

Handkerchiefs

Expecting that as in the past, Ladies' Handkerchiefs would continue the most popular of articles for Holiday Gifts, we secured such a line as we are sure was never before displayed in the city. Among them

French and Irish Embroidered Hemstitched,
From 10c. to \$3.00 each.

Swiss Hand Spun Linen, Hand Embroidered,
From \$2.00 to \$10.00 each.

French Silk Bolting Cloth, Hand Embroidered,
From \$1.25 to \$3.50 each.

Hand-Made Duchesse Lace Edges,
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For 1890

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The standard of the Magazine is high. Its spirit progressive, The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a **NEW DEPARTMENT** and **ADDITIONAL PAGES**, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

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A Mitigating Circumstance.
Lady—Who is that fellow who comes to see you every evening?
Bridges—He is a gentleman who is engaged to me, but I'm thinkin' of telling him not to come here any more, mum; he talks too much.
"About whom?"
"About yourself, mum; he says you are the most beautiful lady in the city."
"He doesn't seem to be such a bad man after all. I guess you can let him call once in a while."—Texas Sittings.

He Was a Special Salesman.



"I want something inexpensive—for about a dollar. Those vases look nice. How much?"
"Vases, miss? Er—yes, miss. They're marked sixty-nine cents, miss; but I'll just speak to the floor walker, and I have no doubt that we can let you have them for a dollar, miss."—Harper's Bazar.

Witness and Judge.

An amusing scene was recently enacted in a country court room in Maine. The trial justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.
"Wy, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know, or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"
"Wal, I snum!" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the justice, "an', 'gosh, to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my question, or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"
"Huh?"

"What do you do for a living?"
"Oh, git out, squire! Just as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"
"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the court I know nothing about you," explained the perspiring justice.

"Wal, squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room an' don't know nothin' in it, you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got hoss sense."

The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness \$10.—Lewiston Journal.

Might Have Been Briefer.

Congressman (to constituent)—Well, wasn't my speech a good one? Short, and to the point, you know. I couldn't very well have made it briefer, eh?
Constituent—Well, you—
"What?"
"You might not have got up at all!"—Lawrence American.

Almost Blind.

Boss of a Gang of Men (to a bystander)—Are you looking for work, sir?
Lazy Bystander (as he moves to take up an easy position at the next corner)—Yes, but my eyesight is poor.—West Shore.

Logic.

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie wants the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, 'cause he was eatin' pie two years 'fore I was borned."—Philadelphia Times.

An Unwanted Burial.

"Cholly is buried in thought."
"For goodness' sake don't resurrect him."—Yenowine's News.

A Lullaby.

BY A REALIST.
Baby, darling, hush a bye!
Wherefore lie awake and cry
Rats are whirring to and fro,
Why are those cats yelling so?
Rats in plaster come and go,
Still there's no good reason why
You should raise your wail on high—
Baby, hush! Hush a bye!

Tommy, Tommy, lullaby!
Come now, shut your eyes and try.
Yes, of course, papa will wait;
Really, though, it's growing late.
"Tick-a-toe!" says it; half past eight.
Want a drink? You can't be dry!
I'm so nervous I shall fly!
See here, Thomas! Hush a bye!
Now, my son, lie down—be quiet!
Wonder if it is his diet?
I have other things to do;
I can't sit here soothing you;
And, besides, I'm tired, too.
For the last time, will you try it?
If I'd a nag I would apply it.
Thomas Jackson! Stop this riot!

Go it, however! Crying's cheap;
Make it loud and long, and deep.
Lie right there and make a noise;
Pa can't stay with screaming boys;
No; you shan't have any toys.
It would make an angel weep.
When you're tired, count the sheep!
Good night, screech owl, hope you'll sleep!
[Exit Realist.]
—Munsey's Weekly.

MOST PRECIOUS JESUS.

Written expressly for The American Press Association.

Words by Rev. JAMES SPENCER.

Music by JOHN de WITT.

Arranged by CHAS. ZIMMERMAN.

Andante.

1. Most precious Je - sus, when Thy grace from us, Thou art to us ex - cels - ing
2. In Thee con - d - ing is sure a - hid - ing; Blessings of ev - ery name a -

fair; Our hearts are captured, our souls en - rap - tured, Thy beau - ty is be - yond com - pare. When for Thee thirsting, life's streams are bound; No ill can harm us, nor for a - larm us, While Thine al - night - y arms sur - round. Our hopes grow brighter, our bur - dens

burst - ing from out Thy precious wounds! side, So full of bleas - ing, and heart pos - sess - ing, Drinking, our souls are set in God, light - er. As faith be - holds the gold - en shore; In heavenly phar - os, we see clear the - os, Of fondest loved ones gone be - fore.

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