WE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO QUOTE THE LOW PRICES.

NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

AND BEFORE WE GET THROUGH OUR COMPETITORS WILL THINK A CYCLONE HAS STRUCK THE TOWN SURE.

A FEARFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE REGULAR PRICES.

SLAUGHTER. SLAUGHTER. SLAUGHTER.

Slaughter everything in the house, is the positive instruction to all clerks for one whole month. Are you tired of reading about the wonderful values offered by Messrs. So and So, and finding, on examination, a grossly exaggerated statement of facts and values? You can avoid this by doing your shopping with us. We have and sell what we advertise. From tomorrow on until after Xmas this tremendous big stock of DRY GOODS must be sold REGARDLESS OF PRICE and consequences. We intend to keep up this Slaughtering from now on until after the holidays, and teach a few of our competitors what it means to advertise their stock of Dry Goods so low that when you come for that which was advertised in Sunday's paper they offer that poor and lame excuse, "We are just out." NOT SO WITH US! Whatever we advertise is here for you to take away, and if you be on hand tomorrow we will prove it.

YES, WE ARE THE RUSTLING, HUSTLING PUSHER OF MAIN STREET!

We are the genuine Bargain Givers of Houston, feared as such by competitors, known and recognized as such by the purchasing public of this city, and a reference to the following prices will prove it:

FREE To every purchaser of Five Dollars' worth of goods or over, a LADIES' HANDSOME SOLID GOLD BRACELET (see them on display in window). The offering only holds good for one week, beginnning tomorrow. Be on hand early. **FREE**

CRAMER BROTHERS

Not forgetting our friends outside the city, we wish to state that a Ladies' Solid Gold Bracelet will be sent to them with every purchase of $5.00 or more. This offer stands good for the balance of this week, money accompanying orders.

CRAMER BROTHERS.

500 more Elegant Serge and Flannelette WRAPPERS, like cut, to be Slaughtered at $1.50, worth $2.25.

75 Elegant Black and Tan Fur Trimmed CLOAKS! like cut, to be Slaughtered at $4.90, worth $8.00.

48 Elegant Tan Cloaks BUTTERFLY COLLAR, STYLE OF CUT, TO BE SLAUGHTERED AT $12.50, Worth $18 to $25. Come and See Them.

18 BEAUTIFUL Butterfly Style Capes Left, to be SLAUGHTERED AT $11.75, Worth $16 AND $18. Colors—Black, Brown, Tan, Green and Grey.

GREAT SLAUGHTER IN KID GLOVES This Week. Come and see.

60 BABY CLOAKS! Style of Cut, Angora Trimmed, TO BE Slaughtered AT $2.65, Worth UP TO $6.00.

SILK Embroidered CAPS to be Slaughtered.

Infants' Flannel SACKS, Light Blue and Pink Stripes, TO BE SLAUGHTERED at 35c.

FREE Don't forget. This week, with every $5.00 purchase, we give away free a LADIES' HANDSOME SOLID GOLD BRACELET. **FREE**

250 yards All Colors Silk Bengaline, worth $1.00 yard; to be slaughtered at.....	750 yards All Colors Satin, some worth as high as $1.00 yard; to be slaughtered at	1200 yards Brocade Satin, Tan, Brown, Grey, Mode, Black and Slate colors; worth 50c; to be slaughtered at.....	2000 yards Black Gros Grain Silk, just what you want to make a Christmas present, worth $1.00; to be slaughtered at	500 yards Evening Silks to be slaughtered; Light Blue, Canary, Yellow, Lavender, Pearl, Grey, Pink and White; worth $1.00 yard; at.....	All Table Linens, Napkins and Towels must be sold next week regardless of price. We mean business. Come and see.	All Blankets and Comforts must be sold next week regardless of price. We mean business. Come and see.

...GING A THANKSGIVING BEAR.

A Fire-Hunt on the Little Red.

By T. C. Harbaugh.

[...] Sunday Post.

[...] homes of the Duncans and Taylors [...] located near the Little Red, a swift [...] that flowed through a region but [...] opened as yet and still inhabited by [...] denizens of the West.

[...] bear named at will through the [...] canebrakes, and not infrequently [...] reprisals on the scattered settlers. [...] too, abounded in the region and [...] their long, dismal howling made [...] night hideous.

[...] Duncan and Taylor boys—Roy and [...] had been companions from child[illegible] when their parents settled in the [illegible] they were in their element. [...] would roam the woods or paddle [...] the Little Red, every now and then [...] up a bear or turkey with their [...] rifles.

[...] was not long before they became [...] as the best young Nimrods in the [...] district, and when they started [...] it was taken for granted that [...] would return with a well-filled bag.

[...] of their favorite methods of bag[illegible] game was by the fire hunt, and [...] ventures generally took place on [...] They would set up their torch [...] canoe and while paddling upstream [...] with the current, would by its [...] the eyes of bear or deer on [...] and if a shot was pretty sure to bring [...] to dedicated targets.

[...] a day before Thanksgiving, Phil [...] proposed over to the Duncan home[illegible] such a proposition almost sure to [...] with his young companion.

[...] nothing less than a fire hunt [...] for the purpose, as Phil ex[illegible] it, of "bagging a Thanksgiving [...]

[...] that the big bachas near [...] said he, as he laid his propo[illegible] the Tom Hunter, who came [...] the other day saw lots of [...] and we may be able to get a [...] for Sunrisers' feast."

[...] the prospect of some ex[illegible] Roy at once acquiesced. [...] began to prepare for the [...]

[...] was dragged forth and the [...] for the torch gathered and made ready. A torch of pine knots if fashioned properly, will throw a fierce glare for many rods over the water, and animals will come to the shore and gaze at it fascinated, as it were, until the unerring bullet of the hunter in the canoe terminates their career.

The young hunters of the little Red waited with some impatience for nightfall, and when the hour came they launched the canoe and sprang into it.

The torch had been placed in the stern of the boat, and Phil, who was to have the first shot, took his seat underneath it, in such a position that the light, streaming over him from behind, would throw its radiance along the shore, thus revealing the gleaming eyes of wolf or bear, but without the glare dazzling his own eyes.

In some places the river was dangerous on account of unseen rocks over which the waters boiled like a cauldron, while in others canoeing was perfectly safe, but the boys knew the stream well and had paddled it on many occasions after dark.

Taking the paddles, Roy, with a sharp lookout along shore, drove the light bark into the middle of the river, while Phil under the torch watched the tall canes that lined the edge and tried to catch the first sight of game.

The night was calmly beautiful, and the paddles made no noise in the water as the canoe swept down stream. As they neared the head where they expected to catch sight of a living target, Phil and Roy increased their watchfulness.

All at once the paddles in Roy's supple hands seemed to rest, and he glanced at his companion.

Phil at the same moment had seen what had caught Roy's eye.

On the right, where the tall canes seemed to seek the solitude of the stars, gleamed a pair of intense eyes, very close together and near the ground.

"It is old Epsram," whispered Phil, as he moved his rifle and leaned forward for a better look. "We have found our Thanksgiving bear at last."

The canoe had reached a quiet place in the current and Roy [illegible] thought it best to anchor there.

"Don't miss him!" he said to Phil. "In all my life I never saw eyes shine so. I believe I can make out the outlines of the bear's head."

Slowly, with a cool hunter's deliberation, Phil lifted the rifle to his shoulder, and while he watched the shining eyes, Roy seemed to hold his breath.

The crack of the weapon awoke the echoes along shore, and as the smoke lifted both boys leaned forward with eagerness and looked toward the shore.

"You missed him!" cried Roy.

"No. Look yonder! The old fellow has tumbled into the water and is in the death struggle. Quick! row toward him before the eddy sucks him in. We shall lose the bear if we are not careful."

Roy needed no urging to force the canoe through the water toward the spot where something was splashing among the rocks and Phil, who had reloaded, was watching for another shot, as he saw that the bear was desperately wounded though not yet quite conquered.

As the canoe neared the spot there was a sudden plunge on the part of the animal and the huge bulk vanished for a moment.

"Lost!" exclaimed Roy disappointedly.

Before Phil could reply, something dark and wet rose almost underneath the frail canoe, and the next moment he saw the tuft-tail in the grip of a bear.

The great paws, looking doubly formidable in the unsteady light of the torch, with the weight of the bear, threatened to overturn the boat, and the ugly head, with the wide mouth bleeding from the boy's shot, was enough to send chills of terror in the Nimrods' hearts.

"Back off!" cried Phil, as he saw that the canoe was almost among the rocks and liable to be capsized by the foe.

Roy sprang aback in the paddles, and as Phil rose in the boat to thrust the rifle into the bear's face and terminate the contest, the animal made a desperate effort to climb aboard.

The situation was now full of peril and the rocking of the boat in the swift waters caused the torch to scatter a rain of fire over the devoted boys and the bear, but the bear only blinked his little eyes and redoubled his efforts to scale the fragile tempest.

Finding that he could not yet a shot at the bear as Roy backed the boat off, Phil struck with all his might with the butt, bringing the heavy stock down upon the huge beast. He shattered the weapon by the blow, while he apparently felt the skull of his antagonist unhurt.

In another moment the bear lunged forward again, and the canoe at the same time striking a rock was capsized, spilling its occupants into the water and putting out the torch.

All this happened in a second, as it seemed, and the boys thus thrown into the stream, and at the mercy of bear and current, struggled to right the canoe and clamber in again.

After awhile they succeeded, and Roy, who was fortunate enough to retain one paddle, pushed the boat from the rocks and sent it out into the river, where it was caught in a swift current and carried along like a feather.

"This is better than drowning among the rocks—or being eaten up by the bear,"

The Canoe Was Capsized.

said Phil, as he looked back. "But we've lost our Thanksgiving bear steak, I guess."

"Lost the bear?" cried Roy, sharply, as his face whitened. "Look yonder! He is still clinging to the stern of the boat."

This was true, as could be seen by the moonlight which at that particular place fell through the trees upon the eddying waters. The two boys stared at the homely head lifted above the tide and at the sharp claws that seemed to dig their way into the woodwork at stern.

The bear held on with a death grip, as the current bore the canoe and the young Nimrods rapidly down stream, now narrowly missing some half sunken tree, and now nearly capsizing again, as Roy tried to escape a hidden rock.

"What shall we do?" cried Phil at last, as he turned a frightened face toward his companion. "The bear is determined to prove our Josiah and in a short time we shall reach the falls."

"Cut him loose," said Roy. "You have your knife, haven't you?"

Phil hailed the suggestion with a cry of joy and brought from the depths of his pocket a big jack knife and in another moment he leaned toward the bear in their wake.

Instead of striking at the throat, which was exposed, he drove the keen blade into one of the feet near the root of the claws and drew it toward him.

The bear growled savagely, but Phil bravely faced the beast and severed the other foot likewise.

"A tree! a tree!" rung out Roy's voice at this moment, and before Phil could duck his head the canoe struck the obstacle in the middle of the Little Red, and in a jiffy they were in the water again and struggling to grasp the limbs of the lodged tree.

In this they were successful, and when they had drawn themselves up among the branches they looked at one another with grim smiles. They knew that they were destined to pass the night in the tree, which they did, and when day came they found themselves near a plantation.

By dint of shouting until they were hoarse, they made themselves heard and were rescued by a[illegible] plantation hands, one of whom discovered the bear lodged in another tree a little further down the river. The animal was dead, and when he was drawn ashore the boys related their thrilling experience with his bearship the night before.

A wagon was procured, and the homeward journey began and in ample season for dinner the boys arrived with the Thanksgiving bear.

The canoe which had been swept underneath the tree was never found, but Phil and Roy were willing to lose it since they had saved themselves, and the well-worn body of old Epsram, but the next Thanksgiving and the next, they were careful to provide for by daylight for their thrilling fire hunt on the Little Red was not soon forgotten.

BILL ARP SAYS TIMES ARE GETTING BETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

It looks like the times are getting better. I don't know that legislation at Washington has had anything to do with it. In fact, I believe the panic would have passed away just as soon without the repeal as with it, considering that it took three months to do it. The laws of trade are more powerful than the laws of congress. The panic came just like comets come, and it will go just like the comet goes. Like the comet, it came unexpected, but it takes longer for it to disappear, for confidence is a plant of slow growth.

So far as trade is concerned, we see no difference between now and a year ago. The stores are thronged with customers, especially from the country. Cotton goes off slowly, it is true, but there is plenty of it, and the sweetheart farmer will spend some of the proceeds on his wife and children. Hats and cloaks and Sunday shoes must be had. Cotton goes on rolling in, but it will take a little longer period. The fall and beautiful weather has caused not less than a per cent to the crop in North Georgia, and almost every farmer is selling some and keeping some back for a higher price. It may go to 8 cents next spring, but I believe that the bad times passed, and passed forever, when cotton will bring more than 8 cents. Its average will probably be 6 cents, for there will be no more short crops. The yearly increase of acreage in Texas and elsewhere will keep cotton down. There is still a world of unsettled land in there and it is being settled by immigrants. They can make cotton at 5 cents a pound, and they will succeed by demanding land of course the price will be low. Corning all houses or factories alliance resolutions will not save the farmer after the laws of supply and demand are understood and believed, but farm and manufactories will soon reach everything else in demand. I remember when cotton sold at 5 and 6 cents a pound every year and we raised 20 miles to wagons to market, and the beasts didn't complain as much as they do now. I don't believe most of these charges against the cotton gamblers are true.

Every fire that takes place nowadays is laid to incendiarism, when the truth is most of them are from carelessness or natural causes. Of course there are some lawless scamps ravaging over the country, and it does look like there are more this fall than usual. Sometimes they burn stables and barns, so as to rob the dwelling while the family are at the fire. Some of the tramps don't go about in droves like they do up North—so there is a very respectable profession. They map out their routes, and start out without scrip or purse. They know how every dogs is and they don't bite, will let them sleep in the barn and give them something to eat and who won't. They know the charitable widows, and never slight them. I didn't know how they could travel over a thickly settled country until I was run in twice the other day. I was told about a rich, kind hearted old widow who made it a specialty to feed them for the Lord's sake. When they called, she gave them welcome and to inform and a chat of politics and had them indoorsed. She always kept a pot of coffee on the stove for the tramps. One day when they had eaten all her ready supplies another one came along and she had nothing left but a piece of bread. As she gave it to him, she repeated her customary benediction, "Not for my sake, nor for your sake, but for Christ's sake, I give you this bread." The tramp smiled and said: "No for your sake, nor for my sake, but for Christ's sake, I take it." She did so, and he tramped on.

A widow who lives not far away from us killed a fat sheep the other day and concluded to have a few friends to dinner to cool off Curing the sheep, but she consulted old Jack, the darkey, about whether it would be safe to leave it out there. I don't know, ma'am—the powerful scoundrels do come around a mighty sight of sheep. Everything that somebody gets do country everything are going along—that's what ails me.

This reminds me of a speech that Alex Stephens made away back in the 60's when the North was very bitter, and he charged the Democrats with being responsible for the short crop and the yellow fever in Savannah, and lots of folks believed it.

I don't know how it is in an election year, but in North Georgia and Tennessee and Kentucky I don't see any signs of distress, especially outside of the towns. The country is in a good healthy condition. Right here in Barnow, where we live and must need to come to the earnest, there is no corn and but little meat coming now. The country is full of corn, and it brings 25 cents in this market. Country cured bacon is quite common. Chickens, eggs and potatoes are plentiful. Everything is farmer has to sell brings a fair price. Cotton is the only exception, and we need wheat. The big crop in the West and low rates of freight have brought wheat down. The silver question had nothing to do with it, but thousands of deluded people will charge it to the democratic administration. This reminds me of what Carlyle, the great historian, said about his people: "England has a population of 30,000,000—mostly fools." I don't say that about our people, but it does seem like the fools and knaves together raise a powerful majority. If an intelligent stranger should come here from Europe and read our papers on both sides of public questions he would be amazed and bewildered, and finally would see the dores with Carlyle's opinion.

All this elimination and recrimination is a sad commentary upon political fairness and integrity, but it is no new thing and will never cease. I reckon. It was just as bad in the days of Washington and Jefferson as it is now, only we are accustomed and used to it. It has survived the shock of it and the scandal of it for a century, and so we need not fear. The wicked will roll on. Generations will come and go but like they have done, the good will strive to endure and suffer and be sad, but they stand on a sure foundation and will always triumph in the long run.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Last Days of the Epidemic.

Savannah News.

The yellow fever epidemic at Brunswick is pretty nearly over. Only three or four new cases a day are now reported. Some may be new cases until the end of the month or the middle of next month, but it will be unsafe for refugees to return after another good frost, and the dwellings have been thoroughly disinfected and aired. The surgeons of the marine hospital service will give notice when it is safe for refugees to return. Those who return before such notice is given will do so at the risk of paying a severe penalty for their rashness.

The setback which Brunswick has received is a serious one but it is one from which she will quickly recover. Her business alliances throughout the country continues to increase, and she will soon be her prosperity. Her business men are plucky and energetic and they will not fail to be her future that we need be so shaken. As soon as the epidemic is cleared to be at an end and all will settle themselves back into the work of recovery. Some the ground she has lost in the last two or three months. She will have the support of all who appreciate and delight in her enterprise.

Although the price of Sea Island has not yet been materially increased, it is certain that in future she will make a superior quality and better condition. Indeed, it would be well if all the South Atlantic and Gulf cities could pay more attention to sanitation. In this respect they are altogether too neglected. They may not be more respectful than other further north, but they can not afford to take the chances that Northern cities do.