

\$2.50 LADIES' CANE SEAT ROCKER, this week— 98c	\$10.00 SOLID OAK HALL TREE, this week— \$5.90	\$2.50 CARVING SET, on sale this week \$1.35	\$8.00 LADIES' WRITING DESK, solid oak, this week \$4.50	The Great PENINSULAR BASE BURNER this week— \$24.50	\$40.00 5-piece over stuffed PARLORSUIT this week— \$19.85	\$18.00 ROLL TOP OFFICE DESK polished oak, this week— \$9.85	\$18.00 DINNER SET, 100 pieces beautiful pat- terns, this week \$9.85	\$5.00 BRASS BANQUET LAMP, th's Week— \$1.95	\$10.00 Misfit Ingrain Carpet \$4.50	\$15.00 Misfit Brussels Carpet. \$6.75
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Carpet Department—
Prices that speak for themselves—
To read them may save you some money.

\$1.50 Axminster—	98c
\$1.25 Velvet—	78c
\$1.50 Body Brussels—	98c
90c Topick—	49c
70c All Wool Ingrains—	39c
45c Rug Carpet—	28c
30c Hemp Carpet—	14c
35c Mattings—	12c
75c Linoleums—	38c
50c Oil Cloth—	19c
75c Door Mats—	29c
\$1.00 Hessian—	48c
1.50 Oil Cloth and Linoleum squares, worth from 30c to 60c—	15c
2.000 yards remnant Matting, worth 35c—	8c
2.500 yards remnant Ingrain, worth 75c—	25c
1.275 yards remnant Hessian, worth \$1.25—	38c
Carpet Sweepers, worth \$3.00—	1.48

Rugs—

\$1.50 30x60 Sekal Rug—	1.98
\$1.00 4x9 Jute Art Square—	1.98
\$2.00 Japanese Rug, worth \$17.50—	7.50
7x10 Japanese Rugs, worth \$19.00—	8.50
9x12 Japanese Rugs, worth \$25—	13.50

Whirlwind of Furniture Bargains

\$8.00 Antique Extension Table—	3.90
\$1.00 Oak Dining Room Chair—	79c
\$22.00 Oak Sideboard—	13.50
\$10.00 Oak Bookcase—	4.95
\$14.00 White Enamel Dresser—	7.90
\$50.00 Oak Parlor Suite—	24.50
\$10.00 Single Lounge—	4.90
\$21.50 Folding Bed—	13.50
\$7.50 White Enamel Iron Bed—	3.45
\$22.00 Antique Bedroom Suite—	14.90
\$12.50 Wardrobe—	6.75
\$6.50 Collier Rocker—	2.65
\$5.75 Oak Center Table—	1.65
\$15.00 Oak Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk—	8.90
\$4.50 Kitchen Safe—	2.65
\$14.50 Bed Lounge—	8.45
\$10.00 Tapestry Couch—	3.90

Better goods for less money than elsewhere

Special inducements to young folks going housekeeping

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST

TERMS

ON A BILL OF \$10

\$1 DOWN & \$1 PER WEEK

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

It pays to trade at "The Peoples"

Stove Bargains—
Seasonable goods at unseasonable prices.

This fine Cook Stove, made of heavy, smooth castings, nicely finished—and worth regular price—
9.65

We have Beckwith's Genuine Round Oak on sale this week
9.85

This is the cut of the "Estate" Oak without doubt the finest soft coal heater made, gives more heat with less fuel than any other stove, and guaranteed to hold fire 47 hours, on sale at
8.95

Star Estate Steel Range—	29.75
Peninsular Base Burner—	24.50
Grand Oil Heater—	3.65
Oak Stove—	5.85

All sold on our easy terms.

Bedding—
These prices will tell you what can be expected at "The Peoples."

75c Comforts—	50c
\$2.50 Comforts—	1.75
\$4.00 Comforts—	1.75
\$1.50 Cotton Blankets—	75c
\$4.50 Wool Blankets—	1.98
\$3.50 Blanket—	2.95
\$3.00 per pair 6-pound Pillows—	1.25
\$2.00 Soft Pillows—	98c

Draperies—
Rich colorings, dainty patterns—lowest prices.

\$1.25 Lace Curtains—	65c
\$7.50 Irish Point Curtains—	2.48
\$5.00 Brussels Velvet Curtains—	4.25
\$6.50 Silk Curtains—	2.45
\$7.50 Rope Portieres—	2.25
\$3.00 Tapestry Curtains—	2.85
\$7.50 Cheville Curtains—	3.40
35c Window Shades—	15c
\$1.85 Cheville Table Cover—	78c
\$1.75 Tapestry Table Cover—	74c
\$7.50 Boudoir Couch Cover—	3.95

\$6.50 GRANT OIL HEATER this week \$3.65	\$12.00 Antique Cheffonier— on Special Sale at \$6.75	\$4.00 Childs Bed— well made— this week only \$1.98	STAR ESTATE STEEL RANGE on sale at \$29.75	\$2.50 Solid Oak Screen— 3 fold this week \$1.35	15c White China Tea Cup and Saucer this week 9c	\$8.00 Toilet Set with Slop Jar on sale at \$3.90	\$3.50 Hall Lamp this week \$1.65	Homes, Offices, Hotels and Restaurants Furnished Complete \$8.00	ONYX TOP TABLES \$4.50
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We Are on Farnam St.,
Bet. 13th and 14th,
3 Doors from Paxton Hotel Cor.

Peoples Furniture & Carpet Co.

1313-1315-1317 FARNAM ST.

TABLES AND CHAIRS FOR RENT.

THE HASBROOK GIRLS

OR, JERRY NORTON'S STORY.
By EMMA A. OPPER.

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure, L. D.)

"It's somebody else's turn to tell a story," said Hugh Rogers to the boys and girls at the Seaside hotel, a few days after he had told them about Old Coleman and the prize. "It's your turn, Jerry Norton."

The boy with the golf stockings said that he couldn't tell stories.

"Something that's really happened, you know," the girl in the pink shirt waist begged; and, since Jerry Norton admired that particular girl, he considered it.

"Well," said he, "about the funniest thing I've run across for a good while happened last summer, when the pater and the mater and I were at an hotel up in the Berkshires."

"Tell it!" said the girl in the bicycle suit; and Jerry Norton braced against a tree and plunged into it.

"There were a lot of fellows and girls there," he said, "just as there are here. I don't say they were any better—"

"I shouldn't advise you to," said the girl in the pink shirt waist.

"But there were more of them. We had elegant times, bicycling and driving and rowing—there was a dandy lake—"

"But that isn't the story. The story's about Nora Pell and the Hasbrook girls."

minute, that they were Nora Pell's Hasbrooks; I didn't believe it till I looked at Nora. She just sat there. She was red in the face, and she had her lip between her teeth, and she looked as if she thought the world was going to come to an end right there, and as if it would be a good thing for her if it did.

"It really seemed, for a minute, as if she wasn't going to speak to me. So I stepped up to her, and she said, 'I'm glad to see you. Do you remember my sister Nell? Hello, Nora!'"

"Hello," said Nora, as if it was the last word she ever expected to say.

"But—but," cried the bicycle girl, writhing with the keenness of her curiosity, "what—how did it happen?"

PRETTY MERCHANTS.

"That's what got me," said Jerry Norton; "but I didn't say a word. I thought it was enough for Nora Pell to sit there looking as if she'd had a stroke of paralysis. I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce Miss Hasbrook and Miss Nell Hasbrook.'"

"I'm glad to meet you," said Gertrude Hasbrook—an awfully pretty girl she is; she's got dimples in both cheeks, and such a cute way of saying things—I'm glad to meet you," said she, "and don't you want to buy some honey. We've got honey to sell. We have ten pounds left, lovely clover honey," said she, "and only 13 cents a pound."

"If you could have heard the way she

her, and she does us, and we're down there."

"She's awfully poor," said she. "Papa would help her, but she won't take help. Nell and I make her take things sometimes, but it's hard work."

"Well, she keeps bees; she's got thirty hives, and every summer she peddles honey, and that's all the way she has of making any money. This morning Nell and I went down to see her; said she, and she was sick; she was in bed. And she was worrying terribly, for she'd been ready to go on a honey peddling trip today, and there were several places where they'd promised to buy, that she was anxious to get to."

"And so you went instead?" said I.

"Yes, we did," said Gertrude Hasbrook. "Aunt Phoebe wouldn't hear of it, but we didn't listen to her. We wanted to do it. We knew it would help her out and we thought we'd just enjoy it, and we ran home and asked mamma, and she said yes and we went to see her."

"What was that?" said Jerry Norton.

"Well, I didn't say a word. I thought it was enough for Nora Pell to sit there looking as if she'd had a stroke of paralysis. I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce Miss Hasbrook and Miss Nell Hasbrook.'"

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"If you could have heard the way she

that I knew the Hasbrook girls, and she was awfully uncomfortable all round. We'd all seen the Hasbrooks in that outlandish old tinrent and she couldn't get over it. She didn't know what to do or say, and the consequence was she didn't say anything. We didn't hear another word out of her about the Hasbrook girls or anything else she'd bragged about. Not even after they'd been over in the carriage. Not even after they'd invited the crowd of us boys and girls over to their place on a moonlight straw ride and given us a splendid supper and a splendid time, and chance to see that it was all so, what Nora Pell had said—that they were rich, and she had an elegant big place with statues on the lawn, and all the rest of it."

"You see," said Jerry Norton, "I guess Nora Pell did some thinking. Ten millions wouldn't have spoiled the Hasbrook girls; they'd have been just the same good-hearted girls, without any airs nor nonsense about it, and I think Nora Pell began to see it. And she saw that we all liked them a whole lot better for being just what they were, and I think she drew some deductions, as our algebra teacher says."

"Anyhow, I believe she's reformed. I met her at dancing school last winter and she went to the same school and some of the other boys and girls we'd met up in the Berkshires, and we had good times together all winter. When we felt like having good laughs we'd ask the Hasbrook girls how the honey trade was and if they'd been peddling lately."

"That's first-rate!" said Hugh Rogers.

"Don't say you can't tell stories."

"There's a moral to it, too," said the girl in the pink shirt waist. And then they all went in to buy some honey.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

Colonel Dan Rice of Circus Fame Tells His Experience.

"Speaking of escapes from death recalls my experience with the murderous elephant, Romeo. Had I been a little slower in my movements I would have been his victim," said Colonel Rice, reflectively. "One day I was directing the arrangements of some cavemen, and unwittingly ventured a step toward the elephant, which at once raised his trunk slowly with the purpose of giving me a settler. He would have succeeded in his work had he not a young elephant near by trumpeted an alarm, and lightning I at once sprang forward and out of danger from the murderous blow of the trunk by such a small distance that on the back of my head I felt the wind occasioned by its descent. After that experience Romeo was always kept chained by all four legs. The young elephant who had saved me was rewarded with candy."

"It is not surprising that eventually I resented the role of lion tamer," continued the speaker, "and under the able tutelage of Francoelli, the best lion trainer I ever saw, and who, by the way, subsequently met his death in a lion's den in the city of Havana. After having twice accompanied the fearless Francoelli into the den of Richard III, the largest and fiercest African lion ever exhibited in this country, it was at Vincent's instigation that I at length determined to enter the den of the beast alone. Clad in tinsel and spangles, at the afternoon performance, I subjected myself to the lion's paw, and boldly approached the lion's cage, opened the barred door and entered unharmed. The great animal, which was lying upon the floor at the further end of the cage, seemed to need my presence, other than by a glance of sullen indifference, so that I deemed my attempt at entering a lion's den a success."

"But my assurance of success was a little premature and fortunate was it for me that beneath the cage was a furnace in which glowing red hot iron rods and trusty attendants at hand to effectively wield them upon the lion if necessary demanded, else another page would have been added to the bloody history of the King of the forest and another name to his list of victims. After a three-minute stay in the lion's den I made a parting salute to the breathless audience and prepared to leave the cage. As I backed toward the door I observed to my horror, that the lion was almost imperceptibly rising from the floor, preparatory to springing upon me. Almost overcome by

the grave danger of my situation I contrived to signal the attendants to thrust the heated rods in between me and the blood-thirsty brute, scarcely had I done so when the great wall creature hurled itself upon me and, burying its claws in my shoulders, bore me to the floor.

"I felt the hot breath of the lion in my face as he opened his huge jaws preparatory to sinking his fangs in my throat and a horrible death was but a brief second distant when the red-hot irons were brought into play and used so effectively that the brute was forced to retreat to the far end of the cage without inflicting further injury upon me. I was hurriedly drawn from the cage, none the worse for my thrilling experience, save badly shaken nerves, lacerated shoulders and a tattered tinsel jacket.

"Then how is it that your mother found five apples cores in your bedroom, and there is only one left on the plate?"

"That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch."

There is a little girl in Cleveland who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow.

"What was she looking up at him from between his knees?"

"Papa, was it a wise person who said 'the good die young'?"

"Well," said the musing man, "I guess so."

"What are you giving me?" asked one, over for some time. "I'm not so much surprised about you, but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get grown up."

"You have heard of musical prodigies, and you have seen some of them, but I want to tell you how smart my little Freddy is."

Trivet's friends looked about for an avenue of escape, but he had chosen his ground well and they saw that they could not get away. They were in for it, and they listened with their much resignation as they could compel themselves to feel. Nobody encouraged Trivet to proceed, but he was to be disconcerted by any lack of urging.

"My Freddy," he went on, "was only 2 years old last month, and yet he can play beautifully on the piano."

"Oh, what are you giving us?" asked one, while the other listeners said the same thing with their looks of incredulity.

"As a fact," asserted Trivet, "I never saw him do it before yesterday, but when I went home in the afternoon, there he was, perched on the top of the piano with his playthings, and he was playing as contentedly as you please."

At this point Trivet started to run away, while his friends shied things after him.

A CONFESSION.

Harvey Wickham in New York Sun.

"I'm moved, I saw her feather with the ear. And trim the acul, when I was but a lad. I'm moved, I followed her across the floor. Or 'twas wheels, when skating was the fun."

I helped her bend the sturdy bow of yew, I saw her mount the bows of her eye, Yet did not offer for her sake to die, Croquet, lawn tennis, billiards, came in for my share, I never thought of my I, my dog's, She shot a passion, and I kept my hand. At last she took to golf—the I prop and.

There is Nothing so Good.

There is nothing so good as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim there is anything better, and guaranteed to make more profit may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to be good or money refunded. For Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs, there is nothing so good as Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottle free at Kuhn & Co.'s Drug Store.



AND JERRY NORTON BRACED AGAINST THE TREE AND PLUNGED INTO IT.



I STEPPED UP TO THE BUGGY AND HELD OUT MY HAND TO GERTRUDE.

whole lot of us in a bunch! We couldn't help it. I went in and spoke to the cook and he came out and bought all their honey. And then Sam Sinclair got his camera and took their picture, they said he might sitting in the way the fellows and girls all stared at them, and at Nora Pell. I didn't know but Nora would faint; she looked like it."

"That's a bargain," said she, as bright as a dollar. "You see," said she, "there's a woman lives near our place over there, she lives alone; Aunt Phoebe Green, everybody calls her. She's as good and lovely as she can be, and Nell and I think everything of