# JACKETS

MOMORROW we have arranged a special spread on Jackets---such vast quan-I tities of Jackets---such huge arrays of styles in Jackets---such low prices on Jackets as have never been known in the west before. The Jackets we mention here and those we've left unmentioned are being sold at as close a margin as it is possible to make---while many of them are being sold in regulation cloak houses at double our prices. Your Jacket opportunity is tomorrow at the State.

## Ladies' Lackets

Jackers	
Ladies' black Beaver Jacket	1 90
Indies' black Beaver Jacket	2 90
Ladies' Navy Blue Cheviot	3 50
Ladies' Navy Blue Cheviot Jacket Ladies' heavy black Beaver	5 00
Inches Tan Irish Proige	6 75
Jacket Ladies' Brown Irish Frieze	7 50
Jacket Ladies' mixed red and black heavy Cheviot	8 2
Jacket	8 2
Ladies' extra quality Irish Frieze, lined	8 7
Ladies' black Persian Lamb cieth, lined throughout, Jacket	10 00
Ladies' black Kersey, velvet collar Jacket	10 0
. is a construction of the	10 0
Jacket Ladies' heavy Boucle, trimmed with marcin	12 5
fur Ladies' black heavy Kersey, lined throughout, Jacket.	13 5
Ladies' very handsome black Kersey Jack- ets different styles, all lined	15 0
Ladies' handsome green and brown Kersey Jackets-plain and trimmed	15 0
Ladies' handsome green and brown Kersey Jackets-plain and trimmed Ladies' handsome green and brown Kersey	16 0
Jackets-plain and trimmed.  Ludies' handsome green and brown Kersey	18 0
Jackets plain and trimmed	40 U

### Child's Jackets

In ages 4 to 12	
nild's Brown and Black Satinette	\$1 6
hild's better grade Black Satinette Jackets	29
niid's Navy Blus Ladies' Cloth, and a Mixed Goods Jacket	29
alld's all Wool, Brown and Tan mixed Goods, large Collar Jackets	3 5
hild's all Wool, Brown and Tan mixed goods, large collar Jackets	4 0
hild's boucle, blue, large collar, trimmed with buttons	5 0
hild's heavy boncle, black and green and black and red, at	5 2

## Misses' Jackets

THILDED ORGING			
Ages 14, 16, 18.			
Misses' Satinette tan, brown, red and black Jackets	2	50	
Misses' Navy Blue Cheviot Jackets, with Velvet Collars	4	75	
Misses' heavy black boucle Jackets	5	00	
Misses' brown Irish Frieze and all wool blue and green mixed goods Jackets	5	75	1
Misses' tan English Melton and Novelty mixed goods Jackets	5	75	
Misses' boucle cloth green and black Jackets	6	00	
Misses' Mixed Boucle Jackets, black and tan, all wool mixed goods, cheviots, in red and black, all lined throughout	7	50	
Misses' Boucle blue and black Silk Lined Jackets	8	50	

Misses' heavy Boucle, blue and black Silk Lined Jackets.....

## Baby's Cloaks

Bables' Short Cloak, in elderdown, trim- med in fur, all colors	1 50
Bables' Ladies' Cloth Clorks, trimmed in braid and buttons, large collars	2 50
Bables' Ladies' Cloth Cloaks, trimmed in brair and buttons, large collars,	3 00
Bables' boucle cloth, all colors, trimmed in fur	2 75
Bables' boucle cloth, all colors, trimmed in fur	4 25
Bables' Lamb's Wool Cloaks, in tans and reds, trimmed in white Persian fur	3 75

### Skirts from \$1.25 up to \$20

Suits in nice new styles—

tailor made, blacks, navy blues 10 00 and fancy mixed goods.

## THE STATE Jackets

#### Cpen until 6:30 Saturday untii

## 10 O'clock. un and and and

CUT OF 50 PER CENT

Sideboard\_vale ...... .. 825.00

Leather Seat Rocker-value, \$6.00

50 per cent discount..... 3.00-

50 per cent discount..... 7.00\_

50 per cent discount..... 6.00-Child's Crib\_value...... \$6.00

50 per cent discount..... 3.00-

50 per cent discount...... 10,00-Red Room Sult-value......\$25.00

50 per cent discount ..... 12.50\_

Woven Wire Spring\_value.. \$2.00 50 per cent discount...... 1.00\_

All Wool Ingrain\_value....

334 per cent discount.....

335 per cent discount.....

33 per cent discount.....

Velvets\_value ............\$ 1.25 335 per cent discount...... .42

CUT OF 331-3 PER CENT-

Cane Scat Chair\_value..... \$1.50

50 per cent discount..... 12.50...

# Monday.

0.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.000 A CLOUD BURST.

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINT.

"Mary, Mary, come out here quick!"

The door that led from the sitting room of the cottage to the broad veranda swung sharply on its hinges and a weary looking woman stepped out beside a chair, wherein a man was sitting, propped by pillows and blankets and muffled closely with scarfs and handkerchiefs. "What is it, William?" she asked, in a

voice full of gentle concern. "Look," said he, and he raised a mittened hand to point toward the not very distant

In the fenced inclosure a lively and not altogether assuring scramble was being enacted. A wiry young fellow, whose curly brown hair was rumpled and lightly blowing in the crisp breezes of the fall was mounted on a young and flery mustang The pony was bareback, except for a single strap that was girded about him, while his head was quite unfettered by bridle, strap, or even a bit of rope. The boy was clinging like a leech, with his legs, muscular legs, and was lying low on the animal's back the better to grip the encircling strap with however, the mustang promised to rout him shortly, for he threshed, reared, kicked. leaped in the air, bucked and otherwise lerked himself forward and back, up and down round and about. Fortunately was immature, hardly more than a wellgrown colt, with less endurance than his rider had, and was therefore soon weary.
In the same corral was a yearling bull, whose horns were just beginning to make themselves felt and whose voice was assuming a roar in place of the bellow of a calf.

He stood in a corner, as if at bay, with ap parent scorn in his pose. At length the pony, beaten and conquered, raced around the corral in an effort to run away. bull, with his young, imitation roar, came prancing from his place and kicked his els as high as he found it possible and

The boy evidently chose to consider the attitude of the bull as one of challenge, for



TRAVELING PICK-A-BACK.

he suddenly slipped from the horse's back and quite as quickly leaped astride that of scornful calf. "Hi! Yi!" he yelled in The animal, astonished, an awful voice and jumped, buckled, cavorted, gyrated and finally tore about the place in a mad career, enraged and terri-

Bed Gracious! William, why don't you call and make him stop! His neck will surely be broken," said the woman who stood on the porch, aghaet at the antice pointed out by her husband.

and Harold-why the lad can ride anything that wears hair, so don't you worry."
A year before Mr. Minton had slipped from a load of hay and the wheel of the wagon had crushed his arm, his ribs and the calf of his leg. He had only survived because of his steel-like constitution, and he used to say, "I'd be as well as ever in a month or so, if we had the money to pay for a couple of operations." Then his face would light with a cheerful, irresistible smile while he added: "You'll see

smile while he added: "You'll see me yet hoppin about livelier than a cricket in a hot skillet." But now he was almost helpless Double duties descended on the shoulders his mother, of Harold and found that a foot-hill farm in California

and muscle that three or more people should spare. OFF FOR AUNT HILDA'S.

The pair of animais, standing side by Harold with much respect and consternation in their wide-open eyes, seemed to give the ground by turning a "cart wheel," house singing a careless song and slapping his hands against his legs as he walked. "Harold, you haven't forgotten that you've got to bring Elfie home today, my lad?" isked the father, as the boy approached.

better be starting, I guess, if e short, you know.' Yes, I'm going to start right off. I only ish the pony was safe to ride or Selim

"Oh, you don't mind the walk," said the

mother.
"Not a bit—whoopee!" shouted Harold.
He shied his hat in the air, jumping to
catch it as it fell. "Goodbye," he added,
"I'm off," which he was, with a skip and
a run. He presently halted and hollered: "Any word to send to Bill and his wife?"
"No." his mother called in reply. " couldn't take the time to climb the hill.

"Bill's" other name was Tubbins, but Miner Bill" was what he was called, even after he married and brought his wife to its "claim." They lived in a cabin, which almost capped the hill that rose at the rear of the Minton farm. Below their place the "Gray Stone" canyon formed a gorge through the mountains, up and through which travelers passed to gain the summit. Into this young Harold plunged, gaily singing, imitating the cry of the late magpies and striding up the sharp declivity with long and swinging store.

ong and swinging steps.

About a mile or more it was up to the summit and then a distance of four or five mere to the mining town of Yellow Bank, where little "Effe" Minton, as Harold's wee ister was called, was visiting her Aunt The afternoon was a little advanced when the boy arrived. Over the hills in the west a few dark clouds were rolling up, but they seemed to be a long way off and harmless. When lunch was over Harold and Elfie started home.

Too bad your horse is lame," Aunt Hilda said, as she watched them start.

"We never tare, do we Hay-al," lisped didn't know. I'm all right—take care of the She was 6 years old, but had never yet mastered the English pronunciation.
"No, we don't," said the boy; and then to his aunt, "Elfie likes to tramp for a couple of miles and then I'll pack her on my

"I yike to yide on Hay-al," the little girl announced, and then said goodbye. She clutched a pair of the long, brown fingers of joy that she had to tell.

mile.

"I guess, little gal," said the boy as he glanced toward the west, "we'll have to hurry or the rain will catch us." He swung the youngster up till she sat astride of his neck and could grip her fists full of his hair; then he caught both of her feet in his Harold was out in the midst of a cloud-"I guess, little gal," said the boy as he

As they gained the crest of the first range of hill a streak of lightning illuminated the firmament, which was now a sky of bluish black; the distant rumble of thunder echoed from the garge and a gust of wind stirred of rain that gushed from the sky and slopes. "Hang on hard," said Harold, in a quick. young Harold was thrown, firm voice, "we've got to run!" Up the hill For a second he was up

he swung at a "dog trot," avoiding the rocks, bushes and stumps, with which the countains were sprinkled, making rapid progress toward the head of Gray Stone

rumbling sounds had quickly approached, the flashes were brighter, the huge trem-bling drops began to fall. As they neared the summit the downpour increased. The ground was fast becoming wet and slippery Burdened as he was, young Minton had to struggle for every foot he gained. "No use." he muttered at last, "we never can make it-wouldn't be safe to try. We've got to feich up at Billy's cabin, if we can.

with the huge, low-sweeping masses of running water undermined his footing; he earth-colored clouds, and hardly heeded a running water undermined his footing; he fell on his back and slid with terrifying Into this battling, surging,

> For a second he was under the surface, then he arose and fought for his life. Downward he went, like a cork in the rapids, for his skill at awimming and his coolness in danger were unsurpassed. Hurled furiously along, young Minton saw to the left, ahead, an alder, growing near the tor rent's edge. With a mighty lunge and fort he threw himself toward the bank. swiftly was he floating that he reached the alder almost instantly, and gripping a branch with a giant hold he stayed his ter

> Tug and haul as he would Harold was was still unable to drag himself out of th furious, eddying current. The waters ros about him rapidly and soon were swirling



SIEZING THE ALDER

Up the steep slope he faced and began resolutely to force his way. The storm was growing dangerous. Clinging in desperation to his hair, the little one had ceased her hatter, but was bravely choking back her

Panting and striving to keep his foothold, Harold toiled like an engine on a difficult grade. With remarkable speed, in spits of many a backward slide, he hantened on. To the cabin they came at last, wet and dripping, to be taken by "Billy" and his wife with the gradient of care and his wife, with the greatest of care and kindness. "Just make yourself to hum," said the

miner when Mrs. Tubbins had carried Elfie out to remove her sopping clothing, "we're fer a big un."
"Oh, I'll have to go," said Harold, "the folks would be terribly worried, and father, you know, can't stand but a little now."

when lunch was writed home.

When lanch was storm. Ye're riskin' yer life."

"Sooner mine than dad's," he replied.

"I can't take Eifle down tonight and somelittle gal-God bless you all!' opened the door and was gone.

IN THE TORRENT. A sullen darkness had now descended making it seem like a wild and fearful night. Flash after flash of lightning rent the masses of black, followed almost in-stantly by booms and clatters, as of heavy

of joy that she had to tell.

COMING OF THE STORM.

The sky was more than half obscured in threatening clouds before they had gone a mile. A warm peculiar breeze commenced to blow, fifully.

"I guess little gal" said the box as here.

hands and started briskly up the slope of the mountain.

To be I love to see him." the man replied.

To be I love to see him." the man replied.

Nothing could stop the flow of Eiffe's gorge, but he stood already above it. Skirtly prattle, but Harold was deeply concerned ing along on the slope, he attempted to

and lashing at the roots of the alder. Down the river now there came the mo ter stump of a tree. It pitched and plunged out it rode, nevertheless, with its trun! side up and the gnarled and twisted net-work of roots submerged. Swinging and tumbling in the angry flood, it plunged directly toward the boy. He saw with hor-ror that he struggled in its path and that nothing could prevent it from grinding and tearing him from his anchorage. He also felt that alder giving and slipping from its

ing on, he formed a sudden and daring He would ride the stump! He gave himself a desperate, wonderful lift on the alder branch, as the stump was out to crush his bones, and found himself clinging to the monstrous thing and lying across part of the bush that had broken

way at the last fateful moment.

Now began a terrible ride, for the stump was pitched, twisted, hurled, buried by he water, thrown over underlying boulders and jerked about in a frightful manner. The boy, who had ridden the bull and the musang so easily, bled at the nose and was nalfway stunned by the awful "bucking" of the floating stump; but he clung as never to had clung to horse or calf, nor all the Ellicott of Glo
throes of this dreadful steed undid his older than he. grip nor shook those muscles of steel from

neir desperate clasp. Down and out of the gorge they raced on that her brother held in reach, trudging sturdly along looking eften into Harold's face with much affection in her bonny brown eyes, as she chattered and lisped the tales of joy that she had to tell.

cannon and musketry.

The lad sped toward the Gray spread to run in a broad and eballowing canyon in defiance of the storm. Prescaled a library of joy that she had to tell. growled and grumbled from afar.

The stump was grounded while yet the floods were surging around. Half an hour

later Harold, weak and weary, made his way through the mud and slowly trickling rills, to his father's cettage. Still grasped in his hand he held the alder branch, and the roots of it, in turn, were clinging still around a white, rain-washed piece of the rock wherein it had grown.

The fearful night was over at last and morning smiled again. Little Eifie, safe and sound, lisped her tales to them all. Miner Bill had fetched her home.

where your abler grew?"
"Yes," said Harold, "why?"

"If you can," Mr. Minton replied, surpressing a rising excitement, "we'll have money enough for 'operations' and everything else we can wish, for the piece of cent, will be surprised to hear that he has Washington Times, says that the fellow offirock in the roots of the alder that saved your life, was broken from a ledge and is rich in gold,"

'Alder mine" is famous now, and Harold smiles to see his father "hopping about the place" again, and much more lively, indeed, than "a cricket in a heated PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

THE FIRST STEP.

Cleveland Leader. I care not for affairs of state-Let politicians have their way; Though others find the same old grind, To me but one thing comes to mind; boy has walked alone today!

What though the Turk is made to quake And tidal waves engulf Cathay?
The ills that fret folks o'er the sea
For once do not appeal to me;
My boy has walked alone today!

Oh, little one, you patter o'er The floor in such a cautious way; God grant that as through life you go No stumbling blocks may lay you low— You who have learned to walk today! PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Willie, what was the preacher's text? Somethin' about havin' faith like a grain of some kind of seed, an' sayin' to the moun tain 'git a move on you!' an' it'll git. Preacher-How do you like your new namma, Johnny? Johnny-Oh, purty good I et a jar of plume yistady, and she blamed

on the hired girl.
"Mamma," said Willie, leaning toward his mother and speaking in a loud whisper, "the preacher said a little while ago, one word more and I have done, and he's talked 563 words since he said it. I've been countin' em on him!"

Mamma-You naughty boy, you want a whipping—that's what you want. Innocent
—Mamma, what was that you said the other day about the duty of self-genial?

Your teacher tells me you were not at school yesterday. Now, young man, you know what you are going to get?" Bob (firmly)-"I do, pop; and I am willing to be licked any day for a circus parade like that. "George, have you and Jimmle been fighting again?" "Well, Jim hit me." "I didn't He hit me first." thing. He hit me before I hitted him."
"He's telling you a big story, mamma."
"Didn't you hit me first?" "No, I didn't-"Papa, did you ever fly or sit up in a tree

and sing?" "Certainly not. You must have been dreaming, my boy." "No. I haven't; but I heard Mr. Shipley tell Mrs. Shipley that you were a bird when you got out." RELIGIOUS.

A religious journal calls attention to the fact that the 250th anniversary of the completion of the Westminster confession faith occurs this year, December 4, and 1 speaks an adequate celebration of the event. Rev. Dr. Marshall Randles, president of the Wesleyan conference, in a recent address combated the argument that it was useless

to continue the efforts to spread Christianity

through the world, pointing out that the spread of civilization had been equally as slow as the spread of Christianity. Dr. Temple, appointed Bishop of London by Mr. Gladstone, is the fifth blehop of London translated to Canterbury since the death of Archbishop Laud. He is 75 years of age, only two bishops—Ryle of Liverpool and Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol-being

Miss Helen Gould has recently given \$250. 000 to the Presbyterians of Roxbury, N. Y. for the purpose of building a new church Her father, Jay Gould, was born in Rox-bury, and Miss Gould has a beautiful home there. She gave the citizens a fine reading room and free library.

Mrs. Russell Sage is a devout churchwoman and one who carries her religion into the practical, everyday affairs of life. "I consider it my duty," she says, "to teach my servants economy. The women will marry and if they do not understand the art

On November 25 the Maryland Historical

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Price This

\$12.50

\$3.00

\$7.00

\$9.00

\$27.50

75c

\$6.00

\$3.00

\$10.00

\$12.50

\$1.00

1,13

50c

60c

83c

93c

In order to unload a portion of our enormous stock of House Furnishings so as to enable us to make room for holiday goods now arriving daily, we have cut every article 50 per cent (except Carpets) -just one-half their real value. This applies to every piece of goods in the house-from the finest parlor suit down to a clothes pin. Sale lasts for one week only. Early buyers have first and best choice. A se se se se se se se

CUT OF 50 PER CENT-

Price This

Cook Stove	\$8,50
Another Cook Stove \$25.00	\$12.50
Oak Stove	\$5.00
Another Oak Stove\$15.00	\$7.50
50 per cent discount 7.50— Base Burner	
50 per cent discount 12.50	\$12.50
Another Buse Burner	\$17.50
Parlor Cook Stove819.00 50 per cent discount 9.50	\$9,50
Steel Range	\$30.00
Another Steel Runge\$70.00	
50 per cent discount 35.00-	\$35.00
011 Stove \$6.00 50 per cent discount 3.00-	\$3.00
BEDDING-	•
CUT OF 50 PER CENT	_
Comfort value	\$1.50
Blanket value 84.50	\$2.25
50 per cent discount 2.25	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR
Fillows_value per pair \$3.00 50 per cent discount 1.50_	\$1.50
Tapestry Curtains_value, pair \$5.50	\$2.75
50 per cent discount 2.75-	
Lace Curtains value \$3.00	\$1.50

## GROCKERY, LAMPS, ETC.

CUT	OF 50	PER	CENT-		1
55-piece Dec Set_value 50 per cent d	CONTRACTOR CO.		88.50	\$4.25	(
50 per cent d	orated I	Minner	\$14.00	\$7.00	
10-piece Delf value 50 per cent d Banquet Lamp	liscount.		\$3.00	\$4.50 \$1.50	(
50 per cent d Hanging Lam	p_value		80.50	\$3.25	1

Be sure you get the right place and number

1313-15-17 Farnam St.

a few days later, can you find the spot again Lovely Lane Meeting House that the Meth- with me?" And he swallowed half the odist societies in the United States were tumblerful. The soldier, convinced that organized into the Methodist Episcopal everything was all right, then drained the

nembership in America. Ing him aside, the spokesman said: Bishop Creighton of Peterborough, who has man of mark. In 1884 he became processor of ecclesiastical history in Cambridge. In 1886 he was present at the 250th anniversary celebration of Harvard and received from it the degree of LLD. He is the author of several historical works and is one of the bardest working bishops on the bench. He will probably be an archbishop before long, for the discess of Landon is likely to

be made an archiepiscopal see, and, aside from that, he will almost certainly be the successor of Dr. Temple in the primary. He The Rey. Dr. Alonzo Hall Quint of Boston. who les just died, was one of the most dis-tinguism. I Corgregational clergymen in the gregational activities for many years. He was born in New Hampshire in 1828, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1846 and from Andever in 1852, went to the front as chaplain in 1861, and was a member of the New Hampshire legislature from 1881 to 1885. He was a manager of the Congregational Publishing society for twenty-one years, and an officer in many other denominational organizations. He was the first New England man to become a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was a prominent Free Mason. He was the author of several historical works and a member of several

learned societies.

Archbishop Martinelli gives it as his opin ion that Eishop Keane has not lost favor in Rome. On the other hand, a high dignitary of the Catholic church tells the Baltimore Sun that, in his opinion, Bishop Keane made a mistake in replying to the letter of the Pope in the manner in which he did. Not that the reply was not respectful enough, but that he should have accepted the postion offered him, either in this country or in Rome. In the latter case he would have had excellent opportunities to raise himself in the church to almost any place in it. Familliar with American affairs and speaking the English tongue, he would have be-come almost invaluable to Leo XiII, and might have returned to this country in a much higher place than he left to go to

#### GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PROPLE.

It was often said of M. Adrien Leon, who has just died near Hayonne, France, that he he asks, "drink any more cocktails during saved the republic by a single vote. On the residue of my stay on earth? Not if February 27, 1875, when the remodeling of the constitution was debated, M. Wallon's amendment, fixing the conditions for the election of the president, was regarded as the crucial test on which the fate of France depended. Leon, sitting in the right center, hesitated, but was persuaded by Gam betta to support the republicans at the las moment, and the amendment was carried by a majority of one.

A story that is possibly more ingenious than true has just gained circulation in Europe. It is to the effect that at the bat-tle of Plevna General Skobeleff's life was saved by a young Pole. The Russian com-mander, as recompense, offered the man his choice between 100 rubles and the cross of St. George. The Pole deliberated a while and then asked what the decoration was worth. When informed that its intrinsic value was about 5 rubles he said: "Til take the cross and 95 rubles."

the French minister of war, will soon unvei at Briey, was the first surgeon to employ quinine in the French army. He made his marry and if they do not understand the art of saving and making the most of everything they will make their husbands unhappy and ruin their homes and the whole of their future lives."

quinine in the Friend army. He made his found they do not understand the art of saving and it they do not understand the art of saving and it they do not understand the art of saving and it they do not understand the art of saving and it they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and if they do not understand the art of saving and ruin their homes and the whole of the results of the art of the art of saving and ruin their homes and the whole of the results of the art November 25 the Maryland Historical soldier who appeared to be in the last of the Methodist Episcopal church stages of marsh fever begged the nurses with norning smiled again. Little Elfic, safe and society of the Methodist Episcopal church stages of marsh fever begged the nurses with unveil a bronze tablet on the site of tears to take away the "bitter powder," the Lovely Lane Meeting House in Balti-which he was sure was poison. Dr. Maillot incre Bill had fetched her home.

"Harold, my boy," said the invalid father,

Francis Asbury in 1774. It was in the "You fool," he said, "will you take a drink

been neemed of heresy. Some denomina-tional papers have quoted him as declaring that it is not necessary to believe in the di-vinity of Christ to be saved. The bishop, however, has made an effective reply to the Charge and the matter has been dropped. | laughing in the midst of a group of men.

The orthodox Russian church is to establish an organ in the United States, to be published in New York City, at first as a bimonthly. It will be printed in parallel columns of Russian and English and is intended for the support and increase of its group which surrounded the general. Callinst been appointed bishop of London, is a man of mark. In 1884 he became professor of ecclesiastical history in Cambridge. In turning on his beel, "I can learn more from

This story about the queen of Denmark said to be new. When the body of Ericsin said to be new. When the body of Erics-son was being taken back to his native country on the Haltimore, the vessel stopped for a short time at Copenhagen, and Colonel Clark E. Carr, the United States minister to Denmark, paid a visit to the officers of the vessel, accompanied by the queen of Den-mark and some other members of the royal family. Drawing close to the minister dur-ing the journey, her majesty said to him: "I have always thought a great deal of your country, and do yet; but there is one thing I have against it. When I was a poor girl my sisters and I were able to make a little money by raising cabbages and sending them to the United States. But now that you have put a duty on cabbages, our poor girls are no longer able to do that. When you go back, therefore, won't you please see that the duty is taken off foreign cabbages, so as to give our girls a chance?

A subscription has just been started in London, under the patronage of the prince of Wales, which has for its aim the res-toration of the old church of Burnham Thorpe, where Nelson was baptized, and where his mother and father lie buried. It is the intention of the committee that has the subscription in charge to have the windows of the church decorated with scenes recalling the career of the victor of Trafalgar. During his life Nelson often expressed a desire to be buried at Burnham Thorne, and nothing but a command of the king prevented his body from reposing there, instead of beneath the beautifully soulper the command of the line of t tured tomb in St. Paul's cathedray. Re-cently his column in Trafalgar square, Lon-don, was decorated in honor of his last battle, fought October 21, 1805.

Too Much Cockfull.

The results of the election have made a Chicago man a prohibitionist. Some friends suggested on Tuesday evening that each man should drink a cocktail for every state bulletined for McKinley. "Will I ever," I should live to be as old as Methusaleh. The absorption of about thirty in one night has all but made me a prohibitionist, and with the recollection of my feelings on the morning of November 4 still fresh I think

# COVERED

When I was thirteen years old I began to have sore eyes and ears, and from my cars a honor spread. I dectored with five different sailful dectors, but they did me no good. My disease was Eczema. By this time it had gone all over my head, face, and bedy. Nobody thought I would live, and would not have but for Curicuna. REMEDIES. I used four boxes of CUTICUNA, five cakes of CUTICUNA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICUNA RESOVENT. My hair all came out at that time, but now it is so thick I can hardly comb it. I am sixteen years old, weigh 132 pounds, and am perfectly well.

pounds, and am perfectly well.
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