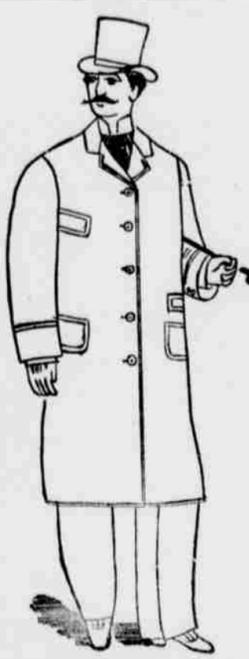


Bell's - REMARKABLE SPECIAL OFFERS

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.

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>\$10.00</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>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</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>CHOICE</p> <p>Men's celebrated Cans robe twilled Melton and Kersey Overcoats, regular price is \$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> |
|--|--|---|

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> |
|---|---|---|

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.

LOVE AND I.

Once I found Love sleeping
And called him with a smile,
"Now that I have caught you
You must stay awhile."
But he pined and fretted,
Sighing ceaselessly,
As he beat against the bars,
"Give me liberty."
Touched by his lamenting,
I set wide the door;
Out he flew and vanished,
And I was as before,
By my lonely heartache
Bitterly I wept,
When with twilight's shadows
Through the door Love crept,
"Though I die when prisoned,"
He whispered, "yet when free—
Oh! woman heed the lesson—
I straight return to thee."
—Vogus.

KING OF NO KINGDOM.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

His People Conquered by the British, He Removed to England With an Allowance. Tried to Stir Up the Sikhs Again, but Was Nipped and Forgiven by the Queen.

A decade ago Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who died in Paris recently, was a well known figure in London, whose photograph was on sale in the shop windows. He was born in 1838, the son of Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab," that doughty East Indian sovereign who was the founder of the Sikh kingdom and the cause of so much trouble to England. There have been two Sikh wars in the last half century in which the relatives of Dhuleep Singh figured. The first was in 1845, when a Sikh army of 60,000 men invaded the queen's Indian empire and fought four pitched battles, the final result being the retreat of the invaders across the Sutlej and the surrender of Lahore to the British. By the terms of the peace Dhuleep Singh, the infant son of Runjeet, was recognized as rajah.

The second Sikh war broke out in 1848, but it proved to be short lived, the British forces under Lord Gough succeeding in destroying the Sikh army and in annexing Punjab to the queen's possessions. As a result of this way young Dhuleep Singh received an allowance of £30,000 from his conquerors.

He, with his mother, moved to England, became a Christian, and on his estate in Suffolk cultivated the habits of an English gentleman. He was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who used annually to spend part of the shooting season at Dhuleep's country home.

The maharajah's first wife was a little Syrian maid whom he met in Cairo in 1864, when on his way back from Bombay, where he had gone to take back to its native soil the body of his mother that it might be there cremated. The maharajah died in 1887, and a couple of years later—in 1889—he married in Paris Miss Ada Douglas Wetherill.

Dhuleep watched closely the advance of Russia into Asia, and when he thought the proper time had come he renounced Christianity and issued a manifesto to the Sikh nation claiming the throne of his father. But his renunciation of the creed of Bala Nanuk and his suspected illegitimate birth—it was asserted by the Sikhs themselves that he was the son of his mother through an intrigue with one of the rajah's water carriers—had long since estranged the feelings of the people, and if it had been possible to create a Sikh rebellion in the Land of the Five Rivers there were other princes better able than this maharajah to lead such an enterprise.

The British made short work of his pretensions. He was traveling with leisurely dignity on his great mission in a P. & O. steamer, when at Aden he was informed that a return passage had been secured for him, and that he would not be permitted to land in India. A Sikh rebellion would have been a serious matter for England, for never were the British forces more evenly fought than on the battlefields of Mooltan, Chillianwallah and Ghuznee.

There were at that time about 10 regiments of Sikhs in the Indian army, acknowledged by British officers to be the finest in the service, and in most of the Punjab regiments there was a very large proportion of Sikh soldiers.

After his abortive attempt to stir up the Sikhs into rebellion against British rule, Dhuleep went to Russia, thinking to enlist the sympathy of the czar in his behalf, but his greeting was not overwarm. So the king without a country established himself in cosmopolitan Paris, where he lived up to the time of his death. Life on the continent seemed to unsettle somewhat the domestic morals of this oriental Christian, and an hereditary predisposition to polygamy asserted itself. The maharajah recently expressed deep regret for the course of hostility which he had pursued toward England, and her majesty, by the advice of her ministers, was graciously pleased to accord her pardon to him.

General Dick Taylor of Louisiana used to tell a story of an encounter with Dhuleep. While he was staying in 1871 at Sandringham with the Prince of Wales, the maharajah was of the party. One morning Taylor arose early and strolled out into the grounds to a small summer house in which there was a Hindoo idol brought back from India by the prince. As he came near he saw some one, who proved to be Dhuleep, standing in front of the idol executing certain movements, evidently of worship. The truth probably is

that Singh never had abandoned the true faith of his fathers.

The religion of the Sikhs was founded by Nanuk, who died A. D. 1539, and who left for the guidance of his followers an inspired volume bearing the very unphonious title of the "Grunth." This book is held in great reverence and is carried every morning in solemn state to the Golden Temple of Immortality at Amritsar, where it is venerated by some 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of people. When Europeans visit the temple, they are required to remove their shoes. An exception, however, was made in the case of the Prince of Wales.

The tomb of Runjeet Singh, the father of Dhuleep, is at Lahore, the capital of the province of Punjab. It is a white structure, with a dome and five minarets. Runjeet's mausoleum is in the center of the building, under the dome. On the top of the tomb is a white rose surrounded by five white lilies carved in stone. The white rose is in memory of the great rajah, and the lilies that of his five wives, who threw themselves on his funeral pyre. The mother of Dhuleep Singh declined the honor of being burned alive.—New York Times.

Where Tyndall Wanted to Rest.

"Whatever the late Professor Tyndall's final wishes may have been, it was not," writes a correspondent, "his desire at one time of his life that his remains should rest in the little graveyard at Haslemere. I remember some 10 years ago sitting next him at a dinner party at the late Earl of Dalhousie's and his expatiating with much zest and eloquence on his horror of being interred in a damp spot. His final resting place, the professor declared, was already prepared for him near his favorite Alpine retreat—a shelf cut in the hard rock, high up in the pure, dry mountain air, where the natural process of disintegration might be accomplished with as few of the painful adjuncts of decay as might be. He laughingly volunteered to provide contiguous rocky shelves for any like minded friends.

"I may perhaps be allowed to add that through all the intervening years I have retained a most vivid impression of the enthusiasm with which Professor Tyndall dwelt on the wilder beauties of nature. He assured me that he lived on Hindhead not for the sake of the exquisite summer days, but for the wild evenings of spring and autumn, when storms and mists and rainclouds sweep across the open hillside. His artistic enjoyment of such a scene seemed to me quite as keen as his scientific appreciation."—Westminster Gazette.

Advice From a King.

Kabarega, the negro king of Unyoro, in Central Africa, is a man who rules his subjects with a rod of iron. Like all tyrants, he regulates their smallest actions, and a host of spies inform him of any disobedience to his commands.

Among other things, he has made a fixed tariff of prices for everything bought or sold in his country, and every deviation from it is severely punished. An instance of this is given by Vita Hassan in his book about Emin Pasha and the Equatorial Province.

About a month after Hassan's arrival in Unyoro he bought a fowl and paid 90 cowries for it, while the market price was only 25. In that part of Africa it takes about 250 cowries to make \$1. Soon afterward a dragoon of the king appeared and brought back 5 cowries, with the message:

"A fowl costs only 25 cowries, while you have given 90. The seller has done wrong, and the king will punish him, but he sends to you the advice to be careful henceforth in your purchases—never to give for anything more than it is worth, first of all in your own interest, and next to this in order not to disturb the market."—Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Predicament.

A man who lives in a flat near Central park recently had a peculiar experience. A couple of deaf mutes rented an apartment underneath his own and were blessed in due season by the arrival of a bonny baby with an excellent pair of lungs. At night the little one woke up nearly the entire house by its cries, but through all of it the parents slept until the tenant above, at the solicitation of his wife, went down stairs and fairly forced an entrance. The deaf and dumb couple resort to many ingenious devices to overcome the disadvantages under which they labor. They are unable to hear their doorbell, so they have arranged a piece of colored paper upon the gong in such a way that the paper flutters when the bell rings. By keeping a watchful eye on the bell they are able to receive their visitors promptly, but their inventive genius has not as yet devised a scheme to indicate the baby's distress at night.—New York Mail and Express.

Easily Answered.

"The subject for discussion at the next meeting of the Village Debating society is 'What is Truth?'"

"Indeed? Well, that is a question that should be easily answered."

"I'm not of your opinion. What is truth?"

"Truth is what two persons speak when they fall out with each other."—London Tit-Bits.

Appropriate.

The Human Elephant—Say, the india rubber man got full last night.

The Double Headed Man—What did they do to him?

The Human Elephant—Bounced him.—Kansas City Times.

THOUGHTLESS MINISTERS.

The Cheeky Drummer Catches Two Divines on a Simple Proposition.

Abashed at nothing, a commercial traveler in the north once propounded a question to a couple of clergymen, whom he encountered on a railroad train, which illustrates how easily a man may be tripped on a simple little catch problem. The drummer entered into a conversation with the ministers and entertained them amazingly with his brilliant conversation, touching men and affairs. Gradually the topics changed, until at last the talk was of Dr. Talmage and his visit to the Holy Land.

"Speaking of the Holy Land," said the graceless commercial man, "I was quite interested to read in a New York paper recently that a party of explorers in Palestine had discovered a huge heap of bones, which, from their size and quantity, are supposed to be of the children which Herod ordered killed. They were found in a cave, which had been closed for centuries, which accounts for their preservation."

"Indeed!" replied one of the clergymen, much interested. "I had not heard of it. It is certainly a surprising discovery."

"Yes," continued the drummer, "and, oddly enough, while nearly half of the bones were bleached white, the rest were as black as ebony."

"Remarkable," ejaculated the clergyman who had already spoken, while the other looked at the drummer suspiciously.

"What is your theory?" he continued. "Do you think it possible that the bleached bones could be of males and the black of females?"

"Possibly," replied the more communicative clergyman, "I am not an anatomist, however, and can't say what effects long exposure has on the bone of the sexes."

"And you," persisted the drummer to the other. "What is your opinion? Do you think it possible that the white bones belong to male infants and the black to female, or vice versa? That is the problem that now excites the discoverers."

"Really," replied the other, "I don't know; but, possibly, as you first put it, the white bones may be of the male children, and the black of the female." Shortly after this the clergymen reached their destination and left the train. Just as it was about moving off the drummer, who had been chuckling to himself the meanwhile, thrust into the hand of one of the clerics, upon which was written the words:

"Excuse me if I suggest that you read your Bibles hereafter with greater care. Had you done so in the past, you would have known that boy babies only were ordered slain by Herod."—New York Herald.

They Insured Him.

The ways and means of insurance agents for securing customers are many and varied. The modus operandi seems to be to get the victim interested and then bombard him with argument, eloquence and statistics, and it is in the first that the real genius of the business comes in.

A merchant was writing at his desk the other day when two of the craft entered. Being well dressed and prosperous looking, he rose to receive them and inquired their business.

"I want," said one, "to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Booker, who is a well known gentleman living here, and special agent for the Bluster Life Insurance company."

"I am pleased to meet Mr. Booker," returned the merchant, "but I really don't know that I'm acquainted with you."

"Indeed," said the first. "Booker, old man, introduce me."

Booker did, and the merchant, seeing the trick, burst out into hearty guffaw and was soon insured by the two friends, who, if they had entered in the ordinary style and stated their business, would probably have been shown the door.—London Tit-Bits.

Ivory Carving In China and Japan.

In China and Japan ivory has been carved, the ivory balls inclosed inside one another being specially noted. Many theories have been formed as to how these balls have been cut. Perhaps a probable one is that a ball of ivory was taken, around the upper and lower ends of which four small holes were carved out, gradually diminishing in size toward the center until the axis of the one hole met the axis of the other or lower one at right angles in the center of the ball, and that then small tools were inserted, and a thin layer of ivory, forming a part of a circle from one hole to its lower corresponding one, was cut and loosened from the whole mass. So, gradually cutting from one hole to the next one, a complete inner circle was eventually loosened, the circles themselves afterward being cut into the required pattern.—Chambers' Journal.

Coins with dates referring to "Auno Domini" (A. D.) cannot be found bearing an earlier date than that of the fourteenth century.

The little island of Iceland, with about 70,000 inhabitants, has the same number of newspapers as the great empire of China.

The apple parer was given to the public in 1893. At the present day one eastern firm makes over 27,000 a year.

Betsy Patterson Bonaparte.

Mme. Betsy Patterson Bonaparte, the sister-in-law of an emperor, was born in Baltimore, and after living many years abroad returned to her native land, where she passed the last years of her life.

One of the old lady's crack stories in her latter days was of a lesson in etiquette given her by the black butler of her host. At breakfast she motioned to him and handed him her cup, wishing a second cup of tea. Uncle Bob, instead of taking the cup to his mistress at the head of the table, put it down with a great flourish on the sideboard.

"But I wanted another cup of tea," said Mme. Bonaparte.

"Did you, mum?" blandly asked Uncle Bob. "You see, mum, you put your spoon in de saucer, an that means you doan' want no mo' tea. When you wants some mo' tea, de c'rect way is to put de spoon in de cup—like dis beah," and Uncle Bob gravely illustrated the "c'rect" method of procedure.

The family were on thorns, expecting an outbreak from the sister-in-law of an emperor, although there is no doubt that a black butler in his own baillwick could face an emperor himself, but Betsy was only amused and laughed heartily.

After 50 years of money getting and money saving, she realized in the latter part of her life how futile it all was and explained grimly, "Once I had everything but money! Now I have nothing but money."—Boston Transcript.

Wrestling With English.

All strange tongues hold pitfalls, but the English language seems to be rather more provided with traps for the unwary than almost any other. Vassar girls had a private laugh not long ago at the eulogy bestowed by a French gentleman whose admiration for the young undergraduates considerably exceeded his ability to speak it in English. He had met the young women at one or two day festivities and was sufficiently impressed, but when, at an evening reception, they burst upon him in the bravery of full dress the admiring Gaul felt at once the handicaps of his vocabulary. "I cannot say," he confided to one of his hosts, "how beautiful the young ladies appear in their nightdresses."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Race of Giant Cannibals.

Unlikely as it may seem to some who read these lines, it is a fact nevertheless that there is an island in the gulf of California, not more than 60 miles from the Mexican mainland, which is inhabited by the remnants of a race of giant cannibals. This startling discovery was made by a west coast naturalist early in 1891 and has since been confirmed by both United States and Mexican explorers. Mr. McNamara, the scientist referred to, has a photograph of one of the men found by him on the island, that individual, although not one of the largest, being over 7 feet in height. The island upon which they were found is known as the island or Isle of Lori, and the original discoverer says that there is every evidence of cannibalism among them.—St. Louis Republic.

What Decided Him.

"It's no use," said the poet to the barber, "I will have to get my hair cut."

"All right. Want it pretty short?"

"Close up. I want the job attended to thoroughly."

"Long hair ain't in style any more," ventured the barber in an effort to be genial.

"It isn't the style I care for. Just a few minutes ago I was introduced to a man and he said, 'Which do you play, football or the piano?'"—Washington Star.

His Wife's Name.

An old farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by a lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is. We've been married for upward of 40 years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.—New York Mail and Express.

One of the most interesting collections of historical papers in the country is in the possession of Joseph Hilton of Pittsburg. The collection includes many old, rare autographs and newspapers. An "election extra," issued by The Ledger in 1844, is a prized relic belonging to Mr. Hilton.

A medical journal commends the invention for discovery of a method of treating certain disease by a doctor in Trinidad, but says that "unfortunately" he is debarred from putting it into practice in his country owing to the scarcity of these particular diseases there.

A fountain that stood for many years on the Main street square in Pawtucket, R. I., has been removed and set up in a cemetery. Its base bears in big letters the touchingly appropriate word "Welcome."

Some women are awfully touchy. A widow has brought an action against a paper which said that her husband had gone to a happier home.

Hair cut from the heads of dead women never proves satisfactory, an experienced hairdresser having no difficulty in detecting it.