PART 2. Pages 9 to 16

Sunday Globe.

ST. PAUL

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MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

CAPTURE OF BERRYVILLE, A VIRGINIA VALLEY VILLAGE.

QUEER SORT OF NEWSPAPER.

On One Side Was Gen. Joe Johnston's Account of the First Battle of Bull Run and on the Other a Lot of Union Sentiments by the Boys of the First Minnesota.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—On the 10th day of March, 1862 (I write from memory), the brigade of Gen. Willis A. Gorman captured Berryville—a village in the cheerful Virginia Valley. The truth of history compels the remark that the old First Minnesota Regiment did the capturing; and further that the opposing forces consisted of a rebel cavalry picket, of some dozen or twenty men, who fled upon the approach of the Union forces, leaving us in peaceable possession of the town.

There hangs (or should be suspended) in the public library in Minneapolis a common-looking country newspaper, framed so that both sides may be read. On one side it bears the name of Berryville Conservator, and contains the report of the rebel general, Joseph E. Johnston—of his doings at the battle of Manassas (or Bull Run) on that previous 21st day of July, and also other strong insurgent literature. On the other side there is the title, "The First Minnesota," and the subject matter following is aggressively patriotic and intensely Union. The Confederate portion of this singularly-compounded newspaper was edited, arranged and printed by Mr. Gregg. The loyal department was written, composed and printed by a detachment of printers from the regiment whose name it bears—Ed A. Stevens (now of Minneapolis), T. H. Presnell (now of Duluth), Henry W. Lindergreen, Julian J. Kendall and the writer of this article were the editors and publishers of the Union portion.

It is recalled that the 10th of March, 1862, was a warm, springlike day; that we entered the village of Berryville without even a skirmish, and that we were gazed upon by the denizens of this quiet country village as something entirely unique in the line of genus homo. We printers took possession of the only printing office in the village, and then requested the confirmation of our title by Gen. Gorman, so that we might publish one edition of a good loyal newspaper. The confirmation was made with much cheerfulness and some profanity, as was the custom of our honored commander; and we commenced work with all the reckless irresponsibility of youth and enthusiasm: The only specimen of the newspaper now remaining in existence which the writer knows of is the one in the Minneapolis public library, though it is probable that the state historical society may also possess one of these treasures.

The men who published the loyal side of this newspaper will remember that in the first issue we advertised Mr. Gregg—the editor—as "lost, strayed or stolen," and offered a reward for his return. On the next day he answered the advertisement in person. He was tall, slender, dark, and as mild a mannered rebel as ever sought to rend in twain the union of our chain of commonwealths. He protested against the outrage of our seizure of his property—naturally enough—but having the indiscretion to carry his protest to Gen. Gorman direct, was placed in confinement as a man in open rebellion against his government, sent first to Washington, and later by Secretary Stanton to imprisonment at Fort Lafayette or elsewhere.

Probably no member of the "old First" has ever visited Berryville since that memorable trip, a generation ago, until your correspondent spent a day there a short time since. The route of the regiment in 1862 was from Harper's Ferry, through Charlestown, directly up the Shenandoah valley to Berryville, and thence across to Winchester. My recent visit was made by rail from Washington to Round Hill, thence by team through Snickers' Gap, across the Blue Ridge, over the Shenandoah by a primitive ferry to Berryville. Under the June sunshine and through the magnificent grain fields of the valley the trip was particularly restful and pleasant. There may, possibly, be handsomer and more fertile valleys on earth than that of the valley of Virginia, but if so, I have never visited them.

To the scattered remnant of the "Old First" and their descendants—to all veteran soldiers, in fact, if not to the general public—a brief account of this visit will prove interesting. The journey over the mountains was made in the company of an ex-Confederate Virginia soldier of four years' service. To this fact, probably, I owe the cordial reception accorded me by all the people of the village met during my day's visit. the village of Berryville is in itself little changed. Since the war was over and "its stern alarums changed to merry meetings," the town has slept the sleep of the just, its continuous nap only disturbed by the advent a few years ago of a railroad. The great trees still shade the narrow streets. The old court house with its pillars still stands unchanged in its locust grove—the grove under which the rebel cavalry squad was boiling its coffee at the moment when Gen. Gorman drew up the battery of artillery and fired two warning shells over the village, just to let the people know that the Union forces were coming. That coffee (?) was compounded of parched rye, and made a very comforting beverage for Company B—the Stillwater boys—who first entered the village as skirmishers.

The grounds on which our regimental camp was established are little changed, except a new and more artistic church edifice crowns the hill where the old country chapel stood. The small brick building in which the Conservator had its home in 1862 was "for rent." I was told that the Conservator was never resurrected after the Minnesota boys captured it, and thus the last flickering efforts of that newspaper were honestly given to the cause of the Union—through our boyish efforts. Gregg, the proprietor we so deeply injured, died in Richmond two or three years ago, full of years and honors, and entirely unreconstructed—a rebel to the last.

I met an innumerable caravan of elderly people—male and female, white, black and saddle-colored—who remembered the Minnesota men well, and had only kind words to speak of them. Really, it is comfort to have belonged to a regiment whose conduct during that period of hatred, passion and vengeance left constantly in its track through the enemy's country a reputation for kindness and merciful behavior.

"The capture of Berryville" is one of the cherished traditions of the First Minnesota regiment. Gettysburg, Bull Run, Edward's Ferry, Yorktown, the Seven Days, Antietam, and all the rest of the long and splendid list of mixed victory and defeat left burdens of death and sorrow to be borne. Everywhere, save at Berryville, some comrade's comrade was stricken, and passed from youth and health and strength and happiness into the silence of eternity. At Berryville we harmed no one, and no one offered to harm us. Therefore, "the capture of Berryville" was noted in song and story of the camp and bivouac as the one bloodless and hurtless victory in which the old First participated during the war from Bull Run to Appomattox.

The Valley of Virginia, redolent of traditions of Lord Fairfax and his favorite young surveyor, George Washington, blossoms today as never before in its history. The war scars are obliterated, or at least are grass-grown and productive. The region over which Phil Sheridan's crow might "not fly without carrying its rations" is now one royal garden spot of plenty, peace and rural prosperity. War issues are dead, and race prejudice here is less pronounced than in any portion of the South it has ever been my fortune to visit. But the baronial opulence and reckless prodigality (misnamed hospitality) of the Old Virginia period are dead and buried forever. After the genuine and approved Yankee fashion, the stranger in Virginia now pays for what he gets, and must look as sharp here as in Maine or Connecticut if he would be certain to get what he pays for. And this, too, is the just and righteous plan. Life everywhere is merely an exchange of reciprocal advantages; and there is neither reason nor religion in giving recklessly to supply luxuries to those who will not or cannot return a quid pro quo. FRANK J. MEAD.

Do Not Be Guided

By hearsay, but call and see for yourself what an elegant Piano is made here at home by the most skilled workmen. J. M. Smith will be pleased to show them to you at his warerooms, 442 Wabasha street, opposite old market house.

The New Play.

Detroit Free Press.

The young man who thinks he knows a whole lot and wears a blue bow necktie with a shirt stud screwed into it for a scarf pin, was talking to the clerk at the hotel he was patronizing.

"Anything good at the theater this week?" he inquired, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Yes; one of Frohman's New York companies is here."

"What piece are they playing?"

"They appear in repertoire."

"What's that?" he asked, cocking his head over to be sure of what he was going to hear.

"They appear in repertoire," repeated the clerk.

"—Um—um—I never heard of that piece; is it any good?"

The clerk assured him that it was a corker, and then retired to a safe place where he might smile and enjoy himself.

Knew What Was Coming.

Emily—You dear, sweet, good papa! shall I cut a pink for your buttonhole? Her Papa—No. Your brother Bob has got more money than I have tonight. Better give it to him.

Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, Minnetonka Beach, June 23.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

A MAN WHO SOUGHT ELUCIDATION ON THE WILSON BILL.

MAZE OF SCHEDULE TALK.

No Information Worth Considering Secured — Verses Upon Nufced — "Like His Mother Used to Make"—Repairing for All Time — A World-Wide Quieter.

[Copyright.]

Will you be kind enough to explain the Wilson tariff bill to me?" asked the Man with a Hungry Look in his Face to the Profound-Looking Stranger, as he timidly walked up to him in the union railroad depot.

"Oho! so you want to know about the Wilson tariff bill, do you?"

"Yes, I thirst for knowledge," replied the Man with a Hungry Look in his Face;" I desire information; I yearn for it with a yearning which cannot be uttered."

"Well, well, so you want to know about the Wilson tariff bill, hey?"

"I hanker to know with a desire unspeakable," said the Man with a Hungur Look in his Face.

"Why, man, the paper has been full of it for the past six months."

"Still my thirst is unappeasable," said the M. W. A. H. L. I. H. F. "I yearn and long to know more."

"Well, then, the Wilson tariff bill," said the Profound-Looking Stranger, "is a bill now pending before congress, which designates a new rate of duty to be placed upon imports to this country."

"You talk like a man of sound knowledge and real information," said the Hungry-Looking Man, and his look temporarily grew less hungry. "I feel that my longings will soon be satisfied. Will you kindly begin at the beginning, please, and give the schedules of the Wilson tariff bill."

"Why, man alive, there are 300 pages. I, nor no living mortal, can remember them."

"What is the duty imposed on lampblack?"

"Oh, I can't tell that."

"On ammoniated salts?"

"It's impossible for me to answer."

"On the arseniate of copper?"

"Oh, dear! I have no meano of knowing."

"On the hydrous silicates of alumina?"

"It's impossible far me to state."

"On the extract of gamboge?"

"I am utterly ignorant in the matter."

"On poteline?"

"I have no means of ascertaining at present."

"On ploxin?"

"I cannot tell you."

"On kaolinite?"

"I do not know."

"On pigeon wood?"

"I don't know."

"On vulcanite?"

"I dunno."

"On codfish, or common, every-day codfish?"

"Dunno."

"I see," said the Man with a Hungry Look in his Face, "you are just like the rest. Nobody knows anything about the Wilson bill. You looked wise and profound, and I thought you might satisfy my longings for knowledge. But I must leave you with my yearnings unsatisfied. The hunger of my brain is unappeased."

He turned upon his heel, and as he walked away a large round tear stole out of his right eye and rolled slowly down his cheek, and fell with a sad, sad plunk upon the floor of the union depot.

REPAIRING FOR ALL TIME.

"So you agree to put in er new mainspring an' guarantee to keep the watch in repair for two years, for two dollars, do ye?" he asked as he laid a brass watch with a cloth chain attached upon the jeweler's counter.

"We do, sir."

"Wall, fix 'er up then."

He called for it in two or three days, left his $2 and departed.

The next day he came in again.

"Busted ag'in," he said.

"Well, we'll fix it," said the jeweler.

In two days after the watch was again repaired he called once more.

"It's hurt some more," he said.

"All right," said the jeweler, "leave it and I will see to it."

In less than a week after it was repaired he called again.

"Busted pooty bad this time," he said.

"Leave it again," said the jeweler.

A few days after it was repaired he came in with the single word:

"Busted."

"Why, how does your watch get out of order so often?" asked the jeweler.

"I bust it myself.

"Burst it yourself? What do you mean?"

"Take a hammer to it."

"You don't mean to say you take a hammer and pound it?"

"Yes, that's jest what I do. I want that watch to last me my life. You said you'd keep it in repair for two years, for $2. I bust it so I can git it repaired enough in these two years to last all the rest of my life."

A very deep and shrewd expression came into his eyes as he said this, and the jeweler sank down behind his showcase, and sat there like a man born dumb.

NUFCED.

Did you ever talk with Nufced,
Nufced the perfect man?
Omniscience is his normal state,
And he is great, and knows he's great
Beyond all parley or debate,
Does Nufced.
For Nufced knows where he is at
And lugs all wisdom in his hat.

Did you ever hear him settle
The problems of all time?
Themes Plato grappled with in vain,
That made old Aristotle strain
And wear the coating off his brain
Please Nufced;
He settles them forever
Twixt half past three and half past four.

Did you ever hear him settle
The unknowable, and then,
Without a tremor or a strain,
The unexplainable explain
And the unknowable make plain?
Great Nufced!
For 'tis a province all his own
To know the things that can't be known.

Did you know within his brain-pan
Six thousand years of lore
Is packed away behind his eyes
Where all true wisdoms focalize
Enough to make all nations wise?
Great Nufced.
And round the earth he spreads it thick,
Like mortar spread upon a brick.

And where doth live this Nufced,
This wisdom reservoir?
Oh, Nufced is a numerous brood,
And, I believe, you'll find him strewn
In almost every neighborhood.
Great Nufced!
This wondrous breed is never dead,
And it lives everywhere. 'Nough said.

LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"Beautiful scenery here, is it not?" asked the young man to a solitary traveler whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger, "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to have."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"

"Oh, yes, vastly superior. What tumbling breakers! what a magnificent sweep of view! what amplitudes of distance! what fishing there was in my mother's ocean."

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not, sir?"

"Too low, and too narrow across the top," replied the stranger.

"I hadn't noticed," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is too low, and there isn't enough in it. Besides, it doesn't sit plumb over the earth, it is wider from north to south than it is from west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is no such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a special sky and ocean of her own?"

Right here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't talk with him," said the old resident. "He is a hopeless lunatic. He is a man who always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pies,' 'my mother's puddings,' and 'my mother's doughnuts.' The habit grew on him so much that he became a confirmed lunatic, and now he does nothing but compare everything he sees with the same things his mother used to have."

This tale was told the author by the young man himself who talked with the lunatic, and he deems it his duty to publish it, as an awful warning to all married men.

HOW TO QUIET HIM.

He knew about the protozoa, the world anterior to Noah, and things men never knew before were luminous to him.

Psychology, geology, biology, astrology, phrenology, theology, he talked with great tautology, with such a phraseology as made your head to swim.

He loved to talk of polypods, about the mythologic gods, where Plato falls and Homer nods—why, he would talk like sin.

Psychrometry, geometry, trichotomy, phlebotomy, he'd talk with straight monotony, then branch on trigonometry, until some crank-reformat'ry you wished would haul him in.

He'd talk about John Stuart Mill, and then of Edwards on the Will, and then about the tariff till the evening cows came home.

But when you handed him a bill, his silence was profound and still, and deep beyond the utterance of the author of this pome.

Sam Walter Foss.

Wisconsin vs. Minnesota.

Eight-oared rowing contest,
Two miles straight away,
Minnetonka Beach, June 23,
Take Great Northern trains.
Hotel Lafayette opens for season on that date.

HE FOUND OUT.

"What are you digging for, little one?"

"Sand——sir!"

SCHUNEMAN AND EVANS,

SIXTH AND WABASHA STREETS, ST. PAUL.

Goods That Sell Off at Sight.

Maximum Value at Minimum Price.

BEARING THE STANDARD of PROGRESSIVENESS

This house has ever stood for Progressive Merchandising and Low Prices. High-Class Dry Goods and Small-Profit Prices is the watchword of Schuneman & Evans. The high standard of public estimation has been gained by us through Honest Methods. The rapid and continued increase in our business shows our policy. Facts speak!

Out-of-Town Customers can buy through the Mail as safely as though they came in person.

Dress Goods.

Reductions All Along the Line—No small Reductions, Either—Goods Must Go—These Prices Will Force Them.

Wool Challies.
A beautiful line, 28 inches wide, Dark Grounds, handsome designs, 39c quality. Monday..... 15c

All-Wool French Challies.
60c grade, Light and Dark Grounds, cut to..... 25c

Our $1.00 Quality
46-inch All-Wool Tailor Checks and two-tone Duck Suitings, the latest styles and colorings, all cut to..... 59c

Black Grenadines.
Another lot of those $1.00 All-Wool Iron Frame Black Grenadines, full 40 inches wide. Monday, only..... 45c

All-Wool Henrietta.
All our regular 50c quality, Black, Street and Evening Shades. Monday..... 35c

Black Nun's Veiling.
Our 40-inch, 60c quality, Monday, only..... 33c

Millinery.

Do you appreciate high-class Millinery? Yes. Then see us; our prices are all reduced.

Sailor Hats.
We have a large stock; all the leading blocks, such as Knox, Fisk, Ascot, Leward, Dartmouth, Boorhem and Valkyrie.

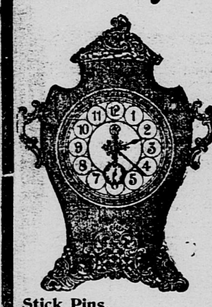
Trimmed Hats.
For street, carriage or dress, former prices from $2 to $25. Price for Monday, 50c to..... $8.00

Straw Braids.
2,000 yards fine Straw Braids, in Black, Brown, Navy, Tan and Gray, All go..... 1=3 off

Straw Braids.
500 yards Straw Braids in different widths; former prices, 15c and 20c. Sale price..... 5c

Infanta Hats,
With fine Serge Crowns and Straw Brim; former price, $2.75. Sale price.. $1.25

Jewelry Dept.



Enameled Metal Clock.
White Trimmings, and Gilt Bronze, Dresden Colors. Same as cut. This Clock would be cheap at $5.00. Monday $3.49.

Stick Pins.
Gold filled, pearl settings, all the very newest designs; would be cheap at 50c; every one guaranteed. Monday 25c

Watch Repairing.
We have one of the most competent watchmakers and repairers in the Northwest. All Work guaranteed. We are making a leading feature of this branch of the Jewelry business, and the utmost care is taken with all work. Give us a trial. Our prices are low.

Cleaning	75c	Main Spring	75c
Jewels	75c	Staff	$1.50
Hair Spring	75c	Lift Spring	75c
Hands (each)	8c	Crystals	10c

Notion Department.

Silk Belts.
in Black and White, with Silver Buckles. You would value them at 50c. Sale Price 25c

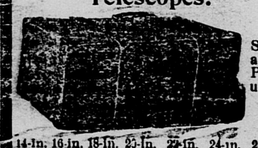
Dress Shields.
Genuine Seamless Stockinet, 10c quality. Sale Price..... 5c

Jewel Dress Shields.
Nos. 2 and 3. Sale Price..... 10c

Tumblers.

Thin-blown Water Tumblers (same as cut). Not the cheap kind usually advertised at low prices, but genuine lead glass. Monday only.... 4c

Telescopes.



Same as Picture.

14-in.	16-in.	18-in.	20-in.	22-in.	24-in.	26-in.
39c	69c	79c	98c	$1.15	$1.29	$1.45

Wash Goods.

Wash Goods Magnets That Will Leave Striving Competition Far Behind.

Another Lot of French Organdies at 10 Cents.

We have just received 20 pieces Imported French Organdies, same quality as we sold last Monday. They are in Navy Blue Grounds, with Small White Dots and Stripes, just what you want for hot weather. The same quality is being sold in the city for 35c and 40c. Monday, while they last, Our price is only..... 10c

Imported Scotch Novelty Zephyr Ginghams, 33 inches wide, sold for 35c and 40c. Monday, our price..... 12½c

American Dress Ginghams, in Plaids and Stripes. New Styles, 15c quality. Sale Price..... 9c

Pongees—We have 35 pieces, 32 inches wide, Black Grounds and Colored Figures, the genuine 12½c and 15c quality. Monday only..... 6½c

Percales for Shirt Waists in Hair Lines and Polka Dots, Blue, Pink and Lavender, 38 inches wide, 18c quality. Sale Price..... 12½c

Swiss Muslins in Light Colors, 32 inches wide, 12½c quality. Monday..... 6c

Muslin Underwear.

(Second Floor.)

Ladies' Drawers.
Muslin, with four rows of tucks and embroidery. Sale Price..... 45c

Children's Lawn Hats.
Regular price, 25c. Sale Price..... 19c

Children's Hats.
One lot of Children's Mull and Crepe Hats; regular prices, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Sale Price..... 50c

Dinner Set.

Beautiful Dinner Set, same as cut; the celebrated Grundley's English Porcelain; would be cheap at $12.75. Monday only..... $7.98

This pattern we have also in open stock.

Fancy Goods.

Our 36-inch Tinted Table Covers. These Covers are the same as you see at from 25c to 40c. If material to finish is purchased, we will sell them at..... 7c

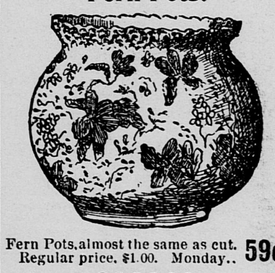
Lace Department.

Don't Overlook These Two Items.

Children's Flouncing.
Children's 27-inch Flouncing, hemstitched and embroidered edges; regular 50c and 75c goods. Sale Price..... 39c

Swiss Embroideries.
Five inches wide, very newest and choicest patterns; regular 20c quality. Sale Price..... 12½c

Fern Pots.



Fern Pots, almost the same as cut. Regular price, $1.00. Monday.. 59c

Zink Trunks,

With Iron Bottom; good, strong handles—

28	30	32	34	36	38
$2.98	$3.49	$3.98	$4.48	$4.98	$5.48

Lace Curtains.

Special, Only .....$2.98 Pair

Nottinghams, Irish Points, Scotch Madras, Silk Cross Stripes.

Worth $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 pair.

Three Days, only $2.98 Pair.

See Window Display.

Finger Bowls.

Genuine lead glass Finger Bowl, handsomely engraved, only..... 15c

Silks.

Hot Weather Silks at Prices that will Prove a Stunner to All Imitators

Cream Habutai.
22 inches wide, regular 50c quality, for Waists and Summer Dresses. Sale Price..... 25c

Cream Habutai.
36 inches wide, $1.00 quality, for..... 69c

Printed and Twill Silks.
See the display in our Wabasha street window. The designs and patterns are exquisite, and every piece is worth $1.00 per yard. Monday's Price..... 68c

Wash Silks.
24 inches wide, 75c quality. Monday..... 49c

Cloak Dept.

We say now—and will be ready to prove it tomorrow—that such values as for this sale were never equaled anywhere.

Ladies' Waists.
Fine Gingham, laundered collars and cuffs, in pink and white, and blue and white.
Sale Price— $1.25.

Children's White Lawn Suits,
Nicely finished, perfect fit, sizes 4 to 14, price less than cost of material..... $1.45

Gingham Wrappers.
Our $2.75 line. Sale Price..... $1.75

Duck Suit.
(Just like the picture), fancy stripes and figures.
Sale Price— $2.79.

Choice of All our Jackets and Capes at Half-Price.

Chamber Set.

Chamber Set, same as cut. Regular value, $7.50. Monday..... $4.98

Book Department.

Specials for Monday Only.

Hawthorne's works, cloth, per volume	19c
Love Letters of a Worldly Woman, cloth	25c
Marcella	$1.65
Katherine Lauderdale	$1.65
Ships That Pass in the Night (paper)	15c
A Yellow Aster (paper)	10c

All the newest paper books by best authors, 25c each.

Optical Department.

Eyes Tested Free by a New York Refractionist.

On Monday we will sell an Allumnico Spectacle—that will not rust—as durable as solid gold, with a gold filled nose piece, made in Oculists' style; and as these come in all different widths and heights, purchasers can have frames exactly adjusted to the face, with the best quality of lenses made, for **99 Cents.** They have never been sold before at less than $1.55.

Feather-weight Sun Guards	14c
Race and Yachting Glasses	$2.25 to $16.00
Dr. Agnew's Prescription for Inflamed Eyes	48c

Baby Carriages.

Same as cut. Upholstered in Plush, Steel wheels regular value $17.50. Monday only— $12.98

White Goods.

Hot Weather Necessities at Low Prices.

A special purchase of 50 pieces of Fine Imported Lace Work, Stripes, Checks and Plaids, goods that were never before sold for less than 25c and 35c. Monday's Sale..... 12½c

Plaid and Checked India Linon, in Satin and Cord Effects, Nainsook Plaids and Fine Checks, just the thing for Aprons or Children's Clothes, worth 12½c and 15c. Sale Price. 7½c

Imported White Dotted Swisses, the most stylish Summer Dress Goods. Sale Price..... 10c

Ladies' Underwear.

Manufacturers suffer from overproduction. We purchased a manufacturer's stock, all perfect goods, and will sell them Monday at a very small margin. They will go rapidly, so come early.

Lot 1—Choice 5c.
Ladies' Jersey Vests, value 10c.
Children's Jersey Vests, value 10c.

Lot 2—Choice 12½c.
Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests, L. N. colors, value 25c.
Children's Balbriggan Vests, long or no sleeves, value 25c.
Children's Jersey Ribbed Corset Waists, value 25c.
Ladies' Long Sleeve Vests, value 25c.
Ladies' White Jersey Pants, value 25c.

Lot 3—Choice 21c.
Ladies' White Lisle Corset Covers, value 35c.
Combination Suits, high neck, short sleeves or low neck, no sleeves, value 50c and 79c.
Children's Jersey Ribbed Pantlets, White, value 45c.
Ladies' White Jersey Knee Pants, value 50c.
Children's Gauze Vest and Pants or Drawers, sizes 16 to 30
Misses' Silk Vests, value 50c.
Ladies' Long or Short Sleeve Jersey Vest, White or Ecru, value 50c.
Lisle Thread Vests, ecru or white, value 50c.
Infants' Jersey Ribbed All-Wool Shirts.

Hardware.

Great Reductions in Summer Goods.

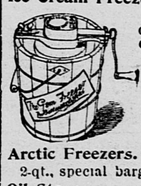
REFRIGERATORS

We have the largest and best line in the Northwest. We guarantee you can put all kinds of food on the same shelf without injuring the flavor. Price from $5.98 up.

ICE BOXES

From	$3.75 up
Galvanized Iron Refrigerator Pans, never rust	25c, 35c, 48c
Lemon Squeezers, with porcelain cup, only	11c
Glass Lemon Squeezers, regular price 10c, for	7c
Ice Picks, regular price 10c, for	5c

Ice Cream Freezers.

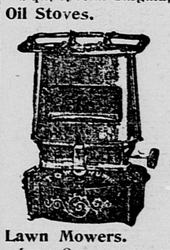


Special cut prices on Lightning Freezers:

2-qt.	3-qt.	4-qt.
$1.29	$1.35	$1.69
6-qt.	8-qt.	10-qt.
$2.48	$3.29	$3.98

Arctic Freezers.
2-qt., special bargain, only.....98c

Oil Stoves.



One-burner Stove. Special... 38c
Two-burner Stove. Special....98c
Three-burner, Stove. Special.$1.19

Lawn Mowers.
Lawn Queen, every one warranted, all sizes. Special cut price..... $3.48

Shoe Dept.

We carry the best grade of Shoes made. We do not handle Trash, but give you the best quality at Low Prices.

Ladies' Russet Goat Cloth-Top Lace Shoe, square toe, low heel, sold elsewhere for $5. Monday and Tuesday sale price..... $3.23

Ladies' Vici Kid hand-sewed Lace Shoes, **Blucher cut only**, five styles; our $5 shoe. Monday and Tuesday..... $3.48

Ladies' Russet Goat hand-sewed Oxford Ties, broken sizes, on sale Monday and Tuesday at..... $1.73

Misses' Dongola Kid Lace Shoe, spring heel, square toe, with patent leather tip; a very dressy shoe; sizes 11 to 2, A to E. Sale price..... $1.98

96 pairs Children's hand-sewed Button Shoes; spring heel; sizes 4 to 8; kid or cloth top; bought to sell for $1.50; will close at..... $1.08