wonder if we shall catch it before we leave."

After Mrs. Glyn has been in New York a week, she writes: "Nearly every one tells you here their great-grandfather came over in the Mayflower. I wonder if in Virginia they would inform us theirs were the original Cavaliers. I don't expect so, because Cavaliers were always gentlemen, and Puritans of any century only of the middle classes. Fancy if we had to announce to strangers that Tom's ancestor carried the standard at Agincourt and Octavia's and mine came over with the Conqueror!"

A very genuine tribute is paid by the authoress to a most agreeable New York hostess, in whose home she is pleasantly received and of whom it is afterwards recorded that: "She was of a real old Southern family, before the war very rich and aristocratic. She never by any chance mentions the Mayflower or Cavaliers, but you can read all about her ancestry in any history of America."

The opinion formed by Mrs. Glyn of American men is thoroughly unique. She says: "American men, as far as I have yet seen, are of quite another sex to English or French—I mean you feel more as if you were out with kind aunts or grandmothers or benevolent uncles than just men. They don't try to make the least love to you, and they are perfectly brotherly and serious, unless they are telling anecdotes with American humor—and that is not subtle. It is something that makes you laugh the moment you hear it, you have not to think a scrap. When they are not practically English, like the ones we see in London every season, they wear such funny clothes—often velvet collars on their coats, and the shoulders padded out so that every man is perfectly square; but everything looks extraordinarily well sewn and ironed and everybody is clean shaven; and Octavia says it takes at least 200 years of gently bred ancestors to look like a gentleman clean shaven in evening dress, so perhaps that is why lots of them have the appearance of actors."

The American husband is characterized in this way:

"American husbands fetch and carry and come to heel like trained spaniels, and it is perfectly lovely; everything is so simple. If you happen to get bored with your husband, or he has a cold in his head, or anything that gets on your nerves, or you suddenly fancy some other man, you simply get your husband to let you divorce him, and make him give you heaps of money, and you keep the children if you happen to want them; or—there is generally only one—you agree to give that up for an extra million if he fancies it; and then you go off and marry your young man when he is free; because all American men are married, and he will have had to get his wife to divorce him. But when it is all 'through,' then it is comfortable and tidy; only the families get mixed after a while, and people have to be awfully careful not to ask them out to dinner together."

She contrasts the comparative plainness of a house in Philadelphia, where she goes at the invitation of an Englishwoman, a friend who has become an American by marriage, with the splendor of New York interiors, as follows:

"The house was put up before the Revolution, in Colonial days, and it has a veranda in front running up with Ionic pillars all in wood like a portico. Inside it is just an English home—do you hear, mamma?. I said home! because it is the first we have seen. And it came as some new thing, and to be appreciated, to find the furniture a little shabby from having been in the same place so long; and the pictures most of them rather bad, but really ancestors; and the drawing-room and our bedrooms lovely and bright with flowery chintzes, fresh and shiny, no tapestry and wonderful brocade; and the tablecloths plain, and no lace on the sheets, nor embroideries to scratch the ear. It shows what foolish creatures of habit we are, because in the other houses there has been every possible thing one could want, and masterpieces of art and riches and often beauty; but just because Kitty's house is like a home, and has the indescribable atmosphere of gentle owners for generations, we like it the best!"

The picture of the American girl is drawn in with a sprightly touch which declares that:

"The whole tenue in moving of the girls, is 'fling about,' even in the street, but no other nation can compare to them in their exquisitely spruce, exquisitely soigne appearance and their perfect feet and superlatively perfect boots and short tailor dresses. To see Fifth Avenue on a bright day, morning or afternoon, is like a procession of glowing flowers passing. Minxes of fifteen with merry, roving eyes, women of all ages, all as beautifully dressed as it is possible to be, swinging along to the soda-water fountain shops where you can get candy and ice-cream and lovely chocolates. No one has that draggled, too long in the back and too short in the front look, of lots of English women holding up their garments in a frightful fashion. Here they are too sensible; they have perfect short skirts for walking, and look too dainty and attractive for words."

The rival sets among American married women get this kind of a rap:

"Among the married women there are two distinct sets here in the inner cream, the one which Valerie leads, and which has everything like England. The other set is the 'go one better set'—that is the best way I can describe it. If one has a party one week, another must have a finer one the week after, and so on, until thousands and thousands of dollars are spent on flowers, for instance, for one afternoon; and in it nothing is like England. I believe it must be purely American, or perhaps one ought to say New York."

In recalling the incidents of a dance at a Western mining town, Mrs. Glyn becomes very interesting in a complimentary way. This is her description:

"There was a master of ceremonies who called out the dances, and not more than ten or twelve couples were allowed to dance each time, two-steps and valses, and without exception it is the finest dancing I have ever seen—the very poetry of motion. Nothing violent or rude, or like a servants' ball at home, although they held their partners a little more clasped than we do. But in spite of their funny holding, or perhaps on account of it, there is a peculiar movement of the feet, perfect grace and rhythm and glide, which I have never seen at a real ball. One could understand it was a pure delight to them, and they felt every note of the music. They treated Octavia and me with the courtesy fit for queens, and some of them told us delightful things of shootings and blood-curdling adventures, and all with a delicious twinkle in the eye, as much as to say, 'We are keeping up the character of the place to please you.' We did enjoy ourselves. The Senator says this quality of perfect respect for women is universal in the mining camps. Any nice woman is absolutely safe among them. I think there ought to be mining camps to teach men manners all over Europe."

As may be seen from these extracts, the criticisms on America and Americans are not unkind. They show no ill nature, only a humorously critical insight into the heart of things. And as Americans are not so touchy as to prevent their enjoyment of a good joke, even at their own expense, it follows that they will be vastly entertained by reading about "Elizabeth's Visit" to the States.

The Lady in the White Veil.

By Rose O'Neill. Harper & Bros., of New York. $1.50.

A story that has all the breathless interest of a detective romance in it. The hero, returning from Europe to New York, and going up to take a look around the family mansion, is astonished to see a young woman in a white veil issuing from its doors. A cab is called by the young woman's request, but she proves elusive, and then the fun and the mystery of search begin. Piquant humor in dialogue and a constant procession from one surprise to another add much to the interest of the book, which has fine illustrations in color and black and white.

The Hand-Made Gentleman.

By Irving Bacheller. Harper & Bros., publishers. $1.50.

The most remarkable incidents in this story of Mr. Bacheller's are true—a story of rural New York State some fifty years ago, where a young man first suggested to Commodore Vanderbilt the railroads that later formed the New York Central system. Another character introduced—Andrew Carnegie—is still living. Mr. Bacheller obtained his details from the recollections of men who knew.

"The Hand-Made Gentleman" is an honest young fellow, who rises in the world, striving as he rises to become the conventional gentleman. The story abounds in local dialect, grim wit and good-natured humor.

Psychotherapy.

By Hugo Munstenberg, of Harvard University. Moffat, Yard & Co., of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond. $2 net.

This book, by a practical psychologist, is a consistent dealing with the whole subject of psychotherapy from the standpoint of modern psychology, for the benefit of the unscientific as well as the professional reader, as Dr. Munstenberg possesses the ability of making abstruse subjects plain to men and women who have not specialized.

The book is divided into three parts; the Psychological Basis of Psychotherapy, the Methods and Results, and the place of Psychotherapy.

This book places for the first time the whole matter of the newest and most wonderful of sciences plainly, clearly and effectively before the public, and is, therefore, an important publication.

The Hawk.

By Ronald Legge. The John McBride Company, of New York. $1.50.

In "The Hawk" Ronald Legge, whoever he may be, has woven an exciting story of love and war around an imaginary Franco-German invasion of England—a theme quite popular nowadays. As "timely" too, as the invasion of England is the steel airships, the "Hawk defying gravitation and bullets as it deals destruction to the invaders.

Another engineering marvel, a tunnel under the English Channel, suggests another possible menace to poor England; and the really fine work of Continental spies in solving the secret of the control of this thoroughfare helps to carry the story to its conclusion. A young engineer and a beautiful actress furnish the love plot.

Quite as entertaining as many of the so-called best sellers, the story will while away an idle hour or two and not tax the tired mind one whit.

Chip.

By F. E. Mills Young. John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

A novel with the Delagoa sheep farming region of Africa for a setting, and a very unusual motif to supply a romantic color to the story.

A young English woman left alone in Africa by the death of her half-brother, conceals her identity as a woman and accepts an overseer's position on a farm owned by an Englishman. In the life she leads for some months many incidents and experiences are described with a force and strength that lend to hitherto unknown African life much picturesqueness and make it seem less remote and incomprehensible.

The complications growing out of the anomalous position of a supposed overseer lead to half humorous, half tragic consequences. Difficulties hard to bridge arise from the beginning in regard to a natural repugnance to disciplining Kaffirs, to the use of firearms, to hunting and to riding astride and mounting a horse easily. But worst and most serious of all troubles is that growing out of a supposed flirtation between the supposed overseer and the daughter of the head of an adjacent sheep farm. This nearly leads to discovery.

Afterward when there is an outbreak on the farm where the overseer's employer lives, a serious hurt received in the melee leads to the discovery of the truth and consequent estrangement between employer and employe. The employer is an Englishman named Mordaunt, who has lost his faith in womenkind through the bad treatment of one of the sex. He has been very fond of the person whom he has known as Chip Farquharson, and whom he has supposed to be a young lad of peculiar traits, but honest and straightforward in disposition. He is furious for a time at the deceit practiced on him, but after a time he finds that life without "his pard" as he had learned to call the girl who worked for him, is worth very little. So he humbles himself to beg her pardon and to return to the farm, this time as his wife.

The story is remarkably well told and has the merit of much individuality.

The Strain of White.

By Ada Woodruff Anderson. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. $1.50. A dramatic romance with the Puget Sound country and the plains of the upper Columbia, the atmosphere and scenery of which is so well known and described by the author, as a background.

The story is based on Pacific Northwest conditions during the middle nineteenth century, and its heroine, Francesca, is the daughter of the commandant of an American garrison near Fort Nisqually and of "Singing Bird," a Yakima Indian maiden. The culmination of the story is found in an Indian attack on Seattle.

The tragedy of it is caused by the refusal of the commandant to acknowledge Francesca as his daughter. Married to the mother in a fit of boyish impulse that proved altogether evanescent, he left her, intending to return. Before he came death had solved the problem, claiming the mother and leaving the child to the charity of a French mission priest. At the opening of the book the girl, beautiful and educated at the convent near Seattle, is practically homeless, with a great desire to claim the love and protection of her unknown father. When a knowledge of facts enables her to announce herself to him, he disowns her. She sees herself robbed of her birthright by the child of an American mother, cheated of the affection of the man she loves through the beauty and attractiveness of this more fortunate daughter. What wonder that her heart grows hard and that her whole nature is transformed!

The strain of white in her brings her back to the right at last, through many dangers and much suffering. The book teaches a strong lesson of the bitter consequences following the indulgence of wilful selfishness, that looks only to the attainment of the moment's desire, without a thought of what such indulgence may bring of unhappiness and disgrace to others. The dramatic power of the story gains force and intensity from the imagination and realism of the writer.

Mrs. Stanard's Book.

One of the important publications of this month will be "The Dreamer," a romantic rendering of the life story of Edgar Allan Poe by Mrs. Mary Newton Stanard, of this city. The Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond, are the publishers of this work, in which Mrs. Stanard "has endeavored to make a finished picture of the shadowy sketch the biographers of Poe have given. She has kept close to proven facts, but has filled them with impressions drawn from the poet's works, and has used the story-teller's license to present them in picturesque form. She has told a true story, true to the spirit, if not always to the letter, in that The Dreamer and other dramatis personae do nothing they may not have done, say nothing they may not have said, and feel nothing they may not have felt."

Magazines, Books and Writers.

In the opening article for the June issue of Harper's Magazine, which turns on the heroism of military scouts during the War between the States, William Gilmore Beymer tells the story of the scout, Rowand, with illustrations by Howard Pyle. Marie Van Vorst's description of the Danube River has pictures by Castaigne to accompany it. Thornton Oakley has made the sketches for an article written by him on "The Shipyard." Richard Le Gallienne's fairy story, "The Stolen Mirror," is admirably embellished by Elizabeth Shippen Green's drawings, and an article on the artistic work of Frank W. Benson by Charles H. Caffin, has several reproductions in sepia of Benson's paintings to lend added interest to the text. There are capital short stories by Alice Brown, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Olivia Howard Dunbar, Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, G. B. Lancaster and Justus Miles Forman, and in the Drawer a monologue by Carolyn Wells. Mr. Howells, of the Easy Chair, indulges in some witticisms regarding woman's position in republics and monarchies and Mr. Alden deals incisively with the implicit, rather than explicit effects, in modern literature.

In Everybody's for June, writers in fiction of love, adventure and heroism—of a United States sailor's blondining his hair for the good of the service, of delightful troubles at a children's party, of extravagant humor and of mystery are Eleanor Abbott, Robert Dunn, Anna Yeaman Coudict, Porter Emerson Browne, Samuel G. Blythe and Lucia Chamberlain. Frederick Upham Adams expresses his opinion strongly in regard to "The Tricks of the Wall Street Game," and Forrest Crissy arraigns the crooks of the commission market, who cheat the grower and shipper out of their profits. The cover design for Everybody's is by Howard Chandler Christy, and is a Decoration Day memorial.

H. W. Dwight, the writer, who was recently wounded with a spent bullet when going by a rowboat from a Turkish village to Constantinople, has written for the June Scribner's an interesting description of "A Turkish Village," with numerous pictures. In this issue appears "His Father's Son," a study in temperamental contrasts, one of Edith Wharton's series, entitled "Tales of Men." A practical application of modern economics is found in Prof. J. L. Laughlin's "Abolition of Poverty." Jesse Lynch Williams writes amusingly of the Carroll's "Millionaire Tenant," and James Ford Rhodes has an admirable paper on Edward Gibbon, the historian. A Bedouin love story, with the desert for a background, appears over the signature of an English woman, Miss Stevens; Frank Fowler deals appreciatively with the portraiture of Ingres, and Oliver Kemp has painted for the June Scribner four fishing pictures, showing exciting crises in fishing for trout, bass, salmon and muskallunge.

The June Century has as a prominent feature a new story by Ruth McEnery Stuart, called "Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding." The leading story in this issue has the superstition in regard to thirteen at table for its theme, and is published under the caption of "With the Coin of Her Life." Three American writers, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Margaret Deland and Owen Wister, have completed stories on this subject for the Century, and the authorship of the one for June is to be guessed by the American public. A. Barton Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank, New York, has an essay on "The American Business Man," which readers of the Century will note with profit and interest.

Ainslee's for June has an unusual table of contents, which includes Harold MacGrath's serial, "The Goose Girl," a complete novel by Marie Van Vorst, and eleven short stories by Clara E. Laughlin, Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, Charles Neville Buck, Norval Richardson, Steel Williams, Quentin M. Drake, Will Levington Comfort, Francis Willing Wharton, George Lee Burton, Owen Oliver, and Roy Norton.

Smith's Magazine for June contains twenty-four full-page art studies of footlight favorites. Special articles are contributed by Rupert Hughes on Wagner, as the greatest of opera composers; by Anne O'Hagan on the workingwoman and her attitude toward marriage; and by H. Addington Bruce on the part played by woman in the making of America. Fiction writers for the month, in addition to Mr. Ferguson, the author of "His Father's Son," the complete novel, are C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Marion Hill, Holman F. Day, Fannie H. Lee and Grace Ethelwyn Cody.

John Bigelow, from the vantage point of over ninety years of experience, discusses in the June Harper's Bazar the question, "Is There Existence After Death?" Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in this issue gives women good advice on how to endure invalidism, and Martha Cutter offers excellent suggestions about veranda furniture. The difficult problems of having family meals for two is solved by Christine Terhune Herrick, and regular departments, including the Home Study Club, the month's menus, and others relating to fashions and household economy, are entertainingly and instructively filled. Peter Newell is the illustrator for a story by Ruth McEnery Stuart, called "The Haunted Photograph," and James Verrier has made the pictures for three love songs by Edith M. Thomas. Four famous receipts are illustrated with photographs of the most famous living chefs.

The frontispiece for the June number of Hampton's Magazine is a reproduction from a painting by Hugo Ballin called "The Toiler." Harris Dickson's article on "The Unknowable Negro" is illustrated with photographs. Other special story writers are John L. Mathews, Reginald W. Kauffman, Hugh C. Weir and Gilbert K. Chesterton. Short stories are contributed by Parker H. Fillmore, Charles G. D. Roberts, Hugh Johnson, Rex Beach, and others. Part III. of the "Heart of the Railroad Problem," in the story of the wonderful watermelon patch, by Charles Edward Russell, appears in this number.

St. Nicholas for June is as entertaining as possible. From the picture of the "house that stands half way up the winding road" and the verses that go with it, to the letter-box and the riddle-box, this model girls' and boys' magazine sustains its usual fine reputation. Older readers will appreciate what Charles H. Caffin has to say about Dutch painting, and little people will enjoy C. M. Belyea's picture of one child's birthday presents, and what Eleanor McClay Moore tells them about "Mr. Umbrella." All young people will wish to read Mary K. Maule's story of "A Brave Little Pioneer," and Cornelia Frances Bedell's fancies in regard to "The Look-Around-Man," while Adelia Belle Beard's patterns for curious cork toys will furnish amusement to children everywhere.

The Woman's Home Companion for June is a charming number, the editorial, special article, fiction, household, fashion, art and juvenile departments being alike full of fresh and enlivening matter. Maude Radford Warren, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Annie Hamilton Donnell and Rosa Naomi Scott are among the fiction contributors; Katherine Eggleston, Caroline Denton, Elizabeth Atwood and Julia Hite Gallaher are in the number of those writing special articles. Those whose names appear in special departments include Margaret E. Sangster, Anna S. Richardson, Evelyn Parsons, Grace Margaret Gould, Madison Cawein and Grace McGowan Cooke. Among the illustrators for the month are N. C. Wyeth, F. C. Yohn, W. R. Leigh, John Cecil Clay and M. J. Spero.

Irvine Graff is the author of "The Wagon and the Star," a complete novel appearing in the June issue of the Smart Set. Among the specially clever short stories are "A Yellow Gosling," by Algernon Tassin, and "Bushido," by Svetozar Toujoroff. Other numbers in the make-up of the month are "A House to Let," by Mary Mullett; "The Woman in a Million," by Marie Belden James; "Green Chartreuse," by Frederic Taber Cooper; "By Allah Given," by Maude Leonard Towson; "Miracle!" by Adelaide Stedman; "To the Devil and Back," by H. Fraser Hill; "As They Would Have Told It," by Louis Baury, and "The Trick of Time," by Frederico Mariani. Tom Masson, Theodosia Garrison, Elsa Parker, Channing Pollock and Wilberforce Jenkins are represented by other stories, sketches and verse.

The New Idea Woman's Magazine for June has a clever article by Mary E. Knevels on "Woman as a Good Citizen." Ada Patterson writes on "The Gods of the Girls," and Katherine Langthrope offers pretty ideas for her new novel. This will be a story of Canada. "Marriage a la Mode," published this month, is the first of Mrs. Ward's stories in which the scene is set partly in the United States. The novel is much longer than the story as it appears serially, and deals interestingly with the especially American problem of the international marriage.

Answer This Question

When a remedy has lived for over thirty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their very lives to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

We challenge the world to show any other one remedy for a special class of disease which has attained such an enormous demand and maintained it for so many years as has **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** the famous woman's remedy for woman's ills. Unless it is a very good medicine and the claims made for it are honest, such a record would have been impossible—fraud or misrepresentations would long ago have been detected and the business gone into oblivion. Read this unsolicited letter:—

Melbourne, Iowa:—"I suffered for many years with female troubles, inflammation, and bearing-down pains, so that I was unable to do my work.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and I am so thankful for the great good it has done me. I feel that I am a living advertisement for this medicine as I have influenced so many of my friends to use it, so thankful am I that it restored me to health."—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. D. 1, Melbourne, Iowa.

When a woman like Mrs. Watermann is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women. For we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

We say it in all sincerity and friendship—try this medicine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

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STONE IN KIDNEY

An interesting case was that of Mr. H. L. McDuffee, a member of the firm of H. C. DeWolfe & Co., of the Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The case was puzzling. There was pain in the kidney, with a showing of blood. Examination by seven physicians proved that the blood was from the kidneys, and it was the opinion of all that there was a stone cutting the kidneys, as the least exercise caused a showing of blood.

Four X-ray pictures were taken, three of them showing a stone half an inch in diameter. To be certain that it was a stone that cast the shadow, a similar stone, about the same size, taken from a patient, was put under him for comparison—both stones showing on the plate.

An operation was about decided upon when Fulton's Renal Compound was recommended to Mr. McDuffee. He feared the knife and gave it a trial.

Within ten weeks the blood and pain had ceased, and in six months he considered himself well.

We also have a three-page letter from an old-school physician, a lecturer in one of the San Francisco medical colleges, covering a similar case of stone in the kidney. An operation seemed inevitable.

He prescribed Fulton's Renal Compound upon the theory that as it was getting results in Nephritis it ought to have some effect to reduce the inflammation and excessive uric acid that attends Calculus. He was so surprised to get a complete recovery that he thought a record ought to be made of it, and gave us the letter above referred to.

Fulton's Renal Compound seems to have about the same percentage of efficiency in stone in the kidney that it has shown in Bright's Disease.

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Fulton's Renal Compound can be had of our agent, Owens & Minor Drug Co., Richmond, Va.

We desire to advise with every patient who is not noting the usual favorable results by the third week.

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Large Irish Potatoes, per pk., 32c; per bus.	$1.15
New Clipped Herrings, half bbl, $2.50 or bbl.	$3.50
Try our 40c Mixed or Green Tea. It's the kind you pay 60c for elsewhere.	
Snowflake Patent Flour 44c bag; or, per bbl.	$6.90
New Cabbage, each	4c
Small Smithfield Hams, per pound	16c
Fresh Bologna Sausage, 3 pounds for	25c
Quart Mason Jars	55c
Half Gal. Mason Jars	75c
Good Green or Mixed Tea, per pound	30c
4 Cans Sugar Corn for	25c
Virginia Pride Coffee, 1-lb. package	14c
Canned Tomatoes, special bargain	5c
Large Cans Old Virginia Herring Roe	10c
3 pound jar Home Made Preserves	20c
Seedless Raisins, per pound	5c
Pillsbury's Best Flour, 46c per bag, or per bbl.	$7.25
Best American Sardines, per can	4c
Fresh Roasted La Guayra Coffee, 2 pounds for	25c
Root Beer, makes 5 Gallons, per pkg	5c
One-half pound Baker's Cocoa	18c
New N. C. Roe Herrings, 20c per doz., or, per half barrel	$3.00
Best California Sherry Wine, per gallon	$1.00
Best American Granulated Sugar, per pound	5c
Light Brown Sugar, pounds	4½c
New Seeded Raisins and Currants, 1-lb. packages	8c
Good Prunes, per pound	5c
Quart Bottle Sweet Mixed Pickles, per bottle	10c
Three Cans Pocahontas Sugar Corn for	25c
Best City Meal, per peck, 25c; or, per bushel	95c
Good Quality Herring Roe, per can	5c
Zinc Washboards	20c
5-lb. Bucket Preserves	35c
100 pounds Sack Salt	45c
California Evaporated Peaches, per lb	8c
Small Smithfield Hams, per pound	15c
Large Juicy Lemons, per dozen	12c
Ginger Snaps and Fresh Soda Crackers, per lb	4½c
Four-year-old Corn or Rye Whiskey, per gal.	$2.00
Witch Hazel, Buttermilk and Tar Soap, 3 to box	10c
Jelly, Apple Butter and Peach Butter, per jar	10c
Ye Old Fulcher Whiskey Quart bottles	80c
Nice Sweet potatoes 25c peck; or, per bushel	90c
Matches, per doz. boxes	4c
Mother's Rolled Oats	9c
Half pound Baker's Chocolate	17c
Wine for Jelly, per quart	15c
Jellies and Apple Butter, per pound	4c
5-lb. jar Daly's Apple Butter	25c
5-lb. jar Daly's Jellies	25c
Dried Salt Shoulders, per pound	10c
3 Cans Chipped Beef for	25c
7 bars Swift's Pride Soap for	25c
Good Green Rio Coffee, per pound	10c
5 and 10 lb. Cans Compound Lard, 50c and	$1.00
New Blackeyed Peas, per quart	8c
Best Cream Cheese, per lb.	18c
Huyler's Cocoa, per can	10c
Nice Fat Mackerel, 7 for	25c
Good California Rice, per pound	6c
Whole Sweet Pickles, per gallon	40c
Sour Pickles, per gallon	25c
Good Salt Pork per pound	10c
Large package Noodles, per package	5c
Large Lump Starch, per lb.	4c
3-lb. sacks Dairy Salt	3c
Good Carolina Rice, per lb	6c
Fresh Country Butter, per pound	25c
Corned or Smoked California Hams, lb	10c
Whole Evaporated Apples, 7c; 4 lbs.	25c
1 lb. box Rumford Baking Powder,	25c
Three cans Best Salmon	25c
Va. Comb Honey, per package	12½c

1820-1822 East Main Street.
506 East Marshall.

Two Phones at Each Store.
Prompt Deliveries.
Remittances must accompany all out-of-town orders.
Write for Price List.