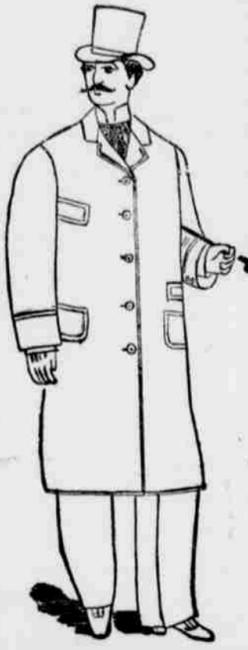


Bell's - REMARKABLE SPECIAL OFFERS

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Two Wonderful Special Offers that will make it easy for any man to treat himself to a Suit or Overcoat for a Christmas Gift.

<p>\$10.00 FOR CHOICE</p> <p>Men's fine double-breasted Cheviot and Cassimer Suits, solid colors and mixtures, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's fine black - Dress Suits in sack and cutaways, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's strictly all-wool Business Suit, the latest pattern, now \$10.</p>		<p>\$10.00 FOR CHOICE</p> <p>Men's celebrated Cans robe twilled Melton and Kersey Overcoats, regular price \$12.50, now \$10.00. Men's all wool Ulsters in green, black, blue and steel colors, regular price \$12, now \$10. Men's real Shetland and Irish - Freeze Storm Overcoats, finest linings, regular price \$15, now 10.00.</p>
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BOYS' CLOTHING.

Two surprising bargains which should induce every mother of a boy to make a bee line for BELL'S.

<p>\$2.00 for Choice.</p> <p>Buy good quality double - breasted suits in new, dark designs for \$2.</p> <p>Boys' elegant and fashionable feebler suits with broad collar for \$2.</p> <p>Long cut double breasted overcoats with deep cape for \$2.50.</p>		<p>\$5.00 for Choice.</p> <p>350 B. Seelig & Co. celebrated novelty suits in every newest style and finest materials, now \$5.</p> <p>Boy's famous Shetland ulsters, latest long English cut, now \$5.</p> <p>Young men's fine and durable Metlin and Kersey overcoats, all shades, now \$5.</p>
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CLOSED!
World's Fair Exhibition at Chicago.
OPEN!
Our Great Shirt Exhibition. One dollar each. No fare or hotel bills here, at BELL'S.

HATS!
If you hatn't any hat, and you hat to buy a hat, hatn't you better buy a hat from us, **THE ONLY HATTER.**
—BELL'S.

TIES! TIES! TIES!

Tied or Untied, 50c. at

BELL'S.

VIOLETS.

The woodbird calls, the shadows flee,
The sun comes golden from the sea;
Across the meadow as I stray
For you I take the fern fringed way,
To gather violets wet with dew,
Which only bloom, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine;
The soft wind steals with presence sweet
To fling white petals at my feet
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

Blue as your eyes, which hearts beguile,
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile,
I gather them, with fervent prayer
That they my passion may declare,
Their petals pale, tear stained with dew,
May tell how I live but for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

—Donahoe's Magazine.

UNDERPAID CLERGY.

SOME OF THEM RECEIVE LESS THAN A DRAPER'S CLERK.

The Trials and Final Reward of an English Curate in the Eighteenth Century. Extracts From a Diary Which Tell a Dismal Tale of Privation.

A great deal is heard from time to time about the underpaid clergy. It has been recently said by an English writer that "there are many clerks in holy orders who receive less than clerks in linen draper's shops." This is especially true in Europe, where the clergy, or at least the curates, are paid such miserably poor stipends that but for the generosity of the parishioners they could not live.

In the United States, too, the clergyman, usually a college bred man of talents and refinement, receives a salary altogether out of proportion to his calling and his ability. This remark does not apply to the clergy in the large cities, to many of whom are paid very large salaries. In New York city, for example, it is said that there are 100 ministers who receive salaries of \$10,000, and many of them have rectories or parish houses free in addition. But in the country towns, east and west alike, the minister who gets \$2,000 is a rare exception. Many, perhaps the majority, do not receive as much as \$1,000.

While the reflection may not prove of tangible benefit to these underpaid servants in the highest of callings, still it is interesting to know that in a social and in a financial way, and in the self respect consequent upon these conditions, the clergyman of today is vastly better off than the chaplain or curate of a century ago. In point of abject poverty there are no vicars of Wakefield today, nor any chaplains who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of 1766 shows how poor was the lot of the curate of that time:

"Monday—Received £10 from my rector, being one-half year's salary; obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked 11 miles. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for £15 a year.

"Tuesday—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

"Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item—Child my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

"Thursday—Received a note from the almoner at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half penny. In a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarreled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future, and the butcher sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these, but a want of humility is, in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve one another, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

"Friday—A very scant dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart and burst into tears. Mem.—Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like

hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

"Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied and excessively hungry; so more money than twopence half penny in the house, but you see the goodness of God! The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend put a £50 note in my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £300 a year."

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man, and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the great being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.

Exchange.

Soap For Chapped Hands.

"Contrary to the general notion," said a well known chemist, "good toilet soap is the best preventive against chapped hands that can be used. I don't mean its general use in washing, but as a salve or balm, just as you would apply camphor ice or vaseline. While the common soap generally used for cleaning about the house is of an alkali nature and chaps the skin terribly, a good toilet soap is neutral and acts as a balm to the irritated skin. In my business I have to wash my hands a great number of times a day. At first I had great trouble, for my skin, being naturally tender, chapped easily, making large cracks in the flesh which made it dangerous for me to work in acids. At last I discovered by covering my hands with good toilet soap after I had washed them—rubbing it well into the skin—that I not only prevented chapping, but kept my hands in elegant condition. Vaseline and salves are very good, but none of them can do the work of a first class toilet soap. As I said, a toilet soap is neutral. A person could eat it without injury. Why, many of the pills which are prescribed for you are made out of nothing more than toilet soap."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was Foggy.

Brazil is the hotbed of "prevaricators for amusement only." It has in actual existence an Annals club, and rumor credits Judge Silas D. Coffey of the state supreme bench with the presidency. The judge tells a good story at the expense of John Vanes, proprietor of the Vanes boiler works, and a cousin to Carnegie, the iron king. He said that one morning while a party were camping at the judge's cottage they awoke to find the thickest fog on record. Vanes was missing, and a search was instituted. He was found just outside the door, where he was cutting out slices of the fog with a cornknife and spreading it with sardine molasses for breakfast. Vanes denies this and says he was cutting loose the shadows of night that had got caught in the fog.—Brazil (Ind.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Force of Habit.

Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was an iron railing around the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.—New York Herald.

The Janitor Autoeats.

The stupidity of the average janitor of the New York flat was well illustrated recently. A woman went out to call a physician for her sick sister, and upon returning with him the janitor refused to admit him, saying that he would not allow strange men to enter the house at night. Explanation was of no use, so the doctor tried to force his way in, but was struck by the janitor. The experience ended by the doctor being admitted and the janitor arrested.—New York News.

MYSTERIOUS ELECTRICITY.

The Human Mind May Never Solve the Problem of What It Is.

To the metaphysical mind on the one hand and to the confident ignoramus on the other the mysterious nature of electricity offers a fruitful subject of speculation. To the latter especially it seems a reproach that the true nature of electricity has not long before been made manifest, and he is always prepared to dash off an explanation with much more confidence than Newton proposed his theory of gravitation. It seems inexplicable to the public at large that the mystery surrounding electricity is not dispelled. It does not seem to occur to those who are impatient to have the great question, "What is electricity?" answered that we are in just as dense ignorance as to the mechanism of other phenomena. Gravitation, light, heat and chemical action are in the same category of scientific mysteries and have had centuries more of thought bestowed on them than has been devoted to the new agent. While it now seems that we may be on the threshold of one of the greatest discoveries of the human mind, yet it is possible, and even probable, that the knowledge of man may never be permitted to extend to the entire solution of the problem, for it is the very problem of the universe itself.

Assuming what seems to be unquestioned, that electricity, electrical action or whatever we may call it, has its seat in the atoms or molecules of matter or of the hypothetical matter, ether, we are brought face to face with the same conditions that confront the cosmical philosopher. As the latter can never hope to have his material vision extend to the bounds of the universe, neither can the molecular physicist hope to materially appreciate the ultimate elements of matter. Lord Kelvin has shown that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth one of its constituent molecules would only be magnified to approximately the size of a cricket ball. Bearing this in mind, the immensity of the problem which is so often flippantly referred to is evident. True, we may demonstrate the exact relation between electricity and magnetism and may satisfactorily connect these with other phenomena and even obtain a working hypothesis that will answer all scientific needs, but the ultimate solution may forever evade the human mind.

Whatever we do learn, however, will not be through the speculations of metaphysicians or the guesses of tyros, but through the physical investigations of Hertz and Tesla. While as a mental training metaphysical speculation may have its use, the absolute lack of additions to our real knowledge during the many centuries from Plato to Bacon, when metaphysics held full sway, is conclusive that nothing can be expected from this direction, and merely speculative theories in regard to the nature of electricity deserve as little consideration as is now given to the metaphysical vagaries of the schoolmen of the middle ages.—Electrical World.

The Secret of Success.

To be truly successful, a man must be able to rise after failure. The general whose campaign is commenced amid a series of disasters, but who, nevertheless, by repairing his mistakes, concentrating his forces and watching his opportunities, carries triumph out of defeat is the truly great captain. The statesman or orator whose maiden effort was covered with confusion and ridicule, but who resolves—in spite, or rather because of this—that he will force his opponents to hear and to respect him shows that he is a great man. The ability and the readiness to learn from failure is the secret of success.

The man who has only an eye for difficulties will not succeed. When Howe was appointed commander in chief in the Mediterranean, a question concerning him was asked in parliament, to which Lord Hawke, then first lord of the admiralty, replied: "I advised his majesty to make the appointment. I have tried my Lord Howe on important occasions. He never asked me how he was to execute any service, but always went and did it."—Scribner's Magazine.

Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Nitrous oxide gas is a combination of nitrogen and oxygen, formerly called the dephlogisticated nitrous gas. Under ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure this substance is gaseous; it has a sweet taste and a faint, agreeable odor. When inhaled, it produces unconsciousness and insensibility to pain, hence it is used as an anesthetic during short surgical operations. When it is breathed diluted with air, an exhilarating or intoxicating effect is produced, under the influence of which the inhaler is irresistibly impelled to do all kinds of silly and extravagant acts; hence the old name of laughing gas. The circumstances under which nitrous oxide should be applied as an anesthetic must always be determined, just as with any other anesthetic, by medical authority.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Young Mrs. Blaine."

"Young Mrs. Blaine," as she was once called, but now the wife of William T. Bull, has grown stout and handsome since her divorce from James G. Blaine, Jr., and her marriage to Dr. Bull. She has been abroad and returned with many bewildering triumphs of the great Worth. She has taken a beautiful home and has servants, horses and carriages at her command. Her husband stands near the head of his profession, with an income of \$50,000 a year.—New York Letter.

WATER LOCATION SENSE.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some Reptiles Even When Decapitated.

Reptiles and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water location sense. My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in southeastern Texas, had what at the time we both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the sand dunes that line the gulf shore, and on being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the beheaded animal continued on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or part way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly and again make directly for the water.

At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proofs that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies, and that the loss of eyes and nasal organs, of the entire head and neck, in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a family characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be observed in certain species of water frequenting snake. The common watersnake, often erroneously called the "water moccasin," almost invariably finds its way to the water, if not too far away, when its head is cut off.—St. Louis Republic.

The Action of Chloroform.

The impression held by Dr. George F. Shady as to the greater safety of chloroform in young people, relatively, than in old, is of note in connection with the case of a boy patient, about 9 years of age, whom he saw in consultation with two other physicians, and who was to undergo an exploratory operation for a wound of the head sustained in falling down stairs. He passed very easily under chloroform anesthesia, when suddenly he ceased breathing, the eyes became glassy, and death pangs quickly spread over his face. Bystanders said the boy was dead, and Dr. Shady was ready to express the same opinion, but concluded to institute artificial respiration at once, and continued it 20 minutes before obtaining any sign of life—respiration had entirely ceased, the radial pulse could not be felt, and the only evidence of life had been a few convulsive heart beats.

Suspension by the feet was tried as well as the inhalation of nitrate of amyl. The case appeared desperate, and though tempted repeatedly to abandon his efforts Dr. Shady was finally rewarded by the return of consciousness. This was his first unpleasant experience with chloroform, although constantly on the lookout for it. It demonstrated in a striking manner the rapidity and force of its action at a time when danger was perhaps least expected. The patient's heart was sound, the chloroform of guaranteed purity, and every precaution observed.—New York Tribune.

Creation of a Knight.

The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various; the principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans; by this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honor of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterward changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight.—London Standard.

An Indian's Diplomacy.

I heard a good story of a celebrated Indian potentate who took an English peer, who was staying with him, out shooting. Truth to tell, the peer shot very badly, and the eastern prince was sorely puzzled to combine oriental compliment and empty gamebags. At last, with a low bow, he said, "Your excellency shot splendidly, but God was very merciful to the little birds!"—London Gentlewoman.

Guilty.

Jones (in a loud whisper)—There's the fellow that fired on the train—
Detective—Hello, you rascal! I've got you dead to rights! Fire on a train, will you?
Prisoner—Yes, you fool! I'm the fireman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The city of Albany has been beautified by the unveiling of the King Memorial fountain. The statue, which is the work of J. Massey Rhind, is illustrative of childhood, youth, manhood and age gathered about the rock of Horeb.

There has been considerable discussion as to who invented spectacles and who had the pleasure of wearing the first pair. The honor is generally awarded to an Italian named Salvino Armati, who died in 1317.

All coins minted at Charlotte, N. C., bear in addition to all other marks the letter C; those at Dahlonega the letter D; those at New Orleans the letter O; those at Carson City, C. C.; those at San Francisco, S.