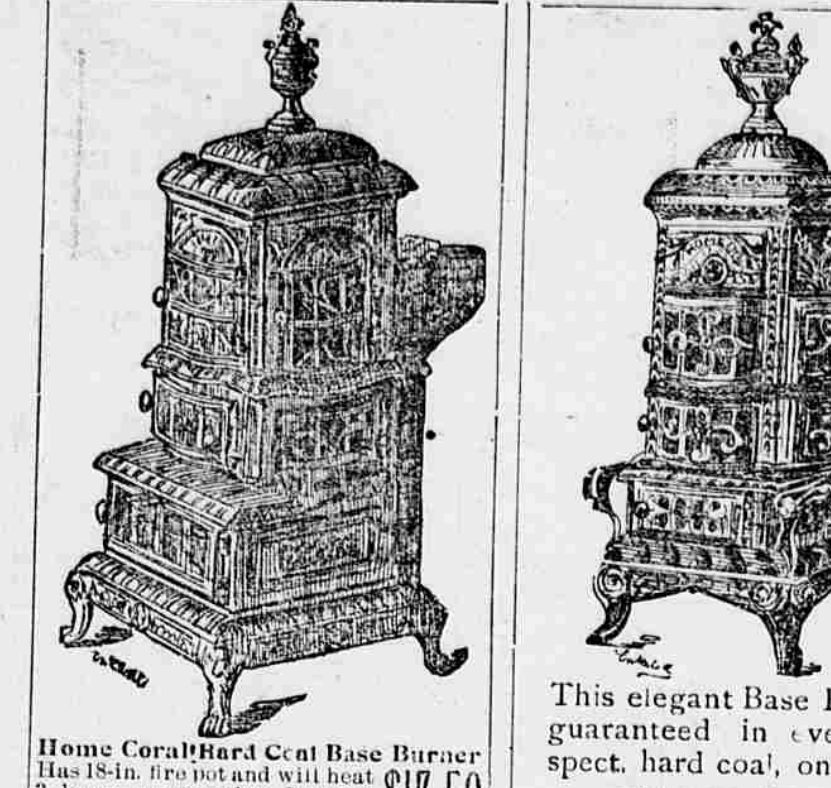
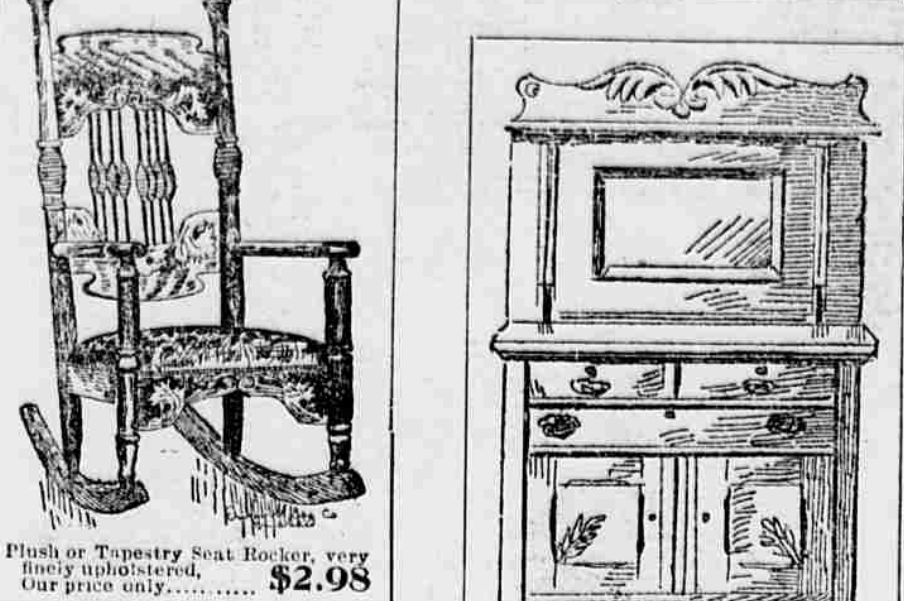


PEOPLES FURNITURE & CARPET CO. 1315-17 FARNAM STR.

PRICE LIST OF BARGAINS For This Week.

- Chamber suits, worth \$25.00, now on sale at \$14.75
Kitchen Chairs, worth \$1.50, now on sale at 28c
Wardrobes, worth \$12.45, now on sale at \$6.45
Bedsteads, worth \$2.50, now on sale at \$1.50
Springs, worth \$2.00, now on sale at 98c
Mattresses, worth \$4.00, now on sale at \$2.00
Kitchen tables, worth \$1.50, now on sale at 90c
Kitchen Safes, worth \$6.00, now on sale at \$3.26
Extension Tables, worth \$13.00, now on sale at \$6.85
Folding Beds, worth \$13.50, now on sale at \$6.86
Cheffoniers, worth \$18.00, now on sale at \$9.50
Bookcases, worth \$10.00, now on sale at \$4.75
Reed Rockers, worth \$4.50, now on sale at \$2.25
Mantle Folding Beds, worth \$20.00, now on sale at \$12.75



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Cash or Easy Payments. Holiday Presents--

We have in stock thousands of useful articles suitable for Holiday Presents, which we will sell on our usual easy terms. Before buying examine our stock.

Special Prices ON Carpets for This Week.

- Velvet Carpet, worth \$1.25, now on sale at 75c
Body Brussels, worth \$1.25, now on sale at 80c
Tapestry Brussels, worth \$1.00, now on sale at 49c
Ingrain Carpet, worth 75c, now on sale at 39c
Stair Carpet, worth 40c, now on sale at 19c

Out-of-Town Customers: Send for cuts--mailed free, upon application.

OUR TERMS Are Very Easy-- Cash or Monthly or Weekly Payments.

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THE SUBSTITUTE.

A FOOT BALL STORY. By Walter Camp.

CHAPTER IX. THE NEXT DAYS slipped by so quickly that I felt I hardly had time to learn the signals, much less perfect myself on the plays. Willis had taken a little turn each day at the practice, and Thursday afternoon he had played twenty minutes.

gives the ball a quick twist in his hands, drops it, and his foot catches it neatly--like, to be sure, but a quarter after the heads of Warner and Miller who have at last broken through, and goes straight at the goal. It hits the cross bar and bounds up, then falls, but on the inside bar, and we are saved.



"IT WAS IN MY ARMS AND I WAS SLIDING FORWARD."

They are at the 30-yard line. Again our men make a desperate stand and finally secure the ball on four downs. Now we shall have a chance. First Langton, then Warner, then Brewster twice, and each makes a good gain.

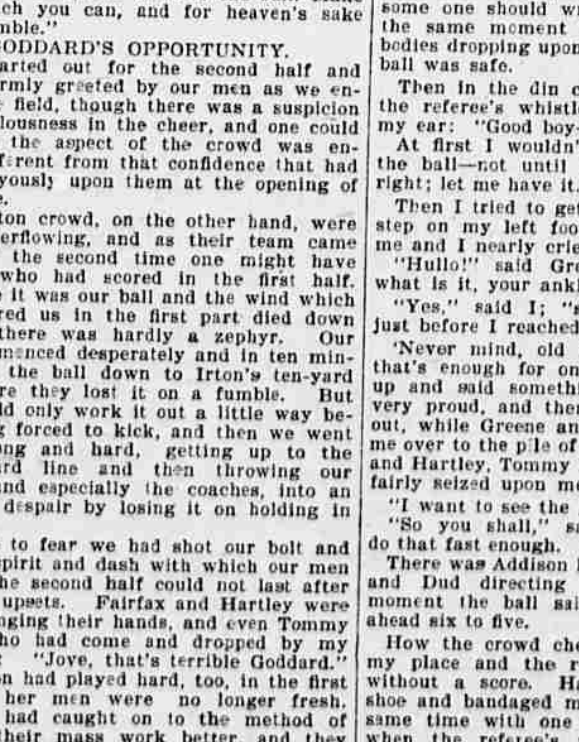
minute. I hope time is nearly up; it must be! There is a dropping back for another try. Our men know what's coming, and how they eye him! The ball is snapped. Dudley and Warner fairly tear their opponents out of the way and dash madly down at Armitage. But the ball is well ahead of them. Warner is on their shoulders, and Armitage carries it steadily and sure it flies on over the bar and between the posts.



"IT WAS IN MY ARMS AND I WAS SLIDING FORWARD."

some holding in the line, or perhaps Warner hit the ball. The umpire will call them back. But there sit all our coaches, the very picture of despair--there is our crowd--dead and gray in the shadow--and there are our men, numb like myself, and trying nevertheless to get up to the center of the field for another kick-off.

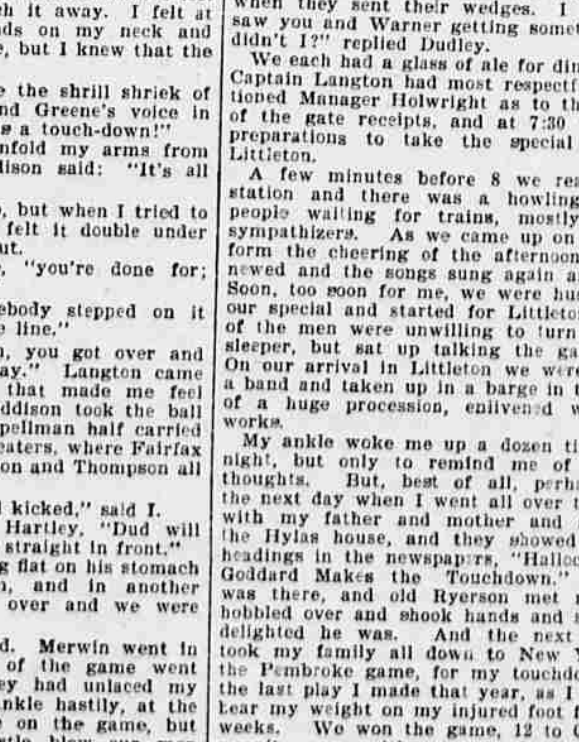
fore. When Thompson said to you that he wanted you to be like a brick wall when they reached your fifteen-yard line, he didn't mean that you were to give them to that line before you began to play. The ends and backs are doing their work all right, but it's the five center men who are not playing correctly. You guards simply stand around and do nothing, and you tackle meet the interference as though you were afraid of soiling your clothes!



"IT WAS IN MY ARMS AND I WAS SLIDING FORWARD."

Then I tried to get up, but when I tried to step on my left foot I felt it double under me and I nearly cried out. "Hullo! I saw Greene," "you're done for, what is it, your ankle?" "Yes," said I; "somebody stepped on it just before I reached the line."

forward. As I did so I saw Armitage stoop a little and add some low and dragged him forward a step on catching it. As he let it go to his foot I made my last effort and as I jumped up before his right foot formed the kick he squarely hit me in the chest and I knew it was the ball. It shot back over Armitage's head and I dashed madly after it. I was ahead of everybody--I knew that--I knew also that I must fall on the ball; that to try to pick it up might mean to lose it. I remembered so much of my training. It was coming down in front of me and twenty yards from my goal, but I saw that it was sliding forward when I felt something crush my left ankle as though an iron weight had dropped on it and rolled over me. My neck and bodies dropping upon it, but I knew that the ball was safe.



"IT WAS IN MY ARMS AND I WAS SLIDING FORWARD."

Then I tried to get up, but when I tried to step on my left foot I felt it double under me and I nearly cried out. "Hullo! I saw Greene," "you're done for, what is it, your ankle?" "Yes," said I; "somebody stepped on it just before I reached the line."

with me after that," he was finally content to say. My sister squeezed my hand all the way and when we finally reached the quarters I noticed that she was eager to stay until I should get dressed. Finally, however, they drove away and I was left alone in the dining room and after some hot treatment I rebandaged my ankle, and with a crutch I found I could hobble around quite well. And what a jolly crowd we were at dinner! It was such fun and so flattering for a freshman to be made much of that I think my head was a little turned.