Yes match a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flat Herperus with the hosts of heaven came, And lot creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness long could be the set of the set of

cealed, Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st u

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife! If life can thus deceive, wherefore not life? —Joseph Blanco White.

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

It was in a secluded cave, where lay the bare hulk of a long wrecked ship, which had half buried itself in the sand. Through a wide, shattered opening in the side of this dismal object the adventurous Miss Rosamond Frail had found her way to a stair leading to the deck, where she secured a seat and abandoned herself to the luxury of a day dream.

This no doubt took color from the inspiring view of grand blue ocean and high filled sunset clouds. At any rate, its spell claimed her through a long period of half oblivion, for when at last she started up, it was growing dark. Desperately angry with herself, and desperately afraid, she hurried down the stairway, and on through the dark hold, shuddering at the touch of the rolling seaweed and green slime which carpeted the floor. Fortunately, she reached the opening without slipping. But her troubles were far from over, for when, with a sigh of relief, she sprang out upon the dry sand, she stood face to face with-a man! "Oh!" cried Miss Rosamond, faintly, draw-

ing back. "Pardon me-do you belong to the hotel?"

This question came out of the darkness and the man in it, no doubt; at any rate, it was well done, judging from its effect on the young lady.

'Yes," she answered, with hesitation, but as if reassured. "Oh, how late it is!" she almost whispered, looking about in distress. "I forgot myself-forget where I was."

"I was passing by and saw you," the man rejoined in a pleasing, gentle voice. "I thought you had forgotten where you were, and I stopped-to see if-may I see you to the hotel? It is hardly safe for you to go alone."

Miss Rosamond was now quite bewildered and did not answer at once. It was apparent, even in the dark, that she felt confidence in this unknown man; but she seemed perplexed with many doubts.

"I thank you," she said, graciously, in a moment, "but I'm afraid that would-that would be worse than going alone, since we are-since we"----

"That is true," he quickly followed her; but still I-I must not leave you to go alone. Will you walk on and permit me to follow behind and see that you come to no harm?" Miss Rosamond Frail was quite overcome

by gratitude at this proposal-gratitude, doubtless intensified by every recurring thought of the two miles of deserted beach stretching gloomily between them and the hotel. She uttered thanks which in calmer moments she might have considered offensive, and hurried on-the man following at a convenient distance Nothing more formidable was encountered during the hurried walk than a drunken sailor, who leered at her very unsteadily as he reeled past, but she felt none the less glad of the sense of pro-

Mrs. Potts obstinate and Miss infathomable-and, yes-a liftle Rosamond unfathor mekloss.

They were to have started in the morning, but unforeseen accidents, with the exact nature of which I am unacquainted, delayed their departure unth 2 o'clock in the after-noon. This would involve returning after nightfall, as everybody knew, and Mra. Frail took occasion to renew her objections; but Miss Rosamond was loath to be cheated out of an adventure merely because of unforeseen accidents, and trusting to Mr. Lorne's assurance that they could easily return by 8 o'clock, she decided to go, with her aunt's, if not her mother's full approval.

So when all was ready they walked boldly down to the beach and took their seats in the little boat, calmly trusting themselves in the hands of a single gloomy, wooden faced sailor. During the first half hour Miss Rosanrond's attention was divided between the porpoises and this grim boatman, whese green, expressionless eyes concerned themselves with the sails or industriously scanned the sea, but never rested on her even for a moment, which struck her as quite extractdinary. Her companion, who talked constantly, addressing her in low, suggestive, lover like tones, must have been a little daunted, meanwhile; but later she entered more into what he was saying, and the trivial, low toned conversation flowed on delightfully. Lorne told himself that he had passed few more pleasant afternoons, and the light-ship loomed up big and close at hand all too

soon for him, though it was later by two hours than he had anticipated. It was now seen that to return to shore by 8 o'clock, or even by 9, would be im-possible, but Miss Rosamond was not afraid,

being occupied by her surroundings, which were of a nature to interest her greatly. The sun had quite set and the ocean was wrapped in a dusky haze when they were assisted on board the weather worn old ship, whose great beacon light aloft, burning its steady signal to the mariner far out at sea, seemed to quicken and intensify the surround-

ing gloom. They were politely received by the keeper or captain of the lightship, who ordered a meal served to them in the cabin, which, being supplemented by a bottle of Madeira, was well worthy of their attention. The wine proved to be so good, in fact, that Lorne was moved to propose a toast to the health of their host, to which Miss Rosamond reponded with much enthusiasm. They also drank to their safe return to shore before 10 o'clock, and were very merry dallying over the table longer than they knew. Finally Miss Rosamond asked if they ought not to be going, and Lorne then rose and went on deck in search of the captain, whom he found at the traffrail, looking intently through his glass toward the south.

"Very sorry," he began, before the young man had time to speak, "but d-d if I ain't afraid you'll have to bunk with us to-night. Squall comin' up-strike us in less 'n an hour." He raised his arm and again looked through the glass. "Yes, sir-ee," he added, "you'll have to lay over till mornin'."

Talcott Lorne was thunderstruck. "Why, it's impossible !" he exclaimed. "Where's our boatman? We must get off at once." "He's gone below-fix'n' to stay over

night." "The rascal!-to leave us in the lurch like

that!" "You couldn't git him in that boat to-

night," declared the captain, a hint of laughter in his tone. "But we must go ashore," persisted Lorne,

"God blem 'er little heart! I'd tell forty-even dosm lies before I'd let her find out." When Miss Resamond opened her door next morning the ship was still roughly rocking, but Lorne told her that the blow had not been as severe as the captain had expected; the sea was too heavy, however, for them to leave the ship in their boat that morning-possibly they would be obliged to wait until the next day. The young lady was hearified at the prospect, grieving to think of the anxiety her friends would suffer; but oddly enough, as she thought, the young man appeared to think that a few hours more, or even a day, made little difference, now that they were fairly in for it. When they went to him the captain told them that it would positively be dangerous for them to leave the ship that day; it would be far wiser to wait until the following morning, and by noon it was seen that this course was not

the sight very sweetly, and he can

only best, but necessary. "Oh, how is your wife this morning?" inquired Miss Rosamond of the captain, when the three were at breakfast.

"Who? Oh, yes-yes-my wife, Ahemshe-she ain't so very well; she's worse if anything."

Miss Rosamond noted his confused manner with surprise, and wondered also why the gay Mr. Talcott Lorne stared so soberly into his plate and made no remark whatever for such a long time. "What is the matter with her?" she asked

further.

"What ails her? Why-oh, she's got the rheumatism dreadful bad, and-and-well, I don't know but what she's got almost ever' complaint women folks is liable to have." The old man put down his knife and fork and wiped his forehead, as though he felt warm.

"Do you think the ship rolls as much as it did early this morning?" interrupted Mr. Lorne

But Miss Rosamond was not to be diverted from her charitable designs. "Couldn't I go in and see her?" she persisted. "I might be able to do something for her; J should like to."

Mr. Talcott Lorne seemed unable to swallow his mouthful of food, and the unhappy old captain looked desperate. His wits did not desert him, however.

"Well, you know," he stammered, "well, rayly, you're very kind, but Polly, you know-well, I don't think she'd really like it. She ain't so fond of company when she's sick; sorter cross, you know."

This was enough for Miss Rosamond. The invalid Polly was discussed no further, and her better half heaved long internal sighs of relief.

Lorne's opportunities for the exercise of his talent for pleasing (which usually ultimated itself in whispered nothings and numberless small attentions) were during that day without limit, but, although he was a man of imagination and exerted himself with a singleness of purpose quite admirable, Miss Rosamond did not always appear to be pleased. When the day was over he looked back upon it with a sense of failure that was annoying; it struck him that somehow his talents had gone under a cloud-for the time. Miss Rosamond had certainly failed to be impressed, and beneath her exquisite tact he detected what seemed to be an unwavering desire to keep him at a distance. Even when he had prudently retreated from more delicate topics and talked of persons, she had disagreed with him; when he remarked that his friend Lee was one of those "dreamy literary fellows" who never came to anything, she had rejoined with some warmth that, in her opinion, he came to a great deal as it was. After due reflection, many other men would have decided that it was a mis-

signs too well to be mistaken. And if is weren't that I believe I'm really in love this time it would take away all har charm-for ma. I usually want a girl desperately until she is mine, then I very soon begin to cool off, as it were. Yes, that's my history in about every case."

"I hope you don't expect me to admire it?" remarked Lee, dryly. It was the day before Miss Frail and her friends were to leave Eastport that Mr. Lorne prevailed upon the object of his pas-sion to take a last walk with him. The occa-

sion was memorable, for as soon as they reached a secluded place, where he thought she could be perfectly free to fall into his arms, he spoke:

"Dear Miss Frail"-after a craftily elaborated speech, introduced to give her time to calm herself-"dear Rosamond, why shouldn't we remain always engaged, only, that is, until we're married? For we are going to be married, are we not? I wish it. When I proposed a mock engagement on our return from the lightship I was in earnest, and I meant a real one." "I am very sorry, Mr. Lorne," said Miss

Rosamond, slowly, and the direct look she gave him certainly was not sympathetic-"I am very sorry if you really meant it, because I didn't.'

cerned throughout, and knew perfectly well why she didn't.

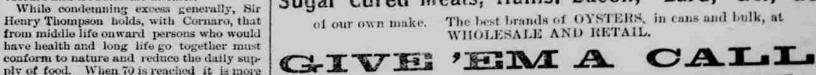
"But, Miss Rosamond, you could-couldn't you mean it now?"

"Because yesterday I became engaged to Mr. Lee."-Louis Pendleton in Pitter Bulletin.

DIET OF THE AGED.

What an Authority Says on the Subject. A Popular Error.

An authority of no less weight than Sir Henry Thompson declares, in a recent hand-book, that considerably more than half of the disease which embitters life among the middle and upper classes of the population is due to avoidable errors in diet. And while he tells us that with few exceptions men and women are healthier and stronger in every way without alcoholic drinks than with them he does not hesitate to declare, at the same time, that more mischief, in the form of active disease, impaired vigor, and shortened life, arises from erroneous habits in eating than from the occasional use of alcoholic drink, great as he knows the evil of it to be. Sir Henry does not think it a bad sign that the appetite should diminish as age increases; and he deprecates any attempts by stimulants or tonics or concentrated foods to "improve" the appetite in such cases. As we increase in age we put forth less energy and activity, and as a consequence we have less power to eliminate excess of food. The cientific view of the case is simple enough to be popularly comprehended. The over supply of nutrition must be thrown off or absorbed into the system. With the young the surplus is got rid of by active work or exercise; but even in tender years it makes its presence felt in occasional sickness. From about middle life onward it is packed away in the form of fat; and it may make its presence known by interfering with the action of the liver, by rheumatic attacks and obscure and troublesome diseases.





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tection afforded her by the silent, considerate man who walked behind.

The smoking room of the modest hotel at the modest seaside resort of Eastport-the same hotel whose shelter had been regained by Miss Rosamond Frail the night before only a small fraction of a minute in advance of her unknown escort-this smoking room was the scene, next morning, of an unexpected meeting of two friends, both of them men of the world in a sense, but only one of them really a man of wealth and fashion, and the other man only of aspirations and ideas. It was the latter, Charles Lee by name, wht gave expression to surprise when they ercountered each other.

"I never expected to see you in this out of the way place," he exclaimed. "When did you leave town?"

"Yesterday. Your letter brought me." They lighted cigars and seated themselves, and presently Mr. Talcot Lorne was telling the story of an adventure, not yet a day old, in which Miss Rosamond Frail had taken part. He told it with animation, and told it well, not scrupling to exaggerate a little for the sake of effect.

"That was a capital idea," he declared. confidently-"my proposing to walk behind in that way. It won her: I could see it, She's no doubt as curious to see me as I am to see her."

"Don't be too sure."

"Have you any idea who she is?" "It must have been Miss Rosamond Frail."

"And who is she?" "A Savannah girl. I met her in Baltimore last winter."

"You have the start, but I'll beat you at the finish, old man."

Lee smilled unconcernedly. "The field is open," he said, rising and looking through the window toward the sea. "Here, Talcot!" he called a moment later, "there she goes now."

"By Jove! Lee, she's a goddess. * * Who are those ugly old ladies with her?" "Her mother and aunt."

"Why-hello! the one in the lavender gown is Mrs. Potts. I know her well. How very fortunate-she can present me."

"That may or may not be in your favor. I have an idea that they didn't altogether approve of each other-that young lady and her aunt."

Be this as it may, she would and did serve to enroll Mr. Talcott Lorne among the acmaintances of this charming Savannah girl, I borrow my adjective from Mr. Lorne him-self, who maintained that she was more than charming. He claimed to be fascinated from first, and certainly made every effort to inate. The time soon came when Miss Rosamond was hardly safe from his polite intrusion outside of her own private apart-ments. The ugly Mrs. Potts (who, I under-stand, was of Knickerbocker extraction) took a lively interest in these proceedings, ex-horting her niece to be less shy, and warning ber to be more careful by turns. He was "a dreadful flirt," she declared, but then he was in extraordinary "catch," and it would not to be swayed by mere personal feelings in

know what you are about, you'll

, effort," she said impressively. hich Miss Rosamond only made rer by looking sternly through the winnd remarking, "Aunt Agatha, I am

. Frail was afraid, but as Mrs. Potts dis favored it, and she herself was at the thought of such an adventure, mond a week or two later accepted ent invitation of her persistent adthere to sail out with him to the lightship, chored on the shoals fifteen miles out to from Eastport. The acceptance of such anomal propend, while it confirmed

earnestly. "That young lady-you see yourself"-

"Yes, hit's a pity, 'specially as there ain't no women folks on board; my wife ain't h'yer to-night, ner the other one, uair one. But ef you try to go ashore in that boat tonight, you're goin' to the bottom-I tell ye right up and down."

Lorne was in despair, but he made one more effort; could he not have another boat, a larger one, with men to man it; he would do or pay anything in turn. Quite impossible, the old captain declared, decisively; the only boat strong enough to make the trial was already on shore. "I'm sorry for you, sir," he added, with genuine sympathy. "It's a pity you didn't make the trip in the morning.

Lorne returned to the presence of Miss Rosamond with such a disturbed countenance that she at once inquired in alarm: "Why, what is the matter?"

"A storm is coming up, and they say we can't leave the ship before to-morrow." "Oh! why-why, what will they think! Mamma will be distracted. Oh, we should

never have come!" "No, we shouldn't. I was a reckless, unthinking beast to have led you into it." "It was not your fault," she said, generously, as soon as the first shock of horror had passed and left her more calm. "I consented

to come-I wanted to come." They were still talking about it when the equall struck them, and the tough old ship began to heave and strain at her anchor. This increased their uneasiness, and Lorna soon excused himself in order to have an additional word with the captain. Partly as a result of this conference, the captain came below as soon as he found it possible to do so, and, with many smiles and pleasant words, and a great show of politeness, conducted the anxious young lady to the apartments which she was to occupy for the night.

"But, where's-where's your"- Miss Resamond looked around expectantly. "My wifet-oh, she's sick," said the old fellow, looking very blank. "I'm mighty sorry. She'd be h'yer right now, but she ain't able to git out'n her berth."

"Indeed? I hope it is not serious?" "Putty bad off-putty bad," was the ready esponse, with a rueful shake of the head. 'I went to her jes' now to see ef she couldn't

jes' speak a word to you to make you welcome, for I know mighty well there's nothin' like havin' women folks around to make things pleasant when strangers come, 'spocially ladies; they always has a heap to say long with one 'nother 'fore they git settled, But Polly said she couldn't-no use talkin' of it; but she was mighty sorry, and she sent her regrets."

"I am glad she didn't try to get up," said Miss Rosamond sweetly, "I can do very well.

"And the other one's gone ashore," pursued the captain, to which Miss Rosamond made no rejoinder, though she wondered who the "other one" was.

"Aren't you from the Georgia coast?" she asked at the door of her stateroom. Your accent"-

"I am that! I was born and raised in Chatham county. And so was you, chf" He laughed almost with the delight of a child. "Mr. Lorne told me you was from Savannah, and I up an' says to him, s'I, 'she's the mistress o' this ship jes' as long as she's a mind to be,' s'I, an' I mean it, Mise Rosamon'."

"Thank you ever so much."

"Why, Miss Rosamon', I've known of your fam'ly all my life. I aln't never met none of 'em personally, but"— But here he checked himself, remembering that duty called him on deck. Miss Rosamond bade

take to consider Miss Frail already won; not so Mr. Lorne, he was merely annoyed.

And even this annoyance was dissipated in the sunlight of a friendly smile from Miss Rosamond next morning. As they took their seats in the little boat, a few words uttered by a blundering sailor led to the disclosure of the little stratagem which had been resorted to in order to keep the young lady in ignorance of her real position, and after the first moment of disagreeable surprise Miss Rosamond turned to Lorne with sweetly, genuinely grateful eyes.

"It was very kind of you and Mr. Barna to do all that," she said.

After this his feeling of annovance gave place to quiet confidence and he was emboldened to make a delicate proposition, which he appeared to think the situation demanded: Why shouldn't they say they were engaged when they reached land? To him the idea seemed capital. Inconvenience could hardly arise from it, as neither of them would be at Eastport more than two weeks longer, and it would effectually silence those gossiping people who they had reason to fear. He put it very delicately, and certainly not in a way to give offense, but Miss Rosamond colored faintly and showed that she thought him wanting in tact. Without even an answer she adroitly changed the subject, and Lorne thought she was offended because he had proposed a sham and not a real engagement.

But when they rode in among the breakers, and Miss Rosamond saw the staring crowd of people who awaited them on the beach, she drew in her breath with a gasp and her heart failed her. "I accept your proposition," she said hurriedly, turning upon Lorne her frightened eyes.

Then the boat was run in and the unhappy young lady knew the agony of being stared at by a hundred wildly curious people. Mrs. Frail and her sister, Mrs. Potts, were in the crowd, both of them half frantic, scarcely able to restrain themselves from hysterical exhibitions. At the last moment the eagerness of the former to receive her lost daughter back to her arms was such that she stepped forward heedlessly and allowed an

inflowing wave to deluge her ankles. "Oh, Rosamond, how perfectly awful!" cried Mrs. Potts, in a stage whisper, when they had the young lady between them, and all the people were straining to see and hear. Now was the dramatic moment for Mr. Lorne. "But it doesn't matter so much as it might, Mrs. Potts, as long as we are engaged to each other."

Whether they understood him or not does not appear; the elderly women merely treated the ready young man with looks of angry suspicion, and hurriedly bore Miss Rosamond off between them.

Miss Frail is said to have declared afterward that the arrangement was the acme of absurdity, and that her position as the sup-posed fiancee of Mr. Talcott Lorne was mortifying in the extreme. In her own words, it made her feel "silly." She was anxious to quit Eastport at once and free herself, and it was only through the efforts of her match making aunt, Mrs. Potts, that she was prevailed on to remain until the appointed

There could be no doubt of the engagement at Eastport, for Lorne was more assiduous in his attentions than ever, leaving hardly any opportunities at all for Lee, who seemed to take a quiet, friendly interest in the young lady himself. The latter knew all about the sham engagement, for Lorne was in the habit of talking very freely in his presence-al-

ways with an air of great confidence. "Ever since that lightship business she has been mine merely for the asking," he told Lee, confidentially, one day. "I'know the

than ever necessary, he tells us, that this should be done; and in the same way, at 80 with less activity, there must be less support. If this course be followed, a right good and happy and even useful old age may be enjoyed; providing, of course, there is no inherited taint to be compated and accidents do not come in the way. The difficulty in such a case is that a man wants to be saved from friends and relatives who are ant to regard a lessening appetito with alarm, and seek by endearments, and when these fail by threats and also by superstitious means, to force the palate beyond its natural requirements. Plain and frugal fare, then, would seem to be the essential condition not only of prolonged but of happy existence; and the incient maxim remains a guiding principle to the race, that "man must eat to live, not live to eat."-Leeds Mercury.

Facts Concerning Stage Wages.

The prevalence of the "stage craze" among vomen is not due to the love of excitement or other emotional cause, but to the genererally accepted opinion that they can make a better living in the dramatic profession than in any other vocation. To a certain extent this is true. The moment a woman gains recognition as a trustworthy and capable performer in the legitimate drama or light opera she commands a salary from \$30 a week unward for the entire season. Estimating this at forty weeks would give a minimum salary of \$1,200 a year, or \$24 a week. The position requires disbursements anknown in other callings. She must have a good wardrobe and be neatly if not handsomely dressed in private life, and both of these conditions involve a considerable outlay. On the other side she receives a certain discount in nearly all business dealings. Not only do hotels, but milliners, bootmakers and other tradesmen regularly give what are known as "theatrical rates," these meaning an average discount of at least thirty per

In no other industry are such figures known. The average shopgirl receives \$6 a week, seamstress \$8, bookkeeper \$10, typewriter \$10, factory hand \$5, tailor operativo \$4 and cigarette maker \$6. Allowing for dull seasons, these figures, small as they are in comparison with those paid upon the stage, are still further reduced. Besides this notable inequality is a much more powerful difference. On the stage there is no limit as to carnings. Every actor has before him the potentiality of fame and fortune. Each looks forward to enjoying at some time the princely success which has rewarded Mary Auderson, Mrs. Langtry, Lotta and Maggie Mitchell. In the other industries the limit of earning is quickly reached beyond which industrial

laws allow no progress. This is the real magnet which draws women toward the footlights.-New York Press,

Cinder in the Eye.

Railroad conductors get a great deal of medical information and the understanding of many helpful little schemes in the course of a long year's run. Many of the conductors, who, among the many other ills and ailings of their passengers, have found that of a particle of dirt or cinder in the eye to be the most frequent and painful, carry with them a supply of horse hair. Their experience makes them experts in doubling the hair and drawing it over the eye while the lid is closed. - Chicago News.

A Sheep's Eye.

A sheep's eye resembles the human eye. A sneeps eye resembles the eye of a sheep in learning many of the most critical points connected with their profession.-New York

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