

The Big Store  
with Tiny Prices

## MILLIREN'S!

Small Prices  
— MAKE —  
Big \* Business!

### Slash in Prices!

A GRAND SUCCESS and a GREAT SALE!

One year ago if we had told you that in April, 1895, you could buy a Ten Dollar Suit of Clothes for Five Dollars you would have laughed at us but, nevertheless, it is a fact, woolen goods are placed on the market to-day for less money than shoddy cotton were one year ago. We have taken advantage of this great change in prices by buying all new goods this spring, therefore, we can and will sell you Good New Clothing Cheaper, yes, for one-half the price that our Competitors can sell you their old shelf-worn stock.



### Spring Suits for Men!

Men's Nobby Sack and Square Cut Suits, spring and summer weights, dark colors that would sell for \$5.00, offered at our store at only \$2.77.

A lot of Men's Fine Cassimeres, Chevrotts and Worsteds, medium weight, suits all sizes, nicely made up, perfect fitting garments that would have sold for \$10.00, offered at our store only at \$5.00 and \$6.00.

An incomparable line of the largest and finest collection of Spring attire for Gentlemen to be found in any store in the county. Every garment shown is new in style and make. No back numbers, no old styles.

Prices are lower than they have been for 25 years. We want every gentleman to see our \$10.00 line. It is really astonishing what a good All-wool Suit \$40.00 will buy this season. All the new and popular weaves for spring and summer in perfect fitting garments, thoroughly made and trimmed with an appearance of style and finish, only equalled and matched by a tailor.

We can fit your eye, your form and your pocket-book. Come in and see us.

**See Our Window Display!**

### Sweaters!

We have them from 17c. up. A close ribbed, heavy weight sweater, well made and well worth One Dollar; our price Forty-five and Fifty Cents. Heavy wool sweaters in blue, black and white, close gauge, double kint collars, worth Two Dollars; our price One Dollar.

Then we have greys, creams and maroons. Every sweater from 17c. up is all hand sewed and has extra long neck.

### SPRING SHIRT STYLES!

Fresh from the field of fashion; fast colors. Percales, one turn down and one stand up collar and a pair of cuffs, link or plain, all detachable, with each shirt. Neatest patterns, pin-checks, pin-dots, &c., perfect fit guaranteed, prices from 50c. up. Also a large line of boys' fine Oxford cheviot shirts that formerly sold at 50c., the price at our store only 24c. Also the same in men's at 25c. Perfect fit guaranteed. See our Window Display.

Headquarters for Men's Spring Derbys.



Headquarters for All Kinds of Headwear.

Everything New in Style or Color in either Stiff Hats or Fedoras!

Newest Style Stiff Hats in Mocha, Tan and Black is represented in our Superb Showing of Spring Headwear for men. The quality of the Stiff Hats that we show at the following prices cannot be matched: 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps, Tam O'Shanter, Eatons and Fancy Headwear.

Every New, Novel and Sensible Style. See our Window Display.



### Boys' CLOTHES!

Boys' very neat and servicable Suits, Cassimeres and Satinets, this season's make, sizes 5 to 14, that would have sold at \$1.50, at our store only 67c

Boys' Double Breasted, All-wool Cheviot, Cassimere and Imported Worsteds, made in the height of fashion, would have sold at \$2.00 and \$3.00, at our store only 98c

Your choice of over 300 pairs All-wool Cheviot, Cassimere and Imported Worsteds Boys' Knee Pants, worth double our asking price, that we offer 25c. and up

Then we have the Ironclad Double Breasted Suits (same as above cut) that formerly sold at \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00, at our store only \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00

Men's Fine Balbriggan Underwear that formerly sold at \$1.00 we are offering you for 25c. or 50c. a suit

EN RAPPORT.

Clasped in thy arms, with my head on thy breast,  
All is forgotten of sorrow and woe.  
Nothing I feel but peace, infinite rest.  
Hold me, beloved, thus, tenderly—so.

Aglow with the love that forever is thine,  
I lift my cheek to thy willing caress.  
For hearts may drink of the joy that is mine,  
Few tongues such rapture can truly confess.

Clasped in thy arms, with my head on thy breast,  
I feel thy heartbeats have quickened for me;  
With gladdest joy now my soul is possessed.  
Life would be empty without love and thee.

Some say, beloved, that life is a dream;  
That at death's coming we will but awake.  
But if the waking a parting doth seem  
Let me dream ever for sweetest love's sake.  
—Jane Mauldin in New Orleans Picayune.

### CHANDLER WROTE IT

THE OLD DOCTOR WANTED AN ORDER RELEASING HIS SON.

The Secretary of the Navy and President Arthur Were Going Fishing and Didn't Want to Be Bothered, but Changed Their Minds When They Heard the Argument.

In the southern part of Orleans county lives a doctor who is known far and wide among the country folk, and whose fame extends likewise into cities far from his home.

The doctor is a gentleman of the old school, courteous, with a southern accent when he becomes excited, for he was born in Virginia. The worst thing that can be said about this doctor is that he is an extremely hard swearer. He swears a little when he is calm, but when he is excited his vocabulary of invectives is almost without a rival. Many stories are told about this famous old doctor, and this is one of them:

The doctor had a son, and all his affections seemed centered in him. He resolved that this son should become a doctor, and that the father's mantle should fall upon the son's shoulders. But the boy disappointed him. When he grew up, he didn't wish to study medicine. He said he had no taste that way. No plane of life seemed to fit his ideals exactly. He tried this, and he tried that, and nothing satisfied him.

At last he decided he would go to West Point. The doctor yielded, and the son tried the preliminary examinations, passed them and was appointed a cadet. He tried the entrance examinations, passed them and at last became a real cadet at West Point. Even the old doctor was proud and happy now.

But the son did not do as well as he had expected at West Point. He found that things military in reality were not as things military in ideality. He tried the January examinations and failed. His heart was broken. Like many another youth before him, he could never bear the disgrace by going home. So he made as large a fool of himself as he could and enlisted in the navy, at the Brooklyn navy yard. His father received notice of his son's rash act and said nothing. His heart was too full. But he threw a few necessities into his grip and that very night started for Brooklyn. There he found the admiral. He told him the story. He begged him to do something for him, but the admiral could do nothing. His heart seemed broken. Was there no hope? The admiral told him he could go to the secretary of the navy, state his case, and perhaps something might be done. He could promise nothing, but at least it might be tried. The old doctor clutched at this slight hope, and without waiting to eat anything he took the very first train for Washington.

All these things happened during the first year of Arthur's administration, and, as every one knows, William E. Chandler was secretary of the navy. Arthur and Chandler were sportsmen, and whenever they had the chance they would set out on little fishing excursions of their own. Now, it happened that they were just ready to go forth upon one of these little jaunts when the old doctor arrived in Washington. He drove straight to the home of the secretary of the navy and found he was at the White House, so to the White House went the doctor post haste. He inquired for Chandler and was told that he and the president were just starting for a fishing trip and could not be seen.

"But I must see him, suh! It is very important, suh!" exclaimed the doctor. He was using his soft southern accent now, for he was very excited.

"But you can't, sir," said the servant. "I can, suh, and I will, suh!" and with no more words he pushed the astonished servant out of his way and strode through the hall. "Where is the secretary of the navy, suh?" he asked the first person he met.

"In that room, sir," said the man, pointing.

The doctor rapped and walked in. There stood the president and the secretary, getting their things together.

"I am Dr. —, and I've come to get my son back, suh!" said the doctor, and then he told the story of his son's mistake. The secretary looked at him and then at the president. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but you have come at the wrong time. We can't bother with such things now. We are going on a trip, President Arthur and I, and we do not like to be interrupted." Here he bowed and stopped.

The old doctor drew himself up, looked down at him, for Mr. Chandler is not a large man. His old eyes fairly blazed. He seemed choking. Suddenly he burst forth in a voice of passion:

"Do you think that I am going to let my son stay in that ship, suh, to give you the chance to kill a few measly no account fish? Do you think I am going to break my heart so that you can have yoh pleasure? Look at me, suh! I have not eaten a thing since last night, suh! See the dust of travel upon my chest! Do you think that I have traveled night and day, and now I am going to be put off because you are going fishing? Who are you, suh? You are my servant, suh! Who pays yoh salary? I do, suh! Who pays yoh rent? I do, suh! Who owns the boat you go off fishing in? I do, and now, when I come to ask you to get my son out of my navy, you have not time because you are going fishing! By —, suh, if you don't get my son off that ship, old as I am, I'll thrash yoh — haid right off yoh body!"

The old doctor stopped, breathless. His two hearers looked at him, agast. For a minute no word was spoken. At last President Arthur said, "Chandler, I guess you'd better write that order."

Chandler wrote it, and a little later three men might have been seen engaged in discussing three bottles of claret. They were all smiling, but one of them had a look of great happiness on his grand old face. It was the old doctor. — Rochester Post-Express.

### A CRITIC SURPRISED.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Crushing Interview With a Hypercritical Dandy.

Lord Randolph Churchill took a very keen artistic delight in his wife's musical accomplishments, but he was unwilling that any one else should speak disparagingly of them. At an entertainment once, where she had consented to execute a brilliant dash on the piano, a tall youth with bangs and a monocle was observed paying a languid and rather insolent attention to the music, standing close enough to the performer to have his comments easily overheard by her. Lord Randy was close at hand, too, and presently heard the rapid youth remark:

"Duced fine music, you know, but it lacks weal soul—it lacks weal soul!"

To the critic's astonishment a muscular young man, with a big mustache, whom he had not noticed before, whispered in his ear:

"For a shilling I'd wallop the life out of you!"

He hastened to withdraw, but without discovering the identity of the author of the menace. The next day, to his delight, he received an invitation to the Churchills' home. Of course he accepted with avidity. On entering he was met by his threatening neighbor of the night before, who, he at once discerned, must be Lord Randolph. He proceeded no farther than the entrance hall, for Churchill beckoned in the direction of the drawing room, and out floated Lady Churchill.

"This fellow has come to apologize to you for his remark of last night," hissed Lord Randolph. "Now," to the stranger, "down on your knees!"

Down went the dandy, hisping out the most abject plea for forgiveness. Then he was turned over to a footman to be put ignominiously out of the door, while the host followed his retreating figure with a roar of derisive laughter. — Kate Field's Washington.

### Curious Facts.

The medical statistics of this country have been studied by Dr. John T. Billings from the racial standpoint. He deduces many curious facts: The infantile death rate among the blacks is very high; the race itself is shorter lived than the white; it is less liable than the white to malaria, yellow fever and cancer, but succumbs more readily to tuberculosis and pneumonia. Irish children survive infantile diseases, but the adult death rate is high; tuberculosis, pneumonia and alcoholism cut them down. Germans are especially liable to digestive disorders and cancer. Jews have a low death rate; they live long; their diseases are diabetes, locomotor ataxia and kindred nervous ailments. — Zion's Herald, Boston.

### Chicagoans.

I frequently resent the rich roasts given Chicago society by the terrible Town Topics, but now and then I am forced to admit that some of its wild and weird whoppers are not altogether unprovoked. At the recent Fellowship Club ladies' layout I overheard one of the officers importune a brilliant boulevard beau not to be in a hurry to leave, as Mrs. Alice J. Shaw was about to appear and whistle. "Is that so?" ejaculated the swagger swell. "Then I'll stay a bit longer. I knowed her over in London." — Chicago Weekly.

### A Careful Bridgroom.

Bridgroom (about to marry the youngest of three sisters)—My dear friend, I want you to stand right behind me during the ceremony and keep your eyes open. I am very nearsighted, and I am afraid they might substitute the oldest sister at the critical moment. — Fliegende Blatter.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" was the work of Annie McVicar, afterward Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

### Trunks and Valises!

We are offering you a Trunk that has double stitched leather handles, malleable iron corners, reinforced all around, reversed slats, cover, hat tray, all for \$2.00; actually worth \$4.00. And we have Trunks from \$2.00 to \$6.00, all sizes and forms. Telescopes that formerly sold at \$1.00 and \$1.25, at our store only 75c. Black and all colors of valises from 50c. up according to size. Call and see them

### UMBRELLAS!

We have a Fine Line of all the Latest and Leading Patterns of Umbrellas. We have black sateen, guaranteed fast color and well put up, that is actually worth \$1.00; our price 63c. We show steel and wood stalks all sizes at the following prices: 70c., 95c., \$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.50, \$1.90, \$2.10, \$2.25 and \$3.00 Call and see them

Above all, we want you to believe what we say, and cordially invite you to call, get prices and see the goods, and be convinced that we are the Lowest Price and The Only Reliable Clothier, Hatter and Men's Furnisher in the county.

Reynolds Block. **GLENN A. MILLIREN.**