

A Smash

in Ready Made Suits,
FRIDAY.

BLAZER, REEFER AND
ETON SUITS

AT LESS THAN COST.

People who know us, know that this means
just what it says **LESS THAN COST.**
We don't advertise fakes. Some folks do.

\$3.69 For Ladies' 2 piece all wool Suit,
down from \$5.00.

\$5.38 Ladies' 2 piece Storm Serge Suit,
navy, black and Tan, down from \$7.50

\$7.39 Ladies' 3 piece Storm Serge Blazer,
Eton and 2 piece Reefer Suits, down
from \$10.50.

\$11.50 Ladies' extra fine 3 piece Storm
Serge Suits down from \$15.00.

Also on this date we'll put on sale
35 Pieces Standard Prints, New and Choice
Effects at

5 CENTS A YARD.

Prevailing high price on prints can't hold
us for we're bound to remain.



OUR
PRICES
TELL.

And the people tell
OUR PRICES.

Take advantage of
these snaps.

Coal hods, full size, 25c.

Shovels from - 4c up.

Pokers - 4c up.

Gvanized Hods, we cut
any price.

Nicest line of
FINE
FRENCH
CANDIES.

ALWAYS FRESH.

TRY IT.

Bryan's Candy



THE EARLY OWL

An owl once lived in a hollow tree.
And he was as wise as any owl that
The branch of knowledge did not know
Could source on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an owl like that can afford to look.

And he hooted—hoo!—about one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was trying to bed in the dawn light
When he heard the bird sing with all his might,
"Hurray! hurrah for the early worm!"
"Dear me!" said the owl, "what a singular
term!"

I would look it up if it weren't so late;
I must rise at daylight to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise,
Make an owl healthy, and steady, and wise!"

So he slept like an honest owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the twilight gray,
To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found.
He went to bed in the twilight gray,
And looked for the "worm" again next night.
And again, and again, and again, and again,
He sought and he sought, but all in vain.
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch,
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree:
"The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There's no such thing as the early worm."
—Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

THE FUGITIVE MELONS.

Where the Boys Found Them After
an Exciting Chase.

The school year at Glenville academy
had just opened, and our hands were
full of business. We had enjoyed a
pleasant vacation, and took hold of
study with renewed vigor.

Among other interests demanding at-
tention were certain affairs of our so-
ciety, and about a dozen of us were gath-
ered, one evening, in Dan Hosmer's
room for that purpose.

Dan was a large-hearted fellow, popu-
lar with everybody, well supplied
with money, liberal, but rather too
fond of making a display.

During the afternoon he had bought
half a dozen muskmelons, with which
to surprise the rest of us that evening;
and when the marketman delivered
them, they were placed in a basket near
a lounge near the door, in Dan's room.

In the course of our business transac-
tion, Gil Robinson, the most mischiev-
ous fellow among us, sitting on the
lounge directly over the melons, dis-
covered them by their odor, and,
when he thought all eyes were turned
the other way, he slyly opened the
door and shoved the basket into the
hall. Then, making an excuse to go
out, he placed it on a low roof out of
the back hall window, where he could
reach it from his room without diffi-
culty.

But Charley Gates had witnessed his
performance in shoving the basket into
the hall, and, by listening keenly,
had perceived nearly where he had con-
cealed it.

Soon after Gil's return, Charley
passed out, looking as serious as a de-
acon, and, easily finding the prize, re-
moved it to another spot on the back
roof, immediately under his own
window. However, "it takes a rogue
to catch a rogue."

Craig Hammond, who roomed in an-
other part of the building, was just
coming to the business meeting when
Charley was tiptoeing and clambering
about with the basket, and watched all
his movements, perceiving plainly that
he was carrying on some sort of mis-
chief.

As soon as Charley went back into
Hosmer's room, Craig confabulated the
melons, and, carrying down the stairs,
stepped quietly into the woodhouse at
Rev. Mr. Clark's, and there deposited
the treasure. Then he came to our
rooms, and, after making excuses for being late,
and awaiting developments.

When the business was transacted,
and we were about scattering to our
rooms, Dan detained us, saying:
"Hold on! fellows, I told you I've
a little relic to divide around, if you
like it."

And, stepping to the lounge, he felt
under for the basket.

Not finding it at first, he reached
further under and clear along to the
other end.

Failing in his search, and glancing
vainly around the room, he was greatly
amazed at the disappearance.

"Well, now, boys, that beats all!
Why, I bought a nice lot of melons at
the market, and when the man
brought them up, I told him to put
them right here, under the lounge, in a
basket; and he did, I'm sure. What
does it mean?"

And down he got again on his knees
and felt the whole length of the lounge,
exclaiming:
"Gone, gone—sure as grass!"

After some good-natured chaffing
over the matter, he said, being no help
for it, we were again separating.

"It's too bad, fellows; but, if you'll
step into my room, I've something to
show you, so you can gratify your eyes
if not your palates."

"Twenty-four eyes equal twelve
palates," muttered Charley Gates, his
face glowing regularly. "It is to be
hoped nothing will happen to eliminate
the eyes from that equation. We
couldn't stand it."

When we reached Gil's room, and he
had struck a light, he went to the win-
dow, leaned out, and seemed grasping
for something but secured nothing
more substantial than air.

Satisfying himself that he had been
foiled at his game, he drew back,
greeted with the sarcastic rally:
"Set up your show, Gil; the audience
is becoming impatient."

"Well, gentlemen, I'm more sold than
Hosmer, and I said to myself, 'I've
Fact is, I had a basket of melons to
show you, and to keep them cool,
I placed them on the roof; but they
seem to have evaporated.'"

"Served you right!" exclaimed Dan.
And the rest of us gave way to boisterous
laughter.

Half a dozen attempts at wit fished
out of the water, but they were all
"Like an Irishman's sea."

"Great anticipations; realizations
was next."

"Now you see it and now you don't."
When these explosions were ended,
Charley Gates called out in a pitiful
tone:
"This is too bad, fellows. My heart
aches for you in your disappointment.
I long to relieve you, and, though I can
do but little toward it, I invite you to
my humble apartment to share my last
bun and crust."

By this time, we had all absorbed
such a spirit of fun that we needed no
urging to accompany him.

Every boy, too, was fully convinced

of the fact that we were in pursuit of a
basket of melons, under difficulties.
Whether we should ever catch it or not
was the puzzle; but Craig Hammond,
of course, thought he was the only fel-
low who saw the end from the begin-
ning.

Like Gil, Charley undertook to pro-
cure his "bun and crust" through the
window, and, like Gil, failed, feeling
wildly into the outside darkness.

When he turned and faced us, the
laughter that filled that room was un-
controllable. Some of us sank to the
floor—it would seem almost in convul-
sions.

Witty remarks seemed dry and out of
place, as we realized the merits of our
case, in pursuit of melons, which
dodged us as if alive. At length Craig
Hammond thought his turn had come.
"Now, fellows, we can't close up the
fun without something substantial.
We've fed on air too long."

A roar of laughter answered him, for
every one of us knew well enough that
another chapter of melons was coming.

"Come along," continued Craig, "we'll
make a sure thing of it this time; for I
don't depend on lullabies and portico
roofs for my supplies."

"Ha, ha! When you cabbage melons,
you hide them where you can find them,
do you, Craig?" was the response.

He undertook to parry this hint and
put off the scent by declaring that he
was going to forage through the
country for supplies, to make up for
Hosmer's losses.

But we went and started across a
corner of the campus toward his room
in the other wing of the building, when
he halted us in the moonlight and bade
us wait, while he stepped to Rev.
Clark's premises, as he said, "to recon-
sider."

While he was gone, the rest of us
sifted out his trick by recalling his
late arrival at the meeting and putting
it with Charley's statement that he
thought somebody was watching him,
while he was climbing about with the
basket.

"I declare, I hope he'll miss them,
too," said Dan, merrily.

"Never mind Hosmer. If ever we
overtake those melons, we'll credit
them to you as the first worm in the
panorama."

"Basketmaker, more accurately,"
suggested some one.

"I fear we shall never back in the
contents of that basket," groaned Gil.
"But for you, prime conspirator, we
should long ere this have tasted their
sweets," said another, in mock elo-
quence, and pointing a long forefinger
in Gil's face.

By this time Craig returned empty-
handed, reporting that the woodhouse
door was shut and locked, and was ac-
companied with jibes and laughter.

"Our poor deprived palates!"
sighed one.

"Palatal humming," exclaimed an-
other, in a poor attempt to play on the
word palate.

"Mischievous wreck of our fond ex-
pectations," mourned another.

We voted ourselves a cheated and in-
jured set of fellows, and, with many a
mock lamentation, scattered to our
rooms.

The next day brought to each of us
an invitation from Mrs. Clark to call at
her home from eight to nine that evening.

From Craig we learned that when
some one of the family came to lock up
the house the melons were discovered,
and supposed to be a present from some
country paragon. But, early in the
morning, Craig called on Mrs. Clark
and explained.

That evening at the minister's, our
party, reinforced by several charming
friends, overlooked the fugitive melons,
and with gusto put an end to their wan-
dering habit.

But, notwithstanding the common
impression that such young fellows are
chiefly creatures of appetite, the fact
remains that we enjoyed the pleasure
of pursuit more than that of eating the
melons.—Lamar Beaumont, in Golden
Days.

THE FALL OF ST. CLOUD.

Where Kings and Emperors Loved to Take
Their Ease.

There is something almost repulsive
in the thought that the ruins of St.
Cloud in France have been sold at auc-
tion; that all that was and time had
left of the beautiful palace, where
kings and emperors loved to take their
ease, has been sold for a few cents a
square yard to a spec-
ulative purchaser as so much old build-
ing material. That Frenchmen should
desire to remove such a conspicuous ob-
ject of their humiliation, sufferings
and disasters is perhaps natural enough,
but the most rigid and unselfish econ-
omists must feel a shock at the manner
in which the French have chosen to
carry out their policy. The fact that the
palace must be obliterated. There has
been habitually ascribed to Frenchmen
discernment and tact, yet these quali-
ties seem to be lacking when this his-
torical monument, whose every stone has
its history, is allowed to be carried away
as rubbish by the purchaser.

St. Cloud has had a famous history.
Although its name as a royal residence
dates from very early times. In the wars
of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs
it was the scene of frequent combats;
in the religious strife of a later age it
played a notable part, and it was in
the castle as they stood that the
knife of Jacques Clement ended the life
of Henry III. The rare natural beauty
of the scenery began to attract men of
wealth and taste so soon as the fash-
ion of rearing splendid country houses
in the neighborhood of the court sprang
up among the ruling classes. Catherine
de Medici, something resided at St.
Cloud, and the magnificent and aspir-
ing Fouquet made himself at home
there, but from the ministry of Mazarin
dates its real life. Then the new lords
of the land, and every day a more
ornament which the taste of the age
could devise and a boundless command
of money could procure.

At the time of Mazarin began a long
series of wars, and, carrying down the
previous records of that magnificent
society. To this home "Monsieur,"
as the king's brother was styled in the
jargon of the court, took home his
charming bride, the fascinating and
unhappy Henrietta, daughter of
the English Charles I. And here,
soon after, the greatest of
French playwrights was delivering
over Henrietta's coffin perhaps the most
memorable of all his discourses. Here
Mme. de Havre lived, and here was
laid the scene of the anecdotes about
her that have come down to this day.

It was at St. Cloud that the regent re-
ceived Peter the Great when that ex-
traordinary man was starting western
Europe with his genius and his star-
gazing and here Louis Philippe d'Or-
leans spent unprecedented sums in
festivities before he sold the chateau
and grounds to the unhappy Marie An-
toinette. Under the "empire" it was
the theater of many memorable
scenes. It was here that Napoleon took
the first decisive step in that career
which planted him upon the throne,
when his soldiers expelled him "the 300"
at the point of the bayonet.

Here, too, Napoleon signed the act
proclaiming himself emperor; here he
celebrated his marriage with Marie
Louise of Austria, and here he lived by
preference when in France. During
the restoration St. Cloud was equally
favored. It was in the palace that
Charles X. signed the ill-fated ordi-
nances which led to his downfall, and
it was while its walls that he spent
the disastrous "days of July." The
third Napoleon was very fond of
St. Cloud, as was his famous uncle, and
it was at St. Cloud that the former bid
farewell to the empire on the eve of
his last campaign. It is this princely
dwelling, so rich in historic memories
and lessons, that the French rulers have
sent under the hammer.—Boston Ad-
vertiser.

WOMEN'S PECULIARITIES.

A Few of the Querer Ways that Mark the
Members of the Fair Sex.

What man is there that has not no-
ticed the many funny little peculiar-
ities that are characteristic of nearly all
of the dear women?

Perhaps you never did, so I am going
to call your attention to some of them
and just for fun watch and see if it isn't
a woman seldom gets up from her
chair when she has been sewing or
darning without letting a pair of scissors
drop from her lap to the floor.
Nine out of ten will do it. It would
almost seem that the bother of having
to stoop and pick them up would be
sufficient to break them of the habit
but it does not, and she keeps pleasure
for those scissors all her life.

Did you ever notice a woman who is
leaving friends when she is about to
go out or leave a horse car? She does
not say her "good-by" until the car
has stopped and then all sorts of re-
quests, messages, kisses and "good-bys"
until everybody is out of patience and
the car is ready to start. One would
think she could wait a moment or so,
but she never does—and that is all
there is to it.

Did you ever observe how a woman
throws a stone or anything? Or how
she drives a nail? This can't be de-
scribed. Or how she "shoes" the
chickens with her skirts, apron and a
sort of conglomerate between a court-
y, a twitch and a stoop.

Did you ever notice when two women
meet on the street how very sure they
are to look back at each other after
passing? What do they do it for? How
do they guess just in proportion to
look back and not catch each other
looking?

Did you ever see a woman try to use
a shovel? Of course there is no need
of her doing so, but she does sometimes
and the sight is painful.

Did you ever know women to follow
exactly any particular receipt, table or
rule for mixing and cooking anything?
No, you never do.

They guess at everything, and while
they hit it in many cases, when they
don't they explain the failure by say-
ing they guess they did not get in quite
enough of this or that, or else the stove
did not work right.

They hate rules or anything that
calls upon them to do "exactly so" and
they had much rather guess at a "cup-
ful," "teaspoonful" or "quarter of a
pound than to measure it.

These are only a few peculiarities
and they are not presented in a critical
sense, but only as an observation. No
doubt we fellows have an equal num-
ber of queer ways.—Chicago News.

Free from all impurity.

Royal Baking Powder

Is the only baking powder that is by chemical
analysis to be free from all impurities and absolutely
pure. This perfect purity results from the exclusive
use of cream of tartar, specially refined and prepared
by patent processes which totally remove all the tar-
trate of lime. The cost of this chemically pure cream
of tartar is much greater than any other, and is
used in no baking powder except the "Royal."

Dr. Edward G. Love, formerly analyzed chemist, for the
U. S. Government, who made the analyses for the New York
State Board of Health in their investigation of baking pow-
ders, says of the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal":

"I find the Royal Baking Powder composed of pure
and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar
powder, and does not contain either alum or phosphat
or other injurious substance.

(Late U. S. Gov't Chemist) "E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

Prof. Love's tests, and the recent official tests
United States and Canadian Governments,
Royal Baking Powder to be superior to all
strength and leavening power.

PAPYRUS AND PAPER.

History of some World Connected With
the Ancient Egyptian Material.

In ancient Egypt the papyrus plant
grew in enormous quantities. The
roots of it were used for foot, the bark
for ropes, baskets, mats and even for
river boats; the fine skin of the inner
bark was glued together in strips and
employed as writing paper. The word
"papyrus" is, indeed, our modern form
of the word "papyrus."

Now this fine skin or end was im-
ported into Rome and by the Romans
called "libra" and when the papyrus
was made up into a book it, too, was
known as a "liber." The case in which
such a collection of books was kept
was termed in Latin "bibliotheca,"
"bibliotheca" whence, through the French "li-
brerie," we have our English word
"library."

The Greeks called the plant itself
"biblos" and when among them the
papyrus became a book the latter was
termed a "biblos." The earliest Chris-
tian writers, using the Greek language,
spoke of the Holy Scriptures as
"biblia," the books, and later, when
the Scriptures were regarded as a sin-
gle work and not as a collection, the
plural form "biblia," the books, was
adopted as a Latin word. "Bible" is
the book. With slight modification,
"biblia" passed into all most of Euro-
pean languages, and appeared in En-
glish as "the Bible" some time after the
Norman conquest.

So the very word "Bible" takes us
back to those dark days of the oppres-
sion, when as yet the great lawgiver
was but a young babe in the swaddling
flags, and the magnitude of the Jewish
people had not yet beyond the second
chapter of Exodus.

It is to the only history in which
we find the papyrus associated with
the tyranny of kings and the sufferings
of a nation.

Our members here on the 10th of
June, 1813, King John signed the great
charter of liberties, and the king of
Britain, and how, a torch had signed
it, he flung himself in a burst of fury
on the floor and gnawed the scroll and
rubbish, with which the floors of those
times were strewn. Now what was
"charity"? Originally nothing more or
less than a sort of preventive and
together a writing paper. So it is to
the Egyptian word that we owe our
"charity," "charity," "charity,"
(charity and charity), our "charities"
and our "charity lines."—Good Words.

THE FALL OF ST. CLOUD.

Where Kings and Emperors Loved to Take
Their Ease.

There is something almost repulsive
in the thought that the ruins of St.
Cloud in France have been sold at auc-
tion; that all that was and time had
left of the beautiful palace, where
kings and emperors loved to take their
ease, has been sold for a few cents a
square yard to a spec-
ulative purchaser as so much old build-
ing material. That Frenchmen should
desire to remove such a conspicuous ob-
ject of their humiliation, sufferings
and disasters is perhaps natural enough,
but the most rigid and unselfish econ-
omists must feel a shock at the manner
in which the French have chosen to
carry out their policy. The fact that the
palace must be obliterated. There has
been habitually ascribed to Frenchmen
discernment and tact, yet these quali-
ties seem to be lacking when this his-
torical monument, whose every stone has
its history, is allowed to be carried away
as rubbish by the purchaser.

St. Cloud has had a famous history.
Although its name as a royal residence
dates from very early times. In the wars
of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs
it was the scene of frequent combats;
in the religious strife of a later age it
played a notable part, and it was in
the castle as they stood that the
knife of Jacques Clement ended the life
of Henry III. The rare natural beauty
of the scenery began to attract men of
wealth and taste so soon as the fash-
ion of rearing splendid country houses
in the neighborhood of the court sprang
up among the ruling classes. Catherine
de Medici, something resided at St.
Cloud, and the magnificent and aspir-
ing Fouquet made himself at home
there, but from the ministry of Mazarin
dates its real life. Then the new lords
of the land, and every day a more
ornament which the taste of the age
could devise and a boundless command
of money could procure.

At the time of Mazarin began a long
series of wars, and, carrying down the
previous records of that magnificent
society. To this home "Monsieur,"
as the king's brother was styled in the
jargon of the court, took home his
charming bride, the fascinating and
unhappy Henrietta, daughter of
the English Charles I. And here,
soon after, the greatest of
French playwrights was delivering
over Henrietta's coffin perhaps the most
memorable of all his discourses. Here
Mme. de Havre lived, and here was
laid the scene of the anecdotes about
her that have come down to this day.

It was at St. Cloud that the regent re-
ceived Peter the Great when that ex-
traordinary man was starting western
Europe with his genius and his star-
gazing and here Louis Philippe d'Or-
leans spent unprecedented sums in
festivities before he sold the chateau
and grounds to the unhappy Marie An-
toinette. Under the "empire" it was
the theater of many memorable
scenes. It was here that Napoleon took
the first decisive step in that career
which planted him upon the throne,
when his soldiers expelled him "the 300"
at the point of the bayonet.

Here, too, Napoleon signed the act
proclaiming himself emperor; here he
celebrated his marriage with Marie
Louise of Austria, and here he lived by
preference when in France. During
the restoration St. Cloud was equally
favored. It was in the palace that
Charles X. signed the ill-fated ordi-
nances which led to his downfall, and
it was while its walls that he spent
the disastrous "days of July." The
third Napoleon was very fond of
St. Cloud, as was his famous uncle, and
it was at St. Cloud that the former bid
farewell to the empire on the eve of
his last campaign. It is this princely
dwelling, so rich in historic memories
and lessons, that the French rulers have
sent under the hammer.—Boston Ad-
vertiser.

The Fair is Over

Our New Building is Nearing Completion.

For the next few weeks we will devote our
entire energies to reducing our immense stock
before removal. Won't you help us? We know
you will when you learn how we propose to do it.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

Now To Business.

Cold weather is here, Heavy Goods are
in brisk demand. I have the largest
stock of Ladies', Mens', Boys', Youths',
and Childrens' Boots and Shoes in Hop-
kinstown.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

FOR YOURSELF.

THOMAS RODMAN,

103 MAIN STREET.

SAM FRANKEL'S NEW DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

We have just received and opened a complete line of these
goods and can now show you a large assortment, from the cheapest
to the finest. We will make a specialty of these goods and will at
all times have a full stock on hand. Ladies, call and see these goods
and learn the prices.

SAM FRANKEL,

No. 15 Main St., Cor. 8th St., Opposite the Jewelry Store.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats,
Furnishing Goods and Trunks.