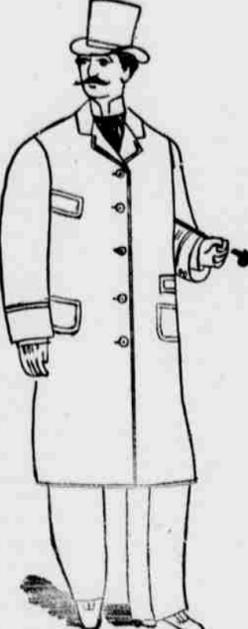


- Bell's - REMARKABLE SPECIAL OFFERS

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>\$1.000</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>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.

AT EVEN-SONG.

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at even-song that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old gray tower
Across the tranquil sea.

Just when the fields are sweet and cool with dew,
Just when the last gold fingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And where the starry jasmine hides the wall
We two would stand together once again,
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My tale of love and pain.

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding, even for a little while,
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

Far better, dear, that you, unfelt, unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet—ah, me!
Faith is so weak and human love so strong
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at even-song.

—New York Ledger.

A WONDERFUL TOWN.

ITS NAME IS WAYNE, AND IT IS NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Founded by Anthony J. Drexel and George W. Childs—A Place of Quiet Residence, Away From the Marts of Trade—Police-men Are Not Needed.

About a dozen miles from Philadelphia, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, is the wonderful town of Wayne. The wonderful town of Wayne is a product of the philanthropy of George W. Childs, who, together with Anthony J. Drexel, planned to bring it into existence for the benefit of such Philadelphians as yearned for moresuburban life than was afforded by the shady thoroughfares and placid highways of their native city, and as Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel had unlimited capital with which to carry out the plan for an ideal suburban settlement Wayne was founded on the firmest of foundations and has flourished in a manner calculated to cause the proverbial bay tree to wither with envy.

The inhabitants of Wayne number several thousand and are all inordinately proud of being Wayneites. They are proud with the pride which flushes the obsequious head salesman of the suspender department when the firm recognizes his worth and promotes him to the dizzy altitude of second floorwalker in chief, and their pride is a thorn in the sides of all the surrounding settlements and less ostentatious suburban stations. Most of them—that is, most of the males—are worthy clerks under middle age and blessed with wives and rapidly accumulating olive branches, and if they are not worthy clerks they are worthy in some other line, for none but worthy persons have ever found a foothold in Wayne, and the breath of scandal has never sinned the polish of its purity. Their wives are as typical of the quiet middle class Philadelphia women and girls as they themselves are representative of the average spotlessly conventional Philadelphia masculine being.

Physically regarded, Wayne is as fair to look upon as it is from a moral standpoint. It is an exposition of the essence of Queen Anne in architecture, tempered with the colonial and the other popular forms of rural residence design which have in the last decade run riot throughout the length and breadth of the land. There are dark red houses and bright red ones, there are those which are red and green, and pink and green, and canary and green, and there are orange and white ones, and there are pearl colored types with dove tinted trimmings. And there are just as many unconventional designs in shape as there are in color, and altogether the wonderful town of Wayne is a most satisfying spectacle to any one who seeketh the beautiful, the odd or the abnormally hideous in inexpensive but conspicuous dwellings.

Naturally such a settlement is above reproach in its government. It has broad roads, perfectly laid, fine, broad sidewalks, a waterworks and splendid drainage, all of which were provided by Messrs. Childs and Drexel, and it has a president and council, a fire engine equipment, an athletic club and ground for both sexes, a debating society, a series of winter dances, a sewing circle, a whist club and a lot of other such attractions provided by the residents themselves, and all these things are managed without a hitch or a jar, and peace reigns supreme from Jan. 1 in any given year until the hour of midnight on the following 31st of December.

Wayne has no stores of any kind, and of course a saloon is as foreign to its confines as a snowstorm would be in an equatorial jungle. On the other side of the railroad there is also a Wayne—an old fashioned Revolutionary times Wayne—named after the American general who was known as Mad Anthony Wayne, and there may be found shops and stores and saloons and business offices, but in the new and beautiful Wayne such things are unknown and must ever be unknown unless the laws of its organization be ruthlessly shattered and the dictates of its title deeds ignored.

Nor has it any police, but then why should it have? No one is bad, no one is other than faultless, the very dogs don't bark at night, the cats remain indoors after sunset, and a policeman would be as much out of place in Wayne as a

prizefighter at a little girls' paper doll party. But the sweet sense of security which pervades the place is not without its insurance clause, so to speak. Even Wayne might be invaded by a reckless tramp bent on securing a square meal or (horrible as the thought is to the Wayneites) by a nocturnal prowler seeking to enter and rob a happy home. And then, too, the business hours of the day find its adult male population away in the city, and the women have not their natural protectors at hand.

Therefore each family has a huge tin horn on which a mighty blast can be sounded as an alarm when aid is needed to repulse a tramp or to fight the fire fiend. At first the alarms were frequent, because the children could not resist testing the tin horns at unseasonable hours, but a meeting of the council fixed a fine of \$5 on false alarms, and now, through the agencies of repeated spankings and also of hanging the horns too high for the children to reach, no more false alarms come to startle the community.

Wayne came very near being called Mentone, which was to have been pronounced Me-n-tony as a pleasant recognition of the intimate friendship between Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel, but the idea was abandoned. As it stands now it is an enduring monument to both these men, and it has not only fostered their fame, but increased their fortunes as well.—New York Mail and Express.

Women as Farmers.

California boasts of a number of women farmers who manage large estates, make money and keep healthy and happy. The comforts of farm life here are greater than they are in the east, and there is a possibility of gaining more than a mere living. Some of the women farmers have won more than mere local fame. Mrs. Theodosia Shepherd of Ventura is known in the east as a cultivator of California flower seeds and bulbs. Mrs. Strong is known far and wide as the woman who makes a good income by raising and selling pampas grass. Mrs. E. P. Buckingham of Vacaville is an orchardist whose fruit commands the highest price in eastern markets.

Another successful agriculturist is Mrs. Georgia McBride. A dozen years ago she was an invalid, a widow, poor, with four boys to bring up. She knew nothing of fruit raising, but with feminine recklessness she purchased 25 acres of land near San Jose and set it out as an orchard. Now she is prosperous, healthy and wealthy, as the wage earners are, and an enthusiastic advocate of farming for women.—San Francisco Correspondent.

Hiram Maxim's Youth.

When Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, lived in Bangorville, anxious mamma used to warn their hopefuls not to play with "that wicked Maxim boy." In fact, young Maxim grew up under the doubtful reputation of being the very worst boy in the neighborhood. This isn't said for the purpose of encouraging any other Maine incorrigible who are in the depths of their misdeeds. If Hiram had been a perfectly good little boy and had devoted his time to studying his lessons, he might have had that flying machine all completed by this time.

Hiram used to work at carriage painting in Abbot and was hired by D. D. Flynt. He was an artist with the brush. One day a man called, to see Flynt while the latter was out. "There has been a man in to see you," said young Maxim. "What's his name?" "I don't know, but that's how he looks," and the boy pointed to a board on which he had roughly daubed a face. "I forgot to ask him his name," said the boy, "and so I drew that." Flynt knew his man.—Lewiston Journal.

Not In Her Set.

A lady went to get a check cashed at a bank where she was entirely unknown.

"It will be impossible for me to give you the money, madam," said the teller politely, "unless you can identify yourself in some way."

"But I am Miss C—!" said the lady.

"Certainly, but it will be necessary for some one whom we know to give you an introduction to us."

She drew back and regarded him haughtily.

"But, sir," she said in what has been called "a tone of spurn," "I do not wish to know you!"—Life.

Japan's Great Artist.

Meizan is the name of Japan's greatest decorator of Satsuma art ware. A writer on the subject says Meizan is beyond question the first artist in Japan. No one can blend colors as harmoniously or paint flowers so delicately. No one is such a master of design as applied to borders. No one save Meizan, to put the case concretely, knows how to fill a bowl 2 1/4 inches in diameter with 2,000 cho-cho, or butterflies, making each distinct and a thing of beauty.—Philadelphia Press.

His Gentle Wit.

She shook her head sadly when he had asked a fateful question.

"I wish you were all the world," he sighed.

"You said I was that to you once," she ventured coquettishly.

"Yes, but I don't think so now."

"No?"

"No, for all the world loves a lover," and his gentle wit won her over to a reconsideration of the question.—Detroit Free Press.

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

The Advantage of Circle Sailing on an Area of Water So Vast.

The Pacific is the great ocean of our planet. In comparison with it the north Atlantic is a mere strait and the Indian ocean nothing more than the submerged bench of a congeries of drowned islands. Along the line of 70 degrees south latitude the width of the Pacific is 135 degrees of longitude, over one-third of the circumference of the globe. Between it and the south polar continent nothing intervenes. Its northern extremity was probably at one time rounded off by the country which is now divided between Alaska and Siberia. When the glacial masses moved to the pole, the polar current clove its way through Behring straits and interposed Behring sea between the Pacific and the polar ocean.

It presents every form of ocean geography. At the two extremities it is shallow. There is a bench running along the Aleutian islands into the gulf of Alaska which comes within 100 fathoms of the surface, with occasional holes so deep that no apparatus can find the bottom and be recovered without breking the wire, and there is a corresponding bench in the southwest portion of the sea west of the meridian of 180 degrees where 100 fathoms is also the average. Between this last bench and the latitude of 88 degrees north there is a range of submarine rocky mountains with steep cliffs and sharp descents. Three or four distinct mountain ridges with from two to three miles of water between them have been counted between the Hawaiian Islands and Australia.

On the Pacific can be found every variety of temperature and meteorology. Out of Behring sea pours the icy current which cools our shore in summer; from the equator flow summer currents warmer than the Atlantic gulf stream, while the current which sweeps around the south cape of Tasmania bears on its bosom the longest icebergs ever seen. As its name indicates, it is a pacific ocean, swept by gentle trade winds, but the most terrible typhoons described in meteorological records have varied the chronicles of its placid surface.

On a sea of such extent circle sailing must become a matter of moment. The Canadian steamers, sailing from Yokohama in 35 degrees to Victoria in 49 degrees, cross the meridian of 160 degrees in 52 degrees, having covered 4,200 miles on the voyage, while the Pacific Mail steamers, sailing by the straight line, appear on the map to be the straight line, have to cover 4,700 miles between San Francisco and Yokohama. Assuming the vessels to be equal in speed and to steam at the usual rate of seagoing steamers on the Pacific, the Canadian line enjoys an advantage of about 36 hours over the American lines. This is reduced almost to nothing when our ships pursue the northern course and take the advantage of circle sailing.—San Francisco Call.

The "Dens" of Famous Authors.

A French chronicler has collected some very curious statistics on a subject that has interest even outside Paris. He was anxious to know how several selected great men furnished what we should call their dens, what he calls their workrooms. To gain access to all the rooms was not easy, but fortunately many of them were photographed, and so the evidence was complete. The chronicler's leaning was evidently toward men of letters, and his results are, on the whole, surprising. Daudet's study was severe in its simplicity, the furniture the scantiest and the plainest. That of Dumas had a few pictures on the wall, small panel pictures, and on his table a sphinx in bronze. Coppee, the poet, has his books in extraordinary disorder, and his appliances for tobacco abundant and well filled. Pierre Loti has his workshop fitted up like an eastern bazaar; De Goncourt's is rich in curious books and bindings; Sardou's is absolutely plain and very untidy; Zola's crammed with bric-a-brac; Musset's austere and empty—a notebook, a thermometer and a water bottle; Melhaec's crowded with books, reviews and journals, and by the hearth rug two armchairs, one for the master of the house, the other for his friend and collaborator, Halevy, both of a size and impartially comfortable.—Westminster Gazette.

Berlin Public Kitchens.

A public kitchen for the working classes was inaugurated in 1896 by a German woman, Han Morgenstein. She has established many of these kitchens, each one having a public dining room, comfortably warmed and furnished and supplied with the daily papers. Each kitchen, supplying perhaps from 300 to 400 people with daily meals, is managed by a local committee, the whole scheme being under the control of a central council. All the paid cooks are on the premises by 6 in the morning, and the vegetables and meat have been brought in before them.

Waste of any kind is strictly forbidden. A subscription of \$3,250 was sufficient to start this scheme; the reserve fund set aside for providing new kitchens increases each year, while the council pays fair wages and is able to pension off its old servants. For a sum varying from 3 to 6 cents the Berlin workman can obtain a satisfactory meal at any of these restaurants. A dinner for 4 cents allows a basin of thick, substantial German soup, a plate of vegetables and a plate of pudding, and a roll of bread in addition costs a little over one-fourth of a cent.

WARWICK CASTLE.

A Peep Into the Famous English Palace of the "Kingmaker."

One could spend days looking at the pictures at Warwick and at the sculpture and curios. There is a table, the slab of which is made of fine marble mosaic, lapis lazuli, and precious stones which belonged to Marie Antoinette. In the red drawing room are rare specimens of Limousin enamels, also Bohemian glass and Venetian crystals. This room leads to the cedar drawing room, whose walls are 10 feet in thickness. One of the many valuable and beautiful ornaments in this room is a bust of Proserpine, by our American sculptor Power.

The "living rooms" of the castle extend 330 feet in length, and each window gives charming views of the grounds. In one of these rooms, the gilt drawing room, is a Florentine mosaic table, enriched with precious stones, brought from the Grimani palace in Venice. Its value is £10,000, which, please remember, is \$50,000 of Yankee money. The Grimani arms, the pope's triple crown, lion of St. Mark, doge's cap, keys of St. Peter and cardinal's hat are illustrated in jasper, onyx, amethyst, malachite and cornelian on its surface.

A moment after leaving the gilt drawing room and we are in the state bedroom, where good Queen Anne slept, and in which her big dreary looking bed still stands. We don't seem to know much about Queen Anne's belongings, thus her bed and traveling trunks at its foot arouse our interest. In these trunks were her majesty's clothes. They are sensible, ponderous trunks, covered with brown leather and studded with brass nails. Even an American baggage smashing porter would have found Queen Anne's trunks "too large an order" to destroy. George III presented this bedstead, with its faded crimson curtains and its 15 feet high posts. Over the fireplace hangs a fine portrait of the queen herself painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is in this state bedroom that Queen Victoria slept when she visited Warwick castle with the late prince consort. I don't know whether she occupied Anne's bed, but if so I hope it was more comfortable than it looks.

From the bedroom is a boudoir, literally crammed with paintings. Here is Holbein's "Henry VIII," "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "A Dead Christ," of copper, by a follower of Correggio; "Charles II's Beauties," by Lely; a "St. Sebastian," by Vandyke; "Card Players," by Teni's, and a Salvator Rosa landscape.

The castle's state dining room was burned out in 1871, but it has been reproduced on the old lines and is a truly royal apartment. On either side of the massive fireplace, where many a Yule log has slowly burned itself out to white ashes, there are gilt Venetian figures. Above the fireplace hangs Ruben's sketch of lions. There is also in this room a droll portrait of George III in the arms of his mother.

The castle boasts a Shakespeare room, designed and added by the late earl, and to which the county of Warwick presented the Kenilworth buffet in ancient oak. Into this room have been collected all procurable Shakespeare relics, and resting on an old claw footed oak table are all the works, with the admirable edition of Shakespeare of the late Halliwell Phillips.

The place has been called the castle of the kingmaker. Who can visit this historic house and not desire to reread Lord Lytton's—or Bulwer's, as you please—"The Last of the Barons," whose text of composition is furnished by the annals of this wonderful castle and its wonderful earl, Richard Nevill.—Boston Herald.

Your Best Young Man.

"You can't always just tell what your best young man is going to develop into," said the girl in the blue jacket. "Now, I know a young man, and when I first met him I said to myself: 'At last! Here he is! A real live man without a fad.' And I was happy in the thought that he wouldn't talk football or theosophy to me. But it didn't take me long to find out my mistake. Of all the fads I ever heard of that man's fad is the very worst.

"He does tricks with cards and can juggle things," continued the girl in the blue jacket, as her eyes grew bright and her cheeks pinkish. "At luncheons he fishes his handkerchief out of my muff and finds his gloves in my jacket pocket. If you hand him a glass of water, he'll turn it upside down and ask you blandly why the water doesn't run out. At home he makes life miserable for me, and when he goes away I call in the girl and have her sweep up the remnants of the teacups that he breaks. He balances parasols, guitars, visors—in fact, everything that he can find—on the end of his nose. I can't do anything with him. I am trying very hard to make him angry so he'll quit calling, but he is so absurdly good natured that I fear I shall never succeed."—St. Louis Republic.

How She Gets Along With Him.

"There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

"Precious little credit due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time, I simply hide his hat or gloves out of the way and let him hunt for them up and down till I have finished dressing."—Detroit News.