

SANGER BROS.

«GREAT»

DIVIDEND SALE

SOME EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

— IN —

— 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, feed, 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 300, 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.

T. F. JONES.

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 low prices.

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

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 Loecrine to cure bruises and sprains at J. E. Sears, 425 Austin street.

HUMAN FIENDS.

And Yet Some Say there is No Hell.

CHICAGO, January 17.—Max Metzger, a young German machinist, told a pitiful story to the police this morning. Last fall his wife fell ill and being too poor to hire a nurse he had to leave his work and care for her himself. When she died he had no money left with which to bury her, so he borrowed \$30, giving a chattel mortgage on his furniture. After a time he was thrown out of work and was unable to meet the payment of his mortgage. The holder was lenient with him and all was well, but this creditor died a short time ago and the mortgage passed into unknown hands. Last night when he returned from his work he found that the holder of the mortgage had broken into the house and stripped it of everything, leaving his three small children only the protection of the bare walls. The police will endeavor to find the heartless sharks. The way the mortgage men cleaned out the unfortunate man's rooms was something extraordinary. They carried out everything the apartments contained except the stove, bed and tables. There was some discussion about these, but finally the coals were drawn from the stove and it too was taken away. A loaf of bread left on the table by the father for the children was also taken and the contents of a pitcher were spilled on the floor, so the men could take the pitcher. The table was carried and a sick child was taken from the bed, which was taken to pieces, and with the clothing, was carried away, only the straw tick was left and on this the suffering little child was laid, without anything to cover it or any heat in the house. The intruders then left, after carefully searching every closet and nook in the house and taking everything they could find. The little children were frightened so that they were afraid to leave the house and they crouched upon the straw tick and shivered with cold and fear until he came home.

The Sixteen-year-old Murderer.

SHERMAN, Jan. 17.—Hamp Willis, the 16-year-old boy charged with being accessory to the murder of James Sacra in the Indian Territory, and who has been held in the county prison of this city since shortly after the killing of Sacra by Milt Overton, was taken to Fort Smith, Ark., by Deputy United States Marshal Green. Overton killed Sacra in a pasture belonging to the latter, the boy Hamp Willis was in the employ of Overton as a cowboy, and was in the pasture at the time the killing was done. In a recent interview, while in prison in this city, Willis made a statement regarding what occurred, which, if true, and can be proved, will exonerate him from the crime. It is stated that when Overton killed Sacra that he was in the pasture with Overton and Wilson looking for cattle belonging to the former, and having found several head they left him to herd them, and went off together to look for other cattle, that they went out of sight, and soon after he heard the shooting, shortly after which Overton's horse came running back with the bridle and saddle to the herd, and not knowing what had happened he, Willis, caught Overton's horse and held him until Overton came and took charge of him and mounted him and rode away. Willis is a half-breed Indian boy, is quite intelligent, has rather an effeminate appearance, and appears to have had good school opportunities. He is held without bail to await the action of the federal grand jury at Fort Smith.

Burning Out Women and Children.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 17.—Last Saturday a party of men went to the house of Butler Banks, in Newberry county, where his wife and six little children lived, the oldest being thirteen and set fire to the house and compelling them to remain until destruction was certain. The men then set fire to a corn crib and seed house, leaving mother and little ones without food or shelter or sufficient clothing. There is great indignation, but though the names of the incendiaries are said to be known, no arrests have been made. About a week ago Butler Banks lay in wait for a man in the neighborhood and shot him through. He is still alive. His friends took this method of revenge.

Merchants' Merchants!

First-class merchants will take stock at this season of the year, and all goods not fully up to the standard will consign them to I. C. Meek's Commission and Auction House, 318 Austin street.

The stock of goods of Mr. Barney Feldhake is to be sold at auction Jan. 28th.

Shot But Not Hurt.

GALVESTON, January 17.—A sensational shooting occurred this morning in the ship chandler store of H. Marwitz & Co., corner Twenty-second and Mechanic streets. Louis Waisel, the bookkeeper, for some imaginary wrong stepped from the office and fired four times at Captain Victor Lyle, of the British steamship Victoria, but fortunately without hitting him. Captain Lyle, when assaulted, was engaged in conversation with Mr. Marwitz, and made a hasty exit from the store. Waisel was instantly arrested and lodged in jail. Mr. Marwitz, his employer, and members of his family, all testify that Waisel for the past two weeks has been ill, nervous and at times acted strangely, and attribute his attack on Captain Lyle to loss of reason. Capt. Lyle does not wish to prosecute Waisel, believing he did not know what he was doing at the time the assault was made. This is borne out by the fact that Waisel, when interviewed at the jail, was ignorant of the fact that he had attempted to shoot Captain Lyle. Mrs. Waisel has been aware of her husband's weakness for years, and says he had given up his position at Marwitz's for the reason that he could no longer attend to the duties and with the intention of traveling. Arrangements were being made to leave the city to-morrow.

YOUNG MAN, BE HONEST.

Uncle Jonas Catches His Trick Nephew Imitating Him. "I am on the turf now," said a black-eyed young man, still in his teens, to an acquaintance whom he met at the Guttenburg races. I am out for money, and everything goes.

"When did you quit your uncle's hook shop?" asked the boy's acquaintance.

"Last week We'n'ed," fired me out for trying to work one of his own games. One of the funnest rackets you ever heard of, and I'm just sore enough on the old man to give it dead away. The old man was going up Center street, one day last summer, and he stopped at a second hand tool shop to see a friend. While he was there he got monkeying with a second hand signal box. It was a little cast-iron thing with the word "police" on the front and a brass button on the top. When he pressed the button it set a lot of clockwork going in the box, and made as much noise as an alarm clock. He was stuck on the thing and bought it for a half. I asked him what he was going to do with it and he said he would stick it up on the wall and ring it if any toughs tried to make trouble in the shop. Well, that's just what he did with it. He screwed it up in plain sight behind the counter and fastened wires to it to make it look as if they went somewhere. Then he took some bronze paint and touched up the letters so that nobody could make any mistake in reading them. I don't believe he thought of what a great graft the box was until he had it up about a week. Then he made it useful for the first time. A young fellow came in with a dress coat wrapped up in a newspaper and wanted five cases on it. Uncle Jonas held the coat up and sized it up with the fellow that was trying to soak it. The coat was big enough for two like him and the old man says: "Dot's a nice coat. Ees id your own?"

"'Dot's a nice coat," says the young fellow.

"'Wait till I call my bruder," says the old man, and he turned and jammed the button down hard on the signal box. The young fellow just gave one glance at the box, and he shot out of the door and left the coat behind. He ain't been seen around there since. After that the old man give me to understand I was to come along kinder slow any time when he rung the box, so that if people didn't scare, they would take it that the call was for me, and then he would consult me about the goods that were offered. He worked the call on a man with a gold watch next day, and the man snatched the watch out of his hand and skipped. After that he was more careful, and when a crook came in with a ring a day or two later, he laid the ring down out of reach and touched the button, saying that he would call his son and get his opinion about the stone. The crook looked at the call box and ran his eye along the wires which ran toward the front of the shop. Then he began to swear, and made a jump for the side door. Next day a nice looking fellow came in and described the ring, and said that it was stolen from him, and that he had cornered the man who stole it, and learned where it was.

"'All right; I will send for it," says the old man, and then he touched the button again.

"'I will come in again in a half an hour," says the nice looking young fellow, and skips out the door. Did he come back? Naw. Well, the old man worked the new snap every chance he got, but sometimes he got fooled, and then I had to come to the front and be consulted, always sakin': "Did you ring, sir?" One day when the old man was out to dinner a fellow come in with a stud. It was a real bug and I wanted to win it. So I sprung the call box on him. He shot out of the side door and I dropped the ring in my pocket. Two minutes later my uncle put his hand on my shoulder, and two big tears ran down his nose as he told me that he was sorry that he had found out that I was not honest. He gave me a calking old lecture on honesty being the best policy, and told me that he had been watching me from the back part of the shop and seen me git the 'chenuine tiamont.' I had to give it up to him, and he is wearing it now while I am on my uppers. Oh, yes, he fired no 'rust as soon as he found I wasn't honest. You go up there to-morrow and see if he don't ring the box on you and try to bluff you out of your watch. Then ask him about me."—New York Sun.

The finest Mince Meet in the land is Joe Thompson's.