Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' French Kid hand-turned button $5; regular price .....$ 5.50
Ladies' bright Dongola hand-turned, $4; regular price..... 4.50
Ladies' bright Dongola, flexible sole, button, $3; regular price.. 3.50
Ladies' Curacoa Kid, flexible sole button, $2.50; regular price..... 3.50

Ladies' Curacoa Kid, flexible sole, button, $2; regular price $2.50

Ladies. American Kid, button, $1.50; regular price. $1.75

Ladies. Bright Dongola, hand welt, button, $4; regular price $4.50

Ladies' Pebble Goat, button, at $2.75, $2.50 and $2.25, regular price $3, $2.75 and $2.50.

Ladies' Pebble Grain, button at $2, $1.75 and &1.50, regular price, $2.25, $2 and $1.75.

Special Holiday Prices in Foot Wear, at 612 North 16th Street

Geo. S. Miller's Cash Shoe Store

Remember our goods are made especially for us by the best manufaturies in the United States, and it won't pay you to buy cheap shoddy shoes when you can purchase solid and reliable shoes at the extremely low prices quoted below.

Every Customer Purchasing $2 and Upwards will Receive a Handsome Souvenir.

Gent's Holiday Slippers.

Gents' Plush Chenille Embroidered, opera,				$2.75,	regular price	$ 3.50
"	Velvet	"	"	1.85,	"	2.25
"	"	Silk	"	1.65,	"	2.00
"	"	"	"	1.50,	"	1.75
"	"	"	Everett	1.35,	"	1.75
"	"	"	Opera	1.00,	"	1.25
"	Maroon Goat, Chamoise lined		"	2.00,	"	2.50
"	"	"	"	1.50,	"	1.85
"	Bright Dongola, Dancing, Oxford			2.25,	"	2.75
"	"	"	"	2.00,	"	2.50

Misses' Shoes.

Misses' Kid, Spring Heel, $2; regular price $2.25

Misses' Goat, Spring Heel, $1.85; regular price $2.25

MISSES' GRAIN, SPRING HEEL,
$1.50; regular price $1.75.

CHILD'S GRAIN SCHOOL SHOES,
Sizes 11 to 13 1-2;
$1.35; regular price, $1.75.

CHILD'S GRAIN SCHOOL SHOES,
Sizes 5 to 10 1-2,
$1.15: regular price $1.35.

CHILD'S CRAIN SCHOOL SHOES,
Sizes 5 to 8,
75c; regular price $1.

Try the Douglas

Improved $3 Shoe.

Free from Tacks and Nails,
ALL STYLES JUST RECEIVED

Also a full line of

JAMES MEANS'

$3 and $4 Shoes.

Our Gent's $3.50 machine sewed and $5 hand sewed shoes defy competition.

IN THE FUNNY MAN'S DOMAIN.

Retribution—A Frequent Sight in Modern Cities.

A VERY DESIRABLE PARTNER.

A Psychical Song—No Need for Insurance—Somewhat Ambiguous—A Good Joke on Pa—A Prompt Answer—Jocklets.

Retribution.

Macon Telegraph.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through the sinctum sactum passed
A youth half clad in snow and ice,
Who scorned the placard's bold device:—
SHUT THE DOOR!

The pressman in the cellar dim
At midnight dark discovered him.
Our chief the elevator shaft
Himself had opened to the draft,
Nor heeded there the legend trim:—
SHUT THE DOOR!

There in the gloom all cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
While far above the legend shone,
Close by the sanctum telephone:—
Shut the door!

Fence it in and Charge Admission.

Chicaco News: "Officer, what is that big crowd gathered there on the street for?"

"Lookin' at the strange sight, sir."

"What strange sight?"

"Why, man, there's a whole block of pavement there that hasn't been ripped up for a week."

His Solo.

Perhaps you did not know it,
But I'm an opera singer,
And on my notes and words
I dearly love to li—ing—er.
I'll give you some examples
Of how to them I cling,
And then you'll not deny
That my mission is to sing.

'Twas on a pleasant da-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-a-ay
(That word was meant for day)
That I to one did tell a tale of lo-oo-oo-oo-ove
(That word is "love" they say),
She looked at me and smiled with eyes so brightly gle-ee-ee-ming-ing-ing-ing,
And whispered words so sweet I thought I must be dre-ee-ee-ming-ing-ing-ing-ing,
She said to me: "Oh! Fre-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-e-ed."
(My name, you see, is Fred),
"I'll try-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li—
I declare.
I've been so long about it I've forgotten what she said.

A Powerful Plug.

Landlady—"Really, Mr. Smith, I am so annoyed I know not what to do."

Boarder—"Why, what is the matter?"

Landlady—"There is a rat-hole in my pantry, and, no matter what I stop the hole with, the rat gnaws his way through again. What would you do?"

Boarder—"Well, I don't know; but you might try plugging the hole with one of the breakfast biscuits. Hang me if I believe he will ever be able to gnaw one of them."

She Will Make an Able Partner.

"Tom, I hear that you are engaged to Miss Spidder."

"Yes."

"But you do not intend to marry her?"

"Why not?"

"Is it possible that you have not heard."

"Heard what?"

"That she has, at different times, sued five men for breach of promise?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"And still you intend to marry her?"

"Of course. She won all the suits, and as I am a lawyer I cannot but help admire her skill. She will make me an able partner old boy, and business is so slow with me that I cannot afford to let such an opportunity slip through my fingers."

A Psychical Song.

From the New Comic Opera, The Begum.

When grazing in the future in capacity clairvoyant,
Great marvels I can contemplate in ages yet to be.
Phenomena whose presence now would render you all bouyant;
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
For instance, men of native birth in all police positions,
And aldermen refusing proffered bribes with fiendish glee,
And conscientious jurymen and honest politicians;
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
I see existing amity 'twixt capital and labor,
Monopolists and communists together taking T,
And every European pow'r hobnobbing with its neighbor,
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
All parvenus will look upon their neighbors as their equals,
An erudite attorney will accept a mod'rate fee,
And there will be no wedding with divorces for their sequels,
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
I see, methinks, the millionaire do good in manner stealthy,
Embezzlers who have cash not given leave to go scot free,
Young damsels who will not prefer the suitors who are wealthy,
But sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
The circus clowns and minstrel men will some novel jests offer,
While woman will not wear her hair as short as short can be,
And sometimes will say, "Thank you," when a street-car seat you proffer,
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
A race of honest tradesmen to our many wants will cater,
Acquaintances will never want to borrow "say a V.",
And one to keep from famine need not always "tip" the waiter,
But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.
Our incomes will be longer, and our monthly bills be shorter,
Obliging friends will laugh when one relates a je d esprit,
When riding in the sleeping car you need not fee the porter,
But, recollect, these marvels I refuse to guarantee.

No Need For Future Insurance.

Insurance Agent—If you insure in our company you will get your money back in your old age, when you need it. You will have a good income when you are aged.

His Victim—I shan't need it. I am sure of a good income in my old age. My business assures it!

Insurance Agent—Why, what do you do?

His Victim—I am a magazine writer. I am not paid for my articles until after their publication. My old age is all fixed. What I want is a present income.

As One.

Now in the parlor meet the pair
When the golden day is done,
Two forms with but one rocking chair,
Two hearts that beat as one.

The Girl of the Period.

I met a girl of the .
And gently took her
I thought I'd pop the
But didn't have the s&.
And then I met another I,
And strove to catch her I;
But when I tried one fond em—
She knocked me into pie.

He Got a Prompt Answer.

Church was over, and as usual a company of women were standing about the doorway talking and laughing, though probably not concerning the sermon.

Soon a young man acquainted with the group approached, saying:

"Aren't you going home? You are blocking up the way like Balaam's ass."

"You are wrong there," replied a young lady with a toss of her head. "It was the angels who blocked the way and the ass made the fuss about it."

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Brass-mounted—A lawyer 'riding horseback.

It is a difficult thing to convince a hog against his swill.

There are four "g's" in eggnogg, besides a lot of other ingredients.

When the baker makes his morning rounds the roll call is in order.

There is a vast difference between drinking amiss and missing a drink.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but it is not its regular business.

This is the season when bartenders make things hot for their customers.

The majority of people are most generous when they have nothing to give.

The "Last of the Mohicans"—the one on which they built their moccasins.

There is a big difference between getting on well in life and getting well on in life.

The hardest train in the world to catch is a train of gunpowder—after it gets started.

This being the fiftieth congress, it will be expected to exL all others in wisdom and discretion.

The average waiter feels insulted if offered only a dime as a fee—but he generally pockets the insult.

Pittsburg, Pa., has a barber who talks through his nose, and this enables his mouth to snatch a little rest.

"Man wants but little here below," doesn't apply to the man who goes down the cellar to look at your gas metre.

As between the dude and his cane at this writing, the cane seems to have a trifle the best of it in the matter of head.

An ounce of lead isn't so very heavy, but it depends a good deal how it strikes you whether you can carry it or not.

A Newport man has been wearing an idea of a new patent boot in his head so long that he now has a corn on his mind.

It is said that Gerster's voice has losts its color. If voice has color we wish the cat next door would have hers dyed.

When two Chinamen meet they say "Chin-chin." When congress meets it doesn't say "Chin-chin," but that is what it does.

Mr. Cleveland is in favor of free wool, but Mr. Lincoln was ahead of him on this point, as the emancipation proclamation shows.

There is one thing to be said for the brass band. It never hangs back and blushes and protests incompetency when asked to play.

Now is the time to lay in a goodly stock of Chicago footwear for suspension from the mantel-piece the night before Christmas.

"Were there any poets among the antediluvians?" a writer asks. There must have been or there wouldn't have been any flood.

Mr. Bonner has ruined his fine reputation as a business man by selling the Ledger to his sons for $3. He ought to have got more for it.

Miss Jones—Are you fond of grapes Mr. Sissy? Mr. Sissy—Oh, mercy! I never eat them. They're so intoxicating, don't-cher-know.

The difference between the sun and a man's nose is the center of the solar system and the other is the scenter of the human system.

One is a shining mark and the other a whining shark. This is the difference between a hotel bootblack and a gold brick swindler.

The gentleman so often spoken of in novels who rivited people with his gaze has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

A South Carolina paper tells of a farmer in that state who has been at the plough for sixty-eight years. It is time to call the old man to dinner.

Men talk of it being hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man can to-day buy a locomotive for $9,000 which would have cost him $30,000 twenty years ago.

A young man, obliged to invent instantly some excuse for a long golden hair on his coat sleeve, stammered out that he "s-sat next to the b b-butter at dinner."

A clerk who was snowed up in a train during a severe storm telegraphed to his firm in the city: "I shall not be in the office to-day, as I have not got home yesterday yet."

"How it all comes back to me," murmured the poet sadly as with practiced fingers he estimated the thickness of the portly package of MSS. which he had just taken from the postoffice.

A high school girl desires to be informed what the "wheat pit" is. She is well acquainted with peach pits, but she says if she hadn't seen it in the paper she wouldn't have known that wheat had any pits.

"Why, Pat, for heaven's sake what's the matter?" "Well, sorr, I swallied a pertater bug, and although, sorr, I took some parrus green widin five minutes after ter kill th' baste, still he's just raisin' th' devil inside o' me, sorr."

Gus Snobberly (who has prolonged his evening call until nearly midnight)—"Parroths are very amuthing cweetures, Miss Bondclipper, and very sagacious. I thaw one at a lady's house one day, and he thaid: 'Big fool, go home, go home!'" "Well, and did you go?"

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this!" snapped a young lady at a conductor of an overcrowded street car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," was the reply. And the young lady hung on to the strap and rode four miles further with the smile of an angel.

"My young friend," he said in solemn tones, "why do you drink that accursed stuff?" "To warm me up," replied his young friend. "There is nothing like a drink of good whisky, sir, in cold weather." "But don't you know that this effect is only transitory, that it soons passes away?" "Yes, sir; but as soon as it does I take another drink."

BRIGHT LITTLE FOLKS.

On seeing a house being whitewashed a small boy of three wanted to know if it was going to be shaved.

On the way he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?" "Why, yes, Eddie, I suppose he does," was the hesitating answer. Eddie, after a moment's thought: "Well, if he got a good sniff of one once, I'll bet he'd never make another."

A little four-year boy was standing at the window watching the rain, which, much to his disgust, kept him in the house. Turning to his mother, with puckering brows, he said: "I guess God took a drink and forgot to turn the water off."

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years. Silence for two minutes. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spankin' hereditary?"

A little Boston maiden was taken by her mother to call on a friend and showed into the nursery. "Mamma," said the little Atheman, disdainfully, "I don't think much of that baby; do you?" "Why surely," replied the astonished mother "don't you think it is a pretty little thing?" "Pretty enough; but it doesn't eat with a fork."

Little Nellie (aged 3): "Papa, why don't mamma tum to breffast?" Papa: "Why, my dear, don't you know the doctor brought you a new baby brother?" Little Nellie: "Well, why don't it tum to breffast?" Papa: "Wy, it hasn't any teeth to eat with yet." Little Nellie (after deliberating awhile): "Well, papa, I wish you would tell the doctor to take it back and finish it."

Little Mary M., aged two and one-half sunny years, is learning to talk and picks up everything she hears. A few days ago Judge B. called on Mary's papa, but took no notice of the little one playing about the room. The judge is wordy and pompous, but little Mary was not a bit afraid of him, and edged herself up to his knee, where she stood regarding him with critical eyes. Pretty soon there was a pause in the conversation, when the baby asked gravely in her high treble voice: "Jub, did 'oo ever dit left?"

"There is a little four year old niece of mine who was a babe in arms when we were living side by side on Swampscott Highland. She had been prepared for bed one night and was asked to say her prayers, and she said: "I shan't say them any more; God knows them well enough by this time." "And afterwards when her mother was about to turn off the gas and leave the room the child said: "I don't want to be left alone in the dark.' "You won't be alone, dear, God will be with you dear,' said the mother. "Well, I don't care for him, I'd rather have one of my family."'

After the mid-day meal was over little Ethel was observed with her head hung down and her hands clasped, motionless in her place.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "don't you know dinner's over now?"

"Don't talk, ma," said Ethel. "I'm a praying to God for more puddin."

She got it.

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

A JOLLY TIME WITH GYPSIES

Interesting Details Concerning Their Mode of Life and General Habits.

HOW GYPSIES MAKE A LIVING

Evening by the Camp Fires—Summering in Woods and Wintering in Cities—A Queer Old Fortune Teller.

New York Herald: "We're gypsies, and my name is John Jasper. We make a living the same way as you make yours—by working. But come in and sit down by the fire, and if you feel too hot you can take off your shoes and stockings and your coat and vest, and as much more of your clothes as you like, and you'll be as comfortable as a king."

Noticing that the gypsy's feet were as hard as iron, and knowing that his own were tender and not free from corns, the stranger contented himself with removing his overcoat, and then entered the clearing and followed his guide into the largest and most commodious tent, at a few yards from which a large wood fire was blazing. The women and children would fain have followed him, but the gaunt patriarch sternly bade them go to their own wagons and tents, and not importune the stranger by their babble or looks.

"We're queer folks, master," he began, as he thrust a piece of tobacco into his mouth and nibbled pensively at a long straw, "but we're not as black as we're painted. We don't steal chickens, nor children, and if we do sometimes make a little money by trading horses we make it as honestly as we can, and don't cheat except when we're afraid of being cheated. Sometimes we're dead stuck. I gave a good gray mare and $25 for a splendid-looking black horse last week, and, blow me if the infernal animal didn't turn out to be a balker and a biter. I've got him still, and I'll sell him cheap—that is, I don't expect much profit on him. Of course I can't afford to lose on him."

"So you and your companions make your living mainly by trading horses?"

"Not altogether. We buy and sell other articles as well, and, besides, some of our women earn money by fortune-telling. You must have your fortune told before you go."

HOMELESS, YET HAPPY.

"Do any of your people ever leave you and go to live in towns and cities?"

"Not in the sense you mean, mister. Once a gypsy always a gypsy. But you'll find gypsies in the cities just as often as you will in the woods. When winter comes gypsies must live like other folks, and when they've got a trifle of money together they're just as likely to buy houses and land with it as they are to invest it in any other way. But, though they may go to live in the city they remain gypsies to their lives' end and love the gypsies' life better than that of city folks."

"But how about their children? Do they remain in the cities or join their fathers' tribes?"

"There's no fixed rule. Very rich gypsies spend a mint of money on their children's education and it's only natural that such children should not care to live like gypsies. Still, many of them do come back to their fathers' tribes and live and die with them. I have two daughters in a convent now, and when their education is finished I will let them choose between living with me here or with an old aunt of theirs who has half a dozen good houses in Newark. They're gypsies to the backbone so I suppose they'll spend their lives wandering, like their forefathers."

"You are a Roman Catholic, then?"

"No, mister, I'm not, but my wife was, and the children take after her! I come from the New Forest, in England, and my wife from Yorkshire. There's hardly a town or village in Grea Britain that she and I haven't tramped through. We did our best for the children, as indeed all gypsies do, and, when poor Mary died eight years ago in a Connecticut village, I sent the children to school and paid handsomely for them ever since. Not that I'm rich, for I have no home—very few gypsies have—but I've some money saved, and I'm streng and healthy, and I can pitch my tent almost anywhere I please, so I'm perfectly happy and contented, and ready to go to the next world when my time comes."

HE GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

A bevy of ragged little boys and girls and a few gorgeously attired dusky maidens, who had been strolling and collecting firewood at some distance, had gradually crept quite close, and John Jasper relapsed into silence and chewed his straw more vigorously than ever. The stranger, who, by the way, was a Herald reporter, thought it would be advisable to have his fortune told, so he beckoned to the children, and as they bore down on him like an avalanche he told them what he wanted, and straightway with one accord they shouted to him to follow them, and he obeyed and was conducted into the presence of the grimmest, leanest, wildest-eyed old woman it has ever been his good or evil fortune to meet.

She was seated on the shaft of a huge canopied wagon, not far from a fire, and was busily working her toothless jaws on the breast bone of an ancient fowl. Her feet and arms were bare, and her head-gear was a scarlet handkerchief, which was knotted under her chin. Her lean body was partially protected from the night dew by a loose calico wrapper. She was blear-eyed, wrinkled, and might have been any age from seventy to 150. Her accent was rough and imperious, and she had none of that wheedling manner which her younger sisters love to cultivate.

As she told the reporter his fortune, the fee for this service being a silver coin which she thrust hastily into a canvas bag that hung around her neck, her attitude and demeanor were strangely solemn, and the passion and earnestness which she threw into her utterances would have done credit to the wiliest and wariest soothsayer of old Hellas.

Not that the utterances themselves were at all monotonous. They were merely the hackneyed gabble of an old gypsy woman, who had filled her canvas bag many times during her life by repeating them for the edification of trustful strangers like the one before her. Of course, the old dame was too sagacious to prophesy unmixed blessings. She assured the stranger that many dangers and troubles would beset him during his life, but that he would conquer them all, and after a joyous married life die in the odor of sanctity, surrounded by numerous olive branches and happy in the knowledge that he was leaving a handsome heritage to his descendants.

The exact nature of the dangers and troubles she did not discant upon, though she hinted darkly at drowning, a lawsuit, a quarrel with a wealthy rival, and a bite of a mad dog. The entire performance lasted twenty minutes. When it was over the ancient prophetess sank back exhausted, and her visitor returned to John Jasper's fire.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Prayer books are taking the place of bridal bouquets.

Maud Harrison, the actress, it is said, will shortly marry a rich young man of Chicago.

Berry Wall is to marry a Washington belle who, it may be assumed, has more dresses than sense.

Mary Crosby, of Wilmington, Del., has been married seven times. She seems to be a Mary-go-round.

Marriageable young girls in Kansas make it a point to take up a land claim as the first step toward securing a husband.

Brander Mathews married one of Lydia Thompson's dashing blondes, which was the beginning of his interest in the drama.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

A. B. Meacham and Lizzie Dunbar, of Maitland's Comedy company, were recently married during a performance at the opera house, Virginia, Ill.

The New York World states that Miss Virginia Dreher, of Daly's company, will be married in January to Mr. Postlethwaite, of Philadelphia.

Fashionable society in San Francisco has been shocked by young Joseph Oliver, one of the richest of the new generation in that city, marrying his sister's governess.

Ministers are so scarce in Idaho that they have to be imported in many cases where people wish to get married. Trains are stopped that they may be searched for ministers.

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for traveling suit)—Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara? Bridesmaid (envious)—A little at first, dear, but not after George had said "yes."

"Dear George," said a young woman, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water." "Well," said the enthusiastic George, "you furnish the bread and I'll skirmish 'round and find the water."

In the church at Pont Aven near Concarneau, in France, there is a statue of St. Christopher. The wooden base is pine-eaten. The girls stick pins in it and if these hold, it is regarded as sure evidence of speedy marriage.

Hon. Ezra B. Taylor who represents Garfield's old district in congress, was quietly married to Miss Eunice L. Bosworth, of Lexington, Ky., last Friday. It is said that the couple were lovers in their youth but a quarrel separated them.

A lady teacher of music in Ontairo county inserted her professional card in one of the county newspapers. It was seen by an old lover in Chicago, who at once hunted her up, explained his absence of a quarter of a century, and married her. It pays to advertise.

Sam A. Rose of Ashland, Wis., commenced suit a few days ago for divorce. His attorney went to Chicago to serve the papers on Mrs. Rose and was surprised to learn that she secured a divorce over a year ago without the knowledge of her husband and has again married.

A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, "I think he is the one to be congratulated."

Some people were talking about a young married couple who recently solved the problem of unhappiness by a divorce. "How fortunate that they married," remarked an old club cynic. "How so?" replied a lady. "Why, if they had not and had married separately, they might have made four people unhappy instead of two."

What Glass Eyes Cost.

Jewelers' Weekly: The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better than hitherto. A common glass eye may be had for $10, but they are not a good imitation and do not last long. A first-class eye costs $50, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions of the hollow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and the roughness irritates the flesh. If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale by the gross, he could get them for about $3 apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to match his other eye in size, color, and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country. A skillful oculist can put a glass eye into the cavity so that very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculist has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes. There is quite a large number of people with glass eyes, say 1 in 400.

B. NEWMAN & COMPANY,

1216 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA, NEB.

SUITS.

FORMERLY	$ 7.50,	NOW	$ 5.65
"	10.00,	"	7.50
"	12.00,	"	9.00
"	15.00,	"	11.25
"	16.00,	"	12.00
"	18.00,	"	13.50
"	20.00,	"	15.00
"	22.00,	"	16.50
"	24.00,	"	18.00

And up as high as you want at a discount of 25 per cent.

On Account of Our Removal and Change in Business, We are Offering Our Entire Stock of
CLOTHING FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,
—AND—
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC., Etc.,
—AT A—
Reduction of 25 Per Cent on Our Plain Marked Figures. Call and See Our Stock.
We will give you the very best bargains in this western country.

OVERCOATS.

FORMERLY	$5.00	NOW	$3.75
"	7.50	"	5.65
"	10.00	"	7.50
"	12.00	"	9.00
"	16.00	"	12.00
"	20.00	"	15.00
"	25.00	"	18.75
"	30.00	"	22.50
"	35.00	"	26.25

And a great many other styles at a discount of 25 Per Cent.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES and STRICTLY ONE PRICE TO ALL