SPARKS & JEFFERSON.

STORE NEWS

FRESH ARRIVALS ALMOST DAILY MAKE IT WORTH WHILE COMING AND LOOKING, EVEN IF NOT DISPOSED TO BUY EVERY TIME.

We always say "WELCOME." You are just as free to ask questions, examine qualities and compare prices at one time as another.

Our Fal and Winter Stock Now Complete!

—DRESS GOODS.—

Stacks and heaps of NEW FALL GOODS are waiting you here—variety sufficient to please every taste. Prices to meet the ideas of the most economical.

CLOAKS FOR EVERYBODY.

You'll think so when you see the stock. This is CLOAK week. There's a snap to the air; there's a snap to the business. This department is right on the jump just now and such values as we have will keep it jumping.

FURS.

There are very few jokes older than the one conce rning the fur trade and its being a regular skin business, and yet. is it not a fact in more ways than one? Furs are bought and sold "on honor" by the great public, none but an expert being able to tell much about them. If you buy furs at a reliable store you will get your money's worth. OUR FURS are sold with a guarantee. Your money back if they are not as we recommend.

"LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS AND SEPARATE SKIRTS."

We carry a full and up-to-date stock.

Millinery! Millinery!

Our business has steadily increased in this line, until now we are the acknowledged leaders. Our trimming is done by a city expert who is under an agreement to spend a certain time in New York before each season begins, and this is a sufficient guarantee that our styles are right. Our prices are cut as low as possible, and we invite a comparison of same at all times. Your patronage is solicited. Come and see us.

Sparks & Jefferson.

A GENTLE REPULSE.

The Easy Way Lincoln Once Got Rid of an Office Seeker.

"There was an ignorant man," said a senator, "who once applied to Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the house. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically without hurting his feelings in this way:

"'So you want to be doorkeeper to the house, eh?'

"'Yes, Mr. President.'

"'Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?'

"'Well, no—no actual experience, sir.'

"'Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?'

"'Umh—no.'

"'Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Have you read any text book on the subject?'

"'No.'

"'Have you conversed with any one who has read such a book?'

"'No, sir. I'm afraid not, sir.'

"'Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?' said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"'Yes, I do,' said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.

Why We Do Not Feel the World's Rapid Flight Through Space.

We have no direct sensation of the earth's motion because of its absolute smoothness and freedom from all jar or vibration, and, as everything—land, sea and air—is carried along at the same rate as ourselves, there is nothing to afford us any evidence that we are moving at all until we make reference to something altogether detached from the earth—as sun, moon or stars—and even then, until reasoning and mathematical calculation are brought to bear, it is these bodies and not ourselves which seem to move.

Gliding in a boat down a smooth river it is often impossible to perceive that we are moving except by reference to objects on the banks, and even then it is difficult to resist the impression that they are in motion while we are at rest.

The mere detail of speed does not affect the question, and, although the earth is rushing trough space at the rate of eighteen miles a second, the motion, infinitely smoother than that of a boat on placid water, is absolutely imperceptible.

TO GET THE "SACK."

Its Equivalent In Olden Times Was to Get the "Canvas."

Canvas, called by Chaucer canevas, is a closely woven heavy cloth of hemp or flax, used for any purpose for which strength and durability are required, such as sailcloth or fabrics used for oil paintings, tapestry or embroidery. Its name is derived from the Latin cannabis, hemp, the material from which it is manufactured.

"To give one the canvas," or "to receive the canvas," was the old phrase equivalent to the modern "to give one the sack," or "to get the sack," in allusion to the canvas tool bags carried by mechanics of that day.

In such a phrase as "to canvass the neighborhood," the word canvass, in which the "s" is doubled, comes from the French canabasser, to sift as through canvas, and literally means to sift the neighborhood, to solicit votes or interest, by separating supporters from opponents.

Our Misnamed Quail.

America's typical game bird, the quail, is not named correctly at all, according to the government ornithologist. He says that the real quail is the quail of the Bible and that this is a bird belonging exclusively to the old world. The true quail does not occur in America at all. In many parts of this country the American bird is known as partridge, but the American partridge is really the ruffed grouse, and the true partridge again is another old world bird and not American. He thinks that the name given to it in many localities, "bobwhite," is as good as any. The name comes from the cry of the bird, which is something like "bobwhite, bobwhite, bobwhite."

Forests of Europe.

The percentage of the wooded areas of European countries as compared with their total areas is as follows: Finland, 51.2; Sweden, 49.3; Russia, 40.4; Austria, 32.6; Luxemburg, 29.1; Hungary, 27.7; Germany, 26.1; Servia, 24.9; Turkey, 23.4; Norway, 22; Roumania and Switzerland, 21.4 each; Bulgaria, 20.8. The other European countries have less than 20 per cent of woodland.

An Opportunity to Guess.

"The difference between an old maid and a married woman," says Caustic, "is that one makes some man happy for life and the other doesn't." Now guess which is which.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Common Case.

Mrs. Young—Lucy, I'm afraid I married the wrong man. Mrs. Elder—Don't let that disturb you, dear. Every woman who marries does that.—Boston Transcript.

Untold Wealth.

Wagger—They say that old Couponness, the banker, has untold wealth. Gagger—Yes, that's what the tax collector suspects.—Town Topics.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

St. Petersburg Bakers.

In St. Petersburg nearly everybody lives in a flat, and in the basements of these flat buildings are shops. If you live at the top of a flat building you go down an endless stone staircase—elevators are as yet almost unknown—out of the double doors into the street, and at your feet in the basement behold a shop. Say you enter it, in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself in a provision shop, probably a baker's—a German baker's. But, although there are many German bakers' shops, there are also dozens of itinerant Russian bread sellers, who carry about on their heads in baskets and trays their wares—large flat cakes, the size of a pudding plate, that often form a day's sustenance for the moujik, costing 10 kopecks (about 6 cents) and requiring ten sets of teeth to get through them. These men do a brisk trade. Before the peasant makes his dinner off the frozen cake you may see him stowing it away in the breast of his kaftan, where it undergoes the process of a gentle thaw.

Miss Milliner's Twins.

Sometimes, but not often, the "exclusive" New York milliner is caught napping. One of the smartest of these on Fifth avenue not long ago sold a hat to one of her customers who lived in the western part of New York. The milliner declared the hat could not be duplicated in this country; that she had brought it over from Paris and would not make another like it for any price.

The woman bought the hat on those conditions, for she had a weakness for individual things. She has a sister who lives in Boston and who also patronizes the same shop, though the relationship is not known to the milliner. The other day the two women met in this city, and the first thing they did was to stare at each other's hat.

The shopkeeper had duplicated the "exclusive" model for the Boston woman.—New York Press.

Lincoln's Opinion of Marriage.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked that every man about to marry should stand over a doctor with a club and make him tell the truth in reference to the chosen partner for life if there was no other way of getting it out of him. Also that the parents who would allow a girl to marry a man without knowing, as nearly as could be known, his physical as well as his moral condition deserved to be scalped.

"The whole marrying business is wrong," said Mr. Lincoln. "Fashionable girls have too often foolish mothers, who care for nothing but to sell their flesh and blood to the highest bidder."

Dear Mrs. Malaprop.

There is generally somebody—a lady as a rule—in each district on whom its finest Malaprops are fathered, sometimes quite unfairly. It is she who is reported to have made that speech about the glories of her father's house, up to the door of which there ran a "revenue of popular trees;" she who asked her daughter to play that little "malady" she had learned at the "cemetery" and she again who pronounced Mr. Brown as "proud as Luther," while the tuft hunting Mr. Smith was such a "toby" he deserved to be "tattooed" at his club. Dear Mrs. Malaprop, what should we do without her?—London Globe.

Yeast of the Ancients.

The yeast employed by the ancients in making bread was probably of the same kind as the Israelites of the days of the great Pharaoh the oppressor used, calling it "leaven." This was what is known nowadays as a wild yeast, its germs or spores being afloat anywhere in the air. A bit of dough was preserved out of each batch prepared for the ovens, and when this was added to the next dough the yeast contained in it quickly spread through the whole, only a little being required to "leaven the whole lump."

Discouraged In Almsgiving.

"I suppose," said the plain person, "you are often deceived by apparently deserving objects of charity whom you quietly help."

"Yes, indeed," replied the great philanthropist. "It's just like throwing money away. The very people you think will advertise you most never say a word about it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Don't Let the Years Count.

Age will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count, until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind.—Success Magazine.

Fatal Curiosity.

Mrs. Grimes—You lost $50 because of your curiosity? Really, I don't see how you could do that. Mr. Grimes—Nevertheless it is true. I asked the man who sat on the other side of the table what cards he had in his hand.—Boston Transcript.

Why Is It?

Why is it that popular orators, whether lay or clerical, are commonly men of large girth and good digestion, while great philosophers are often of diminutive size and small vitality?—Boston Christian Register.

A Different Matter.

Excited Individual—Help, help! I've just had my picture taken! Bystander—Why, that's nothing to get angry about. Excited Individual—It isn't, eh? My picture was a Rembrandt! Help!—Smart Set.

If you would make your wife happy let her boss you occasionally and think that she is the smarter of the two—which she sometimes is.—J. M. Barrie.

How Trousers Came to Be Popular.

Trousers came into use for general wear with the French revolution. The gentlemen, the supporters of royalty and sound constitutional principles, wore breeches. The "sans culottes," who denounced every one who wore breeches, finally went beyond their opponents and wore twice as much cloth around their legs—in a word, adopted the modern trousers and made them the badge of a party. Napoleon, who was too thin at one period of his life and too stout at another to look his best in small clothes, nevertheless wore them on state occasions after he had been crowned emperor. His army was the first that wore trousers, and they kept progress step by step with the march of the French legions.

The French trousers were seen in Egypt, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland and in Russia, and with them the neat gaiter. People thought that the manner in which a great conquering nation clad its legs was the correct model, and when the trousers wearers marched over the wearers of pigtails and knee breeches at Jena and Auerstadt a decision was given from which the world did not care to appeal.

The Defiant Tomato.

"It has happened to me several times in my life," says Thomas E. Watson in Bethany, "to be arrested, convicted and sentenced to dine with other well dressed convicts, male and female, at a swell dinner—one of those formal functions where solemn flunkies bring you one thing only to eat at a time. When you have pecked awhile at that one thing, whatever it may be, solemn flunkies take it away and bring you another plate and some other thing to peck at awhile.

"Sometimes it happens that this one thing is a big, defiant looking tomato. To sit in one's chair, gazing at the last course which the flunky has just put on; to realize that this entire course consists of a solitary tomato, looking fiercely red and raw; to glance along the table and to realize that all the convicts, male and female, have one tomato apiece and are trying to look cheerfully at the convict boss—the host—has overwhelmed me every time it got the chance. The scene is heartrending."

Father and Daughter.

Is there any fairer relationship in the wide world than this between father and young daughter? Its only rivals are the ties between mother and son, mother and daughter and father and son. To the budding womanhood that skips and pranks beside him the settled man of affairs betrays the shy chivalry that, so long as he retains the innocence of his affections, nestles at his heart. For her he remembers again the gallant days of his youth; he quotes poetry, brings out for her amused and affectionate inspection dreams and hopes long laid by in the cedar chests of memory. For her sake he goes again into society, consents to dress for dinner, is careful of his manners and his speech. The graces of life trail into his consciousness with the soft swish of her lengthening skirts.—Harper's Bazar.

A Slave of Prosperity.

Mrs. Porter had married late in life and married a rich man after years of prudent scrimping and much care.

"How does Annabel look?" asked one of Mrs. Porter's old neighbors of another who had been visiting the bride of a year. "Does she appear satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, she's satisfied and happy and all that," said the old friend slowly, "but you know folks can't get wonted to things all of a sudden, and so there will come times now and again when Annabel looks as if the kettle was b'ilin' over and she was tied hand and foot so she couldn't get to the stove. It's not for me to say how she feels."

The True Meaning of "Worry."

The generic and much covering term of "worry" is often the name for a trouble the essential part of which is the "difficulty of making up the mind." Those who can read between the lines discern also in many a case of suicide the same difficulty as the final cause which plunged a weak and distracted intelligence into the ultimate catastrophe. Sooner than continue the struggle with doubts, alternatives and perplexities the mind that cannot be "made up" is overthrown altogether.—London Lancet.

Doubtful.

An old lady took her little grandson to a museum, and when they came to a lion with gaping mouth the boy hung back.

"Don't be afraid, Harold," the lady said. "That lion is stuffed."

"Yes," said Harold, "but maybe he isn't stuffed so full that he couldn't find room for a little boy like me."

Same Old Reason.

"What was it caused the downfall of the Trojans?" asked the man who has forgotten his classics.

"It was the same old story," said the man who was reading the sporting page. "They wouldn't let the horses alone."—Washington Star.

Nothing to Brag Of.

Bluff—I'd have you know, sir, that I'm a self made man. Gruff—Well, I'm sorry for you, but keep it dark and don't think too much about it, and perhaps you'll get along all right.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband (during the quarrel)—I wouldn't be a fool if I were you. Wife (calmly)—My dear, I can readily understand that if you were me you wouldn't be a fool.

It is a blunder to treat men without self respect as if they were your equals.—Success.

It is much easier for a woman to confide in the average man than in the average woman. She knows that the man will respect her confidences and keep them to himself. He is strong, has more experience of the world and can help the woman who needs advice. There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the womanly organism. When a woman has ills and pains that she cannot bear—when life seems dark for every woman, she should confide her troubles to a physician of standing in the community, or one who has a national reputation. Certainly it would not be the part of wisdom to confide in an ignorant person without medical education simply because she was *a woman*. There is every reason why she should write to some great specialist, one who has made the diseases of women a specialty for a third of a century, like Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. All his correspondence is held sacredly confidential, and he gives his advice free and without charge.

So uniformly successful has Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription proven in all forms of Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb, and Leucorrhea, that, after curing the worst cases of these distressing and debilitating ailments, Dr. Pierce now feels fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in cash for any case of these diseases which he cannot cure.

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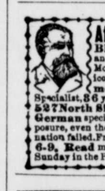

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