

Only seven more shopping days till Christmas

WONDERFUL HOLIDAY SELLING AT THE



The Heavy Business of last week demonstrates that this store is headquarters for Holiday Goods of every description in the shape of Sterling Silver Novelties, Fancy China, Jewelry, Furs, Handkerchiefs, Leather Goods, etc.

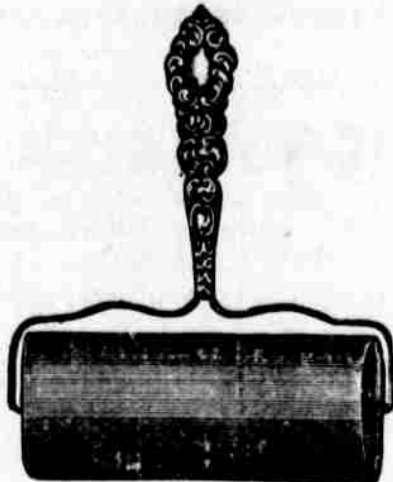
Commencing Wednesday store will remain open evenings.

Sterling Silver at One-Half Jewelry Store Prices.

Sterling Silver Novelties comprising Darners, Blotters, Files, Cutecules, Letter Openers, Erasers, Button Hooks, Curling Irons, Combs, etc.

50c values 25c, 65c values 35c, 75c values 49c, \$1.00 values 65c, each article in separate box.

- 50c Ebony Toilet Articles as above, genuine ebony with Sterling Silver mounts, special.....25c
- Ebony brush and comb sets, Sterling mounts, special.....\$1.49
- Ebony cloth brushes, Sterling mounts.....98c to \$2.98
- Fine Silk Bristle Bonnet Brushes, Sterling silver handle.....65c to \$1.50



Sample line of Fine French China at 50 per cent less than exclusive Grockery House prices.

FANCY BOXED CHRISTMAS GIFTS READY FOR PRESENTATION. EACH IN FANCY BOX.

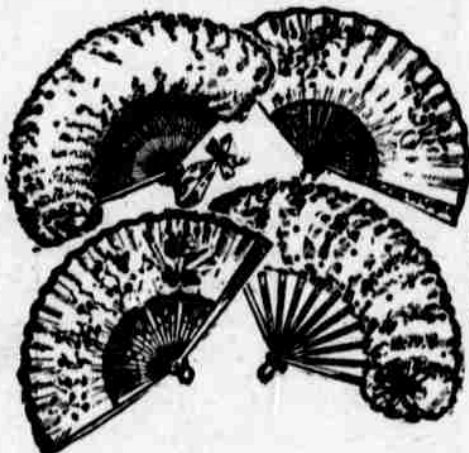
- Gent's Muffler.....85c, \$1.00
- Gent's Neckwear.....50c
- Gent's 1/2 hose 3 pair in box
50c, 75c
- Ladies' Hose, 3 pair in box
50c, 75c, \$1.00



FANS, HANDKERCHIEFS, AND GLOVES.

IMMENSE VARIETIES.

- Fans of all kinds, 25c to \$3.00
- Handkerchiefs...2 1/2c. to \$1.75
- Kid Gloves, special for
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
- Wool Mittens.....10c to 50c



We advise as early shopping next week as possible.

for I knew 'twould all come true!
For Tom was two years older,
and had seen the ocean, too!
Then Tom would shake his curly head,
and laugh and say to me:
"I'll surely take you with me, Judge,
when I go off to sea.
It's your turn now." And then our thro'ts
would new enjoyment find,
As the colors of Tom's picture
blended slowly into mine.
"When I grow up an' get to be a man,"
at length I'd say,
"I think I'll be a lawyer first,
'cause they get such big pay.
I'll try the cruel murderers,
an' burglars, an' thugs,
An' men 'at set the stores afire—
they call 'em 'firebugs'—
An' all of those who promise
to be good, I'll set 'em free;
But those who won't, I'll send 'em
to the penitentiary!
But after while I want to change,
for I've heard people say
That bigger scamps than lawyers
never saw the light o' day.
So if asked to run for congress,
I'll just give my consent,
An' if I find I like it,
then I'll run for president!"
'Twas just a little while ago,
only a day or two,
That Tom and I saw the same blue sky,
and dreamed what we would do
When boyhood days were bygone days—
of the honors to be won,
Of what things we'd see, and what men
we'd be when we were twenty-one.
How strange it seem!

How strange it seems.
I look on those forgotten days
through blinding mists of tears.
The all I've done is spoken
in the sum of numbered years.

I have hoped for toil's fruition,
but can I be sure of more
Than this: I once was eight years,
but now I'm thirty-four?
And what of curly-headed Tom,
and his three-masted ship,
His cargoes rich, his travels long,
his jolly, world-wide trip?
Did he ever make the journey,
did he ever come to me
And say, "Come, Judge, get ready,
for I'm going off to sea?"
Did he ever sail to Greece, and Spain,
and Italy and Rome,
And then, his voyage ended,
trim his sails and steer for home?
My brother sailed a voyage
to a shore unknown to him,
But the boat was small that bore him,
And the Captain Strange and Grim.
There was no other with them
when the two put out to sea;
Tom took his ocean voyage,
but he sailed it without me!
His journey must have ended
in another, fairer home,
For with anxious heart I've wai'ed,
but no messages have come.
And just a little while ago,
only a day or two,
We were boys together,
and played as youngsters do.
How strange it seems!

—R. B. Morgan.

The Friend in Letters.

I have recently been reading the letters of Keats and of Stevenson.
There is no hero in fiction of more romantic interest than this figure of John Keats, which, invested with extraordinary personal attractions and set among conditions the most pitiful, tragic and

unique, is presented in all its weaknesses, sublimities, extravagancies and unworldliness in a volume and a half of notes and epistles.

The character of the letters is entirely unstudied. Consequently, every failing no less than every attraction, is completely discovered and laid bare. "I cannot write," he says, "under a disguised feeling."

What would more directly appeal to the sympathy or forbearance of those into whose hands his writings have fallen? It is like the defenselessness of a foe, the weakness of a child, either of which is its own protection.

Among his earlier letters there are passages of great freshness and zest. A nervous gayety enters into his recitals and narrations. With whimsical earnestness he sets forth for his sister, Fanny, the story of Endymion, or builds for her entertainment, little air castles of the future; yet underneath everything, running through these notes of pleasure, animation and youthful caprice, vibrates that constant minor motif, becoming finally more and more dominant, until it ends at last in jangled chords.

"Don't you think there is something extremely fine after sunset when there are a few white clouds about and a few stars blinking—when the waters are ebbing and the horizon a mystery? This sort of thing has been so fulfilling to me that I am anxious to hear whether it is a favorite with you."

So he reveals his temperament. The whole thing is there, together with that requirement for sympathy which was his to excess. He throws himself upon his friends, exacting their pity, their appreciation, and exercising over them the tyranny of an extraordinary sensibility which stood defenseless to resist the emotions it could not support.

It is not possible in all his writings to discover other than an entire lack of virility. Passionate I find him often, energetic he is not uncommonly, spirited he sometimes becomes. But to the regions of stern, imperious power he does not attain.

"I feel confident," he writes, "that I should have been a rebel angel had the opportunity been mine." Rebellious, it is conceded, but not unyielding.

Thus it is that driven by tragic circumstances, the figure itself of the poet is not tragic, but pathetic. It must be admitted that in hopeless and miserable extremity, he is less admirable than touching.

"And now I am never alone," he cries, "but I rejoice that there is such a thing as death."

Self-contained endurance was nowhere his. He better understood appeals, remonstrances. The experience which must have dignified a greater soul quenched his courage and broke his spirit. We are left with the sense of something exquisite roughened by friction.

With Stevenson we come into the sun. These are letters, the offerings rather than the claims of friendship. Stevenson was an artist of the emotions. In his letters also we discover the flawless expression of that warmth, that affectionate kindness and fearless gayety which were his birthright. His destiny was the more hopeless in that there were intervals of such intoxicating hope; it was the more bitter in that so much of it was sweet. He took his cup and drank it, bitter and sweet, with incomparable grace, recollecting that there was for the one, life, and for the other death. So in his epitaph:

"Glad did I live and gladly die,