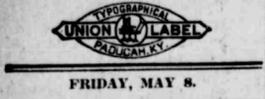


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FRIDAY, MAY 8.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

April—1908.

1.....	4083	16.....	4134
2.....	4115	17.....	4109
3.....	4129	18.....	4106
4.....	4126	19.....	4088
5.....	4122	20.....	4080
6.....	4122	21.....	4083
7.....	4125	22.....	4083
8.....	4128	23.....	4055
9.....	4105	24.....	4085
10.....	4221	25.....	4081
11.....	4223	26.....	4057
12.....	4078	27.....	4034
13.....	4087	28.....	4031
14.....	4087	29.....	4031
15.....	4094	30.....	4097

106,646
 Average for April, 1908.....4102
 Average for April, 1907.....3971
 Increase.....131
 Personally appearing before me this May 2, 1908, E. D. MacMillen, business manager of The Sun, who affirms that the above statement of the circulation of The Sun for the month of April 1908, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.
 My commission expires January 10, 1912.
PETER PURYEAR,
 Notary Public.

Daily Thought.
 "No troubles can abide the presence of a dauntless, optimistic spirit."

There will be a lot of loose wisdom circulating in the evening air in about four weeks.

Bryan has not exhibited the courteousness that has marked the conduct of Secretary Taft in the contest for delegates, and he has not held aloof from the home states of favorite sons, with the result that in Minnesota he received a sad rebuke at the hands of Johnson's friends. Perhaps, Mr. Bryan has been in the game so long that he is getting callous; but Taft's conduct should bear fruit in the fight for the office after the nomination. He has restrained his friends from interfering in Indiana, Illinois and Pennsylvania, and even though the candidates of those states do not warm up in the impending struggle, their friends must entertain the most kindly feeling for Mr. Taft. There has been no bitterness engendered in those states by an ante-convention fight.

CRIME AND CUSTOM.

It has been customary to regard the attitude of eastern legislators on public issues with suspicion on account of their suspected subservience to bad influences, and to regard the honesty of the great west as axiomatic. Yet, we find that the big timber thieves of the great west have their defenders in the senate as well as the eastern "high financiers;" and the speeches made against the forestry bill indicate that even western politicians are imbued with the idea that crooks and gamblers are ingenuitous citizens. It is somebody's fault that politicians look on the friendship of this class as powerful support.

The truth is, perhaps, that crime in the abstract is more reprehensible than crime considered as the actual deed of some individual or group, personally known to us. Merely cutting down trees is not such a hideous offense in the eyes of people accustomed to riding through miles and miles of forests on the Pacific slope. We view the forest situation as one little row of figures compared with another, representing the number of feet of standing timber and the annual consumption, and it causes us dismay. To the man, whose eyes can not pierce through the forest standing before him, it looks as though the timber supply is inexhaustible. Then, too, he knows the man who steal it, and he does business with them, and he and his town are enriched indirectly by the proceeds of the unlawful, though simple, operation of helping themselves to all the timber they can find. It is beyond the ken of those men to understand how a procedure that was perfectly lawful and proper a few years ago, should suddenly take on such a heinous aspect. Men do not care much for the statutory character of an offense as long as they consider themselves morally justified and don't get caught. They actually seem to think the government is about to defraud them of a time honored right just to gratify some whim of agitators and reformers "back east."

Nevertheless, those reformers "back east" will win. We never hope to see a revolution succeed through

the efforts of those who are benefiting by existing conditions; or a reformation accomplished by the friends of those to be reformed.

KENTUCKY FOR TAFT.

There was a heap of harmony, but mighty little compromise in the state Republican convention. It may be a mooted question as to whether the people or the federal employes won; but there is no doubt as to who lost. The Sun, speaking for the west end of the state, has always maintained that the sentiment for Taft was overwhelming, and apparently this observation has held good for the entire state. Kentucky may be accepted as a criterion of the situation over the country. Kentucky, by reason of her location and the sentimental attachment between the commonwealth and Indiana, was counted in the Fairbanks column early in the estimates of the political situation. Undoubtedly federal employes to a great extent did favor Secretary Taft. He represents most nearly and completely the peculiar politics of this administration of which he is a part, and which he openly indorses. Loyalty to the administration would dictate such support, all other things being equal. Had Kentucky gone Democratic last fall, the support of the federal officeholders might have been considered the sum and substance of the Taft victory; but Kentucky elected a full Republican ticket last fall and a United States senator, and the latter became the leader of the Fairbanks forces, giving the vice-president the advantage of having a general in the field, fully equipped with the credentials as party leader and endowed with remarkable natural gifts for organization, and a politician of long experience.

It would have been but natural for the state officeholders to have attached themselves to the triumphant candidate for United States senator, and to array themselves against the federal officeholders, had the latter attempted to override the sentiment of the state with anything like a federal machine. No other considerations intervening, state officeholders elected by popular vote usually may be found floating in the current of popular opinion on matters that do not affect their own interests.

The attitude of the state officials is significant. Aside from Secretary of State Ben Branner, who with Internal Revenue Collector Ed Franks swung to the Fairbanks side so early that they couldn't get back, every state official, excepting the governor, was for Taft, and the governor has been a constant admirer of Hughes, but refrained from interfering in the contest. The state officials found the Taft sentiment was dominant in Kentucky. We believe it is dominant all over the country, and we predict that Taft will be nominated on the first ballot at the Chicago convention. In fact, Kentucky's 24, Utah's 5 and Connecticut's 6 this week bring his strength very near a majority and give him additional prestige with which to swing doubtful states into line for the apparent winner.

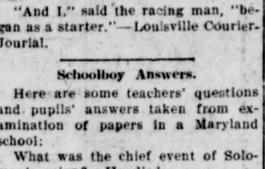
SLIGHTLY HUMOROUS.

"I started my business as a beginner."
 "And I," said the racing man, "began as a starter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Schoolboy Answers.

Here are some teachers' questions and pupils' answers taken from examination of papers in a Maryland school:
 What was the chief event of Solomon's reign? He died.
 What religion had the Britons? A strange and terrible one—called the religion of the Dudes.
 What caused the death of Cleopatra? It was because she bit a wasp.
 Where is the climate hottest? Next to the Creator.
 What causes perspiration? The culinary glands.
 Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Of dirt and people.

One Way.



"Pop, how is gas made?"
 "Well—er—the gas companies simply make light of the consumer's complaints."—Philadelphia Press.

Kleptomaniac Cure.

"When Justice Brewer," said a Kansas lawyer, "was on the Leavenworth circuit as a criminal judge, he had no patience with the pleas of hypnotism and such-like new-fangled notions that then were coming to the fore."
 "Once I remember, a man was being tried before him for shoplifting."
 "A witness said he thought the prisoner had kleptomania."
 "I presume judge," he added, "you know what kleptomania is, eh?"
 "Yes," said the judge, "I do. It is a disease that I am sent here to cure."—Washington Star.

The MYSTERY

By Stewart Edward White
 And Samuel Hopkins Adams
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(Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

REST and good food quickly brought Percy Darrow back to his normal poise. One inspection satisfied Dr. Trendon that all was well with him. He asked to see the captain, and that gentleman came to lives' room, which had been assigned to the rescued man.

"I hope you have been able to make yourself comfortable," said the commander courteously.
 "It would be strange indeed if I could not," returned Darrow, smiling. "You forget that you have set a savage down in the midst of luxury."
 "Make yourself free of lives' things," invited Captain Parkinson. "Poor fellow! He will not use them again, I fear."

"One of your men lost?" asked Darrow. "Ah! The young officer whose body I found on the beach perhaps?"
 "No. But we have to thank you for that burial," said the captain.
 Darrow made a swift gesture. "Oh if thanks are going," he cried, and paused in hopelessness of adequate expression.

"This has been a bitter cruise for us," continued the captain. He sighed and was silent for a moment. "There is much to tell and to be told," he resumed.

"Much," agreed the other gravely. "You will want to see Slade first, I presume?" said the captain.
 "One of your officers whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting?" The captain stared. "Slade," he said.

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or—I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."
 "Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like—"

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly, "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."
 "Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the Laughing Lass. The journalist who— Good heavens! What arrant stupidity! I have to beg your pardon, Mr. Darrow. It has just occurred to me. He called himself Eagen with you."
 "Eagen? What is this? Is Eagen alive?"

"And on this ship. We picked him up in an open boat."
 "And you say he calls himself Slade?"
 "He is Ralph Slade, adventurer and journalist. Mr. Barnett knows him and vouches for him."
 "And he was on our island under an assumed name," said Darrow in tones that had the smoothness and the rasp of silk. "Rather annoying. Not good form quite, even for a pirate."
 "Yet I believe he saved your life," suggested the captain.

Darrow looked up sharply. "Why, yes," he admitted, "so he did. I had hoped— He checked himself. "I had thought that all of the crew went the same way. You didn't find any of the others?"
 "None."
 Darrow got to his feet. "I think I'd like to see Eagen—Slade—whatever he calls himself."
 "I don't know," began the captain. "It might not be"— He hesitated and stopped.

Darrow drew back a little, misinterpreting the other's attitude. "Do I understand that I am under restraint?" he asked stiffly.
 "Certainly not. Why should you be?"
 "Well," remarked the other contentedly, "it really might be regarded as a subject for investigation. Of course I know only a small part of it. But there have certainly been suspicious circumstances. Piracy there has been, no doubt of that; murder, too, if my intuitions are not at fault, or at least a disappearance to be accounted for. Robbery can't be denied. And there's a dead body or two to be properly accredited." He looked the captain in the eye.

"Well?"
 "You'll find my story highly unsatisfactory in detail, I fancy. I merely want to know whether I'm to present it as a defense or only an explanation."
 "We shall be glad to hear your story when you are ready to tell it—after you have seen Mr. Slade."
 "Thank you," said Darrow simply. "You have heard his?"
 "Yes. It needs filling in."
 "When may I see him?"
 "That's for Dr. Trendon to say. He came to us almost dead. I'll find out."
 The surgeon reported Slade much better, but all a-quiver with excitement.

"Hate to put the strain on him," said he. "But he'll be in a fever till he gets this thing off his mind. Send Mr. Darrow to him."
 After a moment's consideration Darrow said, "I should like to have you and Dr. Trendon present, Captain Parkinson, while I ask Eagen one or two questions."
 "Understand one thing, Mr. Darrow," said Trendon briefly, "this is not to be an inquisition."
 "Ah!" said Darrow, unmoved. "I'm to be neither defendant nor prosecutor."
 "You are to respect the condition of Dr. Trendon's patient, sir," said Captain Parkinson, with emphasis. "Outside of that your attitude toward a man who has twice thought of your life before his own is for you to determine."

No little cynicism lurked in Darrow's tones as he said:
 "You have confidence in Mr. Slade, alias Eagen?"
 "Yes," replied Captain Parkinson in a tone that closed that topic.
 "Still, I should be glad to have you gentlemen present if only for a moment," insisted Darrow presently.
 "Perhaps it would be as well—on account of the patient," said the surgeon significantly.

"Very well," assented the captain. The three went to Slade's cabin. He was lying propped up in his bunk. Parkinson entered first, followed by the captain, then Darrow.
 "Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.
 Darrow halted just inside the door. With an eager light in his face Slade leaned forward and stretched out his hand.
 "I couldn't believe it until I saw you, old man," he cried.
 Darrow's eyebrows went up. Before Slade had time to note that there was

no response to his outstretched hand the surgeon had jumped in and pushed him roughly back upon his pillow.
 "What did you promise?" he growled. "You were to lie still, weren't you? And you'll do it or get out we go."
 "How are you, Eagen?" drawled Darrow.
 "Not Eagen. I'm done with that. They've got you, haven't they?"
 Darrow nodded. "Are you the only survivor?" he inquired.
 "Except yourself."
 "The nigger? Puz? Thrackles? The captain? All drowned?"
 "Not the captain. They murdered him."
 "Ah," said Darrow softly. "And you—I beg your pardon—your—er—friends disposed of the doctor in the same way?"
 "Handy Solomon," replied Slade with shaking lips. "Hell's got that bend, if there's a hell for human beings. They threw the doctor's body in the surf."
 "You didn't notice whether there were any papers?"
 "If there were they must have been destroyed with the body when the lava poured down the valley into the sea."
 "The lava, of course," assented Darrow, with elaborate nonchalance. "Well, he was a kind old boy—a cheerful, simple, wise old child."
 "I would have given my right hand to save him," cried Slade. "It was so sudden—so damnable—"
 "Better to have saved him than me," said Darrow. He spoke with the first touch of feeling that he exhibited. "I beg to thank you for my life, Eagen—I beg your pardon—Slade. It's hard to remember."
 Dr. Trendon arose and Captain Parkinson with him.
 "Give you two hours, Mr. Darrow," said the surgeon. "No more. If he seems exhausted give him one of these powders. I'll look in on an hour."
 At the end of an hour he returned. Slade was lying back on his pillow. Darrow was talking eagerly, confidentially. In another hour he came out.
 "The whole thing is clear," he said to Captain Parkinson. "I am ready to report to you."
 "This evening," said the captain. "The mess will want to hear."
 "Yes, they will want to hear," assented Darrow. "You've had Slade's story. I'll take up where he left off, and he'll check me. Mine's as incredible as—er—Slade's was. And it's as true."
 (To be continued in next issue.)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT
 Every dose makes you feel better. Lax-Po keeps your whole insides right. Sold on the money-back plan everywhere. Price 10 cents.

Arctic Dog Life.

Nowhere in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of way as in our most northerly possession—Alaska. In winter when the more than 600,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact, they seem necessary to life itself.

The aristocrats of arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States government. They are today a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.—Lido McCabe's "Where Dog is King" in March St. Nicholas.

Old Friend—Anything gone wrong, old man? All your family seem just Host—No, nothing wrong. Just pressed and extremely quiet.
 A Lenten resolve not to knock anybody.—Kansas City Times



"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

she was a girl? Did you go to school with her? Get off that couch and let me sit there."
 "The couch?"
 "Yes, they used to reserve the couch for Mr. Humes and my wife."
 "Did you ever play any games at these parties?"
 "Yes," said he, "we played 'Indian.' You use the rags as tents and hold pow-wows under them. Only two can get in a tent. Once I found myself locked out of the room. Humes was kissing my wife, and Humes' clerk was kissing Mrs. Humes. I sat outside and read a newspaper."
 "What's the name of that game?"
 "Odd man out."

Treatment of White Plague.

Washington, May 5.—Naval surgeons and the medical profession in general are watching with intense interest the development of a method of treatment which holds hope for the victims of the white plague.
 The cure was accidentally discovered by naval surgeon Barton Leslie Wright while administering mercury for another ailment. There are now 35 cases under treatment at the naval hospital at New Fort Lyon, Las Animas, Colorado, and according to an account of the discovery just published by Dr. Wright in the Naval Medical Bulletin, extraordinary improvement is being shown in all of them.
 The mercury is administered by hypodermic injection which is followed almost immediately by marked improvement in the patient's condition.
 "Of the 35 cases," says Dr. Wright, "30 are showing improvement, as evidenced by the reduced pulse rate and temperature curve, increased appetite, lessened cough and a gain in weight. The remaining five are holding their own."
 "We have exclusively demonstrated that it will cure extremely advanced tuberculosis of the larynx and pharynx in a remarkably short period of time."
 "We have shown that it produces marked improvement in advanced pulmonary lesions, and that it also has a decided beneficial action on tubercular glands."

—In Paducah, The Sun job office produces the best printing.

KISSES IN TESTIMONY.

Kansas City, Mo., May 7.—There are more kisses in the testimony of Edward J. Richards than one can find at the dock when a ship comes in.
 Richards, who is president of the Ginger Club, is suing J. C. Humes, president of a big crockery concern, for \$10,000, on the charge of alienating his wife's affections. He filed suit after his wife had sued him for divorce.
 Richards was questioned at length about a party at Humes' home. He said the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Alderman, Mr. Unmarried Man, Mrs. Grass Widow, Mr. and Mrs. Richards and Mr. and Mrs. Humes. He said Mrs. Grass Widow was called "Checkers," because she wore hosiery that suggested the name, and insisted upon sitting around in a manner that would display the checks to the best advantage.
 "What happened at the party?" asked the lawyer.
 "Well," said Richards, "Mr. and Mrs. Humes began to serve cocktails shortly after we lit; cocktails and other drinks. Everybody got polluxed."
 "Did Mr. Hume kiss your wife?"
 "I should say he did."
 "How did Mr. Alderman act that night?"
 "He saw my wife kissing Mr. Humes on a couch and Mr. Alderman kept running his hands through her hair and shouting: 'For heaven's sake, man, did you know her when

"To the Four Winds With Profits" On Fine Cloth Suits

THAT'S been our battle cry during this sweeping Spring Clearance Sale of ours which ends tomorrow night. Our only consideration has been get rid of the goods. And, if you're dollar-wise, you are going to be on hand bright and early tomorrow morning to get your share of the bargains.

Our Entire Suit Stock Has Been Divided Into Three Lots

Lot No. 1, Lot No. 2 and Lot No. 3

Lot No. 1—Includes our very best Suits that sold for \$30.00 to \$45.00. Some are Rajah Panama, good old plain Panamas, some Rajah Silks and others are Farcy Worsted Cloths. Now in this lot we give you choice, and there are about 65 suits to select from, including any shade or black; for any \$19.95 you may select the price is

Lot No. 2—In this lot are the pretty Tourist Suits, in the desirable summer shades of navy, Copenhagen, browns, champagnes—formerly selling for \$20 to \$25, and for jaunty little dresses for going away there isn't any kind that takes their place. These are made of Serges and Chiffon Panamas, some of them in fancy stripes. The price on this lot is \$14.95

The kind of suits in this lot are the Merry Widow, with their pretty braid sleeves, of elbow length, lined beautifully with striped taffeta and trimmed most artistically in braids or bands of silk. The kind of skirts they have are the 15 and 17 gored skirts that have a full flare, with broadcloth bands, which make them the most stylish skirts shown today. There are also the Cornell Dip, with the new skirt, and the But-terfly—all in the above lot.

Lot No. 3—In this lot are the odds and ends of all our suit stock, some in light shades, others medium and some are dark suits. In this lot all styles are included and some of these suits are worth three times as much as we are asking for them during this sale. You may select the one you like for the extreme low price of \$7.95

Come Saturday Morning

 317 Broadway
 Closes Saturday Night

JUDGE WELLS

REPLIES TO JENNINGS' CHARGES AGAINST HIM.

No Trust Money Used in Prosecution of the Night Riders in Calloway County.

Murray, Ky., May 8.—The quiet which has characterized Murray since the night rider cases were continued until the August term of circuit court was somewhat disturbed today by the appearance of the second article from County Judge A. J. Jennings, in his controversy with O. J. Jennings, editor of the Murray Ledger, in regard to the means used by Judge Wells in suppressing night riding in this county. In the second article Judge Wells commends the change of attitude of Mr. Jennings and expresses the hope that he is genuinely converted from his former position. The judge denies being derelict in duty—Mr. Jennings has charged—while the night rider bands were being formed; presents no objection to Mr. Jennings' statement that to Deputy Sheriff John Holland is due much credit for the work against night riding in this county; denies that he is being paid a handsome fee for helping to prosecute the night riders, or that the fee is to be paid by any trust, but says that the meager fee will be paid by the good citizens of Calloway and of other parts of the state.

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MILLION SHORT

CASHER OF ALLEGHENY ARRESTED FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

Part of Former Deposit Lost Went to Cover His Defalcations, It Is Said.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 8.—William Montgomery, known to almost every one in Pittsburg as "Billy," cashier of the Allegheny National bank, the most important financial institution from a political standpoint of any in the city, was arrested in the bank, charged with embezzling an immense sum of money from the bank. So far as is known, his shortage will reach \$469,000 at least. It is believed that it will be more than that, probably close to \$1,000,000.

The first intimation came from Henry Reiber, the former paying teller of the Farmers' Deposit National bank, who with former Auditor James Young, robbed that institution of over \$1,100,000.

Reiber and Young are in jail, and Reiber stated that part of the immense sum of money he took from the Farmers' National bank had gone as loans to Montgomery to help make up his shortage. A hurried examination of Montgomery's books was made and a warrant was at once sworn out for Montgomery's arrest.

The bank is declared solvent by Folds. It has a capital of \$200,000, a surplus of \$700,000 and a large reserve fund.

Some of the wealthiest men in Pittsburg are connected with the institution. Both the city and the state carried accounts in the bank.

For years the Allegheny National bank has been the headquarters of Republican politicians. The late senator Matthew S. Quay always made the bank his headquarters, and during all of the Quay campaigns Montgomery handled the Quay money. Most of the Allegheny county Republicans of the present day are prominent in the bank.

Shoot folly as it flies.—Pope.

LOUIS CLARK'S SPECIALS

For Saturday, May 9

17 lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1.00	4 cans Corn 25c
10 lb. bucket Pure Lard \$1.00	2 cans Antler Brand Salmon 25c
24 lb. bag Pansy Flour 75c	10 cans Pork and Beans 25c
8 lbs. Lump Starch 25c	2 cans Little Fellow Peas 25c
8 bars Swift Pride Soap 25c	5 cans Thistle Peas 25c
2 boxes Black King Stove Polish 15c	2 cans Fernell Sifted Peas 40c
4 dozen Clothespins 5c	3 2-lb cans Acme Peaches 40c
3 pkgs. I. X. L. Starch 10c	15c cans Cream Corn 25c
3 bags Salt 10c	3 5c cans Asparagus \$1.00
3 boxes Searchlight Matches 10c	2 1lb cans Apricot Preserves 25c
3 boxes Shinola 15c	3 2lb cans Sliced Table Beets 25c
3 boxes Toothpicks 10c	2 dozen Lemons 25c
2 10c cans Royal Baking Powder 15c	Fresh Pineapples, each 10c
3 packages Currants 25c	5c bottle Dr. Price's Vanilla Ex. 20c
Large Nutmegs, per dozen 5c	1/2 lb Navy Beans 25c
25c bottle Queen Olives 25c	Breakfast Bacon, per lb. 15c
3 lb. can White Cherries 25c	Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb. 11c
3 pkgs. Fernell Rolled Oats 25c	2 lbs. Codfish 15c
Quart can Corn Syrup 15c	5 Spiced Herring 10c
2 boxes Porcelina 15c	Smoked Halibut, a lb. 15c
2 cans Insatiable 15c	Smoked Salmon, a lb. 15c
2 cakes Rising Sun Stove Polish 15c	1/2 lb pkg. Dr. Shoop's Health 25c
2 cakes Sapollo 15c	Coffee 20c
2 cakes Bonani 15c	4 pkgs. Jelly Sugar 25c
2 2-lb cans Early June Peas 25c		
2 2-lb cans Early June Peas 25c		