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J. F Thompson.

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS

NOTIONS

GROCERIES

PROVISIONS

DATES AND FIGS.

Frugal Fare of the Desert Wanderers of the East.

While journeying across the desert Mrs. A. Goodrich-Freer, author of "In a Syrian Saddle," met a lonely traveler bound for Medeba. On hearing that the caravan was bound for the same place he asked permission to join them. Incidentally he furnished an illustration of the difference between necessities and luxuries.

We were very grateful, says the writer, for coffee and an excellent lunch of sausage, potted meat and jam, with white bread, brought from Jerusalem. We ate our dainties with some sense of guilt, as the newcomer produced his lunch of dates and figs.

Dates and figs, he informed us, were the natural food of desert wanderers, sufficing to the body, stimulating to the mind. The wheat, the flesh, above all the alcohol of civilization, were mere irrelevancies.

Was it not diet such as this—and he waved a pair of sensitive hands over his ascetic larder—which had enabled him to reply to the inquiry of a personage as to how many hours a day he could ride in the desert, "Twenty-four, your majesty, since a day does not contain twenty-five?"

Was it not on a diet of figs and dates that he had ridden sixty hours without dismounting? Was it your meat eater, your wine drinker, who remained sound and wholesome when necessity obliged him to refrain from ablution for twenty-one days?

At this point he carefully counted his date stones, observed that two more were yet due to his appetite and finished his frugal luncheon.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Raising the Curtain For a Moment on One of Life's Tragedies.

A recent incident which holds in its simple outlines the possibility of past tragedy is described in the New York Times. It is another illustration of how careless the world is of the individual and how thick is the cloak which one may wrap about his personality. Not long ago a laborer employed by the Erie railroad in Jersey City was run over by a train and had his leg cut off.

A policeman telephoned for an ambulance. The injured man lay on a grass patch, apparently bleeding to death. Just then a typical railroad tramp in dirty rags sauntered along. He tapped a policeman's elbow.

"May I ask what's the matter, officer?" he inquired.

"Man bleeding to death," replied the policeman.

"Would you mind if I looked at him?" asked the tramp. "I might be of service."

"Go ahead," responded the officer.

Bending low over the wounded laborer, the tramp asked for water to wash his hands and then begged the crowd for clean handkerchiefs. With a half dozen deft, rapid twists he made a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood.

"Are you a doctor?" some one asked as the man slipped away through the crowd.

"I used to be," he replied as he hurried off.

Patriotism In the Making.

Patriotism in New York is cosmopolitan. They have a flag drill in the schools in which the children of every race and clime, as the hymn book says, are taught to salute the stars and stripes and give "their heads, their hands and their hearts to their country." And in some of the big downtown schools you may see children from homes German, Italian, Syrian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Hungarian, Chinese, Armenian, Greek and heaven knows how many other nationalities all joining in this picturesque ceremony. It gives one a realizing sense of the variety of material which it put into this crucible we call a city and which in another generation or two will be simply American.—Boston Transcript.

Talking Through the Nose.

So called "talking through the nose" is not talking through the nose at all, but rather failure to do so—that is, instead of letting the tone flood into the nasal cavity, to be re-enforced there by striking against the walls of the cavity, which act as sounding boards for the tone confined within that cavity, we shut off the cavity and refuse the tone its natural re-enforcement. It takes on as a result a thin, unresonant quality which we call nasal, although it is thin and unpleasing because it lacks true nasal resonance. The only remedy lies in ceasing to shut off the cavity.—Katherine Jewell Everts in Harper's Bazar.

Frog's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent writes: "My son, aged ten and a half years, was working in the garden when a viper about two feet long glided past him. A good shot with a stone about the size of a cricket ball broke the reptile's spine, while a sharp edge of the granite cut open the belly, thereby restoring to freedom a frog, which hopped out of its prison unhurt."—Madras Mail.

Speaking.

"Did you think Miss Jawkins has speaking eyes?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young lady. "If she had, her mouth wouldn't give them a chance to be heard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Young Baby.

From a morning paper: "Nurse wanted to look after young baby, age about eighteen." We do not know much about the subject, but is that particularly young for a baby?—London Globe.

FRESH INSPIRATION.

Napoleon and His Attitude Toward the Common Soldier.

Napoleon understood human nature. He recognized the great truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and knew how to apply it not only to himself and his own ambitious projects, but to other men as well. Moreover, he knew precisely the right moment to apply it to quicken the spark of divine energy which smolders in every man, although the ashes of fatigue and failure may cover its light temporarily.

A French soldier carried a dispatch to Napoleon. Just as he delivered it into the hands of the emperor his spent horse dropped dead. Napoleon wrote an answer to the dispatch, then, dismounting from his own horse, he handed the bridle to the soldier.

"Take this horse and ride back, comrade," he said.

"Nay, sire," stammered the soldier, gazing at the blooded horse and its trappings. "It is too magnificent and grand for me, a common soldier."

"Take it!" commanded Napoleon. "There is nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France."

The soldier mounted and rode away on his perilous business, ready and willing, and Napoleon's words, repeated through the ranks and columns of his army, gave to his tired troops fresh inspiration and energy. "Nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France!" they said, and the thought that they were worthy of the best inspired them to the mighty deeds which followed.

WIFELY ORDERS.

Two Men Obeyed Them, but the Third Man Balked.

"Three men sat rather late at the club one night," said the man who is responsible for the story. "As they were separating they discussed a little nervously the receptions that awaited them at their wives' hands and agreed that he who didn't do what his wife told him on getting home should have to treat the others to a turkey dinner. The first man after reaching his house stumbled about the dark bedroom till he kicked the cat. The cat squalled, and the man's wife, raising her head from the pillow, moaned, 'Well, go on kill the poor cat and have done with it.' The man frowned and muttered to himself, 'It is a case of kill the cat or pay for the dinner.' So he killed the cat.

"The second man on his arrival could not find any matches. As he looked for some in the drawing room he bumped against the piano, and his wife complained, 'Why don't you break the piano, careless?' Determined not to lose his bet, the man got a hatchet, and the sound of crashing blows soon filled the house.

"The third man, getting home, stumbled on the way upstairs. His wife screamed angrily, 'Go on, fall downstairs and break your neck, do!' 'Not me,' said the third man after a moment's thought. 'I'll pay for the turkey dinner.'"—Chicago News.

A Merchant's Memory.

Among the characteristics which made for the success of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, says Richard Lathers in his "Reminiscences," was an extraordinary memory for the details of his vast business.

One day as Mr. and Mrs. Lathers were leaving the store Mr. Stewart accosted them at the door.

"I hope, Mrs. Lathers, you have found what you want," he said.

"No, Mr. Stewart," she replied. "I want a very plain brussels carpet for a small library, a light color with a small blue figure. You have a great variety, but nothing just like that."

"I am quite sure we have that exact description," he said, and, turning to a clerk, added: "Go to the third floor and get out from the last invoice of carpets No. 2206. I think the style and pattern will just suit Mrs. Lathers."

To the amazement of the shopper it proved to be the very thing she was looking for.

Consider the Birds of the Air.

An eminent ornithologist calls attention to the fact that a crane can travel through the air a thousand miles a day without flapping its wings, but by merely keeping them stretched and adjusted to the prevailing breezes. A hawk can stay in the air for days and weeks, moving with its wings motionless. It is the same with the gulls and numerous other winged creatures. In studying the science of aerostatics consider the birds of the air.—Boston Herald.

For Winter Use.

A lady farmer planted a garden. She was very proud of her prospective peas, but when her husband asked if they were ripe she said, "Oh, they haven't come up yet!"

"Haven't come up yet? Why, the season's nearly over!"

"Yes," she said, "but I planted canned peas. I think they come up a little late."—New York Times.

A Keen Observer.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize. I"—

"Never mind. I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"—London Scraps.

Bitter Revenge.

Tommy Figg—Sister's beau kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet. Johnny Briggs—How? Tommy Figg—I mixed quinine with her face powder.—Indianapolis Journal.

AN ILL FATED SHIP.

Mystery and Tragedy That Encompassed the Great Eastern.

There was a mystery about that ill fated ship. Nothing went right with her. She stuck at the launch, and it cost an extra $350,000 over and above the sum set aside for the purpose to get her into the water. On her trial trip her boilers burst, killing some of the stokers. Then she ran aground and carried on so outrageously that her crew thought her surely bewitched. She had started badly. While she was building a pay clerk sent by one of the contractors with $6,500 in wages for the men disappeared. It was not unnaturally assumed that he had bolted with the money. His wife and family were left unprovided for, with the stigma of his supposed crime upon them.

Thirty years after her launch the Great Eastern went into the cemetery at Birkenhead to be broken up. While she was being taken to pieces the ship breakers discovered between her inner and outer casings of steel the skeleton of a man. Papers which had fallen from his clothes enabled his identity to be traced. It was the skeleton of the pay clerk who thirty years before had disappeared. There was no money; that was never recovered.

The supposition is that the poor fellow on going on to the ship was pounced upon by workmen who knew that he had the money with him; that they stunned him and, having a small place in the side of the vessel to complete, crammed his body in and built him up in it. No reward would have induced a sailor to sail in that vessel had he known of the terrible secret sealed up in her walls.—Chicago News.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

The Way the Writer Got Even With the Heartless Editors.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his studies were changed, cut and butchered was a great woe to his heart.

"In after years Hearn took a malicious joy in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and omniscient way with manuscript.

"One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said:

"'I enjoyed that poem on the three ages of man in today's paper, Mr. Sheers; I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought that it was originally written the seven ages of man!'

"'So it was, sir; so it was,' said Editor Sheers pompously. 'Yes, the extract was originally written the seven ages of man, but I had to cut it down for lack of space.'

"Another story concerned a weather report. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring.

"The editor as he read over the article called the reporter up to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in spring's lap. He said the idea was good enough and original and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

Staring at Royalty.

Royalties are early cured of any shyness of being looked at. They are there to be seen, and both the king and queen when they go to the opera and turn their glasses on the occupants of opposite boxes are openly amused by the disconcerted looks of persons who feel abashed under the inspection. Not a trace of self consciousness is left on the face of an English royalty, with the exception of perhaps a single princess under an artillery of glances. Such attentions are anything but resented. Indeed, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire used to say that when the butcher boy ceased to turn round after her in the street she would know her reign was over.—London Chronicle.

Didn't Agree With Him.

A Carolina man was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend who had pressed into service every member of his family, including his aged father.

"The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner.

"Yes; dad's nigh on to ninety," was the reply.

"Is his health good?"

"Well, no. The old man ain't been hisself for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't agree with him no more."—Success Magazine.

Cheap Fun.

He—You talk about men playing poker. It is no worse a vice than the shopping habit of the women. She—Perhaps not, morally speaking; but, then, it takes money to play poker, whereas a woman can shop all day without it costing her a cent except what she pays for car fare.—Boston Transcript.

Might Have Known.

An austere looking lady walked into a furrier's and said to the shopman, "I should like to purchase a muff."

"What fur?" demanded the man.

"To keep my hands warm, you idiot!" exclaimed the lady.—London Scraps.

A Distinction With a Difference.

Editor—You see, a story has to be just so to get in our magazine. Author—Well, what's the matter with this one of mine? Editor—It's only so-so.—Puck.

A secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.—Swift.

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Here we offer you the very best that is possible to buy; show an extremely large assortment, including all the new and popular shades and the range of prices makes it possible for everyone to find something here exactly as wanted.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

The price of silks has advanced very materially, but we are still offering our guaranteed 36-inch black taffett $100 per yard.

Over twelve hundred yards sold in the preceding twelve months without a dissatisfied customer.

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We are selling staple muslin at wholesale prices. Our purchases before the advance enable us to do this

Millinery Millinery

The rich and refined in millinery has full and eloquent expression in this department of our store.

Efforts intelligently directed are productive of results beyond precedent in the all-important questions of style, elegance and quality.

Your attention is directed to our extremely low prices.

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This department has stood the test of a careful buying public for years, and is now complete with an array of stylish and up-to-date garments not often seen except in a city store.

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Come and see us, we can show you our stock much better than we can tell your about it.

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