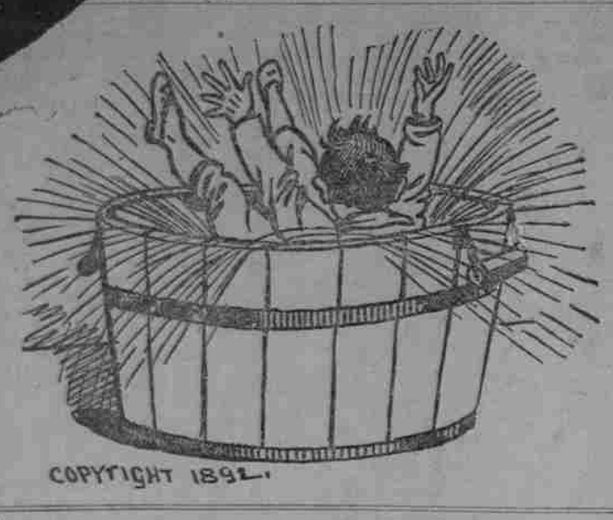

DROP IN.

IN OTHER WORDS, GIVE US A CALL.

We have something to sell that is worth selling, something for you to take that is more than usually taking. You would certainly think a long time before it would occur to you that we are selling

A THREE PIECE SOLID OAK BEDROOM SET FOR $20.

A GOOD BED LOUNGE FOR $11. A PARLOR SET FOR $25.

And Everything in the Same Proportion. Drop in and See Us.

EARLS FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY. 207 TO 211 STATE STREET.

DOMAIN OF THE CZAR

What Russia is Doing to Prevent Famine in 1893.

SUMS SPENT BY THE GOVERNMENT

What Famine Sufferers Have Received—Private Gifts of the Russian Nobles—Some Queer Phases.

[Special Correspondence of THE HERALD.]
ST. PETERSBURG, July 12, 1892.

The peasants have sown their crops and the prospect is that Russia will have a fine yield this year. The reports, which are received daily here from the famine districts, are very encouraging, and though the famine is still raging, the backbone of the demon of Russian starvation will, it is believed, be broken by the 1st of September, when the harvest will have been gathered. Great want and much suffering, however, must continue to exist for the next year or so in many of the states, and a drought this summer may precipitate a second famine equally as terrible as the present one. Notwithstanding all that has been published concerning the famine, we in the United States have but little idea of its terrible extent and of the wonderful manner in which the Russians have handled it. No country in the world, with perhaps the exception of the United States, could withstand such a strain as Russia is now undergoing, and there is no nation in the world, except perhaps one, that would rise to the emergency and do so much for its people as Russia is doing. The contributions America has made have been of great good, and they are most thankfully, and I might almost say tearfully received, but they are only a drop in the bucket to what Russia herself is doing. Our and other outside gifts amount, all told, to perhaps three-quarters of a million dollars. The donations of the government and the people represent in the neighborhood of $250,000,000, and the czar himself has given about $10,000,000 out of his private fund. The government loans to the famine villages amount to more than $100,000,000, and these loans no one ever expects the peasants will repay. It is a physical impossibility for them to do so, and, as one of the chief officials of the government said to me latterly, the czar does not expect repayment. He always gives a present to the people upon certain occasions, such as the coronation of a grand duke, and at the next such event one of his presents will probably be the forgiving of this debt. This $100,000,000 was given almost outright by the government, but in addition to it numerous schemes have been favored and authorized by the czar to get money for the sufferers and the bulk of the gifts have come from the people. One of these schemes was by a lottery under the treasury department, the prizes of which were guaranteed by the imperial bank and the profits of which went to the famine. Russia has no lotteries as the rule, and such things are ordinarily against the law. This lottery brought about $75,000,000 and all classes patronized it, many of the wealthy buying thousands of tickets. I know one man here who bought $10,000 worth of tickets, choosing scattering numbers, and did not get a single prize. He was twitted on his bad luck and replied: "I don't care, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my 20,000 roubles have gone to help the famine." St. Petersburg is a city of many rich people, and many of the rich nobles here took from $1,000 to $5,000 worth of these lottery tickets, but the great majority were sold to people of smaller means, and the buying of them was, so to speak, the fad.

PRIVATE PEOPLE WHO GAVE $175,000,000.

Consul General Crawford estimates that the gifts of private citizens in Russia to this famine have been not less than 350,000,000 roubles, or the enormous sum of $175,000,000. The gifts almost surpass comprehension, and all told, notwithstanding the vast population of Russia, they amount, including those of the government, to $8 for each man, woman and child in the whole Russian empire, or to $15 per family. When you remember that of the twenty odd million families that make up the Russian people not many more than one million of them probably has ever had $15 at one time in its possession, you get some idea of the mighty strain this has been on those who could give and have given. The nobility have in all cases led the list, and hundreds of well educated girls and women of the best families of this and other Russian cities are now in the famine districts fighting the demons of starvation, typhus fever and the smallpox, in behalf of the peasants. A number of these ladies have caught the diseases of the peasants, and a Russian countess who went from St. Petersburg was among those who took the smallpox. Almost all of the great landed proprietors in the famine districts are doing what they can to help their people. I hear of men who have been feeding and caring for five, ten and in some cases even twenty and twenty-five thousand peasants, and Count Bobrinsky, who is at the head of the transportation of famine relief here, is, in connection with his family, supporting nearly thirty thousand people out of his own means, and at the same time aiding in the distribution of the foreign and government relief fund among the people outside of his estates.

This relief work is not done spasmodically nor without system. There is a thorough organization, and as good brains as you will find anywhere in the world are managing it. The peasants themselves are like children, and they require the advice and the care of children. These people of Russia of the highest classes go and stay with them. They visit them in their huts, take care of the sick—for there are but few doctors—and nurse them. With them is the Russian Red Cross, which has raised about $35,000,000 for the sufferers, and which works, as do outside institutions, directly under the government.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE.

You see the evidences of the happy-go-lucky character of the people everywhere you go. Their condition has been such that they have never come to understand the value of money, and this has been the case with both rich and poor. The rich have been so rich that they had all they could want. The poor have been so poor that there was no chance for them to get more than enough for mere existence, and so with no ambition but for the day both classes have been rushing madly along until they are now at the end of their rope and a turn will have to come very soon. Said a Russian bureau officer to me this afternoon: "The trouble with us is we never think of the morrow. If we have much today we spend it, and if we have little tomorrow we make the best of it. If I should give my droschky driver 100 roubles today it would all be gone tomorrow, and our people have not yet the least idea of accumulation and thrift. For this reason many of the best business establishments of the country are managed by the Germans and the English, and most of the factories here are owned by foreigners."

"But how about the future?" I asked.

"I think we are gradually learning," was the reply. "This famine has taught us much, and there is a steady though very slow movement toward better business methods and better ideas of life. The Russian peasant is, however, hard to change, and the great trouble is that he seems to have an entire lack of ambition. He is satisfied with his hut and his poverty. When you can get our people to want socks instead of rags about their feet, and when they think they need drawers under their calico pants, you will have made the first great step toward the Russia of the future. The spark of ambition once kindled I believe we have the foundation elements of one of the greatest peoples of the world."

HOW THE RUSSIANS LOOK.

No one who visits Russia can be impressed with the strength of character seen in the faces of the people. I first saw these Russian peasants at Jerusalem about four years ago. It was at Easter time and they had come by the thousands on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulcher, and of the polyglot humanity which was gathered there from the four quarters of the world there were none so strong in feature and in frame as these Slavs. I see here every day walking the streets of St. Petersburg with bundles on their backs, driving cabs or droschkies and working on the streets, men whose nobility and strength of features would create remark in any American crowd, and at every corner you meet men whose faces are such that you would be proud to acknowledge them if you found them among your ancestral portraits. Their foreheads are high and broad, their eyes straight, honest and kindly. Their noses are large and clean cut, and their cheek bones often rather prominent. Nearly all are bearded and many are long-haired and part their hair in the middle. Their frames are as strong as their faces. They are a big-boned, well-jointed race, and they look as though they were made to stay. The women are of the same character as the men. They are not handsome nor pretty, but they look kind and motherly and what we would call fine looking. They lack taste in dress, have no idea of the harmony of colors, and wear—I mean the peasants—handkerchiefs of all brightest colors of the rainbow upon their heads. Their dresses are of red, blue or other gay colors, and they are gathered in at the neck and waist and fall to the feet in ungraceful folds. They have no idea of corsets and many of them wear long aprons tied over the bust, gathered in at the waist and falling almost to the feet over their gowns. They are sturdy of frame and rather dull and quiet in manner. They do as much work as the men and the men and women work in the fields side by side. The men of the lower classes, as I see them here, are more picturesque in their dress than the women. Russia is the land of the cap, the long coat and top boots, and the peasants wear coats of homespun with long frocks, and even such as dress in sheepskin, with the fur turned in, have their coats reaching to below the knees. Here in St. Petersburg I see few without overcoats, but further south the peasant man's dress is of red calico, shirt and pantaloons, the shirt coming outside the pants and belted at the waist, and his feet are covered with a sort of coarsely woven straw shoe and his ankles are swaddled in rags. The better class of the poor people or the ordinarily well-to-do men here wear long coats with top boots, and the national cap is worn by nearly every one. This is to a large extent the costume of the rich, though the wealthy all over the civilized world dress much the same as we do. The difference here is largely in the quality of the goods worn, and St. Petersburg may be said to be a city where the people wear ulsters, caps and high boots the year round, no matter whether it be as hot as Tophet or as cold as Alaska. These Russian boots are worth looking at. They are about the only cheap thing in Russia, and you can get a pair made to order for $5. The same leather and the same work in the United States would cost you $25, and the finish of the best leather is as fine as that of a portfolio or pocket-book. These boots reach to the knees, and the best of them shine like patent leather. The pantaloons are always tucked inside of them and there is a fancy section about six inches wide above the ankle of every boot, in which the leather lies in wrinkles with the regularity of a washboard. It takes at least twice as much leather to make a pair of Russian boots as it does an American pair, and the same may be said of the Russian overcoat. The droschky drivers wear more cloth than any other calmen the world over. It takes more of good cloth—for the blue goods they wear seems to be of excellent material—to make a droschky driver's coat than to make a lady's trained ball dress, and this coat has to be padded and quilted. This coat has long skirts, and it is made very large so that the cabby can stuff his body out, and especially his back, to give himself the appearance of prosperous fatness. Nine-tenths of these drivers are padded in this way, and no well-to-do man would own a lean coachman. Lieutenant Allen, the military attache of our legation here, told me yesterday that his coachman appeared to be of prime museum fatness when he engaged him, and that he supposed his great frame was that of nature, until one day he met him before he had put in his pads and he was as thin as a rail and looked so different that it was some time before he knew him.

THE PRIESTS AND THEIR GORGEOUS GOWNS.

The church is perhaps the richest of all Russian institutions, and the thousands upon thousands of priests who are supported by the people are, as a class, the finest looking men in the world. They never shave nor cut their hair and their locks are as silky as those of a baby, and they stream down their backs, reaching often almost to the waist. Their faces are rosy and plump, and showing out under the high black caps which they wear on the streets and over their long black gowns they look wonderfully handsome and noble. During their services in the churches they take off their caps and their hair flows back from their high foreheads, making you think of the patriarchs of old, and during many of the services they appear in gowns of silver and gold and wear great tiara-like hats which sparkle with gold and jewels. The Russian Greek churches are far more gorgeous in their appointments than any other in the world, and there is enough gold leaf plastered over the churches of this country to pay the Russian national debt and to relieve the starving people of the famine districts. From all parts of St. Petersburg you see the great domes of these Russian cathedrals, and their gold-plated surfaces catch the rays of the sun, and their golden spires pierce the sky everywhere you look. Their interiors are gorgeous beyond the dreams of Monte Christo, in gold and silver carvings and decorations, and the treasuries of the churches contain jewels and treasures equal to those of the cave of Aladdin. Take the dome of St. Isaac's cathedral. It is of copper and it is of nearly the size of the dome of the Capitol at Washington. It took 200 pounds of gold to plate it, and there is not a gold bracelet in Tiffany's which is better plated or polished than it is. The gold leaf which is spread over the interior was hammered out of more than 100 pounds of gold. There are solid silver fences about the altar of that cathedral, and there are a hundred and more candelabras in it as high as your head and made of wonderfully worked silver. About its holy of holies, into which women can never go, are Corinthian pillars of malachite facings, worth $100,000, and each square inch of these pillars, which extend upward as high as the roof of your house, is of fine enough stone to make a brooch and to set in gold. There are two columns here inside the malachite ones of lapis lazuli, which are no bigger around than your sweetheart's waist, but which cost $15,000 apiece, and I might fill this page with descriptions of the gold bases of the massive granite columns, the golden clothes of the gorgeous Ikons and of the gilt and glitter of this cathedral alone. It is wonderful in its symmetry and beauty and semi-savage oriental splendor, but it has been softened by the hand of art till it ranks with St. Peter's at Rome as one of the two finest cathedrals of the world. Its cost all told has been nearly $20,000,000, and it took a solid million to make its foundations. Still it is only one cathedral of a number in St. Petersburg, and it is but a type of the gorgeous splendor and extravagance of a religion which has perhaps a stronger hold upon its followers than any other religion in the world. All its churches are filled with precious metals, and without going into a description of those of St. Petersburg I will mention a few of their wonders which I saw in a half a day's drive. In the Kazan cathedral, which cost $3,000,000 in 1811, I found a silver balustrade in front of the golden altar which weighed half a ton and which was made of the Russian plate which Napoleon Bonaparte seized when he took Moscow, but which he had to throw away on his famous retreat. The Cossacks gathered it up and gave it to this cathedral. On the door or screen of the altar of this church the name of the Almighty is engraved in precious stones and there is a painting of the Virgin set with jewels worth $70,000. The cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the other side of the Neva, has a great spire plated with pure gold and its interior is gorgeous in gold and silver. I wandered into a monastery yesterday, where the golden doors of the chapel were open and the black robed monks were in prayers. The golden book of the reader was on a silver stand and the wall or screen in front was one mass of gold and paintings. At one side was a shrine of solid silver, which my guide told me contained more than three thousand pounds of the monastery there is a fortune of jewels, gold and gorgeous gowns, some of which sparkle with diamonds. The vast amount of money, however, which Russia spends upon her religion is upon the thousands of little chapels which you find in almost every block and in nearly every house. The sacred golden Ikon, or picture half image of some saint, the Savior or the Virgin, is found in nearly every room and there is no store or business house which has not its gold shrine, before which a light perpetually burns. Before these shrines their owners, customers and guests now, cross themselves and utter prayers many times daily, and all of the impressions I have received since entering Russia there are none so deep as those I have felt in the churches and in watching the religious evidences of the people. Their religion may not be the best one; its priests may be and probably are to a large extent ignorant; but the people believe what they profess and their creed is one of the strongest forces of their civilization and must have an effect on their future.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON KID.

There is a peculiar charm about leather decoration which resistlessly attracts the woman whose days are passed in doing fancy work and whose dreams by night are of the same subject. One mode which requires some practice, but the results of which are charming, is embroidering designs in silks upon kid. Needles the size of those which are used to mend gloves are employed, and fine silks. A piece of tan-colored kid with a design in chrysanthemums embroidered upon it in shades of yellow, and gradations of color as delicate and imperceptible as are produced by painting. It was designed for a card-case cover. A cravat-case of soft gray kid had pale pink wild roses embroidered on it and was lined with silk of a corresponding shade. The only reason it wasn't perfumed with rose was that the man for whom it was designed had a masculine horror of perfumes about his belongings. Dainty book covers, blotting covers, and the likes are also made of kid and leather.

Invigorating, Refreshing, IDANHA.

FOR THE JUVENILES

Princess Victoria's Three Interesting Little Princes.

Tales, Anecdotes and Poetry for Little Tots, and a Great Grist of Funny and Bright Sayings.

A little child at the window,
Watching the sunshine bright,
Cried, "O mamma, see God's flag,
Its hung in the sunset light.

Red pennants and streamers of fire
On the deep blue expanse unfurl,
Over the red and white clouds lie
Like chalice and flowing seas of pearl.

"Isn't it beautiful, mamma,"
And the dark eyes brighter grow,
They almost seem to catch the sight
Of the saints' wild beauteous glow.

Three Little Princes.

Three very winsome children are the little princelings, Gustavus Adolphus, William and Erik, sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway. Their father, Duke of Gatland, is the oldest son of King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway.

Although the young princes live much of their time at Tullyarn, a castle by the seaside, they, like other children, are fond of visiting their grandfather. When they come to see him the king takes pleasure in giving them military drill, and they go through their exercises on the lawn, where the people of the neighborhood can stand outside and watch them. Prince Erik tries to do like his elder brothers, and his going through the military drill is very cunning. The king tells them to present arms to the people, which they do amid loud cheers.

There have been some famous kings named Gustavus, so the Swedish people love the name. Should this little prince ever become king, he will be known as Gustavus Adolphus VI. When he grows to be a man he is to be a soldier, and if he is as brave and good as his grandfather and father, he will be a great man. Before him are heavy responsibilities, and although his military drill is now play, his future work will be very hard.

His brother, Prince William, is to be a sailor. The boys go boating, fishing, and are fair swimmers. They can read, write and have taken up many studies. They have many things to learn and must be at their work early.

Their mother was Princess Victoria of Baden, granddaughter of the late Kaiser Wilhelm I. She is a sweet, lovely woman, and she devotes herself with fond pride to her little princelings. Their grandfather is not only a king, but a poet, a soldier and a renowned writer. His family were raised from simple, obscure burghers, to the rulers of the finest kingdom in Europe.

"When I Am Big."

When I am big I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumkin pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.

When I am big I mean to wear
A long tailed coat, and crop my hair;
I'll buy a paper and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.

Oddities

The Egyptians held the scarabaeus, a species of beetle, as something sacred; some say because it had thirty toes, symbolizing the number of days of the month. During the life of the beetle it was worshiped, and after its death embalmed. The cat was also sacred to the same people; and they treated it as they did the insect, which must have been pleasant for the cat during its life. What a beautiful Egyptian god some old yellow tabby would make!

In 353 B. C., Philip of Macedon besieged the town of Methone. Within the walls was Aster of Amphipolis, who shot an arrow upon which was written "Aimed at Philip's right eye." It was correctly aimed, and put out the eye; but Philip shot the arrow back with the words, "If Philip take the town, Aster shall be hanged." History records the fact that Philip did take the town, and Aster suffered in consequence of his good aim.

Perillus, an Athenian artist, made a frightful instrument of torture for Phalaris, a tyrant of Arrigentum, 270 B. C. It was called the Brazen Bull, and had an opening in the side where the victims were put in, after which they were roasted to death by a fire kindled beneath. It is said that the tyrant thought so well of it that he ordered the maker to be the first sufferer, so that he might see how it worked. Twenty-one years later Phalaris himself was roasted by his aggrieved and indignant subjects, which was a striking example of poetic justice.

AS CLEVER AS CAN BE.

A Whole Pack of Bright Sayings by Children.

Dorothy (aged 5) to her older sister—I'm as tall as you.

Marjorie—No, you're not. Stand up and see. There, you only come to my mouth.

Dorothy—Well, I don't care. I'm as tall the other way; my feet go down as far as yours."

Little Dick—School teachers hasn't any feeling at all.

Mamma—What is the matter now?

Little Dick—My teacher borrowed my new knife to sharpen her pencil, so she could give me a demerit mark.

First Little Girl—I guess you folk's isn't very respect'ble.

Second Little Girl—Why isn't we?

First Little Girl—I hasn't seen a doctor here once.

Realism—"And do you love Dolly as much as ever?"

"Not quite, Auntie; we've got a real meat baby at home now."

Waldo was rather young to know his letters, but he claimed familiarity with them. "Let me see," said a visitor, desirous of testing his knowledge. "What is the difference between a B and a C Waldo?" "That ith easthy," he lisped. "A bee ith a intsect and a thee ith full o' water."

Little Sadie—Oh, Uncle Harry, Miss Brown and Mr. Swift are in the parlor, and she has her head on his shoulder.

Uncle Harry—That's all right. She has a lion on him.

Old Gentleman—"Don't you think it is cruel to shut up a bird in a little cage like that?"

Little Girl—"Oh, I don't know. I have a pretty good time, and I live in a flat.

Bloobumper—"Benny, why do you refer to your uncle as 'she?'"

Benny—"Because he is a soldier."

"But what of that?"

"Men-of-war are always spoken of in the feminine gender."

Hard and Easy Lives.—Little Girl—"My papa has to get up awful early, so as to get to the office and see if his clerks is there attendin' to business."

Little Boy—"My papa don't have to. He's one of the clerks."

"How do you do?" said mamma's caller to little Fay.

"I don't do anything now," answered Fay. "It's vacation, and mamma said I could have a rest.

Mother—"Why do you do all your playing with that dirty little boy on the back street?"

Small Son—"I can whip him."

Uncle—Bobby, what does lazy mean?

Bobby—Lazy means always to want your little sister to get it for you.

Country Child (who sees no novelty in a park)—What is all this grass for?

City Child—That's to keep off of.

Little Victor—"Mamma, my hands are dirty; shall I wash them or put on gloves."

POSTOFFICE DON'TS.

Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is completely and properly addressed.

Don't place the address so that there will be no room for the post-mark.

Don't fail, in the hurry of business, to write the name of the state you intend and not your own—a very common error.

Don't fail to make certain that your manner of writing the name of an office or state may not cause it to be mistaken for one similar in appearance. It is often better to write the name of the state in full.

Don't fail, if you are in doubt as to the right name of the office for which your letter was intended, to consult the Postal Guide, which any postmaster will be pleased to show you.

Don't fail to give the street and house number of the person for whom mail matter is intended in addressing it to a city or large town.

Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is properly stamped.

Don't fail to place the stamp in the upper right-hand corner.

Don't write on the envelope "In haste," "Care of postmaster," etc; it does no good, and tends to confusion in the rapid handling of mail matter.

Don't fail to bear in mind that it is unlawful to enclose matter of a higher class in one that is lower; e. g., merchandise in newspapers.

Don't mail any letter unless your address, with request to return, is upon the face of the envelope; so that in case of non-delivery it will be returned directly to you.

Don't fail to give your correspondents your full address, so that a new postman cannot fail to find you.

Don't fail to notify your postmaster of any change in your address.

Don't trust to the fact that you are an "old resident," "well-known citizen," etc., but have your letter addressed in full.

Don't fail, if you intend to be away from home for any length of time, to inform your postmaster what disposition shall be made of your mail.

Don't delay the delivery of any mail matter that you may take out for another.

Don't fail to sign your letters in full, so that if they reach the Dead Letter office they may be promptly returned.

Don't, when you fail to receive an expected letter, charge the postal service with its loss, until you have learned from your correspondent all the facts in regard to its mailing, contents, etc.

Don't mail a parcel without previously weighing it to ascertain proper amount of postage.

Don't wrap a parcel in such a manner that the wrapper may become separated from the contents.

Don't seal or wrap parcels in such manner that their contents may not be easily examined.

Don't mail parcels to foreign countries without special inquiry concerning the regulations governing foreign-addressed mail matter.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries, other than Canada and Mexico, in execution of an order or as a gift, unless the postage is prepaid at five cents per half ounce.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries by "parcels post," unless your postmaster be consulted concerning the country addressed and the manner of mailing matter thereto.

Don't fail to put the address of the sender on each parcel before mailing. This to facilitate a return to the sender in the event of a non-delivery.

MONEY TO LOAN

On city property or acreage at very low rates of interest. E. B. WICKS, 68 West Second South street.

All first class grocers and druggists keep IDANHA.

LAKE PARK,

On Rio Grande Western. Excursion July 25. Fare 50 cents. Trains at 11 a.m. 2, 5 and 9 p.m.

When you call for mineral water on the side ask for IDANHA.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Midsummer Clearing Sale.

Down They Go and Out They Go.

Necessity Knows No Law, and we Know No Cost when Clearing Time Comes.

NOTE THE ATTRACTIVE BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

50 Shades extra quality Pongees, only 42½c., worth 60c.
35 Shades good quality Surahs, only 25c, worth 50c.
18 Shades 20-inch changeable Surahs, only 50c, worth $1.00.
16 Shades 24-inch Japanese Silk, only 60c, worth $1.20.
11 Shades 27-inch Pongees, only 75c, worth $1.25.
1,000 Yards of 19-inch all silk Black Surah, only 50c, worth 75c.
200 Yards of 24-inch and 27-inch best quality Black Surah, only $1.00, worth $1.50.
24 Different styles of good quality printed Chinas, down to 25c, worth 50c.
43 Different styles of Printed Pongees, only 37½c, worth 75c.

25 PER CENT. LESS THAN COST.

Figured Chinas, Twilled Indias, lovely designs, in Pongees, in width from 22 inches to 28 inches.

25 PER CENT. LESS THAN COST.

FIVE LEADERS IN BLACK SILKS.

DON'T FAIL TO EXAMINE QUALITIES.

19-inch Gros Grain at 62½c, 75c and 85c.
27-inch Satin Marveleux at 75c.
19-inch Satin Luxor at 87½c.
Above goods are worth 35 per cent. more.

28 Shades of 40-inch French Camelette at 75c, worth $1.25.
A lovely line of Albatross, 39 inches, at 50c; value 75c.
A few Crepon Suits—were $12.50, now $9.00.

Great Slaughter of All Remaining Robes & Suit Lengths too Numerous to Mention

PARASOLS! PARASOLS!

24-inch Black Gloria Silk Sunshades, 85c, worth $1.25.
$2.50, $4.50, $5.00 Sunshades in lovely designs, in good all Silk Surah or Taffeta Silk, now $1.50.
Every Parasol has been marked to less than Half Value.
Challies! Challies! At 15c, worth 50c. Best French Challies at 45 and 50c.

GREAT SALE OF BLAZER SUITS, WRAPPERS, WAISTS,

—AND—

CHILDREN'S GINGHAM AND SEERSUCKER DRESSES AT COST.

THE SUPERIORITY OF FIT AND STYLE OF OUR READY-MADE GOODS WINS EVERY TIME.

25 Dozen Ladies' Indigo Blue Waists at 45c each.
22 Dozen Ladies' Fancy Plaited Laundried Waists at 65c each.
41 Dozen Ladies' Fancy Lawn Waists at $1.00 each.
5 Dozen assorted Ladies' Plain and Polka Dot Silk Waists at $2.00 each.
9 Dozen assorted Silk Waists, all Shades, at $3.00 each.
40 Dozen Calico Wrappers at 50c each.

72 Dozen Calico Wrappers, were sold at $1.25, at 75c each.
15 Dozen Gingham and Ballate Wrappers, sold for $2.00, at $1.00 each.
6 Dozen Children's Gingham Dresses, sold at $1.35, at 75c each.
9 Dozen Children's Seersucker Dresses, sold for $1.00, now $1.10 each.
14 Dozen Ladies' Ready-Made Dresses, assorted styles, were sold for $4.00, now $1.55.

Don't fail to inspect our stock of Bathing Suits, which we offer at Very Low Prices.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Down Go the Prices! Down! Down! Our chief aim now is to Sell! Sell! The Cost or Value not considered.

Bab'es' Shoes 40c, reduced from 75
Children's Shoes 60c, reduced from $1.00
Children's Shoes 75c, reduced from 1.25
Childr'n's Shoes 75c, reduced from 1.50
Misses' Shoes 85c, reduced from 1.50
Misses' Shoes $1.00, reduced from 2.00
Ladies' Shoes $1.50 reduced from 3.00
Ladies' Shoes $2.00 reduced from 3.50
Ladies' Shoes $2.00, reduced from 4.50
Ladies' Shoes $3.50, reduced from 5.50
Youths' Shoes $1.00, reduced from 2.00
Youths' Shoes $1.25, reduced from 2.25
Boys' Shoes $1.50, reduced from 3.00
Boys' Shoes $1.75, reduced from 3.25
Men's Shoes $1.50, reduced from 3.75
Men's Shoes $2.00, reduced from 3.00

A lot of Ladies' and Gent's Slippers at 40c, reduced from $1.00.
The finest French Kid Slipper in the house goes for $2.00. There are Slippers in this lot that cost $5.00.

Clearing Sale in Boys' Clothing at Less than Cost.

BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO MAIL ORDERS.

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