

WE ARE HEAVILY OVERSTOCKED

And We Have a Reason for It.

The extremely warm September and October weather is the cause of our stock being in this condition. Never before did you have such an array of Seasonable Merchandise to select from in the month of November with a quoting of January prices. We are determined to make this a Veritable Clearing Sale of surplus goods.

A CLEARING SALE

In every sense of the word. Don't wait till January for Bargains obtainable then during the Clearing Sale of left over holiday goods. You now have the selection of every yard and every piece of winter and holiday novelties at actual January prices.

We have issued a large four-page Circular containing as many of the Great Bargains as we could possibly put on it. They are there in Black and White for your inspection and we ask you to come in and critically examine the many good things offered. This sale commences

Saturday, November 10,

And ends November 22—ten actual days of unparalleled Bargain Selling.

See the New Box Coat for **\$8.98.**

See the Ladies' Venetian Cloth Jacket for **\$9.98.**

See the Suits for **\$13.50.**

See the Flannelette Wrappers for **63c.**

See the Walking Skirts for **\$3.50**

See the Great Dress Goods Bargains.

See the Ice Wool Shawl Values.

See the Special Handkerchief Values.

FitzGerald
DRY GOODS CO.

See the Special Table Linen Prices.
See the Values in Children's Underwear.

See the Center-Draft Lamp for **\$2.45.**

See the Haviland China Dinner Sets for **\$17.50.**

"SINCE MAW WENT INTO POLITICS."

ELTA MATHESON.

"Be it really so Mrs. Buzzy, that you air goin' into politics this fall?" Mrs. Buzzy carefully pinched away the superfluous crust from the pie she was constructing, and picked an elaborate pattern on top before replying to her visitor.

"I donno as I am goin' into politics exactly, but I've took a notion lately that women had ought to understand more about the situation than they do. Things 'pears to be in an awful mess, everybody a fightin' and nobody seemin' to know what's best for the country. Politics wasn't the corrupt machine it is now in the old days, and I bet it was just becuz George Washington was ust to talk things over with Marthy and git a heap of light f'm the process."

"I b'l'ieve you're right and no mistake, Mrs. Buzzy. But the men is so terrible aggravatin' when a body tries to ast them questions, and onderstand what's what, that I jest give it up with Sam. But you're different—you kin kinder grasp so much of the meanin' of it."

Mrs. Buzzy was convincing just to look at. The knot of gray hair twisted hard at the back of her head had an uncompromising look. No little stray locks curled about the nape of her neck or brow, betokening pliability. She was a recognized authority on Buzzy Terrace as to the best mode of pickling and preserving, and her soda bread was at once the admiration and the despair of the neighborhood.

"I ain't goin' to holler it from the corner grocery," Mrs. Buzzy continued, shoving her pie carefully into the oven. "I'm kinder goin' to keep it to myself fer awhile, but after I look into the situation and enform myself, I'm goin' to

make it my business to see that Thaddeus takes a little more interest and votes for the best men, whoever they be."

"Be you fer Bryan or McKinley?" timidly ventured Mrs. Buzzy's guest, awed by the light of great resolve in the eyes of her hostess.

"I ain't fer nobody at present, that's what I am goin' to find out. I ain't supposed to know who I'm fer—here be Lem a-comin' home from school every day and a-settin' up to say how things is a-runnin' and how they ought ter be run. La! if the folks at Washington had any idee how smooth Lem could run things fer 'em, they'd be plum oneasy till they got him down there to kinder superintend."

Mrs. Buzzy gave a short laugh as she opened the oven door to look at her pies.

"It's getting downright embarrassin' to occupy the position of a parent to the risin' generation; they're that opinionated and cocksure they know it all, a-body dassent to open their mouth."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Welch, with a sigh. "I jest set like a clam when Jinny and Michael is home from school; they're that peart a-tellin' me I don't onderstand the situation."

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Buzzy, sympathetically, "we kin figger out a few things for ourselves, mebbe, ef we try. Of course, the men won't help us none, and I ain't so sure they could ef they would. 'Taint part of their calculations we should find out what they don't know, but Thaddeus ain't never yet went agin my firm convictions, and it ain't likely he'll begin now, ef I make up my mind what he'd ought ter do."

Mrs. Welch looked at Mrs. Buzzy with undisguised admiration. "You're a sharp one and no mistake; 'twouldn't

take you long to handle things with onderstanding; but there ain't much hope fer me. Sam allers gits mad ef I ast him anything, and says I ain't no call to be meddlin' with such things."

"Law, how late it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Welch, rising, as the great clock on the hill beat twelve warning strokes against the heart of day. "And I've got to go down after some groceries! On, did you hear?" she asked with an accent of interest, "that Mrs. Biggar on the corner below put up a fine, large picture of Mr. Bryan in the front winder, and her man got that mad about it that he did not speak to her fer three days?"

"Umph!" said Mrs. Buzzy, as she lifted her beautifully browned pies to the table. "I'm thinkin' she cud say her beads with as easy a mind if Mr. Biggar was holdin' no conversation with her at all. I heard him givin' her such a tongue lashin' on the back porch not long since that I concluded he thought she was a political convention he'd been hired to address. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Welch. Drop in when you can. You're always welcome."

The sun, day after day, lay in belated splendor over a land where the flush of summer seemed to linger. Mrs. Buzzy's yard, which at this season usually presented a carefully swept and garnished appearance, now ran riotously to seed after its own sweet will. A few consumptive-looking flowers huddled together, as if in the vain hope of gather-

ing renewed strength and vigor from the tonic of the sunlight. Only a group of gray dahlias in the corner held their own, and, like a lot of saucy country lassies, flaunted their robust health and beauty in the very faces of the languid dames of fashion.

From the many homes along Buzzy Terrace floated out the odors incident to the season. Spice and vinegar tinged the mellow atmosphere. On numberless back porches glasses and jars of ruby and amber confections hardened into jellies and jams, destined to tickle the jaded palate of winter. But in the Buzzy pantry rows of jars stood empty of their accustomed sweet burden. Although the neighbors admired Mrs. Buzzy in a way, as a creature of rather superior mental equipment to themselves, they were not above criticising her over their dishpans for neglecting her family while she pursued the thankless task of chasing will-o'-the-wispe. Not that they expressed it so, but being interpreted, it is what they meant.

Meanwhile cold comfort reigned in the Buzzy home, which so short a time since had been the envy of all the other homes on the Terrace. Mr. Buzzy, who, as has been intimated, was a man of few words, pursued the apparent even tenor of his ways, a little smile which crept occasionally around his mouth indicating that the situation aroused a sense of humor in him. Lem and Sue did not accept the situation eo-

HUTCHINS & HYATT,
SELECT OAK AND HICKORY WOOD
SAWED ANY LENGTH.