THE VAGABOND ARGONAUT.

☞The other evening the police squad coming off duty for the day were marching down Fifth street. They were in line like a flock of geese—out of step and most irregular in movement. The sargent had a soft hat with a gold cord. The file leader had another soft had and a cigar which he puffed—throwing clouds of smoke like an engine drawing a heavy train of cars. The next man had a police cap and the next a helmet. The fifth had on brown colored trousers and a helmet and a rain proof coat—others had overcoats and oil-cloth coats and some helmets and some caps. The coats they carried on the left or right arms as suited them and one had his over his shoulder. Enough said. They were worse than Falstaffs army or the Egyptian kine so far as regularity, uniformity and discipline was concerned. Doubtless they are all good officers in their way—the general good order of the city and its freedom from crime assures that as a fact, but they would be none the worse if they were spared the criticism of a New York gentleman who stood at the post office steps as they marched by and said—"Well, they look like a drill party from the east side Nihilist Society." By the way, I have heard vagrant rumors that the New York police are *not* the finest, but they march better than ours. Perhaps ours are the finest who don't march. Who knows?

☞A pal of mine was lingering with me over a cool bottle of beer which the bar-keeper had chilled just to the right temperature and had served in nicely cut glasses. Trade was slack for a moment and the man of bottles and beer chatted with us about one thing and another until my friend fancying he recognized in the barkeeper an old acquaintance who presided at an altar where he had before wetted his clay said:

"Isn't your name French?".

"No sir. Irish."

"How do you spell it?" I asked.

"C-o-n-g-h-l-a-n," he replied.

Then we smiled and some one told the story of the man who was asked: "What are you?" and he replied, "Oirish sor, but oim not workin at it now sor." And we smiled again.

☞It would seem that among the issues of the presidential campaign free trade is not likely to form a prominent one. The defeat of the Morrison bill in the national congress comprehends in its results the practical elimination of the reduction of tariff question in the coming campaign. Perhaps the eastern Democrats who voted adversely on the bill are right in saying that the only way they could by any possibility save New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania for the Democratic party was by the means employed. Now rumor hath it that Abram Hewitt, the great iron-worker and the son-in-law of the late Peter Cooper, proposes to frame a new tariff reduction bill. That rumor may scarcely be credited, for although the Argonaut has personally heard Mr. Hewitt say he was prepared as a business man to accept very radical changes in the matter of protection, he was not prepared to say such changes would inure to to the good of the country at large. In a short time we will hear from Chicago and then we will know definitely upon what lines the campaign will be fought. But when the slogan sounds how many of the old time chiefs will not respond. Where will be Dorsey the political robber of Indiana and star route infamy? On his ranch in New Mexico or otherwise equally retired from affairs of state. And Conkling? Arguing petty law case before the judicial incompetency with which New York delights to fill her bench. And Eugene Hale, and Foster of Ohio and Chauncey I. Filley? They will not be there. When one thinks of those chaps the old story comes to mind. It was a fight of threats and words. Said one to his opponent, "there will be a funeral soon and you are sure to be there—and in the procession. There will be weeping and mourning—but you won't hear them." There will be too many political corpses in the great funeral procession soon to move that wont hear the weeping and wailing of the Republican party not large enough by reason of their loss to carry the country on a square vote.

☞I was playing billiards the other day with John Slack, who beamed mildly through his glasses and spoke of the great sales of the baking powder. "Why it sells up here in this district thousands of dollars worth a month." "Who uses it?" I asked. "Oh, everybody," he replied, confidently. "Germans, too?" "Well, no Germans, not so much; they go in for the hops, chiefly." But how some people must revel in that baking powder, enjoy wild and mad orgies with it, for it sells and sells. It is the foundation after flour of the appetizing and peculiarly American institution, the biscuit and roll, it enters into bread and it pervades and permeates every variety of griddle cake. They do say, too, that it is used to make omelets light, but if you get any cooks to admit the fact they are recreants not to be trusted with the secrets of the cusine. I asked Mr. Slack, whose relation to baking powder is, as you may have surmised by this time, that of representative of one of the firms that constructs it, whether he ever heard the story about it current in New Zealand. He hadn't, so I pulled it on him and he smiled. May be you will. New Zealand produces a fine quality of stone very even as to composition, as white as alabaster and in the excavation as soft as pine wood. Exposed to the air it hardens to the strength of the best Berea or Iowan. "Ha," said the discoverers, "we will send this to the Yankee. That's what he wants." So they made a consignment but their answer came back in effect that for building purposes their stone was useless. For climatic or other reasons equally potent, it did not harden under the northern atmosphere. Very sorry, hoped, etc. The New Zealanders were disconsolate, when suddenly their sinking hopes were revived by the receipt of an order from the states for 3,000 tons circular rates F. O. B. "We have found," wrote the purchasing firm, "as we told you that for construction of buildings your stone is not available, but while we send you only a small order now we look for the development of a good trade in this material, for while we can't build houses of it, we have yet been able to produce an excellent substitute for Baking Powder. Draw at sixty days; yours, etc." Well if what Mr. Slack assures me is a fact, always continuing they must get it somewhere, but what becomes of it all? Horrible thought! perhaps in the great and always establishing equilibriums of nature, they build houses with it.

There was a gentleman sat down at the Windsor hotel last Thursday morning, who looked so amazingly like the late General Garfield that every diner noticed the resemblance, as indeed everybody who ever knew or saw the two men had done long ago. His name is E. V. Smalley, now a resident of St. Paul, almost its latest addition, and known far and wide as a contributor to the Gilder's Guild, running the *Century* magazine and of the New York *Tribune*. Geo. Smalley, who, by the way, is not E. V.'s brothers, is London correspondent of the same journal, and a very good one, too, sending to America the best cable news that comes from the other side, bar none, and having in his own person the best associations for news and general observation of any American in London—that delicious old chap Moncure D. Conway not by any means excepted. E. V. Smalley's likeness to Garfield is not only of face and beard, but shape, walk, voice, eyes, manner and clothing. Long ago Smalley used to throw himself into the breach for his friend, the other Antipholus, for young interviewers and give their virgin pens free scope by his genial replies to their more or less useless inquiries. He at one time edited the Cleveland *Herald*. His experiences there were not mutually satisfactory. I heard his successor tell a funny story, which, although more malicious, I fancy, than true, will bear repeating. His successor was then a subordinate. "Smalley used to come down to the office and, after reading the New York *Tribune*"—so the story goes—"would carefully prepare his desk for labor and then go to the washroom and, bathing his head in the cold flowing water, would throw back his brown locks, stroke his auburn beard and murmur delightedly to himself: 'My God, what a head I've got.' Afterward he would go to his desk, do no work and go away." This story might easily fit upon a thousand and five editors in the United States. Mr. Smalley comes to St. Paul to continue the publication of his journal "The New Northwest," which he has very appropriately removed from the east to its native home.

☞The Argonaut was journeying eastward on the street railway with two young girls, say fifteen years each, as fellow travelers. They were reading together from a book and gigglingly consumedly. One had apparently read the book, and she, out of her superior knowledge, was picking out the choice bits. Just then the car stopped suddenly, and the voice of the reader came out clear and full in the comparative silence, just as you have heard in a theatre, voices in a high key keep on after the orchestra has suddenly stopped playing. Imagine the Argonaut's surprise and pain when he heard her reciting the most disreputable and witty story in "Sarah Barnum." I dare say my astonishment was pictured upon my face, for the two young ladies flushed pink, blushed red, and hurried out of the car. It occurred to me to ask if the book had sold to great extent here. I found it at nearly every bookseller's and in four different bindings, costing from $1.50 to ten cents. Yes, they sold freely. They had been read, and the history of Sarah Bernhardt, as related by Marie Colombier, vicariously written through Jean Soudan, is pretty well known here, although less than four months out of press. Well, it is a clever thing, although scurrilous, and sometimes nasty. One edition, published at ten cents, by Munroe, and credited to the translation of Bernard Herbert, is so broad that its sale might easily and properly, too, be suppressed. There are lots of good books, and new ones as well to be had just now. There is the "Millionaire," whose authorship is attributed to Louis Jennings, erstwhile editor of the New York *Times*, and now the correspondent of the New York *World*, in London, and Hart Conway's powerful story, "Called Back" Clark Russell's new sea yarn, Jack's Courtship" and others, quite highly spiced enough with excitement for even those who turn to the meretricious story of Sarah Barnum.

☞The Argonaut begs to revive this idiotic conversation which he noted verbatum at a hote dining table, the other day where the servants were girls in stiff starched pink calico dresses. Young man with very stiff collar obviously traveller for a Chicago notion house opens fire, "I say Mary ——" this to a Hebe in pink print, "is your pretty name Mary?" "No," was the snapped out reply, "taint; ros' bif, corn bif, boiled mutton, bif take pie." This with frightful rapidity. "What is your lovely name then, dear one?" querries the tobacco drummer from Detroit. "Bridget" is the spiteful answer. "But we can call you Biddy, can't we?" "Better order yer dinners," replies Miss Bridget haughtily. "Now baby don't be demnition practical. What are dinners to a smile from you?" was the languishing contribution of the Harvard graduate now selling boots and shoes from Lynn. "Get out," snorted Hebe, evidently highly pleased. Whereat the bold, bad traveller from Chicago said confidentially: "Bridget, can't you get out for a walk after supper? Then I could steal a kiss from those red lips." "Go on with yer nonsense. Who do you think would walk with the likes of yez, anyway? What yer goin' to have for to eat?" "Kisses, Bridget, from you," was the languishing response, simultaneously made by the three Romeos. Whereupon I, who had waited, recalled the Juliet to a realizing sense of her duty, and ordered for myself roast beef. Then these young men giggled and looked like re-aroused lotharios and watched the pink clad figure of Bridget as it whisked off the scene. Then said Boston: "She's a stunner." Said Chicago: "Ah, you ought to see my mash down at Cedar Rapids. I stopped there over Sunday, and—" then the story went into a wild drift of personal experience and lies, not to speak of shameful confession. Meanwhile the modified Bridget brings the three young men choice lots from the entire bill of fare and throws down before the Argonaut a grizzly piece of tough beef. It's a mad world my masters.

☞Speaking about servant girls reminds me of one I encountered away off in Berks county, Pa. She dashed at me when I entered the room and screamed beefsteakvealcutletandsausage, all in one word. I caught the word sausage and whispered it to her. "Gutorball," she cried—"ball," I yelled in anguish, and presently she brought them. There is nothing enters more than good service into the enjoyment of a meal. The good waiter is a rare production in this country. If he is a negro he is too vivacious, the native white man wont accept service, and the female is cheap and inefficient. The perfection of a waiter is found on the other side of the Atlantic. He is old and fat; his nose blossoms like a prolific orchid tree. He is soaked with five decades of Scotch whisky drinking. He walks lame, picking up bunions with his feet as it were, when he steps. He never puts down a dish before you want it, nor takes it up before you would have it removed. He is solicituous, careful, watchful, and is an added factor of comfort to your dinner. But you have to pay him. He gets no salary from the master of the house. Frequently he pays for his place. The waiters in the Cafe Royal, Adelaide Gallery, the Holborn, Criterion, and the other great restaurants in London, pay 14 to 26 shillings ($3.50 to $6.50) a week for the privilege of waiting. Then they pay in cash in advance for every dish ordered before they get the order for the cook to serve it to them. Yet they make good pay withal—as high as two pound ten or three pounds a week. In India the traveller has to furnish his own servant at all hotels and boarding houses. In some parts of the South sea islands they serve the traveler as a dish. No accounting for tastes, as Sam Weller says of the man who kissed a cow.

☞Bills of fare recall that tasty offering in the way of a Bacchanlian menu issued by Hetherington from the bar of the Livingston. It is a neat thing typographically speaking, and embraces 100 kinds of mixed drinks; and what enticing names they have, too, in this warming weather, cobblers and julleps, punches and smashes, sangaree and flip, from every distillation of liquor and every vintage of wine. They say Mr. Hetherington can make them all and not refer to the book. One thing sure he shant make them for the Argonaut, I am as much of an enemy to drinking as any one but comprehending the impossiblity of its suppression, I would like to see it assume its least harmful relation to the great army of drinkers. Mixed drinks are more seductive to the palate than straight drinks, and by the combinations by which they are produced they are more injurious to the stomach. It's not hard for some of us to remember some of the punches we have had at the ball or party, and it is scarcely necessary to cite the Argonaut's experience of how his head insisted upon turning wrong side out next day and he had to put his hat on with a shoe horn. Oh yes, we know all about that.

☞The newspapers are full of hits against England. Unfortunately their squibs are so frequently charged with the incombustible powder of ignorance and fired by the unsteady hand of prejudice that they miss their mark. Well, the fellow who wrote "*John Bull et son Ile*," (John Bull and his Island) is not afflicted that way. His name it Max O'Rell and he has seen John as he is and written him down just as he exists. Funny? There hasn't been anything so rich in telling hits so pure in humor and keen edged in satire since Lieut. Deity wrote Phoenixana. It is capitally translated and it will make you roar with laughter even though may be an Englishman yourself it will make you mad.

☞Last week I made some remarks about the condition of Seventh street. They were intended to be severely critical and I am glad to see that there has been an improvement for the better instead of three squares and a half of pavement being torn up and the way to the shops for that distance being blocked entirely to the great inconvenience of the shoppers, and much loss to to the shopkeepers, there is now only one, and the work is progressing rapidly. So to is the work on Third street, and the contractors assure me they will push forward the work with least possible delay to traffic. That is their duty. Some of this is sarcasm.

☞A charming display of the lack of knowledge of naval architecture crept into the *P. P.* editorial columns, and nestling cosily amidst the vast quantities of ignorance with which it was thus brought into association, was almost lost to view. It was with reference to ships with open and closed water-tight compartments. One ship sunk, so the article stated, because its compartments were not closed, the other floated because its campartments were closed. Again, the compartments are spoken of as swinging. Know then, ye newly risen maritime Daniel, that the bulkheads that divide the ship into compartments are built in the vessel, are part and parcel of her structure and are not movable, do not swing and can not be opened, and there is no shutting thereof. I tell you there is nothing like steamboat experience on Lake Minnetonka wherewith to inform one's self about the naval architecture on the high salt seas.

☞Jim Blaine's book is on delivery, or at least its first volume is, and Ramsey and Hennepin counties have bought an even one thousand copies. The agent, a tall man with "this-binding-$3.75-this-superior-library-calf-so-much" manner, says the sale will reach 2,500 copies, or he's no agent. Well, the book has an interest in its author apart from the matter and method. I haven't read it yet, but I have seen its pictures. The engravings are poorly executed and the likenesses are uncompromisingly bad. For example. Pig Iron Kelly, who was born in 1814, must have sat for his picture somewhere about the time he entered congress thirty-nine years ago, Minnesota's one time favored son, Mr. Windom, looks like a beau of the year '53. Bayard looks like a prize-fighter; Randall like the fat boy in a side show; Thad. Stevens like the picture of a convict in the *Police Gazette*. But Blaine's own picture for the frontispiece is perfect. The blemishes of nature hidden the lines of strength and grace idealized, the tint soft and the print even and full. Now one would think that in such a book as this the pictures of the people with whom it deals would be of the time. Kelley is an old man, broken by disease, and three score years and ten. Bayard has if any thing, a refined and noble face, and Randall is as lean as June shad. The pictures are libels for the most part, and many of them were familiar long before Blaine ever announced a book. By the way, the publishers say they will issue 200,000 of the first edition. If they do they will exceed the first edition of any book ever published, the revised New Testament not excepted. Uncle Tom's Cabin has not sold half a million copies yet,

☞Now Lord St. Leonard follows in the footsteps of Baker Pacha, and like Col. Valentine Baker be is in trouble. A felonious assault upon a servant in a friend's house arrest commitment publication, and all the rest of it for him. He is in for it just so sure as he is guilty, They manage the punishment in those cases very promptly in England.

☞By the way, to-morrow you can go and see a good play. and for all the other nights in the week as well. Dumas' Comte de Monte Cristo, with those sterling actors James O'Neil and Fred K. de Belville in the cast. De Belville has given the Argonaut as much pleasure in his acting as any other actor he has ever seen, and although he may never be found on the topmost pinnacle of greatness he won't be far down when the scroll of his professional life rolls up. O'Neil is not a stranger here, and he is an approved favorite. ARGOUNAUT.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

A Statue to His Memory Unveiled at Washington Yesterday.

A Feeling Address by Chief Justice Waite---Distinguished Persons Present.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—A large number of citizens assembled at the capitol grounds this afternoon to witness the ceremonies of unveiling the statue of Chief Justice Marshall. The statue, a seated figure of bronze, heroic in size, rests upon an oblong pedestal at the foot of the terrace stairway upon the west front of the capitol at the union of the two wide walks which lead to Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues. It faces to the west overlooking half a dozen acres of open lawn which intervene between the terrace and the botannical garden.

For the occasion a platform had been erected upon three sides of the pedestal upon which were placed chairs for the convenience of 2,000 public men and others invited to take part in the proceedings. In the center and at the foot of the statue a smaller platform, covered with bunting, was placed for the occupancy of the eulogists and trustees of the Marshall memorial fund, and members of the library committee of congress.

There were upon the central platform, Chief Justice Waite, George W. Biddle, Charles C. Binney, Wayne MacVeagh, Wm. W. Wiltbank and Wm. Henry Rowle, Philadelphia, trustees of the Marshall Memorial association; Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Richmond, rector of the church of which Judge Marshall was attendant; Senators Sherman, Voorhees and Hoar, and Representative Singleton, joint committee on liabrary and Librarian Spafford.

Immediately in front was seated the president of the senate and the speaker of the house. To their left sat members of the cabinet, and the first row of chairs behind were occupied by associate justices of the supreme court in their judicial robes, members of the two houses of congress. Ladies and distinguished people from a distance filled the remaining space. The latest arrivals were the members of Marshall's family. The Marine band was in attendance and began the ceremonies with The Jurists' March. Prayer was offered by Dr. Armstrong.

Chief Justice Waite then delivered his address. After briefly relating the history of the inception and progress of the movement for the erection of a suitable monument by the bar of the United States to the memory of Chief Justice Marshall. and alluding to the great value of his legal services to the country, Mr. Waite said: He and his co-workers whose names are, some of them almost as familiar as his own, laid deep and strong the foundations on which the jurisprudence of the country has since been built. Hardly a day now passes in the court he so dignified and adorned without reference to some decision his time as establishing a principle which from that day to this has been accepted as undoubted law. He was a giant among giants, and when at the end of his long and eminent career he laid down his life he and those who had so ably assisted him in his great work, had a right to say that the judicial power of the United States had been carefully preserved and wisely administered. The nation can never honor him or them too much for the work they had accomplished. "I ask you," said the orator in conclusion, "to look upon what is here to represent at the seat of government, the revenue, congress and the bar of the United State, John Marshall, the expounder of the constitution."

He turned, and at the wave of his hand the ropes which kept the canvas veils in their places were cut, the veils fluttered to the ground and the features and form of the statue were greeted by clapping of hands by the spectators and an outburst of music by the band.

W. H. Rawle, of Philadelphia, the orator of the day, was next presented by Justice Waite and was received with applause. Mr. Rawle gave an account of the inception of the Marshall memorial fund. He said only six of the subscribers to the original fund are now surviving. Outside of Philadelphia the largest appropriation came from Richmond. He spoke of the appropriateness of the site selected for the statue, under the shadow of the capitol, and eulogtzed Marshall, declaring he never turned his back upon public duty or hesitated to maintain what he believed to be the right, no matter how popular clamor might run. At the close of the oration the Marine band rendered another selection, when the benediction was pronounced and the ceremonies were at an end.

"The Sun Does Move."

The Rev. J. Jasper (colored) who insists that 'the sun do move," is so popular in Richmond, Va., that when a stranger inquires the way to his church, the directions are to take a car to a certain corner and then follow the crowd. The evidence of success of modern discoveries being their popularity, "follow the crowd" to your drug store and get a bottle of Bigelow's Positive Cure, which cures coughs, colds, consumption and all throat and lung diseases speedily, thoroughly and permanently, Trial bottles free, of P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

SWAIM COURT OF INQUIRY.

Paymaster General Rochester and Paymaster Cary Tell What They Know.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—John E. Beal, cashier of the firm of Bateman & Co., was the first witness examined by the Swaim court of inquiry to-day. He testified that the $5,000 due bill was presented to the bank for payment by Robert S. Humphry, while Batemen was absent in New York, Humphrey demanded of witness as representative of Bateman, the full amount of the due bill, and interest. Chandler then announced that, with the exception of one witness, he was ready to rest the case. Bateman said the testimony of this witness was such that he thought that they might agree upon the facts without calling the witness.

Paymaster Cary was called and examined. Early in April, 1883, he said, Bateman came to his office and said others made arrangements to pool their claims against Col. Morrow, and wanted to know if an arrangement could be made to have his pay paid here in Washington, to a trustee. The witness said Col. Morrow had control of his own pay and could if he chose make application to have his pay paid here in Washington. Next day Col. Morrow sent a letter to the paymaster general, setting forth that Middleton had been appointed trustee by his creditors and that Morrow had made an assignment of his pay to Middleton. He requested that this be paid to Middleton. That letter came to witness, who was then in charge of the office. Witness showed the letter to the secretary of war, who said he would not place Col. Morrow on the stoppage circular, but had no objection to having his accounts paid by the post paymaster at Washington. On the 18th of April instructions were sent to the chief paymaster not to pay Col. Morrow's account, as they would be paid in Washington. A few days later witness told Bateman the matter had been settled and that Morrow would be paid only in Washington.

Gen. Pope asked if, in witness' conversation with the secretary of war, anything was said of duplicate or triplicate accounts.

"Not a word," said witness. "The letter explained itself and I said nothing about it."

"Then, so far as you know, nothing was known there of any duplication or triplication of accounts?"

"No, sir," said witness, "nothing."

Paymaster General Rochester was then examined, and testified to Col. Morrows' request to have his pay paid only here and to instructions being sent out in compliance with this request. Col. Morrow said nothing to witness about duplicating or triplicating his pay accounts, and so far as witness knew, nothing was said about that matter to any one at the war department.

The court, at the request of Gen. Swaim's counsel, then adjourned till Monday, when the evidence for the defense will be given.

Everybody Knows It.

When you have Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin eruptions of any kind, and the Piles, then you know without being told of it, A. P. Wilkes B. & E. Zimmerman and E. Stierle, the druggists will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile remedy for fifty cents, which affords immediate relief. A sure cure.

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ST. PAUL,

Caterers for the Comfort and Neat Appearance of the Male Sex of all ages. Economy in money outlay allied with Stylish and Wear-resisting Garments!

$120,000 worth of the latest Styles in Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children.

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We have new Spring Suits and Light Weight Overcoats, cut by experts, in the latest styles, stitched by experts, trimmed by experts, and made from the best cloth that the mills of America, England, France or Germany can produce. Our reputation for low prices extends from Maine to Oregon.

Our Boys' Department!

Contains a special line of fine Dress Suits besides an elegant line of School Suits, all made and trimmed with the greatest care as to beauty of style and durability. We can fairly boast of having under our roof to-day the most magnificent stock of Boys' Spring Suits ever displayed by any firm in Minnesota, while the prices at which we are selling this beautiful stock were never approached by the retail Clothing Trade.

OUR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT!

Is overflowing with Children's Spring Suits and light weight Overcoats. In Kilt Suits and in Jersey Suits we have a marvelously beautiful selection at extravagantly low prices. We have a special drive in a Sailor Suit for $1.50; mothers, please remember this bargain. We would further say that we have the pleasantest and best lighted Children's Department in the State, and make this Department a special feature of our business.

We must call your attention to our Furnishing Goods and Hat Departments; they are considered to be the most complete in the city, and Goods and Prices are in keeping with the general excellence of our entire stock.

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☞ Our Retail Price List will post you on values of Ready-made Clothing.

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Our Large and Elegant SPRING STOCK being now complete, we are able to present to our Patrons the most perfect and desirable stock of Goods ever shown in this market, comprising all qualities, and an Endless Variety of Styles

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Our Purchases in Carpets alone exceed in Quantity any Shipment ever made to this city and embraces the Newest and Most Desirable Effects in

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Shows the finest line of Raw Silks, Damasks, Reps, Terrace, Etc., Etc.

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Contains Everything from 15 cents per yard to $75.00 per window.

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Goods in this Line of Every Quality and Price.

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Papers can be had at New York Prices, Wholesale or Retail. A splendid line of Screens and other novelties. The Goods having all been selected by Mr. Matheis, they are guaranteed as to quality.

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has been greatly increased, both in numbers and talent, and those who favor this house with orders for work will find no delay. House-wives should make a note of this when engaged in house renovation.

IN ORDER TO CLEAR OUT

OUR STOCK OF

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We are making a Drive on them, and offer inducements never heard of before. It will pay you to call at once and see the

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We offer in these Remnants.

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