WHOLE BRIGADE AT THE FUNERAL

Services Over Four Cossacks Who Had Been Killed.

STRIKING SCENE WITNESSED

PECULIARITY OF THE WILD AND ROUGH RIDERS.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)

Mukden, Nov. 25.—Wild and rough as are the Cossacks, they are peculiarly sentimental and as susceptible as children to the emotion of the hour, whether it be anger or sympathy. One of the most striking sights I have ever witnessed was the whole of Mistchenko's division paying its respects to the remains of the four Cossacks who were killed and mutilated below Sindee. It was some time back, just toward the end of the summer. The burial was fixed for 9 a. m. Mistchenko and all his staff and the Fourth Chita regiment, to which the men belonged, was accorded the place of prominence in the ceremonies. There were no coffins available, and the bodies were wrapped in plaited straw, but so smothered with wild flowers and native grasses that it was impossible to see the ghastly blood stains soaking through the covering till the corpses were lifted from the stretchers to be placed in the grave.

God's Own House.

The churchly accessories were scanty. An old table had been brought from a deserted Chinese hut and on it was placed an old regimental ikon and before it a single bit of wax candle, the nearest approach to a taper that could be had. The priest of the Barnaulski regiment officiated. He took his place before the table; the order "hats off, pray," was passed down the line, and Mistchenko, setting the example, uncovered and bowed his head while the men knelt, bare headed, but each with mhis carbine between his knees. The church accessories may have been poor and simple, but the temple was magnificent. It was God's own house, a walled-in valley with green hills rising on every side and over all rising a single peak that might have been the spire of this mighty cathedral.

Affecting Service.

The service, simple but affecting, was soon over. The priest blessed the bodies, and the stretchers were raised shoulder high and passed up the hill past the massed regiments and the band playing a dead march. Mistchenko and his staff followed on foot like the rest, and after the Cossacks had placed the bodies in the open grave he threw in a handful of earth, and each officer and man of the regiment did likewise. Then the general shook hands with the priest, thanking him for his attendance on the dead, and also shook hands with and thanked the four Cossacks who had stood in the grave to receive the bodies. Before the assembly was dismissed, Mistchenko briefly addressed the men warning them under no circumstances to commit any reprisal on the dead or wounded Japanese who should fall into their hands. And so far as I have ever heard this mandate has been obeyed. But before the day was out we had another skirmish with the Japanese, and I heard that every man cut a cross on his cartridge before firing.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

DEFICIT IS $781,646.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 23.—F. D. Kilburn, state superintendent of banks, has given out a further statement of the condition of the suspended German bank. It shows that the surplus and capital stock of the bank were wiped out, the deficit being $781,646.

SUDDEN DEATH.

San Francisco, Dec. 23.—An elderly man, believed to be Gordon W. Lloyd of Detroit, Mich., died suddenly tonight in a restaurant. He had stopped at the Palace hotel for three days and was to have sailed tonight on the steamer Ventura for Australia.

TWO GIRLS ASPHYXIATED.

San Francisco, Dec. 23.—Nellie Tracy and May Johnson, employed in a dance hall, were found dead in their room in a lodging house today. They had been accidentally asphyxiated by gas.

SOMEWHAT BETTER.

Denver, Dec. 23.—The condition of Miss Dorothy Russell, the actress, who is ill at St. Luke's hospital of bronchial pneumonia, is somewhat improved tonight. Word was received today that her mother, Lillian Russell, had started for Denver to be at the bedside of her stricken daughter.

RIOTERS SENTENCED.

Kishineff, Dec. 23.—Sentences were pronounced today upon the persons found guilty of participation in the anti-Jewish riots here in May, 1903. Seventeen of them were sentenced to 170 days' imprisonment, two to eighty days, and eleven were acquitted.

St. Louis Fair Grand Prize

AWARDED TO

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Chocolate & Cocoa

The Highest Award ever made in this Country

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A new illustrated recipe book sent free

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TERRIFIC GALES ON TRIP ACROSS OCEAN

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 23.—The North German Lloyd steamer Princess Irene, which left Naples Dec. 9, reached here tonight short of fuel. She will take on 500 tons of coal and proceed to New York. She reports terrific gales and head seas and was compelled to use large quantities of oil. Three passengers were injured by being thrown from their feet. Several ventilators were smashed, and the steamer's boats were damaged. When the storm was at its height the 1,000 steerage passengers became panic stricken and were restrained with difficulty.—Fifty of the first-class passengers landed from the steamer tonight and left by train for their homes in the United States.

PULLED OFF BY A TUG.

Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 23.—The United Fruit company's steamer Admiral Dewey, which stranded Wednesday night at the entrance of Port Morant, Jamaica, was pulled off the reef today by a wrecking tug.

TREATY SIGNED.

Madrid, Dec. 23.—The ministerial council has signed the Spanish-American arbitration treaty.

CABINET MEETING.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Little business of importance was considered at today's meeting of the cabinet. All the members attended the session, but the session lasted a comparatively short time.

KANSAS MAN APPOINTED.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Secretary Wilson has appointed E. H. Webster of Kansas chief of the dairying division of the department of agriculture, to succeed the late Major Henry E. Alvord.

TRAVELING BAG LUCKY.

Plunger Who Lost All Sold it to a Kind-Hearted Man.

(New York Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

"I've heard a lot about the ups and downs of the regulars who make a business of following the horses," said a jewelry salesman whose territory embraces the Pacific coast, "but I never had such a close, first-hand view as I had at San Francisco more than a year ago and at Sheepshead Bay only the other day.

"The story had its beginning at San Francisco a year ago last March. One rainy, gloomy evening during the month I dropped into a Kearney street pawnship to price some valises that were displayed in the window.

"I was looking over the stock when a tall chap who looked considerably up against it came into the pawnshop. Despite the raw weather he wore no overcoat, and his clothes looked shabby and thin for the season. His collar was frayed and his cravat appeared to have had a lot of wear.

He needed a shave badly. His shoes were broken at the sides. He was a good-looking, well-built man, but he had a gaunt, underfed appearance, and there was a certain desperate cast in his eye that attracted my attention as soon as he entered the pawnshop.

"But the fact about him that chiefly attracted my eye was that he carried a very fine Gladstone alligator bag—just the article I was looking for. It had hardly been used at all as I could easily see and I judged it to be worth at least $50.

"When the owner placed it on the pawnshop coutner I was surprised to observe that on one side, in neat, small gold letters, was a tidily stamped set of initials, three of them, exactly corresponding to my own initials.

"'I'll take ten on that,' said the gaunt chap to the pawnbroker.

"The pawnbroker shook his head with the aggravating smile of some men who follow his business.

"'Five,' he said 'that's all we ever lend on valises.'

"'Just look this one over,' said the man without an overcoat, 'and see if it calls for any five-dollar loan.'

"'Oh, I can see that it's a good bag, all right,' said the pawnbroker. 'But we cant' get anything on bags. They're a drug, like fiddles. Besides your initials are stamped upon it. That spoils it for me. The leathers' scraped away for the stenciling and there's no eracing stenciled letters. Five is all.'

"The man with the bag looked for a moment as if he would have liked to jump over the counter and grab the pawnbroker by the throat. But he swallowed a gulp or two of pretty visible wrath and I could see with what an effort he restrained himself.

"He was perhaps thinking of the big amount of interest money he had paid out to pawnbrokers in his time and it made him sore. But, as I say, he kept his anger down, and he started to stake the pawnbroker to a little talk.

"It was as good a talk of that sort as I ever heard—the talk of an educated man pretty nigh down and out.

"He had been with the horses in San Francisco all winter, it seemed. The horses had got him, as, of course, they get everybody who stays with them long enough.

"He wanted to get east for the beginning of the eastern racing season. But he was all in and he needed a front to enable him to get out and get the price of a ride over the mountains to the Atlantic seaboard.

"He couldn't do much with a five spot but with a ten dollar note he could go down the 'bay' and get enough tog stuff to put up some kind of an exterior.

"That was the way it stood with him. He'd be getting the bag out inside of a month—there was no manner of doubt as to that. Would the pawnbroker let him have the sawbuck?

"No, the pawnbroker wouldn't.

"'There's no use in talking about it,' said the three balls dealer. 'I'm staked to talks like that twenty times a day. If I listened to all or half of 'em I'd have to go out of business. Five for the grip, and no more.'

"The gaunt man with the grip picked it up—and he was pretty ashy about the mouth, too—and walked out without another word. I followed him out. That grip he was carrying seemed to have been made to order for me, initials and all, and, besides that, I wasn't unwilling to help the man if he cared to be helped my way.

"'I'll give you $20 outright for that bag,' I said to him, halting him in the misty drizzle.

"He turned around and looked me over for a minute, and then he passed over the bag.

"'All right pal,' he said, 'and thanks to you.'

"I handed him over a twenty-dollar bill. He took the money with a nod and disappeared around a corner. I carried the bag to my hotel, and have been enjoying the use of it ever since.

"Well, at Sheepshead Bay the other afternoon I was being pushed and hauled down the line of bookmakers, helplessly trying to get a peek at the prices against the horses in the Twin City handicap, so as to get a little piking holiday bet down, when a tall chap, dressed to the nines—pro.....y the most tastefully dressed man on the grounds—swung through the crowd and began to bet $500 at a clip with every bookmaker he could reach on the horse Caughnawaga.

"The bookmakers accepted his bets without the money—he had merely to hold up his fingers to indicate the amount he wanted to bet, and the sheet writers clapped the figures down without the interchange of any money—the method, in short, whereby only the recognized plungers make their bets.

"I recognized the tall man instantly as the fellow from whom I had bought the Gladstone bag in the drizzle outside of a San Francisco pawns..op a year and a half ago.

"As he strode by me I couldn't refrain from giving him a bit of a nudge and saying to him:

"'Useful and ornamental traveling article, that bag of yours.'

"He gazed down at me for half a minute in a puzzled sort of way, and then his face spread into a smile and he held out his hand.

"'Why, you're the decent chap that passed me the twenty for that grip out in 'Frisco, aren't you?' he said. 'That was the biggest twenty I ever saw before or since. I've never known a broke minute since you passed it over,' and with a good natured nod he swung down along the line of bookmakers.

"After he had got some distance away, however, he hurried back to where I was standing. He bent close to me, and said in a matter of fact tone:

"'Caughnawaga's people think a lot of him for this race—if you're playing them, that is,' and he was away again.

"I only visit the race track occasionally, but I know enough not to take all the tips that are handed out on race tracks. This one, however, looked too good—there was every reason to suppose that the tall fellow who fanced I had done him a kindness wouldn't swing me wrong if he knew it. Moreover, wasn't he making $500 bets all down the line on Caughnawaga at 3 to 1, and the horse walked in.

After the races were over I saw that tall man step into a swell French automobile, take the wheel himself and treat the pretty women in the seats behind to a fine spurt down the boulevard.

"I was glad to see him in such good feather—glad as I could be.

"But, all the same, I couldn't drive out of my view the mental picture of him standing, shivering and overcoatless, in a mean March drizzle in San Francisco, and I fell to wondering how long it ud be be before he'd land that way again.

"Never, I hope, of course; but you know those ponies, and what they do to folks who stay along with them."

PRESIDENT AND "OLD HANK."

And the Grumpy Engineer Got the Best of the Strenuous Executive.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

No one was able to tell why there had been a call for a meeting of the General Managers' association of Chicago. There was no docket, no business and no labor score. Accordingly the men who operate the railroads centering in Chicago locked the doors and began swapping stories.

"You have been out with President Roosevelt recently," suggested a St. Paul man to a Burlington official, "and it's up to you to tell us some of your experiences."

"The fewer experiences you have when you're out with Roosevelt the longer you will enjoy a good nervous system," grumbled the man from the "Q."

"Pretty strenuous?" suggested another.

"Strenuous is not the word. Some bright genius ought to coin a new, stronger and more strenuous Anglo-Saxon word for barnstorming with Roosevelt on a special train."

* * *

"Thought you didn't have any nerves. You hadn't developed any when you were dispatching trains on the B. & M. division."

"Ah, but this is different," said the Burlington man, reflectively. "When you are dispatching trains you only have to see that a hundred different flying things don't get together and kill people. But when running a special train with Roosevelt you have got to send the supreme head of the nation along at a pace that makes a big town look like a long-tumbled-down beard shanty as you pass through it. The responsibility is awful, and you get to thinking that maybe a rivet in a fishplate has broken or a semaphore has been misplaced."

"Likes to ride fast, does he?"

"Fast isn't the exact term. You ought to have a cuss word in front of it. Why, we took him from Mendota to Ottumwa, ninety-seven miles, in seventy minutes, a pace which makes the fast mail look like a milk train."

"How did he like it?"

"Like it? When he passed Mendota and I had given the slow-down bell he asked me when we were going to give him that fast ride we had promised."

* * *

While the general laugh was subsiding the Burlington man added: "And then, just to make us all feel good he told us of a real fast run he had enjoyed on the road of one of our hated rivals."

"Is it true that the president likes to meet engineers?" asked the newly appointed general manager.

"Well, I should say so, and that is where we had the joke on the president and got even for the fast run business. On that same trip we stopped at a little watering station out on the plains of Nebraska, and the president told Howard Elliott, then second vice president of the Burlington, that he would like to meet the engineer. We had the schedule keyed up to a point where seconds were too valuable to waste, but Mr. Elliott allowed he could waste a few for the sake of pleasing the president. So we hastily made up an escort, swung off the platform of the special and started for the forward end. President Roosevelt led the way simply because no one could go fast enough to keep up with him. As I remember, it was old 'Hank' Evans who had the run. 'Hank' could pull out a throttle bar until he had a string of cars swinging behind him like the tail of a kite in a gale, and never feel a thrill. He didn't have an ounce of sentiment in his big frame."

"Not much like the president in that respect," declared a member of the association.

* * *

"Nop, and I remember that as 'Hank' stood there filling the drive wheel cups from his big oil can he looked the picture of stoicism. It would have stonped me, but not the president. When the president caught sight of 'Hank' he never waited to know his name. He just sailed up to him with his glad hand outstretched, his face lighted up and his every move denoting intense enthusiasm. Elliott tried to catch up to do the honors, but was distanced before he got fairly started."

"What did 'Hank' do when he saw the president coming?"

"Gave him a crusty look and went right on filling the oil cups. Before the president had reached him he began talking.

"'I'm President Roosevelt,' he said. 'And I want to know you and I want you to know me. Of course, you know I am one of you now. I have the honor to be a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.'

"'Hank's' oil can kept right on doing business, while 'Hank' freed himself of what had been the half of a 10-cent cut of plug.

"'You may be a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Mr. President,' replied 'Hank,' in an off-hand, matter-of-fact way, 'but I'm not.'

"The situation was something trying in its intensity for a moment, but the president relieved it by bursting into a hearty laugh.

"'You are such a splendid engineer that you ought to become one of us right away,' declared the president.

"Why in the world did you not put the president next?" was asked.

"Why? Elliott had been doing the tallest stunt of his life in the walking line the entire length of that train trying to get close enough to Roosevelt to let him know that since the great strike on the 'Q' the brotherhood act didn't go."

The saving in gas made by a Welsbach Light in one year more than pays for that Light — And you get better light in the bargain!

All Dealers

X

What the Business Girl Needs.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IN NO other period has the girl who goes to business been so much in evidence as in the first decade of the twentieth century. Many girls who do not need to earn money are restless and discontented if not permitted to enter the lists with their brothers, and it must be admitted that they do not suffer in comparison with men, either in business ability or in the self-denial requisite that they may succeed in what they undertake.

The other day a young woman went to Europe to study certain textiles and investigate a certain market. She had been the teacher of a little district school in an out of the way corner in the country, and she did not enjoy teaching. She gave it up and took a place in the counting room of a relative, developing so much knack for management that before long she was advanced to the care of a definite department. Last year she made a goodly sum of money, magnificently in excess of the pittance she had earned in the school room.

Another girl, who, during the illness of her father, a broker, had assisted him as his confidential clerk, boldly took the business on herself, as her brother, had there been one, might have done, and after her father's death supported the family.

Yet another, who has a brilliant record as an alumnus of a New England college, is carrying on a dairy and creamery, and her chum is bookkeeper in a large importing house.

These are girls who have had exceptional business openings, and who have added to eager ambition an extraordinary capacity for settling down to business tasks.

Thousands of girls, like thousands of men, never expect to get much beyond a moderate salary. The rank and file share the common lot of hard and faithful toil, with comparatively small returns.

* * *

What does the girl who goes to business every day need in the way of capital? First of all she needs a conscience. She is selling her time to a buyer, who pays for it. So she cannot afford to do without the sort of conscience that forbids her to shirk, to dawdle or to be late. If she has not this conscience she cheapens herself.

A customer stands before a counter. She wishes to buy lace, or gloves, or leather goods, or toilet articles. But though she do her best, she cannot secure the attention of the gossiping and giggling girls whose business it is to wait on her. They are occupied with talk of their own, and they yawn in her face. She goes to another shop, disgusted, and the firm that day loses a sale because its employes have no conscience. Ultimately such employes lose their jobs, or, if not, they never get an advance, or are worth more than the small rate of payment.

Next to conscience, a young girl who goes to business must have firm health. She has to be out in every variety of weather, and she has to concentrate her whole energy for a long time of every day on some occupation. It may be stenography and typewriting, or bookkeeping, or making dresses, or trimming hats, or sitting at a loom, or binding shoes. Whatever it is, be sure a girl must be well or she cannot stand the strain on her nerves and back and head.

* * *

Health and conscience assured, our girl who goes to business must take an interest in the work for the work's sake. If one is indifferent to a task, if she cares only to get it done anyhow, she will not finish her work with nicety, nor set upon it any stamp of distinction. Besides, these days are hopelessly dreary in which the hand toils and the brain loathes what the hand does. Interest is the salt that flavors daily life.

And our girl must be self-centered, so much so that she shall not be open to receiving foolish or impertinent attentions from men who do not hold working women in reverence.

A great many exaggerations and not a few downright falsehoods are told about the dangers run by young women in business offices and the risks our daughters run when they join the vast army of the wage-earning. The girl who undertakes office work of any kind in a spirit of absorption in the work, who is impersonal, who does not fancy that the small courtesies paid every good woman by every good man mean flattering attentions, will run no risk at all. Temptation will pass her by. It is possible for a young woman to do any sort of honest and honorable work, not only unscathed and unsullied, but without the faintest breath of evil coming near her, if she does her work as a man does, sinking her sex, and thinking of nothing but her plain duty. A great host of young and successful newspaper women prove this by the pluck, courage, persistence and self-respect with which they undertake an assignment and carry out an order, whatever it be. For the business woman who is competent and impersonal, midnight in any of our great cities is as safe as noonday.

* * *

The girl who goes daily to business needs to adopt a comfortable business dress. It should be tidy and trim, of quiet color and severe style. Of course, a trailing gown and excess of ornament are not to be admitted in the costume of a business woman. But she would better not be mannish. A girl need not sacrifice an iota of her womanly right to be dressed becomingly because she dresses very simply. Formerly the young girls who act as saleswomen in the large shops wore whatever they chose, often adopting garish colors and imitation jewelry. Now the universal rule is a black dress, with white collars and cuffs, during business hours, to the great improvement of the situation and of the looks of the girls themselves. Youth is always comely. Our business girls do not require much by the way of ornament to enhance their charms, for charms they have, losing not one whit of attractiveness when enrolling their names among the self-supporting.

A short skirt, ankle length, a warm jacket, a trim hat, and comfortable, broad-soled, well fitting shoes are indispensable in the girl's preparation for business. If angels wore shoes they would sing out of tune if the shoes pinched. A saint in agony from corns and bunions would have much ado to be saintly. Spend your money on shoes and stockings and soft, well-made underwear if you wish to be good-tempered and continue equal to the demands of the day, is the advice of a veteran to the sisterhood of working women.

An old-fashioned friend of mine used to tell all girls, and it was good counsel, to lavish pains and expense on the clothing that was out of sight.

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

WALKER'S STORE.

TODAY--

Christmas Eve--Tempting Offers for Your Last Day of Yuletide Shopping.

Buy and hurry away—no doubt your program for today. The following is an index to only a few of the Splendid Offerings. Others may be easily found in the departments and all in readiness to serve you promptly.

Tonight--Linen Table Pieces for Very Little

Sale begins at 6 o'clock lasts until closing of store. Choice lot damasks—

Oval and round fringed tray cloths, 35c each kinds for 10c each.
Fringed tray cloths, round, 75c each for—25c.
Fringed oval tray cloths, $1 values, for—30c each.

Today--Several Choice Linen Table Cloths Greatly Under Prices.

Two tablecloths, most exquisite linen with elaborate Japanese hand drawnwork; 84x99 inches, $35 each values, today—$16.50.

One hemstitched linen table cloth, with napkins to match, instead of $25, today—$19.50; one other, $22.50 value, for—$17.50; another, $12 value, for—$8.50.

Today--Silk Down Comforts with Reductions

Now then, would you give a luxurious gift? A silk covered down comfort is the thing—the housewife's particular pride. For today only—

Two $18 Silk Covered Down Comforts Reduced to—$12.50.
Two $27.50 Silk Covered Down Comforts Reduced to—$19.75.
One $25 Silk Covered Down Comfort Reduced to—$17.90

Today—Lot of Men's 50c Ties—25c

Four-in-hands and Tecks, broken assortments culled from the 50c collection, today until closing tonight—25c.

Today—50c to $10.50 Silver Pieces—Half Priced

Quadruple silver pieces—just next to solid for lasting quality. Hair and cloth brushes with backs of silver, combs with backs of silver, vases, smoker sets, toilet sets and a lot of other articles that have been selling at 50c up to $10.50 each—HALF PRICES.

Today—Bric-a-brac at Half Prices

Very nearly our whole collection of large to smallest pieces. Great bronze vases and other ornaments; Arabian figures in the smaller bronzes, clowns with donkeys, jockeys with horses, vases, card trays, ash trays, steins; china pieces; pottery pieces, etc; 25c to $60 the regular prices—HALF THESE.

Today—Pictures Half Priced

All are pretty and givable; plentiful choosing of subjects; daintily framed. Cupid series, Underwood series, portraits of celebrities, Dutch children and many others—nearly the whole collection—20c up to $1.98 each—HALF THESE PRICES.

All water color pictures, 25c to $1.50 each kinds—HALF PRICED.

All calendars, 25c to 75c at regular—HALF THESE PRICES.

Today—All Cut Glass Pieces Twice Reduced

We bought them under regular market prices and have been selling them so. Now these additional cut offs—

All the $2.50 and $2.75 Cut-glass Pieces—$1.38
All the $3.50, $4, $4.50 Pieces—$2.50
All the $5, $6, $7.50 Pieces—$4
All the $8, $9, $10 Pieces—$6.50
All the $12.50 and $15 Pieces—$9

All Umbrellas—One-fourth Off Regular Prices

A charming present for man or woman. Stock is most complete—variety broad and excellent. Best of silk and gloria silk coverings; all the handle-styles produced almost; various natural wood designs, ivory, solid silver, gun metal, pearl and gold combined and so on. Umbrellas at $1 and up to $18 each—ONE-FOURTH TAKEN OFF REGULAR PRICES.

Tonight--White Mercerized Waistings up to $1.50 a yard--22c.

A mighty pleasing gift will a waist from these make. Pleased customers crowded the aisles during last evening's sale. They will again this. Choice from six different designs. Best of mercerized fabrics that should be selling at 75c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50 a yard, 6 o'clock tonight until closing of store—22c.

Today--Waist Patterns Have Further Reductions.

Boxed for Christmas giving.

Crepe de Chine Patterns, Beautifully Embroidered, Cream, Black, Light Blue, Champagne Colors—$27.50 for—$15.
Those That Were $15 Reduced to---$7.50.
Velvet Waist Patterns, Plain and Fancy, Weaves—$5 and $6 for—$2.

Today--$1 Books for 69c. The 65c for--45c

In one lot such charming novels as—"The Virginian," "The Crisis," "Right of Way," "Craustark," "Hounds of the Baskervilles" and others. Fancy bindings; all suitable Christmas gifts. Reduced from $1 to 69c.

Lot of children's books—John Henry series and others, reduced from 65c to—45c.

Today--Fancy Stockings and Cashmere.

Women's stockings, embroidered effects and stripes, broken assortment lot, reduced from $1 a pair to—50c.

Women's black cashmere stockings, with gray soles, instead of $1 a pair—75c.

Today—Armenian and Some Other Needle-work Pieces—One-third Off

The Armenian pieces are—opera bags, dresser scarfs, collar and cuff sets, boleros, etc., all beautifully embroidered by hand and priced $1 up to $25 each, today—ONE-THIRD TAKEN OFF REGULAR.

Fancy pin cushions, sachet bags, handkerchiefs and glove cases, 50c to $5 each—ONE-THIRD OFF THESE.

Burnt leather glove boxes, work boxes, card boxes, including cards and chips, handkerchief and glove boxes, $1 to $3.50 regular—ONE-THIRD OFF.

Today—Women's $1.75 Hand Bags—$1.25

Black and brown mostly; leathers excellent; coin purse and nicely lined; regulation size handbags sold at $1.75, today—$1.25.

Today--Women's Neckwear--One-Fourth Off Regular Prices

All turnover collar and cuff sets, linen and silk stocks, all crepe scarfs, 25c to $12 each neck pieces, today—ONE-FOURTH OFF THESE PRICES.

Today—Handkerchiefs for Women and Children Considerably Below Regular

Broken assortment of fine linen handkerchiefs, initials, borders hand hemstitched, were 50c and 65c each, today three for $1, each—35c.

Lace edge handkerchiefs reduced from 35c to 25c each, five for $1.

About fifty dozens of children's handkerchiefs that were 6c, 8c and 10c for—5c.

Today—Choice California Dried Fruits for Giving

There couldn't be a more acceptable present. The fact that they are the choicest California can produce makes it so.

Arranged in Ten Pound Boxes---Prunes Alone, Apricots and Prunes, Pears and Prunes, Under Regular Market Prices at ---75c and $1.10 a Box

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.