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A Chinese Curiosity.

"A Chinaman in San Francisco," says gossiper in the Philadelphia Record, 'showed me once an ivory ball as big as your two fists, with six smaller balls inside it. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. The Chinaman said that the balls had been begun by his grandfather and that he was the third generation to work on them. He told me how the work was done.

"It begins with a solid block of ivory, which is turned into a ball and then carved in a latticed pattern with tiny him over, laughed, cracked the whip. saw toothed knives. Through the lattice, with other knives that are beat in various shapes, the second ball is carved, but is kept fast to the first one by a thin strip of ivory left at the top and by another left at the bottom. Then the third ball, with still finer knives, is tackled through the first and second ones, and so the work goes on till all the balls are finished, when the strips that hold them firm are cut away, and they all revolve freely, one inside the other.

"This Chinaman said it was a common thing for families to have such balls for hundreds of years-grandfather, father, son and grandson working on them when they had nothing else to do. They are priceless, of course. Some cheap balls are made of vegetable ivory, being carved while the material is soft, like a potato. These, though, are not worth more than a few dollars at

The Evolution of the Pocket.

The ancient wore a single pouch at his belt. The modern has-how many pockets in an ordinary costume for outdoors? Let us count them: In the trousers five, in the waistcoat five, in the jacket five, in the overcoat five, making 20 in all, a full score of little pokes or bags, and arranged so conveniently that they are scarce noticed.

Truly this is an evolution! How long may it be before we have pockets in our hatbands-where the Irishman carries his pipe, the American soldier his toothbrush and internally the pettifogger his legal papers, the papers that his predecessors in England thrust into the typical "green bag?" How long before there may be pockets in our gloves-for there are, I believe, patents covering this invention-and in our shoes? The cane also, with its screw top, begins to be a useful receptacle.

Two centuries from now, so the man with a long foresight can clearly see, the main idea underlying the wearing of clothes will have entirely changed. The chief purpose of garments will no longer be considered to protect the body. They will be regarded first of all as textile foundations for innumerable pockets.-Tudor Jenks in Woman's

Home Companion.

Took a Mean Advantage. A supernumerary in Richard Mansfield's company who had been, to use a Scotch phrase, continuously and continually "heckled" by the manager at rehearsals and between the acts for alleged displays of stupidity on the stage, was informed that a near relative of his had departed this life and had left him a competence, so he decided to leave the dramatic profession and, to quote him, become respectable. Before leaving he determined to take his revenge on Mansfield for the attacks on his amour propre that gentleman had made.

The play was "Richard III," and the super was one of the soldiers who led away the Duke of Buckingham when the king orders his demise.

In due time Richard remarked, "Off with his head!" and this was the super's opportunity. Advancing, he touched his belmet in the style of a footman and replied loudly and genial-

"That'll be attended to, old chap. We'll take care of old Buck. It'll be all right!" and retired gracefully. When the infuriated Mansfield came off to commit murder, he found the super had fled.-Chicago Chronicle.

Peculiarities of X Rays.

There are many curious things about X rays which seem to puzzle even the scientists. Signor Briguiti, who has been making experiments with them at Rome, says that the visibility of a substance to the eye is no criterion of its visibility to the X rays. The rays cannot see through glass, which is transparent to the eye, whereas aluminium, which is opaque to the eye, is transparent to the X rays. The rays can see a splinter of glass in the hand, but not a splinter of wood. Most inks are transparent to the rays, including printer's ink, but some of them are opaque. The rays can see through a postoffice directory, but if a paper with words written on it be put in the middle of the directory the rays will reveal these words and nothing behind them.

Sometimes.

"Do you subscribe to this statement that a woman ought to look up to her husband?" inquired Mr. Meekton's

"Well, Henrietta," he answered cautiously. "I do think that when there is any picture hanging or anything like that going on in the house it's a man's duty to assume the position of perilous responsibility at the top of the stepladder."-Washington Star.

Eggs and Eggs.

First Actor-It was a case of Greek meeting Greek last night.

Second Actor-How was that? "You know what a bad egg our come-

"Well, he was struck by another just as bad."-Brooklyn Life.

Boorish.

De Vere-That's Miss Winter. Lovely girl, but awfully boorish.

Ponsonby-How do you know? day, and she said that, though she lik- est land, seven-tenths is mountain, d dogs, she didn't care for puppies .-

A Russian gentleman tells a funny stery of his dist encounter with the English language.

The day after his arrival in London be made a call on a friend in Park lane, and on leaving the premises in scribed in his notebook what he supposed to be the correct addre-

The next day, desiring to ; same place again, he called a and pointed to the address that he had written down. The cabman looked and drove away without him.

This experience being repeated with two or three other cabmen, the Russian turned indignantly to the police. with no better results. One officer would laugh, another would tap his head and make a motion imitating the revolution of a wheel.

Finally the poor foreigner gave it up, and, with a great deal of difficulty, recalling the landmarks which he had observed the day before, found his way to his friend's house. Once there, and in company with one who could understand him, he delivered himself of a hot condemnation of the cabmen and the police of London for their impertinence and discourtesy.

His friend asked for a look at the mirth provoking address, and the mystery was solved. This was the

"Ring the bell."

The Russian had with great care copied, character for character, the legend of the gatepost, supposing that it indicated the house and street .-

Mustn't "Own" Their Engines, The railroad engineer who "owns" his engine is not in favor with his superiors. Complaints about trivial mat-

ters are likely to be made against him, and soon he finds himself without a berth. The phrase "owning an engine" does not mean that the engineer has acquired title to his iron horse. The expression is used of a man who has been with a certain engine so long that he becomes a part of it. He knows its every peculiarity, he feels its every protest against a heavy load, and he nurses it and coddles it as if it were his child. He dislikes to run the engine at top speed for fear something will happen to it, and in consequence his train is frequently behind time. He takes a grade at half the rate he should. and he runs cautiously down hill. In a word, he "owns" his engine.

Of course this is all very nice and idyllic, and it is the kind of thing a person likes to read about in stories of the railroad. But plain, practical railroad men look at it differently. They argue that the best engineer is the man who never fails to run his train according to his running time, the man who is never behind and seldom ahead. So it comes about that the engineer who makes a master of that which should be his servant wonders who has a grudge against him. But it isn't a grudge; it's business .- New York Mail

The Cost of a Duke,

and Express.

A correspondent of London M. A. P. tells a story of the Duchess of Montrose, whose beauty is no less renowned than her philanthropy. The scene was a bazaar where the duchess was selling photographs. One old Scotchwoman was very anxious to secure a photograph of the duchess, but the price asked was 5 shillings. The old woman hesitated. She wanted the photograph, but she could not well afford so much. "You can have my husband," said

the duchess, with an amused glance at the duke standing near, "for 2s. 6d." The would be purchaser looked at the duke and then at his photograph contemptuously.

"Half a crown!" she blurted out. "I wouldna give a silver saxpence for him. But," she added insinuatingly, "I am right willing to give hauf a croon for your bonnie sel'."

The duchess was unable to resist this, and herself added the other half crown to the bazaar coffers, or, as another version of the story goes, the despised duke proffered the balance.

The Lost Repeater.

When monsieur-the first 'monsieur at the court of Louis XIV-discovered at his levee that his watch had been stolen, presumably by one of his valets, he finished dressing hastily and, addressing them all, said: "Gentlemen, he watch strikes. Let us separate as quickly as we can." What a tact and finish were here!

The spirit of monsieur was admirably caught by the French gentleman of the time, who, attacked by robbers at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, simply observed, "Sirs, you have opened very early today."-Cornhill.

Caution.

"That confounded life insurance company refused my application for a policy," said Hunker.

"Why, I should think you were a fine risk," replied Spatts. "What made them refuse your application?"

"Well, they found out in some way that I am in the habit of eating mushrooms that I gather myself."-Detroit

Only a Slight Difference. "I hear your son is achieving great

success in his stage career."

"Yes." replied the architect. "I should have thought be would

have entered your profession." "Well, it amounts to the same thing. We both make money by drawing good houses."-Stray Stories.

Careful inquiries made in Polynesian islands, in New Guinea and west Africa indicate that typhoid fever does not occur in those regions, but seems to be a byproduct of civilization.

De Vere-I proposed to her the other A twentieth of Scotland's area is for heath and lake and only one-quarter cultivated land.

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