

# 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 were 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,  
From \$1.00 to \$11.00.

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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,  
Eriassohn, 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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**His Only Escape.**  
The terror was in trouble again and as he careened the floor of his knickerbockers he seemed sunk in thought. Considering it a good time to make an impression his father said:  
"Do you realize what a bad boy you've been?"  
"Yes, sir. But that wasn't what I was thinking about. Papa" (suddenly), "why don't you rob a bank or something?"  
"What do you mean, sir?"  
"So you would have to go to Canada and stay there."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### A Compliment.



Old Bachelor—Now, Arthur, suppose I should give you this nice red book, what would you say?  
Arthur—I should say you weren't half so stingy as sister said you were.—Munsey's Weekly.

### Something Was Wrong.

"It was in the old days of the wet plate method in photography," said a photographer, "and when an exposure of twenty seconds had to be made and a sitter had to be absolutely quiet. I had my subject as I wanted him and took off the cap. I left the room for a moment, and returning, found everything all right apparently. Apparently, I say, but when I went into the dark room and developed the plate I found it most terribly blurred. It looked as if the sitter had turned a hand-spring or thrown a somersault. When I went back I was mad."  
"What did you do?" I asked.  
"Nothing," was the innocent answer.  
"Why?"  
"Look at that plate," I said, "and then tell me you didn't move."  
"Here my sitter began to laugh at his picture. 'Well, I swear I wouldn't a' thought that just going over to the window to spit would have done all that, because I sat right down again.'"  
—Philadelphia Saturday Review.

### Jealousy Extraordinary.

In the Paris Jardin des Plantes a frequent visitor asked the keeper:  
"Is not the giraffe much thinner than he used to be? He seems to me to be dwindling away."  
"You are quite right," replied the keeper.  
"When I first took charge he was already jealous of the obelisk, but I think he would have come out all right if it had not been for the Eiffel tower. That will be the death of the poor creature yet."—From the German.

### False Alarm.

Wife (time, midnight)—Hark! Husband! Wake up! I hear the rustling of silk and the clank of chains.  
Husband—You do! Horrors! Then the reports are true. I was told this house was haunted.  
Wife (much relieved)—Oh, is that all? I was afraid Fido had broken loose and was tearing my new ball dress.—New York Weekly.

### A Natural Query.

Army Student (to new arrival)—Hullo! my beam: what's your father?  
New Arrival—A farmer.  
"Then why didn't he make a farmer of you?"  
"I don't know. What's your father?" (Impressively) "A gentleman."  
"Then why didn't he make a gentleman of you?"—Pick Me Up.

### Glad There Were No More.

Polite Guest to leader of amateur orchestra that has been torturing him for fifteen minutes—Allow me to congratulate you upon your success as a leader.  
Leader—Thank you. I am sorry there are so few instruments represented to-night.  
Polite Guest—Ah, there is where I congratulate myself.—West Shore.

### A Villain Unbegun.

B. Jags (pointing to an aged pedestrian)—See that old chap? He has taken twenty-seven lives in his day.  
B. Jones—That amiable old fellow! Impossible.  
B. Jags—Fact! He drowned three cats this morning.—Philadelphia Press.

### Circumstantial Evidence.

He—I swear it, Maude, you are my first love!  
She—I believe you, Harold. Nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could ever have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months.—Life.

### His Affinity.

Beatrice—Why do you suppose so solid a person as Eben Morris ever married a girl like Doris Gollightly, Ethel?  
Ethel—I don't know, unless the natural affinity of a self-made man is a tailor-made girl.—Munsey's Weekly.

### Another Cold Steal.

She—Have you read "Looking Sideways?"  
He—Yes, I see it's another plagiarism.  
She—How is that?  
He—Every word of it is in Webster's Unabridged.—Time.

### Beneath Him.

Stranger—Have you subscribed to the World's fair fund?  
Rich New Yorker (haughtily)—Certainly not, sir; I'm a millionaire.—New York Weekly.

### Would Make a Good Short Stop.

"Of what nationality is your friend—a Brazilian?"  
"Well, I guess he's half Brazil and semi-Colon."—Harper's Bazar.

### At a Disadvantage.

"Why don't you take some one of your own size," he blubbered; "don't you see I am a good deal bigger than you are?"—Yankee Blade.

### Condensed Wisdom.

A fruitless search—the one the farmer makes after the small boy has passed through the orchard.—Burlington Free Press.

### Fate.

Ted—So you had to see those two girls home last night? Did they live far away?  
Nel—The homely one did.—New York Sun.

## "REMINISCENCES" REVERIE.

Written expressly for The American Press Association.

By ALICE MORGAN.



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### DOWN WENT McGINTY.

Sunday morning just at nine,  
Dan McGinty dressed so fine;  
Stood looking at a very high stone wall;  
When his friend, young Pat McCann,  
says, 'I'll bet five dollars, Dan,  
I can carry you to the top without a fall!  
On his shoulder he took Dan,  
To climb the ladder he began;  
Very soon he reached up near the top,  
When McGinty, quite old rogue,  
To win the five let go his hold,  
Never thinking just how far he had to drop.

### CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall;  
Although he won the five he was more dead than alive.  
His ribs and back and neck were broke from getting such a fall,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

From the hospital he went home  
When they fixed his broken bones,  
To find out he was the father of a child;  
So to celebrate it right, his friends he did invite.  
He soon was drinking whisky fast and wild;  
As he waddled on the street, in his Sunday clothes so neat,  
Holding up his head like John the Great,  
In the sidewalk was a hole to receive a ton of coal,  
Which McGinty never saw till just too late.

### CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole;  
Driver of the cart gave the load of coal a start—  
It took us half an hour to dig McGinty from the coal,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Now McGinty thin and pale,  
One fine day got out of jail,  
And with joy to see his boy was nearly wild.  
For his house he quickly ran to meet his wife, Bedalia Ann;  
But she'd skipped away and took along the child.  
Then he gave up in despair and he sadly pulled his hair,  
As he stood one day upon the river shore  
Knowing well he couldn't swim,  
He did foolishly jump in,  
Although water he never took before.

### CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,  
And he must be very wet, for they haven't found him yet,  
But they say his ghost comes around the dock before the break  
of day,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

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