

\$12.48 Cash Bargains. \$12.48

Special Sale at

THE STAR CLOTHING STORE,

Commencing December 15th, until December 31st, 1896.

500 Overcoats,
Just Received,
\$12.48.

Will be placed on sale Wednesday, December 15th until Thursday, December 31st, 1896, and will be sold for the remarkable low price of **\$12.48.**

300 Ulsters,
Just Received,
\$12.48.

We will also dispose of our entire stock and varied assortment of

\$12.48. Tailor Made Suits for 12.48 **\$12.48.**

Remember any Ulster, Overcoat or Suit in our immense stock for \$12.48.

Bargains for the many, and not for the few. Bargains are bargains when goods are wanted not after you have made your purchases;—That is not enterprise. We heed the demand of the times and make prices on reliable merchandise accordingly. Stock must be cleared no matter what the sacrifice. This is the Remedy; Short, Simple, Swift and Sure. These are all the facts necessary for the Quick or the Economical.

---: Remember :---
This sale will last for fifteen days
and for Cash Only.

All other goods in our store at proportionately same figures and to enumerate them here would take too much space.
Please bear in mind that this sale will continue for fifteen days, and for cash only.

The Star Clothing House.

227-229 Fifth Street, Red Jacket,

CASH BARGAINS.

ACCOUNT OF A HOAX.

STORY OF THE MOHICAN'S LOSS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

How "Lying Tom Barrett" Came to Tell the Yarn—A Rivalry Had Grown Up Among the Munchausens, but the Mohican Lie Was a Little Too Much.

Very many persons may remember the story that was telegraphed and cabled all over the world in the summer of 1895 of the sinking of the United States revenue cutter Mohican by the British seal pirate Belle of the Pacific somewhere in that indefinite part of the north Pacific ocean known to all Alaskans as "the westward." Not so many probably will remember that the story was a fake, because it is the lamentable history of such things that the truth never completely overtakes the lie. It was a lie out of whole cloth, as was demonstrated when the Mohican turned up all right that fall at the end of the patrol season, but the manner of its publication has not been told.

This lie began to have its being years ago when the steamers first began to take tourists from "down below," as Alaskans call the States, up through the gorgeous scenery of the north Pacific coast line for a peep at the northern territory. As a usual thing the tourists spend eight or ten hours ashore at Juneau and as much more in Sitka. Sometimes they make a dash up to Muir glacier. Altogether they see a lot of the country in a panoramic sort of way, and they hear a great deal more about it. It is one of the lands where the blindest bluffs hold good and the wildest tales are true. So when they get back to the States again, the tourists begin to unfold to their friends and their friends' friends and to their acquaintances and to anybody who will listen, particularly to overcredulous newspaper men, the wildest tales that human ingenuity can devise.

For a long time the Alaskans did their best to chase down these lies, but they failed. The liar had all the advantages of telegraphs and daily mails and the widespread publicity given by the too credulous newspapermen. Then the Alaskans gave up the direct attack and took up the gentle art of lying themselves. They had so much time to practice when there was nothing else to interfere that every two weeks, when the mailboat came in, a fine new crop of marvelous stories had been carefully harvested for dissemination in the States. The steamship men were always the medium through which these stories were communicated to the credulous public of Oregon, Washington and California. These steamship men rapidly acquired a large reputation with the readers of thrilling newspaper accounts of brave newspaper deeds. The people

on the Pacific coast seem to be singularly open minded and receptive. But even they caught on after awhile to the fact that the Alaskans were jollying them. Then resentment took the natural form, and you couldn't find a Pacific coast man with a horse rake who would believe an Alaska steamship man's story if the narrator was literally incased in Bibles.

It developed through the somewhat general competition that as a compounder of able tales Tom Barrett was easily at the head. He won his distinction and his title at the same time, springing from comparative obscurity in the ranks of liars by one successful coup. Barrett was in the employ of a trading company at the westward. He rolled into Sitka one day with the most astonishing stories of the auriferous riches of Middleton island, a little chunk of rock and sand that had been heaved up above the water by some submarine volcanic eruption far out in the middle of the north Pacific ocean. All Alaska that could go started for Middleton island on the strength of Barrett's yarns, and all Alaska that couldn't go grub staked somebody who could. When the excitement was over and those who went to Middleton island had got back and those who didn't go were out their grub stakes, the man who had started the rush spontaneously became known to all Alaska as "Lying Tom Barrett."

"Lying Tom Barrett" told the yarn about the Mohican to the newspaper man in Port Townsend, who telegraphed a column of it to his paper in Seattle and started it around the world. Barrett was coming down from Alaska and on the way put up the job with the steamship men to spring a yarn that should make a sensation in the States. The steamship men knew they couldn't make it go themselves, but they agreed to back Barrett up in whatever he said and to give him a good send off if there was effort at verification. So when the steamer put in at Port Townsend, Barrett got himself interviewed, and the next day the world was reading "Captain Thomas Barrett's" remarkable story of the loss of the Mohican. When the yarn got back to Juneau and Sitka, there were some Alaskans who laughed mightily at the hoax, but others, who knew the officers of the Mohican thought of the cruelty of it to the relatives and friends of the cutter's men, and on the whole Barrett's story did not meet with the approval even of the liars. That was carrying the thing too far. Harmless stories about islands of gold or impossible customs of unheard of people were well enough, but this lie turned the tide in favor of truthfulness, and now Alaskans are more circumspect in their stories about the territory. But Barrett will never be anybody but "Lying Tom" to them.—New York Sun.

Charles VII of France was the Victorious. He won 47 battles.

BUSY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Very Conscientious About Letter Writing. How She Gets the Daily News.

Queen Victoria's private letters number many hundreds every year. She writes to her numerous relatives, forgetting no anniversary or occasion on which a letter might be welcome. The London Chronicle says that to the younger members of the royal family she never fails to send birthday gifts, accompanied by a few loving words of greeting. Every day the birthday book is consulted—not that birthday book in which singers, actors and other personages are asked to write, but that smaller volume reserved

possible—there are the newspapers and private correspondence claiming attention. With regard to the former, portions of The Times and other journals are read aloud to the queen by a lady specially appointed for this purpose. Very rarely does the queen comment on the news, except in the case of a calamity, when her sympathy is quickly expressed in a telegram. Inaccuracy in an important newspaper as to royal matters gives the queen grave annoyance, and The Chronicle's writer has known an official to call and complain of the misstatement and demand a rectification. Not long ago an illustrated London paper gave a picture in which her majesty

to visit the queen, very likely to receive a commission.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

Not Long Ago They Were Treated as the Turkish Women Are.

It is curious to think what a short time it is since the emperors of Russia treated their womankind in the same way they are still treated in Turkey, says a writer in the Montreal Star. In those days the czar chose his wife from among his subjects, and she was never considered his equal. The matters were arranged in this way—on a certain day the nobles brought their young daughters to be looked at, and she who took the emperor's fancy was forthwith chosen to be his wife.

The princesses were kept with the same strictness as eastern princesses, and marriage only changed their place of residence, but gave them no more freedom. They were allowed occasionally to be present when guests were received, to whom they would hand a cup of wine and then retire to their apartments, there being a suit of rooms at the north side of the palace reserved especially for them.

If they were ill, the room was darkened before the doctor was admitted, and he was not even allowed to feel their pulse, and when they drove out the windows of their carriages had drawn curtains.

The first czarina who emancipated herself from this state of slavery, and so instituted a new and happier era for Russian women, was the beautiful Nathalie Neryschki, the second wife of Alexis Michaelovitch and the mother of Peter the Great, and her first triumph was when she obtained her husband's consent to drive with him in an open carriage to the monastery of Troitzky, a proceeding which at the time occasioned a great scandal.

Naturally, when the Russian princesses began to intermarry with other European royal families, they were obliged to treat their wives differently, but it was a long time before the court of Russia became as civilized as the rest of Europe.

A Funny Eagle.

A Russian grand duke, one of the czar's predecessors, was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the century. In Russia the imperial double headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire, stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked,

"when it has only one head?"

Worth More Dead.

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a story of a grim shrewdness characteristic of many Scotchmen. "The worthy, long since forgotten, time who was a prototype of Roderick in 'Our Mutual Friend' was known as Cuckoo Jack, and upon the Tyne in a well patrolled boat, picking up any trifling thing his way from a derelict to a covey day an elderly and most respectable Quaker of Newcastle, in stepping a river steamer to the quay, and fell into the stream. Cuckoo Jack was at hand with his boat and rescued the luckless friend and him dripping on the quay. The man drew half a crown from his pocket and solemnly handed it to the Quaker, saying, 'I have a little 'for luck' and, having placed it in his pocket, said in a matter-of-fact tone to the soaked Quaker, 'May be gotten 5 shillin for takin your deadhorse.'"—London Telegraph.

The Lion Sermon.

The annual "lion sermon," given in the Church of St. Katharine, Lendhall street, London, is preached annually in the same place for 251 years. Its origin is due to Sir John Gayer, a former lord of London, who, traveling in part of Asia far in advance of his time, suddenly found himself in the face of a lion. He was a pious man, Sir John fell on his knees and prayed God to protect him from the hour of need. The prayer was answered on rising Sir John saw the walking away. Considering his miraculous, on his return to London he set aside a fund from the proceeds of which gifts were to be made to the poor on each anniversary and a sermon preached to tell future generations to heed his prayer and delivered in the month of the lion.

The Heliotrope.

The heliotrope is an emblem of fidelity. This idea was probably suggested by the curious habit presented by the flower of turning its face to the sun. Moore's poetical lines on a sunflower turning on her god's face the same look that she turns her rose is not founded on fact. The flower is not a heliotrope and does not turn to face the sun.

Old School Politeness.

"Uncle Simon, what is old school politeness?" "It is a way people used of asking a man about his health, listening until he got through talking."—Chicago Record.



MRS. C. L. C. CATE.

for relatives and intimates. Then there are numerous letters of a semiprivate nature which are written by the queen herself—letters of condolence, letters of congratulation to brides who have been connected with the court, letters to foreign monarchs. Besides all these epistles, written in the blackest of ink on paper slightly edged with black, there are thousands which are penned by the private secretary and his assistants.

The queen's day begins early and ends late. After breakfast—a meal which she still enjoys eating in the open air when

was represented as holding the arm of her Indian attendant. Within a short space of time a member of the royal household called on the editor to state the absurdity of such an error. "The queen is much annoyed at this mistake on the part of your artist, as it might give grievous offense to important persons in India. She could never take the arm of a servant." This will show how closely she watches even the pictorial press. When a good illustration appears of any state function, it is a common incident for the artist to be requested