1911 1911

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You Can't Duplicate Our Line—COME AND LOOK US OVER.

WASH FABRICS—Everything, Anything.

Beautiful Scotch Plaids at . 10c, 12½c
Silk Finish at . . . 15c, 18c

OUTING FLANNELS, DOMIT FLANNELS.

All colors, all qualities, per yd . 6¼c to 12½c
Beautiful Flannelettes and Duckling Fleeces, Prices, per yard, . . 8c to 15c
Percales in abundance, new neat patterns in Blacks and Whites and Second Mourning.

FINE DRESS GOODS

We have a magnificent line of Dress Goods, everything in color and kind.
Extra Heavy Broadcloth, 50 inches . . . . . at 98c to $2.25 per yd.
Handsome French Serge in blue and black, at . . . . $1.00 per yd.
Cheviots in all colors, all wool, 38 in. at 49c
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Mohairs, many styles, 36 to 52 in. 48c to $1.25

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All colors, many qualities, prices to suit all, ... 69c to $1.75
We have a few Sheered Silks, must go at 27½c

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Very beautiful Woolnap 1 2-4 Woolnap at $2.65
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A grand All Wool Landsdown . $6.50
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Our Sweaters for men at 49c, Oxford and White you cannot duplicaie.
Ladies White and Oxford at . . 49c
Handsome, all wool, red and white Sweaters, all prices, all qualities.

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Men's High Top Tan Bluchers,
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Good extra heavy work Shoe at . $1.60
Men's Fine Dress Shoes in Box Calf, Velour, at . . . $2.25 to $4.50
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Prices that will please, the best shoe in town, at $1.25
Something special in Velour and Box Calf at $1.69
Ladies hand-welt, hand-sewed. at . $3.25
Missses beautiful Dull Button and Lace

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at . . . . . $1.75 to $2.50
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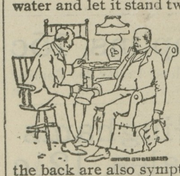
Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or settling, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.



What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

Home of Swamp-Root.

You may have a sample bottle sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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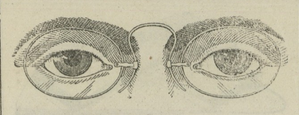

DO YOU HAVE HEADACHE?
Eighty per cent. are due to Eye Strain. It may be glasses, not medicine, that you need. Relief will be obtained by a properly fitted pair of glasses.

WHAT GLASSES WILL DO.
If your work or reading tire the eyes, glasses will rest them.
If you are subject to herdaches, the chances are that it is caused by Eye Strain. Special glasses will relieve them.

DON'T wear glasses unless prescribed by a reliable Optometrist.

A REASON WHY.
It you were ill you would call in the best Physician; if you had a law suit, the best Lawyer. If your eyes are bad why not take equal precaution to select a reliable Optician and Optometrist?

WE FIT HUNDREDS
of pair of eyes with glasses and can point to scores of persons whose eye troubles we have relieved entirely or greatly helped.

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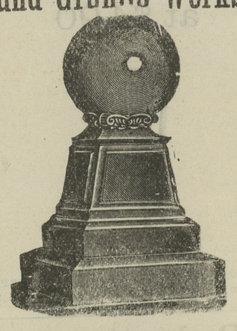

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ROUP CURE.

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JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT,
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CHRISTY'S TRIPLE THANKSGIVING

By CARL WILLIAMS.

HE had just come in his car from the Beacon-Hargrave wedding. In Howard Christy's estimation all weddings were bores, but one must be bored in the cause of a merger still hanging fire.

And now, with the ceremony and quickly dispatched reception behind him, he was headed for the office once more. His patient secretary would be awaiting him.

"Mother!"

In the half gloom, half mist of the oncoming twilight, as his car was wedged in among scores of other vehicles in front of the Grand Central station, he heard that word, and heaven only knows why he leaned forward to see who had uttered it.

He looked straight into the dewy depths of wonderful violet eyes, but they were not fixed on him.

They looked far beyond, across the tangle of vehicles, to where a woman with soft brown hair and beautiful gray eyes smiled to the girl from out a mass of furs and violets.

Christy forgot to urge his chauffeur to get out of the tangle somehow. He sat quite still for one long thoughtful minute.

"YOU CAN DROP ME HERE."

Then he leaned forward with a singularly serene expression on his strong, determined face.

"You can drop me here. I am going out of town."

"Yes, sir," was the man's mechanical reply, and not so much as by the flicker of an eyelash did he betray his astonishment as his master stepped from the car and, immaculate in frock coat, gray trousers, silk hat, soft gray gloves and boutonniere, stalked through the gloom and crowd into the brilliantly lighted station.

Christy had a private car in one of the uptown yards, but he gave it no thought. He bought a ticket for Trumansburg. He was going home for Thanksgiving with "mother."

Years had passed over his head since he had left Trumansburg. He had often thought of going back for a visit, but the second thought was better than the first. It always ended in his sending for his mother to visit him instead.

Christy was not a Napoleon of finance. In all these years he had made no meteoric rise, but he had climbed steadily, and now, as he had acquired a patch of gray over each ear and a trifling stoop of the shoulders, he had turned over his fifth million.

Eminent nerve specialists had warned him that he must cease his endeavors or lose his health, but Christy laughed at them.

Neither urgings of friends nor orders of physicians had any effect. Yet he now yielded to the note of joy in a girl's voice and was going home.

The girl's voice had brought home and mother back to him, and as the train dashed on he smiled softly to himself and planned his arrival at home.

He had taken the flier because it was the first train out. A word to the amiable conductor, and the engineer was instructed to stop at Trumansburg.

The station was dark when, a little after midnight, the train paused just long enough for the single passenger to drop to the platform.

But there was a light in the postoffice across the road from the depot, and presently a man came out to take the mail bag flung off by the messengers.

"That train stop here?" he asked incredulously of Christy.

"For a moment," was the amused response. "Do you know where I can get a bed this time of night?"

The mail carrier regarded him with disdain. "Of course," he said loftily. "This town ain't so small that it does not have hotels. You can always get into the Liberty House—if you ring loud enough. It's two blocks north, one east."

In the morning he hunted up the residence of one of the clothing store proprietors and induced him to open his store. Here he selected an outfit less conspicuous than his wedding guest attire and of the sort he had once regarded as the last word of elegance.

He lighted a cigar and strolled over to the church. He knew that the family celebration always started with the morning service, while the most dependable grandchild remained at home to baste the turkey and keep the fire up.

"I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU."

He had not long to wait before the old farm wagon drove up, and it was Christy who helped his mother out and kissed the withered cheek as he held her in his arms for an instant.

The old lady looked up in surprise, then, with a glad little cry, she threw her arms about his neck.

"I didn't recognize you—you looked so like one of us, Howard," she said tremblingly.

"That's what I'm thankful for. I can still be one of you," he answered, and he told himself that the losses he would have to stand on the deals that would suffer in his absence were well repaid by the look of delight in his mother's eyes.

They slipped quietly into the church, and none realized that the man in the cheap suit was the "Christy boy" of whom they had heard so much and seen nothing.

They set him down as one of the distant relatives of the Christys, and only Nan Copeland, seeing with the eyes of her heart, could tell that it was the much talked of millionaire.

It was Nan whom Christy sought when the short service of prayer was done. She laid her hand timidly in his, but her eyes spoke her welcome not to be concealed.

"What in the world brings you here?" she asked in surprise. "We thought that you had quite forgotten Trumansburg."

"I came to see my mother—and you," he answered in a whisper. "I thought it was only mother, Nan, but when I saw you I realized that there were two persons I had come to see. Is there any chance for me?"

For a moment the girl was silent. Once she had dreamed dreams of a home in which she and Howard Christy should live happily ever after.

Then he had made his first scoop in Wall street, and after that there was no time for thoughts of love on Christy's part. The correspondence dwindled down and died. Now he seemed to have reverted to the Howard Christy she had always loved.

"I'VE THREE THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR."

"There may be a chance—in time," she admitted.

"You don't need to add that last," he said humbly. "I didn't suppose that you were going to fall on my neck just because I came back and asked you. But if there isn't any one else I'm going back to town to close up some deals, and then I'm coming home to convince you that I'll make a model husband. There isn't any one else, is there, Nan?"

"Not as yet," she conceded, and Christy smiled radiantly.

"I've three things to be thankful for," he said jubilantly. "You and my mother—and my own old self. Three thanks for one Thanksgiving are a whole lot, Nan, and the best of these is"—

"Your own old self," quoted Nancy, coloring delightfully, and Christy read in her eyes that his probation would not be long.

Thanksgiving Table Decorations.

Here are some suggestions for the decoration of the Thanksgiving dinner table:

Instead of the costly flowers for the central ornament of the table make a centerpiece that will delight every one by its novel appropriateness. On a mirror plateau place a pumpkin, the yellowest and fairest that ever glowed between rows of fading corn. The top must be cut off and some of the center removed. The space is then lined with smilax, asparagus fern or the hardy dogtooth fern that every country boy knows defies the frost and can be found as fresh under the snow as when wet by summer rains. Heap the space high with lady apples, graceful bunches of grapes and yet more ferns, allowing a few of the latter to stray down the side and rest their pretty tracery on the white cloth.

Or get a low, round wicker basket and pile it high with rosy cheeked apples, letting three or four of them drop from it on the tablecloth to signify abundance. At each plate place a red apple decorated with a ruff and frilled paper cap and sketch with ink a comic face on the smooth skin. It will create no end of fun for the children.

Or pile a basket with either apples or pears and place a border of autumn leaves around it; also one around each of the plates at the table.

Get a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums and put them either in an old blue ginger jar or a brown earthenware pitcher. Failing these, a small bean pot such as is used for baking beans will prove a decorative receptacle for them. Place two or three of the chrysanthemums on the tablecloth near it.

A basket plied full of yellow ears of corn is a unique centerpiece. With this should be placed at each plate three grains of corn—to commemorate the time in 1623 when the crops failed and the colonists were threatened with starvation, being put on rations of a few kernels of corn a day. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed then, and directly after, as if in answer, there was a long continued rainstorm, and a vessel arrived laden with provisions. Then in gratitude a day of thanksgiving was appointed about the middle of July. This was observed for some fifty years, when the day was changed to harvest time.—Boston Herald.

Charity's Visiting Day.

Charity begins at home, but at Thanksgiving time it ought to go visiting and help to make happy the lives of those to whom turkey is only a memory or a mockery.

Don't Deceive Yourself.

Plenty of people imagine they have nothing for which to give thanks, but imagination is deceptive.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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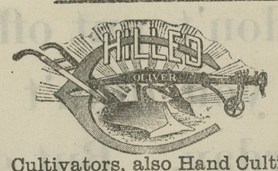
Farming Implements



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