M. B. Nicholl's Grand Annual Cloak Opening Resulted in Selling
There yet remains a Large Lot which can be bought
Prices BEFORE THEY ARE SHIPPED BACK.
This Opening was the most successful we have yet held and we would have been justified in continuing the sale four more days, but closed it on the fourth day as advertised. There are still many remaining from which you can make a satisfactory selection at the prevailing low price.
Remember Our popular Cash Register System and Free Distribution of Premiums.

Hard on Jones.

They met in a cafe.

"Ever take anything?" queried Smith.

"Oh, yes, occasionally," replied Jones, with the happy air usually worn by a man who accepts an invitation.

"Well," pursued Smith, as he tossed off a cocktail while Jones looked on, "you ought to quit it. It's a very bad habit and will be the death of you. So long."—N. Y. Journal.

An Ironclad Rule.

"I'd like to, lady," said Meandering Mike, "but it's impossible for me to clean dem rugs on de terms you offer."

"You said you were willing to work."

"Yes'm. But me an' Pete here has organized the Carpet Beaters' union, an' if either of us works fur less dan seven dollars an hour he forfeits his membership."—Washington Star.

The Autumn Young Man.

He finds he is, socially, not on the turf,
She smiles, but no longer on him.
In those old seaside days they were both in the surf,
But now he is not in the swim.
—Washington Star.

VERY NEATLY PUT.



The Gentleman (who has been waiting)—It strikes me that the women of the hour are those who promise to be ready in a second.—Judy.

An Oversight.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"
A pessimistic poet once did truly say,
And he might have also truthfully added that
Paths inglorious lead the self-same way.
—Chicago Daily News.

Suspicious.

"I wonder why Keeks wears glasses; I know he doesn't need them."

"They say it is because he is such a suspicious beggar."

"Why, what has that got to do with it?"

"He can't believe his own eyes."—N. Y. Truth.

Historic.

"I suppose," said the frequently disappointed politician, "that I may refer to my latest experience as 'a historic defeat.'"

"Yes," answered the somewhat satirical friend; "in the sense that history repeats itself."—Washington Star.

No Deviation.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?

Self-Possessed Bride (her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.—Harlem Life.

She Knew.

"Is there any jam in the cupboard?" asked the boy.

"Have you been there?" inquired his mother.

"Yes."

"Then there isn't."—Chicago Post.

Heard in Ireland.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to an audience of three, "as there is nobody here I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening."—Tit-Bits.

A Forecast.

Laura—Yes; Ida is engaged.

Lilian—She has met her match, has she?

Laura—Oh, no! I think the gentleman will find himself decidedly outclassed.—Puck.

Specifications Asked.

"Katherine, you will always find me an indulgent husband."

"Do you mean indulgent to me or indulgent to yourself?"—Chicago Daily Record.

Won and Lost, Both.

She (approvingly)—You won her hand, then?

He (rather glumly)—Humph—I presume so. I'm under her thumb.—Tit-Bits.

Which?

Mrs. Enpeck—My troubles and trials will not be ended until I am dead and in my grave.

Mr. Enpeck (meekly)—Nor mine, either.—Harlem Life.

A Study in Horticulture.

Expectant Father—Well, is it a little peach?

Excited Nurse—No, sir; it's a little pair.—Yonkers Statesman.

Pride.

"No," said the chimney sweep, "I'm not proud—though I was once stuck up in a chimney."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Logical Inference.

Yeast—Henpeck says he has discovered how to use his voice.

Crimsonbeak—Oh! has he got a divorce?—Yonkers Statesman.

She Had It.

She—I hope your heart is in the right place.

He—I hope so. Where did you put it?—Town Topics.

The Common Fate.

Gongs—How's Mitchell getting along since he learned to cycle?

Jagly—On crutches.—Tit-Bits.

TREE OF TIBET.

Fabulous Prices Paid For the Leaves of the Sacred Growth.

Few persons probably have heard of the marvelous tree of Tibet. Nevertheless for a long time it has enjoyed a great reputation in the east. It is a sacred tree, and fabulous prices were paid for a few of its leaves.

In his "Souvenirs de Voyage au Tibet" Pere Huc speaks of this wonderful tree. It is essentially of a literary and artistic turn of mind and has the strange habit of producing images and hieroglyphics upon its leaves. Sometimes religious figures take the place of the letters. Pere Huc called the mysterious thing "the tree of a thousand images." These images are found on the leaves, on the stems and on the trunk. Near the temple of Buddha, in the village of Liousar, Tibet, this great tree has stood for years, the plague and the puzzle of all the botanists who have ever received the gift of faith.

A great antiquity was given to the tree; indeed it was claimed that it had existed from time immemorial. But an investigation not many years ago proved the images on the tree to be fakes. The trick was simple enough, like every other trick when it is found out. In the spring and in the summer on dark nights a lama, endowed with acrobatic power, with his pockets full of hand stamps, climbed all through the tree and stamped the leaves with all sorts of holy images and characters, the most numerous being the following formula: "Om mane padone om" (Glory to Buddha in the lotus). This is also stamped upon the bark, and the leaves and portions of the bark are sold to visitors.

GENUINELY HARD UP.

Out of Three Hundred Accepting Free Beds Only Five Had "the Price."

A short time ago a curious test was applied at the London Congregational Union's Free Shelter For Homeless Men at Medland hall, in the east of London. The object of the test was to ascertain if the men were really as penniless as they represented themselves to be. The free shelter is intended for men who have not the fourpence necessary to pay for a night's lodging elsewhere, and one night Edward Wilson Gates, the shrewd superintendent of the philanthropic work of the union, announced that he would give sixpence to each man present who could prove that he had some money, but less than fourpence. A chuckling laugh passed over the 300, that being the maximum allowed in the hall.

"But how shall I know that you have less than fourpence?" asked Mr. Gates.

"Search us!" cried the men.

"You really mean it?"

"Yes."

"Very well, but if any one objects let him go to the gallery, and I guarantee that he shall not be turned away."

Only five of the 300 went up stairs, and the others were thoroughly searched by experienced men. Two hundred and forty-nine had nothing, one had a farthing, 11 had a halfpenny, one had three farthings, 13 had a penny, two had a penny farthing, four had three halfpence, nine twopence, three twopence halfpenny and two had threepence halfpenny. Thus out of the 300 men 295 had not the fourpence necessary for a "fo'penny doss" at a lodging house. It seems pretty clear, therefore, that the men were genuinely "hard up."—London Quiver

Goldsmith's Generosity.

A beggar once asked alms of Oliver Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet street, and he gave her a shilling. His companion, knowing something of the woman, censured the writer for his excess of humanity, saying that the shilling was misapplied, as she would spend it for liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way, my end is answered," replied Goldsmith.

Another proof that the doctor's generosity was not always regulated by discretion was at a time when, after much delay, a day was fixed to pay the £40 due his tailor. Goldsmith procured the money, but a friend calling upon him and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent author gave him all the money. The tailor called and was told that if he had come a little sooner he could have had the money, but that he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I would have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved trouble when in my power."

Swiss Funeral Customs.

Swiss funeral customs are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a formal black edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy and stating that "the mourning urn" will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table, covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop little black margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men ever go to the churchyard, and they generally follow the hearse on foot.

Tough Fare.

In a New Zealand town one of the municipal candidates, a pronounced Scotsman, had received a present of a huge Scotch thistle, which at the moment happened to be lying on the table of his committee room. A friend, entering, withdrew suddenly with the remark, "I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were at luncheon."—San Francisco Wave.

Two Ways of Putting It.

"I notice, Miranda," remarked Mr. Neggschoice, "that your first husband's clothes do not fit me."

"No, Cyrus," coincided Mrs. Neggschoice, with a little sigh. "You don't fit them."—Chicago Tribune.

MICA MINES OF INDIA.

The Methods of Hundreds of Years Ago Still In Use.

The mica mines of India are in the interior of the country and very inaccessible. The Abruker mine, it is stated, produces the finest mica that has ever been mined, both for lamination and color. It has been sunk about 200 feet, following the pitch of the vein, and all this mica and refuse have been raised and carried away by the natives. No machinery of any kind except drill and hammers is used in their mining operations.

The refuse and the mica are placed in baskets each holding ten pounds, the baskets being passed up from hand to hand by women, who stand in a line on ladders. The contents of the baskets are deposited at the top, and the baskets are returned down the ladder in the same manner as they went up, but by another line of women. Water is taken out of the mines by means of jugs. It is supposed that this method of operation has been carried on for many hundreds of years, except that there is more care to protect the miners.

After the crude mica is taken from the mines it is first roughly trimmed and then sorted into different grades, according to sizes and quality. It is then taken to the mica workers, who split it up and scribe out the size for it to be cut into by the shearers, the cut pieces then being cleaned, weighed and packed ready for shipment. The mica is then transported to general warehouses in baskets on the backs of bullocks and in bullock carts. In this way it is carried hundreds of miles to shipping points at a speed of about ten miles a day.

The mica can be split down to .0003 of an inch in thickness. Being both fireproof and transparent, it is very useful for many purposes in the arts, besides being an excellent insulator.—Electrical World.

COLOR BLIND PAINTERS.

A London Oculist Asserts That There Are Such Artists.

To speak of a color blind artist sounds like joking, said a noted oculist; but, strange as it seems, there are several persons so affected who can nevertheless paint extremely well. Numbers of color blind people there are, of course, who draw perfectly in pencil, ink and crayons, but I myself know a scene painter attached to a provincial theater who, though "color blind," paints all its scenery, and has quite a local name, not only for his "interiors" and oak chambers, but even for landscapes.

I can tell you also of two London ladies who consulted me for color blindness who paint really beautiful pictures. One is the daughter of a late famous artist and was taught painting by her father. She is quite unable to distinguish red from green, but her colors are all labeled with the names, and she has been taught which to use for certain effects. Possibly her painting may seem to her eyes, as it were, drawing with a brush and "shading" with the colors.

The other is a lady artist of some celebrity, who has for years exhibited annually in London. The public is not aware that she is color blind. She painted the "Wedding Group" for a certain noble bridegroom a year or two ago and also several public men's portraits and one of an eminent physician, fetched 500 guineas.

There is a gentleman residing at Kensington who, having years ago left the navy through finding his advancement hopelessly barred by his color blindness, is at present making several hundreds a year by his brush as an artist, designing most artistic and brightly colored picture posters for advertisement hoardings.—London Answers.

Carved His Epitaph and Died.

"John Harmon died here from the bite of a rattlesnake."

This is an inscription on a beech tree standing on the knobs, in Monroe township, back of Jeffersonville. A date once followed the words, but it is now indistinct. There is a strange story connected with the inscription. An old resident relates it.

"Years ago, when that section of Indiana was little explored and when the heavy bush was the dwelling place of the wild turkey, deer and rattlesnake, John Harmon started to Charlestown to attend court. He was armed with an old fashioned rifle. A rattler bit Harmon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It was he who carved the words in lighter lines on the tree, with the request beneath, long since obliterated by the tree's growth, to bury him on the spot. A few days later Harmon's body was found. A grave was dug by the tree and there it can be seen today."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Excessive Precaution.

A southwest Georgia couple going to be married, the prospective husband said:

"Molly, the last time I was married I lost the ring 'fore I got to the parson's. But I'm shore of it this time."

"Whar is it, John?" she asked.

"I've got it in my mouth," he said. "Im shore of it now."

But when they stood before the preacher the latter asked:

"Where is the ring?"

The groom gulped—choked—stuttered, and finally exclaimed in despair:

"'Fore de Lord, I done swallered it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Feeder.

Bandin—Killumkwick, the reading editor of The Asterisk, is a busy fellow. I saw him at the office today with a wastebasket beside him filled to the brim.

Tetlow—Yes, confound him! But I'll bet I furnished the most of the material. He couldn't fill the basket if he didn't have the stuff to fill it, could he?—Boston Transcript.

A TINY RESERVATION.

William Penn's Indian Tract Still Preserved In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia contains one relic of the days of William Penn which is unknown to most inhabitants of the Quaker City. It is a small portion of ground which still retains by virtue of a provision in the charter its original character. Right in the heart of the business section of the city it lies, the only place for miles around that bears no footprints of the march of progress and commerce, the only building lot in the city which has never been near the hands of a real estate agent.

You have but to go down Walnut street to Second, turn up Second until you come to a little iron gate on the east side of the street, swing it back, enter and you stand within the Indian reservation.

In the days when Philadelphia used to be the metropolis of the red men, and they came by various trails across the country and down the Delaware to hold council there, it grew necessary for them to have some appointed spot for their conclaves. William Penn dedicated this reservation to them as a trysting place and provided that it should be sacred to their use forever.

It is a foreign enough place now, shut in as it is by high buildings on nearly every side. The old Union Telegraph office confronts it on one side, a wholesale liquor dealer's store backs up against it on another, and a high board fence chokes off the last hope of any outlook from the place.

There is no mark to tell of its original use or to stamp it as one of the curiosities of the day. One's only solace for his grievance is to imagine that the stealthy tread of moccasined feet is still echoing there and that the strange words of the redskin's tongue have left some spell upon the place.

In size it is a poor comment upon Penn's generosity, for it scarcely affords room sufficient to turn a wagon and a pair of horses. Perhaps because of its microscopic dimensions there has never been any attempt to encroach upon the rights of the old reservation.

For more than a century it has stood in its native state in the midst of the great city, a relic of a pathetic past, an heirloom for owners who will never reclaim it.—New York Herald.

TOBACCO AND THE HEART.

A Doctor Gives What He Calls Cold Facts About Smoking.

"I don't like to upset a cherished tradition," said a doctor who is himself a devotee of the weed, "but the talk one hears of nicotine saturating the systems of smokers is mostly rot. Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop of it will make a good sized mastiff turn up his toes if injected subcutaneously, and it would take precious little of it to kill a man. The truth is that very little is absorbed, even by the most confirmed smokers. Now and then you read of men who die from excessive tobacco using and are found on autopsy to be literally reeking with nicotine. All rubbish. Nothing of the kind ever happened.

"Again, it's a favorite experiment to blow smoke through a handkerchief, and the stain that is produced is popularly supposed to be made by nicotine. It is really oil of tobacco, which is a horse of quite a different color. No, the chief harm done by smoking is the stimulus which it gives to the heart. This is particularly true of cigarette smoking, where 'inhaling' is nearly always practiced.

"Each time the smoke is inhaled it acts as a slight spur to the heart, and, needless to say, there is sure to be a reaction. If the smoker is in good general health, he will probably never feel it, but if he isn't there will be periods of profound depression, and, not knowing the cause, he is apt to try to brace up on a drink, which makes matters just that much worse. If he has organic heart trouble—valvular weakness, I mean—it's quite possible that he will tumble over some day and put his angel plumage on. Those are the cold facts about smoking—none other are genuine."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Preferred a Solo.

A gushing, sentimental girl and her matter of fact aunt sat on a green hillside, the aunt endeavoring to enjoy nature, while her niece discoursed of things far and near without a noticeable pause for breath.

At last she spoke of the beauties of the landscape at great length. "I love to listen to the music of that brook as it babbles on and on," she said unwisely.

"Yes," said the aunt, seizing her first opportunity, "the babbling of a brook is a pleasant sound, my dear. I think I prefer it as a solo, however, rather than with another part. I don't care so much for a babbling duet."

Then for a few delightful moments there was silence on the green hillside.—Youth's Companion.

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed perfection went to Evangelist Moody and commiserated him on his low level of Christian experience. Mr. Moody in a kind manner asked his caller if he never sinned nor did any wrong.

"No; I have not sinned for years; neither have I done anything that was wrong," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," said Mr. Moody, "but before I am convinced I would like to ask your wife."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Time Allowance.

"Waiter," said the bicyclist at the little country inn, "bring me three eggs and boil them four minutes."

Fifteen minutes elapse, and the waiter returns with one egg.

"Very sorry, sir, our eggs is out. This is the only one we had left—but we boiled it 12 minutes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.