

SANGER BROS.

«GREAT»

DIVIDEND SALE

SOME EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

— FINE SHOES. —

GENTS' SHOES.

We are closing out several makes and offer same at very low prices.

Best French Calf, Lace, Button and Congress in French and London toe, Best Hand-sewed, reduced from \$7.50 to \$6.05 a pair.

Hand-sewed Kangaroo and French Calf Congress Shoes, reduced from \$7.00 to \$5.45 a pair.

Cordovan French Toe Congress, Hand-sewed, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.10 a pair.

Hand-sewed London Toe Bals, Best French Calf, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.55 a pair.

Best French Calf, Patent Leather Dress Shoes, in Congress and Bals, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.00 a pair.

Our entire stock of L. Boyden's regular \$5.00 Shoes are reduced to \$3.50 a pair for this sale. They include the Best \$5.00 Shoe ever sold, and are a Great Bargain.

New Orleans Box Toe Congress, Crimped Vamps, reduced from \$6.00 to \$3.70 a pair.

BOYS' SHOES.

Boys' Best Calf London Toe Bals, a Splendid School Shoe, reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.90 a pair.

Boys' French Calf London Toe Lace Shoes, reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.45.

A Big Drive in Boys' Bals, Button and Congress Shoes, reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.20 a pair.

Youths' Dress Shoes in French Calf, reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.85 a pair.

FELT SHOES AND SLIPPERS BELOW COST.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$1.85 to \$1.35.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.65.

Men's Felt Tourists reduced from \$1 to 70 cents.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$1 to 65 cents.

Men's Wool-lined, Leather Sole Slippers, reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.10 a pair.

One Lot of Medicated Flannel-lined Shoes, Leather Soles. People with Rheumatism should wear them. Extra sizes for swollen feet, reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.35 a pair.

SHOES HAVE NEVER BEEN OFFERED AT SUCH PRICES AS WE ARE SELLING THEM AT DURING THIS SALE. EARLY PURCHASERS WILL GET THE BENEFIT OF BEST ASSORTMENT.

«EVERY DEPARTMENT IN OUR»

LARGE ESTABLISHMENT

Is now prepared for this Great Sale and Reduced Prices rule throughout. Be sure and get some of the Bargains offered in this

GREAT DIVIDEND SALE.

SANGER-BROTHERS.

Order your groceries, grain, food, wood and coal from Geo. W. McLaughlin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wood and coal from 5 cents to a car load at Geo. W. McLaughlin's.

Buy feed at Duvall's 309, Franklin

Go to W. D. Jackson and get a photograph of yourself and children.

40,000 first-class cigars at I. C. Meek's Commission and Auction House 318 Austin street.

Leave orders for coal and wood with McLaughlin.

RETAIL DEPARTMENT Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal,

Our Sales prove that Moderate Prices will eventually bring trade, and we propose keeping the prices down to the lowest limit.

This week you who are in need of a good Suit of Clothes can save from \$2.50 to \$10 on a Suit by visiting our Clothing Department

A Good Suit for \$5.00, A Better Suit for \$7.50. An all-wool Stylish Suit for \$10 that's worth \$15 Just examine our line of Stylish Garments at \$12.50, \$15.50, \$18.50, and \$20.

This Stock is entirely too large, and we must reduce same, no matter what this sacrifice may be.

We are showing the most elegant line of TROUSERS ever brought to this city.

Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal, Cor. 5th and Austin Streets.

We are still selling the best 40 Cent Kid Gloves.

We are still selling the best 60c. Kid Gloves.

We are still selling the best 90c. KID GLOVES.

We are still selling the best 10c. Hose.

We are still selling the best 12 1-2c. Hose.

We are still selling the best 20c. Hose.

We are still selling the remainder of our Cloaks and Wraps at Sixty Cents

On the Dollar.

In fact, we are still selling and will continue to sell our goods at the Lowest Prices,

Which will always be found just a little Lower Than Other Houses.

Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal, Cor. 5th and Austin Streets.

T. F. JONES.

W. H. JONES.

JONES : BROTHERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

WACO, TEXAS,

BUY AND SELL ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE.

LOAN MONEY

On Farm and Wild Lands on Long Time, at Low Rates of Interest,

All Business will have Prompt Attention.

- Mayfield - THE PAWNBROKER

Will cash your Lottery tickets, Will lend you Money on your Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry.

A fine line of Unredeemed PLEDGES For Sale at a GREAT BARGAIN.

For good meals go to the Silver Moon. For meals go to Joe Lehmann.

Call for Looorine to cure bruises and sprains at J. E. Sears, 425 Austin street.

Killing at Dallas Yesterday.

DALLAS, Jan. 19.—This morning at 10:30 o'clock as M. J. Bradley, the well known base ball catcher, was coming up Maine street from the Windsor hotel to Swope & Mangold's, he was shot down like a dog by Tom Angus, a hack driver, who followed him and fired in his back inflicting a wound which produced almost instant death. At the first shot Bradley turned and ran toward the Cabinet saloon and he fell dead just as he reached the sidewalk, almost in front of the door. Angus was immediately arrested and put in jail. There were numbers of people who saw the shooting, and all pronounced the affair a red-handed murder. It is said that Bradley was warned of Angus' intention this morning, but he evidently anticipated no trouble, as he was totally unarmed. No conversation took place at all; the assailant simply drew his 45 calibre pistol and fired into his victim's back. Bradley came to Texas last spring with the Joplin ball team, which in Texas league represented the city of Austin. He, with Red Ehret, constituted the star battery of the league. He was released by Austin last summer and toward the close of the season signed with Dallas. Some days ago he signed with St. Joe for the season of 1889, and his intention was to proceed there as soon as his trial ended. His home is in Oil City, Pa., where his parents still live, and they have been notified by wire of his unfortunate death. The affair produced a profound sensation in this city and will be a surprise to the base ball circles of the country in which he was well known.

The Pistol Bill.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 16.—Interest centered in the senate this morning. The bill to annul the pistol law, leaving it in the discretion of the jury whether the "totter" of a deadly weapon should be fined or imprisoned or both, was up for discussion, and some very lively speeches were made thereon. A particularly sharp discussion occurred between Senators Burgess and Simpkins on the question of personal liberty, a discussion from which both emerged entirely unhurt and in perfectly good humor. Burgess wants the law amended and Simpkins wants it left alone. Senator Atlee made a strong argument in favor of an amendment, and Cranford, the brilliant young senator from Hopkins, delivered a ringing speech in favor of the law as it is now.

Captured Again.

SHERMAN, Jan. 16.—Deputy Sheriff Whitesides of this county arrived in the city this afternoon with James Smith whom he brought from Salem, Ill., under a requisition from Governor Ross of this state. Smith is charged with committing an outrageous assault upon a little girl eleven years old in this county during last summer. He was tried in the district court in this city during last fall, resulting in a mistrial, standing eleven on conviction and one for acquittal. He was released on a bond of \$750 and shortly after flew the country, and was captured in Illinois through the co-operation of the officers and detectives of that state and those of this state. He will be held in jail for trial at the March term of the district court.

A Feathered Mugwump.

Mr. Henry C. Hamilton, one of the most truthful men in Georgia, tells of a great curiosity which Bob Kenyon, an old negro man, is raising on Mr. Hamilton's place in Dalton. The object may be described as a fowl mugwump. It is half duck and half chicken, its father being a duck and its mother a hen.

The mugwump is about the size of a frying size chicken. It is of the feminine gender. The head and breast are built like a hen, and the back, tail and legs are formed like those of a duck. But, strange to say, the creature is not webfooted. The fowl mugwump cackles like a hen, and in walking waddles like a duck. Mr. Hamilton says that he was in Dalton Sunday and spent an hour looking at the freak. He says that it is the funniest thing he ever saw in a barnyard.—Atlanta Constitution.

Riddle's cheap or cash meat market, south side of the square, is doing a rushing business. Riddle is always first in his line, selling the richest, the fattest and juiciest of meat at bottom rock prices. His customers follow him and one who trades with him once becomes a regular customer. You can buy fine porter house steak at Riddle's at 10 cents per pound, and all other meat in proportion. Take your basket around there.

The wise man, who wants his money's worth in every thing he buys, goes to D. H. Spencer to buy a piano or organ. Spencer sells good goods at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Dr. P. R. Hengst, physician and surgeon. Headquarters at Williamson's drug store.

An Epitaph.

Unto a little nigger,
A-swinging in the Nile,
Appeared, quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile,
Who, with that chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please!" —Life

How He Smoked Father's Cigars.

IL. N. Willey, one of the clerks of the hotel, has given up smoking—for a time. This he is doing of his own free will and accord and without a particle of outside influence being brought to bear. An old time schoolmate was in the city a few days ago, and as they and some other friends were chatting Willey's chum offered him a cigar, and appeared very much surprised when informed that he had quit the habit. "Well, I never imagined you would give up smoking," said he, "for more persistent beginner never lived. I must tell you fellows about the time Willey's father first caught him in the act. Henry, here, was coming down the street in the village where we used to live with a big cigar stuck in his mouth and making a regular steam engine of himself with the smoke rolling back of him in clouds, when on turning a corner he suddenly ran against his father. The pater gave him one sharp look, but passed on, saying nothing. That evening at home and after supper the father invited Henry out into the kitchen. The boy was not as hardened as he is now, and it must be confessed he followed the old gentleman in no little trepidation, knowing not what to expect. When they arrived there the father's movements were still more mystifying, for he proceeded to build a rousing hot fire in the stove and carefully closed all the windows and doors, effectually preventing any cool air from entering and any of the heat that was beginning to belch from the large cooking stove from escaping. "Take a seat, Henry," said the father, "and let's be sociable; I noticed today that you were smoking; I did not know you had acquired the habit, but as you have, take one of my cigars," and he handed out a large, black looking torch, apparently strong enough to make an old salt weaver. Henry took it and began puffing away, talking pleasantly to his father the while. When he had finished it the old gentleman gave him another, and this, too, quickly vanished. The third was produced, and as Henry lighted it his father began to look worried, which feeling increased as the wood gradually burned to a stub. As Henry threw it in the fire his father got up, and, wiping the perspiration from his face, said, weakly: "Well, Henry, I guess I'll go. 'What, so soon?' said the young imp as well as he could without laughing outright. "Well, if you must, good night, but I wish you would leave another cigar; I should like to enjoy myself by this nice fire a while longer." Henry's father tells the story himself, so it must be true."—Chicago Herald.

Keeping His Children Honest.

"Madame," said a sooty looking individual to the lady of the house where he had called on Oak Grove street, "Madame, I only ask a pittance. I am not hungry, and if you were to give me employment at your woodpile, it would only delay me in a scheme I have outlined whereby I can make an honest living for myself and little ones. I ask simply for \$1 to help along my enterprise."

"Have you a family in destitute circumstances?" asked the lady, with pity in her face.

"I have," was the reply. "I have eight children who I am trying to bring up to lead honest lives. I cannot bear to think that one of them should be driven to do a dishonest act."

"Will this help you?" said the lady, with tears in her voice, at the same time handing him a dollar.

"It would, indeed," was the reply. "It will help me carry out my enterprise during these warm, autumn days."

"What is your enterprise, my good man?" asked the lady.

"I'm going to buy a boat, madame, with which I shall be able to steal wood enough from Henneptin Island not only to keep my family warm this winter, but have some to sell. My children shall not be driven to acts of dishonesty through their father's poverty. Madame, may heaven bless you for this contribution.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Plan Failed.

"Now, here's the plan," said one tramp to another, as they loomed against a fence on Spruce street the other day. "You see that brown house?"

"I do."

"It has a for sale sign on it."

"Yes."

"Go and ring the bell and tell the woman you want to buy the house for, say \$5,000. She'll be glad to see you. In looking about just mention incidentally that if she has any old clothes to spare you are making up a box for the African heathen. It's a big scheme and must work."

The other went over and rang the bell, and the door opened and he disappeared. He soon appeared to view again, however, and with that sort of movement which comes to a man when kicked.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the other.

"No go."

"Did you see the woman and offer her \$5,000?"

"No. I saw the man and found that the place had been sold for \$9,000! It's no use, Jim. We hadn't worth shucks on finance. We've got to go back to the destitute family racket."—Detroit Free Press.

How Scarborough Got In.

A good story has just crept into daylight, of which W. W. Scarborough is the hero. Years ago he went abroad, and among other cities visited was Florence, then the capital of Italy. While he was there one of the great fates in the gardens was in progress. Mr. Scarborough was very anxious to attend, but was told by the secretary that nobody but big officials were allowed to witness the festivities. At once the eminent Cincinnati straightened out his towering form and, addressing the Italian in Spanish, not being conversant in his native tongue, said: "I am president of the Company Gas and Madison Turnpike." This announcement was received with a most profound bow, and the distinguished guest received the needed admission papers. Afterward, in rehearsing the story, Mr. Scarborough said that the gentleman appeared to be completely overwhelmed, especially by the latter official dignitary replying: "Either, signor, will be sufficient."—Cincinnati Enquirer.