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Fine Gold Work a Specialty.
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HAVE RECEIVED
Their Fall styles, stoves, ribbons, pins and quilts, also a lot of new toothbrushes, eye-shine hats, straw and felt. They have a full line of baby food and in order to please, all stock and have reduced their prices to 10 cents to 75 cents to 50 cents.

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F. H. ELLENBAUM, Prop.

The best of fresh meat always found in this market. Also fresh Eggs and Butter.

Wild game of all kinds kept in their season.

MEAT MARKET
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PINE LUMBER!
Shingles, Lath, Sash, &

Doors, Blinds
Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

CAN'T UNDERSTAND AMERICA.
Novelist Howells' Amusing Experiences with an Official in Venice.

The ways of English and Americans are still appalling to the more indolent and less cleanly southern nations, which have had for many decades large opportunities for studying these race peculiarities, and yet have never ceased to wonder, says *Youth's Companion*. When W. D. Howells was consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occupied by him gave occasion for the following suggestive incident:

In my account of this affair to the commissary of police I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window sill, and his hand extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open?" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly."

"Pardon," said the commissary, suspiciously, "do all Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say they all do, in summer," I answered. "At least, it is the general custom."

Such a thing as this indolence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience, and but for my official dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his armchair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Pardon!" and turning to his clerk, said:

"Write down that, according to the American custom, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwags.

ACCOMPANIED OR UNACCOMPANIED?
It Was Easy to Divise the State of Each Particular Case.

"My office is nearly opposite a popular down-town restaurant, the upper floor of which is reserved for ladies or gentlemen accompanied by ladies," said a young aspirant for legal honors the other day to a N. Y. *Herald* man.

"The view from my window, however, allows me to see only one person seated at any of the three tables near the window, and that fact has enabled me to have lots of fun, and at the same time gives me a first-rate chance to study my fellow-man in the presence of a girl of whom he thinks enough to invite her out to luncheon."

"In a fortnight I got so I could tell in a moment whether any man of whom I could catch a glimpse at a table had as his vis-a-vis another man or a woman."

"How did I do it? Oh, it was easily enough divined. If there were two men, the one I could see would act perfectly natural. But if there were a woman on the other side of the table things were very much changed. The fellow in my view would conduct himself entirely different from the one with his chum along. His interest in the curl of his mustache would be increased tenfold, and every now and then he would suspend operations in the eating line to cast a killing look at his fair companion."

"In fact, under such conditions I found that the whole manner and pose of nine men out of ten became at once absurdly unnatural and self-conscious, and their efforts to please, from my point of view, invariably became most amusing."

A Family of Giants.
My father's grandfather's family consisted of thirteen brothers and two sisters. The aggregate weight of all the last time they met at the old homestead was 3,000 pounds. The average height of each was a fraction over six feet. I have heard my father say he has seen his father, who was below the average of his brothers in height, weight, and muscle, throw in quick succession several forty-gallon casks of cider over an ox-cart with ease; and have also seen him lift one of the same sized casks by the chimbs to his lips and drink therefrom. At one time ten of the brothers went to a barn-raising. They lifted the bend, 30x40 feet, with its sixteen-foot posts and fourteen-inch square timbers, without any effort. Old New-Englanders will know what that meant. Ira Pond was a man noted for his physical strength. He could take any two of his brothers, one in each hand, and handle them with each. He once caught and held two live deer. On one occasion, when he was working about the barn, which was inclosed with a fence six feet high, a noted pugilist presented himself and bantered the brother for a fight. The brother said he was a church member and it was against his principles to fight. The pugilist then bantered Ira, who said he did not want to fight for nothing, but as he spoke he took the pugilist by the neck and trousers and lifted him clear over the fence. The pugilist walked back to the barn, bowed to Ira, and said: "I have enough of you."—*Fred S. Pond in Chicago Tribune.*

Nice Residences for Lazy People.
It is said that between Madagascar and the coast of India there are 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited. A man can support a family there in luxury without working more than twenty-five days in a year, nature does so much.

We Are Travelers.
Railroad statistics show that Americans do more traveling than any other people, averaging 29 trips a year. The Englishman takes 19, the Belgian 11, the Frenchman, Swede, Norwegian, and Spaniard 5 each, while the Turk, Swiss, and Italian take but one each.

Fragments of Cut Glass.
The perfect love-letter is written with a fine disregard for future possibilities.

The advent of old age makes a potential vitriol-thrower of many a fading belle.

Even a good woman is more humiliated at realizing that she loves a fool than that she loves a knave.

Results are always more impressive when we have not witnessed the processes by which they are attained.

Some souls are like coffins; their confines are too cramped and narrow to hold anything but cold and rigid creeds.

The qualities we most admire in others are those in which we are secretly conscious of being ourselves defective.

The capacity for true friendship is a rare and precious quality possessed almost exclusively by certain of the brute creation.

Tell me in what respect your love has changed you, and I will describe to you the character of the man or woman you love.

Statin himself would be enjoined into the belief that he was Gabriel, if he were to die, and certain men had the writing of his epitaph.

When a woman begins to watch attentively a man's acts, gestures, speech, you may be sure she has begun either to love or to hate him.

It may give you a grain of comfort to-night to confide your secret to a friend; but reflect that, when you awake to-morrow morning, the grain of comfort will have changed in the dark hours to a weight of leaden anxiety.—*Anne Rove Adrich in Kate Field's Washen Ln.*

Mrs. Logan's Many Friends.
"I do hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Logan, but I do want to shake hands with you, and would like to kiss you. You are so sweet."

I heard a young girl make this remark in the elevator of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day. The widow of the dancing lighter was descending to the dining-room, and the young miss who addressed her could wait no longer so she introduced herself as above.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Logan, in a motherly way, "I am pleased to shake hands with you, and I would consider it a pleasure to have your fresh young lips touch mine," and then they embraced, and the young woman was proud of the honor, and Mrs. Logan enjoyed it, too. After dinner they had a long chat together, and for an hour Mrs. Logan sat and talked to the young girl, and they both seemed as happy as school girls.

Mrs. Logan comes to New York very often. She is a striking figure in black, wearing a widow's long veil, and snowy white hair brushed back from her forehead. People look after her in the street, and ask who she is as she passes. Through no longer young in years, she has still a girlish heart, and with her daughter-in-law, and the latter's sister, Miss Andrews, of Youngstown, Ohio, they wander through the shops, picture galleries, and other place of interest, light-hearted and cheerful. Mrs. Logan is always doing something to interest the young people. She is continually getting up pleasant parties, surprises, making gifts, and suggesting new ideas for fancy work. She never tires of helping the girls and boys to have a good time. And when the young people play, no one enjoys it more than she. She is a remarkably sharp business woman. She is a good writer, too, and her literary ventures are prosperous. She is a studious reader of the newspapers and keeps herself well informed about all that is going on, particularly politics. If General Logan had lived his wife would have made him President of the United States.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Spurgeon's Little Prank.
The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to be very fond of puzzling his friends with words which have a double meaning. One Thursday evening, after the usual week-night service, he thus addressed his deacons: "Brethren, I think it much too bad that not a single deacon followed me on the platform in time for the service this evening." The deacons at once began to exonerate themselves. One said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I opened the door for you to go down on to the rostrum and at once followed you," and several others stated that they were close behind the first speaker. Here was a dilemma, the beloved and highly respected pastor saying one thing and the faithful and devoted deacons stating just the contrary. After a few minutes' silence the pastor, with a smile brightening his homely countenance, replied: "I am right in saying not a single deacon followed me, as you are all married."—*London Trib.*

The Burlesque Was a Necessity.
After the members of the quartet, in the disguise of actors, had gone through the usual act, involving discords and other absurdities, they came to the front of the stage, formed in line, put their hands behind their backs, and began a sentimental song, while the actors settled down for a short rest.

Then it was that the country cousin turned to his city relative and said: "Why, they made horrible discords at first."

"Yes," replied the city relative.

"And the actors all made fun of them."

"Yes."

"And the audience laughed at them."

"Yes."

"They made a regular burlesque of the scene."

"Yes."

"But now they are trying to really sing."

"They are trying to."


"If that's what they're here for why was all the horse-play put in?"

"My boy," said the city relative in a fatherly way, "you don't understand some of these modern plays. It was done for two reasons. First, it was necessary in order to lug a quartet in where it didn't belong and so stop the action of the play. Second—and this is the principal reason, my boy—a certain amount of burlesque is necessary to put the audience in a humor to stand the singing. If you went to the theater much you'd understand all this."—*Chicago Tribune.*

- : **JOE** : -

The One Price Clothier

WANTS YOU TO KEEP AN



ON HIS CORNER WINDOW.

ALSO

WATCH FOR CHANGE OF AD NEXT WEEK.

WOULDN'T DOFF HIS HAT.
So the Czar Had Him Unceremoniously Banished from Russia.

Ex-Gov. Andrew G. Curtin tells none of his many anecdotes so well as one illustrating the undemocratic insistence for ceremony upon the part of monarchs and monarchical functionaries, says the Philadelphia *Record*. While minister to Russia Mr. Curtin had an American visitor, a New Yorker, with all the sangfroid of the average American. The New Yorker desired to be presented to the czar, but as no civilians are accorded that distinguished privilege, all that Minister Curtin could do was to offer his compatriot a chance to see his august majesty pass a certain point on his morning ride.

The New Yorker was promptly on hand, waiting by the side of the minister next morning, and the kingly sleigh, with all pomp and ceremony, came gliding by. The czar inclined his head slightly as he noticed the United States minister, who promptly doffed his hat, as all persons are required to in Russia as the czar passes. The New Yorker remained rigidly covered.

"Why did you not remove your hat?"

"Well, I am as good as the czar, and I never take off my hat to any one in token of their superiority," replied the American.

"You'll hear of this before you are much older," I said.

Next day I received a very polite personal note from Prince Gertschakoff asking me to call at the foreign office at my earliest convenience, continued Mr. Curtin. When I called the prince said: "Mr. Curtin, you were on the street yesterday when the czar passed, and it was noticed that Mr. —, who was with you, did not remove his hat. An unintentional mistake on the part of Mr. —, I suppose." I answered: "Prince, I might, I suppose, tell you a diplomatic lie and say that it was a mistake; but I will not. Mr. — kept his hat on from choice." The prince knew as well as I did why my friend had not removed his hat.

The day following my New York friend rushed into my office with an official letter written to him in French, and asked me to read it for him. I looked it over and said: "Well, you have permission to leave this empire at once, and you had better go." "Not much," he answered, "I am an American citizen, and will stay here as long as I like."

That very afternoon a sleigh pulled up in front of the quarters of Mr. — and two gendarmes without saying a word, bundled all his traps into the sleigh and, taking Mr. — of New York, American citizen, etc., in custody, saw him across the frontier and out of Russia.

Prairie dogs are said to be multiplying so fast in some of the western states that there is danger that they will overrun the country.

merely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome. Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I should not wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

This is how Tony sold the rosebuds, and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it.

One diamond company at Kimberley last year made \$5,000,000 profit.
ONLY A DOZ.

But He Sold Flowers for His Young Master While He Lay Sick at Home.

He was only a dog, but a remarkably clever one, says a writer for *Harper's Young People*. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy called Beppo who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog. Now Tony had grown to be a large strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody; I'll stand by you."

But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds.

Having filled his basket, the boy went home again, and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog and said: "Now, Tony, you're the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog, and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put their money into a tin cup in the center of the basket. Now and then when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl

Gentlemen would not use "Blush of Roses" if it was a paint or powder, of course not. It is clear as water, no sediment to fill the pores of the skin. Its mission is to cleanse and purify the complexion of every imperfection, and insures every lady and gentleman a clear, smooth complexion. Sold by O. B. Snyder. Price 75 cents.

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