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SPRING OPENING

—OF—

Fine Dress Goods Notions & Millinery

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Broadcloth, Worsted Suitings,
Silks--Plain and Fancy for Shirtwaist Suits.

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PERSIAN LAWN, PIQUES,
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The Way a Fond Mother's Joke on Her Son Went Astray.

"Bishop Maxwell, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Spaulding cordially as her guest came down to breakfast, suit case in hand. "I feel that I know you through my son, and I was so glad when he arranged to have you stay with us on your way through the city. But what does this luggage mean? You're going to stay a day or so?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Spaulding," returned the bishop. "I must go right on today."

"Oh, that makes it doubly unfortunate that I had to be away last evening. I hope you found my message of explanation? The friend I was called to was very ill, and I felt sure you would understand, but the fact that Mr. Spaulding was out of town, too, made me regret going especially. I do hope my maid took care of you comfortably and that you rested well. I thought you must have been weary when I came in at 10 and found you had retired."

The bishop replied politely, but there was an odd constraint in his manner which lasted until he had bowed himself out of the house after breakfast.

"What can be the matter?" puzzled Mrs. Spaulding as she watched the distinguished gentleman stalking down the street. "Dick was so anxious he should like us!"

Then a sickening thought struck her, and she darted up the stairs.

It had been Mrs. Spaulding's custom during the boyhood of her only son to correct his failings by posting about the house little placards which gently pleaded with him on the error of his ways. A week or two earlier, when Dick was coming home for a college vacation, she had unearthed some of these old signs and just for a joke had pinned them up in his room, like old times. They had been taken down later, but she remembered now that, after being summoned to the sick friend the morning before, she had led her new—and not brilliant—maid to Dick's door and had said: "I want this room swept and arranged for Bishop Maxwell exactly as we did it for Mr. Dick last week. Do you understand?"

With wings on her feet Mrs. Spaulding flew to the room the bishop had occupied, but at the threshold she paused and gasped.

On one of the pillows was a staring notice to this effect: "Please put your bed airing in the morning!" Over the mirror, "Please don't spatter the glass!" On the window curtain, "Please don't throw your shoes on the floor noisily!" Everywhere, on pictures and wall: "Please don't leave your coat on a chair. Hang it up!" "Please don't leave you toothbrush in the bathroom!" "Please turn off the hot water faucet!"

There were at least fifteen of these placards, the "Please" underlined three or four times in each, but—horror of horrors—the largest of all was this, on the inside of the door: "If you take a bath please wash out the tub. It's disgraceful not to!"—Youth's Companion.

The American Accent.

There is no such thing as the "America accent" except in a few words such as "advertisement," wherein America is superior as to pronunciation and practice.

Nor does the American born man "talk through his nose." The real difference that we all notice is a difference in the general pitch of voice. The American voice is pitched in a slightly higher key than the English, and here you may find the reason why the American assimilates French so easily. Put roughly, the case is this: The Frenchman talks from his palate, the American from the top of his throat, the Englishman from his chest and the German from his diaphragm.—London Chronicle.

First of the Lazy Men.

During the civil war a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought he should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure the men's habits of laziness. One morning after roll call the captain, addressing his command, said: "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men each took a step forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come.

"I was too lazy," replied the soldier. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Shopping Troubles.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking that"—

"Ah, you wish a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When to Find Them.

Blimkins—No, sir, I tell you most friends are uncertain. I want friends who will be friends in need. Hodges—Take a fool's advice, old man, and look for them before you need them.—Brooklyn Life.

Designs Upon Him.

Gladys—He tells me you have designs upon him. Ethel—Did the wretch say that? Gladys—Yes. He said your image was engraved upon his heart.—Judge.

It often happens that the man who pays the piper has nothing left for his creditors.—Puck.

MUSIC AS A LURE.

The Way the Deadly Cobra Is Captured In India.

The death dealing cobra is passionately fond of music, and it is through this means that its capture is often accomplished. The men in India who can effect the capture of this deadly reptile must be possessed of remarkable skill or their lives are the forfeit. When a cobra takes up its abode in the neighborhood of a dwelling house it is customary to send for the professional snake charmers. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the snake is supposed to be located. No matter what the creature may be doing, it is at once attracted by the sound of music. It emerges slowly from its hiding place and strikes an attitude in front of the performer. There it is kept engaged with the music while the other man creeps up behind with a handful of dust. At a convenient moment, when the cobra is standing motionless, this man suddenly throws the dust over the head and eyes of the snake. Immediately the cobra falls its length upon the ground and remains there for one short second, but the second is enough. With a movement like lightning the man seizes the body of the prostrate serpent just below the head. In great anger the cobra winds itself round and round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose, for it cannot turn its head and bite. If the fangs are to be extracted at once the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra and thus compels it to open its mouth. The fangs are then drawn with a pair of pinchers. If, however, he wishes to keep the snake intact for the present the musician comes to help him and forcibly unwinds the coils and places the body in a basket, all but the head, which is firmly held by the other man. He presses down the lid to prevent the cobra from escaping, and suddenly the captor thrusts the head in and bangs the lid.

A very expert performer can capture the snake single handed, though it is highly dangerous. While playing with one hand he throws the dust sideways with the other and captures the snake with the same hand. The whole action must be like a flash of lightning, for a half second's delay or the merest bungling in throwing the dust or catching the snake would prove fatal to the operator.

OLD FASHIONED.

A real old fashioned woman always calls a prescription a recipe.

What has become of the old fashioned man who "got the mitten?"

What has become of the old fashioned mother who accused her daughter of having "false pride?"

"Along about 9 o'clock at night," said an old fashioned man, "I get the stretches and go to bed."

The old fashioned man with his blue overcoat, which he wore in the civil war, seems to be no more.

What has become of the old fashioned man who wore gray knit socks and sat around in the evening without his shoes on?

There used to be an old fashioned man who inquired when you were introduced to him, "What part of the footstool do you hail from?"—Atchison Globe.

A Russian Baby's Cradle.

In Russia a cradle is used, contrived rudely as to both structure and motion. It is an oblong box or wicker basket, with a cord from each of its four corners converging to the hook or the rafter from which it is hung and with a looped cord underneath it, in which the mother puts her foot to swing her baby. In winter, which in Russia is long and severe, the cradles or sometimes the hammocks in which the youngest children sleep are slung around the great stove, upon which the parents and other adult members of the family pass the night, wrapped in their sheepskins.—Strand Magazine.

Deserted Their Towns.

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years—from 1660 to 1679—was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil one. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

Snowdrifts In Sweden.

The worst snowdrifts experienced by any railroad are said to be those in Sweden. Although the cold is not so intense as in some of our western states, the snowfall is heavy and continuous. The snowplows of various kinds which are used on these roads are said to be the most powerful in the world. There are times, however, when even this machinery fails to clear the way, when hundreds of men must be employed to dig out the stalled trains.

Rather Cynical.

Deacon Jones—What do you think of the proposition that women remove their hats at church? Rev. Mr. Wyse—Think of it? Why, it is the most absurd thing I ever heard of! What do they think the women come to church for, anyway?—Boston Transcript.

The Troublesome Part.

Perdita—Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy. Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble in getting your father's consent? Perdita—No; but pa and I had an awful lot of trouble getting Jack's consent.

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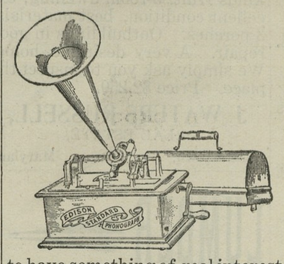

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