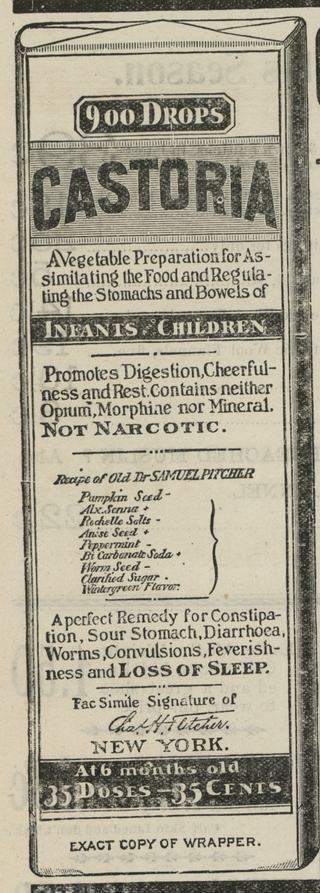

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Men's Suits as low as $1 & Upward.

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CARPETS! MATTINGS!

Mattresses, Coaches and Lounges.
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Carriages, Wagons, Dearborns,

All ready to show you. Come and you will see bargains for yourself. The timber in our Wagons has been sawed ten years. *SECOND-HAND JOBS ON HAND.* Special attention to Carriage Repairing, and Repairing of All Kinds.

Horse Soeingh: In the Neatest Manner.

CAME FROM INDIA TO EARN MONEY TO FREE HER PARENTS.

Rose Arbiditty is a Sikh girl whose home is in India. She came to America three years ago on a mission. Now the Sikhs are not an adventurous people and prefer to stay where their caste rules, which forbids them to eat what has been so much as touched by an outcast, can be strictly obeyed. But Rosie wanted to be rich so she could help her people, who are dying from famine and from the cholera, which follows times of want. She was only 16 when she landed in San Francisco.

Rosie was born at Deihl, her father being a native and a soldier. Her mother died of starvation, though she managed to keep the child well enough while she lived, probably giving it all the scant allowance of food made for the family, and eating nothing herself. So Rosie has a right to be a heroine; it runs in the blood.

One night her father came to the camp with an officer, and Rosie was called to speak to him.

"My service is finished here," he said to her. "I shall leave you with my people and go to China to earn money for you." She was all he had left, and Rosie clung to him and sobbed, and refused to be comforted, until the officer, who had a little girl of his own, said: Let her come, too. She shall go with my wife. Would you like to be a little nurse-maid, Rosie?"

Rosie had no idea what a nurse maid might be, but she knew it meant that she could go with her father. There was a special pain for the child in leaving her home, for in the camp there were six little cousins. Their mother had died only a week before, and when she was dying Rosie had held her hand and promised to be a sister to the half dozen little mites of boys and girls left behind. They all sat and wept dismally at the news of Rosie's going, but had not life enough to make any vigorous protests.

"I shall earn a fortune, and then we can have our garden and our house again," she told them. They were not very hopeful, and three of them died within a month.

But Rosie went to Shanghi, where her father worked near her as a policeman, and she learned a great many things from the officer's wife.

"It was only when my father was killed one night," Rosie said, "that I was sad, for he and I were saving all our money and could soon go back to our home and my cousins, who were to live with us."

After his death she resolved to come to America, the El Dorado of every Asiatic.

"It is not possible." "You'll die in a strange land which is not like this." "They will not let you land," and a dozen other objections were made. "If she has the grit, let her go," one of the officers said, and so they arranged everything for her, and the immigration bureau at the port of San Francisco allowed the tall Sikh maiden, with her eager eyes and gentle voice, to land from the Coptic. She showed them her trunk filled with silk handkerchiefs and her money tied up in a blue cloth bag, which she wore around her neck.

Pretty soon all the handkerchiefs were gone. It was then that the soldiers began marching up Market street from the ferry out to the Presidio, waiting until they could go to the Philippines.

"I love soldiers," Rosie says. "My father, he was a soldier, but taller and handsomer. But these, too, are soldiers."

Rosie's American experience began now in earnest. She followed the volunteers and found the Presidio. At the beginning the men had a long wait before they received any pay. It grew very warm out on the sand hills, and the food was rather more plain than the volunteers had been accustomed to.

One day an Italian with a load of fruit pushed his cart to the camp of the Tennessees. Rosie was there sitting on the ground when the Italial came along and offered the fruit for sale. The men wanted it and offered him every bargain they could think of, but he would none of them.

"You got mona? Mona buy fruit. No mona no fruit," and he was pushing his cart along, though there was no doubt that but for the disgrace the Tennessees were in, he would be pushing away an empty cart, "mona" or not.

Rosie took a dollar from her bag and offered it to Tom Day. He hesitated, and then Rosie told him he could pay back the money when he got his pay.

"All right, fellows!" We'll make Rosie banker, or whatever you call the fellow who lends money. Every dollar she lends she gets two for."

They all agreed.

When the soldiers, all but a few regulars, had gone, she had $3,187.69. Then she tried peddling from door to door, but in the city it did not pay.

"I will go out to the country," she said, and she walked from town to town over the northern portion of California, selling her stock of notions and trinkets, and this last June, when the warm weather began and the fruit was ripe, she lacked but $200 of her appointed sum. She came back and went to work in the cannery and stayed there till the soldiers began coming again on the way to China. Now she has her fruit cart once more, and in the afternoons goes out to the Presidio.

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPADE.

It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 48, Phenix hotel.

"What is wanted?" asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furiously beating heart.

"We want you! Open this door!"

"Never!"

"Then take the consequences."

The man sprang out of bed and hurriedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination to sell his life dearly. He heard footsteps moving in the hall, and presently his door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

"You may hang me," he said in a low, tense voice, "but 12 of you will go into the other world before me."

"Who said anything about hanging?" inquired a voice.

"But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this town I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge."

"Not much, stranger. We dont know anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you?"

"I do."

"Well, what we wanted to ask was whether three of a kind beat a straight in your State."

"They do not."

"Then that's all, and you can go back to your snooze. Sorry to have disturbed you, but we had a dispute and wanted to settle it."—New York Sun.

"JUST AT THIS TIME the country needs a new religion that will make a man pay his debts" says the *Methodist Advocate.* "Shouting and giving testimony doesn't settle accounts with God or man. We bounce right into a fellow and put him out of the church if he goes to a ball or theatre but never say a word to the pious scamp who never pays his debts. The latter are doing the church more harm than the dancers and drunkards for there are more of them in the church."

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Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First you think it is a little cold, nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. Better cure your cough today.

You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The pressure on the chest is lifted, that feeling of suffocation is removed, and you are cured. You can stop that little cold with a 25 cent bottle; harder coughs will need a 50 cent size; if it's on the lungs the one dollar size will be most economical.

"I confidently recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to all my patrons. I am using it now in my own family. Forty years ago I feel sure it saved my life." A. S. EIDSON, M.D., Jan. 4, 1898. Fort Madison, Iowa.

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Salted Mackerel?

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—AND—

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Having rebuilt my store I am now better prepared to serve my customers than ever before. I now have a full line of everything to be found in a first class country store.

My goods are all new and of the best quality and I promise to please you in all your purchases.

I Am Selling SUGAR Cheaper Than It Can Be Bought Elsewhere

and guarantee it to be the best

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Come and see

MY NEW STORE

and inspect my goods. I have a full line of Gentlemen's Fine Hats from 50c to $2.00.

First class carriage harness from $5.50 up.

Big run on Glass Jars this week. I sell only Mason's Best Jars and guarantee my prices to be the cheapest.

SHOES! SHOES!

I have the finest line I have ever had since I have been in business. Both coarse shoes and fine dress shoes. It will pay you to examine before buying.

I also have a full line of Glass & China Ware, Dry Goods & Notions, and a fine line of Confectionery.

Give me a call before going elsewhere and be convinced of what I say.

I thank my many friends and patrons for their aid in again getting me ready for business and earnestly solicit their further patronage promising to serve them to the best of my ability in every instance.

I remain yours for business,

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All old business on the books of W. H. McFeely & Co., has been made over to us and will have our strictest attention. All policies about to mature will be rewritten in order to give the assured protection.

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