

You Would Hardly Believe Us If We Told You Just How Successful Our Anniversary Sale

Has proven. You never saw so many really good bargains at this season.

This is a genuine sale, where goods are offered at genuine reductions, yet each person is treated exactly alike. WE HAVE NO SLIDING SCALE. We don't offer one customer a garment for \$50 and then slide the price to \$30 before she leaves the store. When we offer a garment at a certain price the governor of the state couldn't buy it any cheaper. WE INVITE YOU TO ATTEND THIS SALE AND SHARE THE SPECIAL VALUES WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF THEM HERE. Ask your neighbor what she thinks of our sale. If she has been here and bought something she is sure to say that we are offering bargains that are simply irresistible. A large force of salespeople will treat you courteously—be glad to show goods—never urge you to buy against your will and help you in every way to be entirely pleased. DON'T MISS A LOOK AT THE OFFERINGS FOR THIS WEEK.

A glance at our windows will reveal to your mind some of the many exceptionally good bargains we offer. Don't stop at the window; our goods bear closer inspection.

The Hutchason Co.

Successors To Baker-Hutchason Company

The eagerness to purchase manifested by a great number of our oldest patrons is proof conclusive to our minds that our offerings are all we claim and are appreciated by the careful people.

From Game to Game.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a roundabout way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble," she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble, all right. I—can't you see it yourself?" "Why, how silly, Alfred! No one can see heart trouble. They have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet. But I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would—that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking moments.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.)

"Y-yes."

"Let's have a game of checkers."—Boston Herald.

Walking.

The ordinary man who is employed indoors throughout the day does not walk enough. He needs the fresh air and sunshine of the outdoors, and, no matter how tired he may be, a short time in the open air will rest him. If he has no opportunity to walk during the evening, he ought to do it in the morning. There is no better tonic than a two mile walk before going to work. Some business men who live some distance from their offices or

stores walk down regularly every morning and are greatly benefited thereby. No matter how sluggish they may feel on arising, the morning walk puts them in good trim for the day's work. Exercise in the open air starts the blood circulating in every artery and vein in the entire system, opens up the pores of the skin, so that the waste matter in the body may be set free, limbers up the joints and muscles and puts one in shape for the duties of the day.—St. Joseph Gazette.

The Meredith Coconut.

George Meredith may not have been an altogether familiar author to the ordinary reader who craves for quick sensation. He never came down to the simplicity of Sherlock Holmes or Captain Kettle. Meredith required an acute and trained intellect before he could be appreciated.

It was once mentioned, in referring to the difficulty which some people experience in reading Meredith's novels, that the Meredith "coconut" was very hard, but that the milk when reached proved to be very sweet. This joke got into the papers.

Two days afterward a well known firm of fruiterers had an inquiry after these coconuts from a country customer. The letter was to the effect that, having read somewhere that Meredith's coconuts have had a large sale lately and that the milk was fashionable, the writer would like to have a few to try.—London Tatler.

Queer Postal Training.

In China whoever wishes to enter the postal service must give evidence of courage, robustness, power of endurance, ability to traverse great distances over mountains and valleys and through dangerous forests frequented

by wild beasts and robbers. After this the applicant is sent into uncanny places, which are considered to be the abodes of evil spirits. When the Chinaman has satisfied the authorities in regard to these matters he is appointed a letter carrier.

A Matter of Mind.

"I have a great mind to go to the club tonight," said Mr. J. to his wife. "What?" she replied with surprise. "I have a great mind to go to the club tonight."

"Whose?" she asked.

"Whose great mind?"

"Why, my own, of course, madam."

"Oh!" and the rising indignation she gave the ejaculation was very provoking to a man of fine feeling.

He Got the Chair.

On a very hot afternoon a number of around town chaps who didn't seem to have much to do were lounging in the chairs in front of a leading hotel. Several traveling men came out of the hotel and, finding all of the chairs occupied, looked and spoke things that wouldn't do well in polite society.

"Let's dump a few of them out," suggested one.

"Hold on a minute," replied another. "Watch me get a chair." With that he walked over to one of the loungers and in the most courteous way said:

"Will you please tell me whether that is a drug store across the street?"

"No," replied the lounge; "that's a bank."

"Oh, is it? Well, say, what is that nice big building just down the street there, two corners away?"

"That's the postoffice," was the reply.

"You live in this charming city then?" asked the drummer.

"I do," said the lounge.

"Well, then," replied the traveling man, "I'm a guest at this hotel and paying for accommodations. Suppose you get up and give me that chair."

He got the chair.—Kansas City Journal.

Varieties of Humor.

The Temple of Art, devoted to that peculiar form of entertainment called "polite vaudeville," was crowded to suffocation as Messrs. Biff and Bang, the refined sketch team and sidewalk conversationalists, stepped jauntily to the footlights. In response to the deafening applause Messrs. Biff and Bang bowed condescendingly, as though it hurt them.

Without further preliminary Mr Biff hit his partner on the rear of his ample trousers with a stuffed club, remarking, "It's a wise man that knows his own mind."

And Mr. Bang, not to be outdone in this little exchange of pleasantries, promptly buried an ax in the skull of Mr. Biff, remarking the while, "It's a wise man that minds his own nose."

Whereupon the intelligent audience screamed with delight and voted Biff and Bang the best ever. "And yet they were a frost in the London hills," commented a man in the front row. "The English have no appreciation of real humor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Happy Compromise.

"What a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called. "He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother, "and he weighs over twenty pounds." "What have you named him?" "Well," hesitated the mother, "Henry and I differed a little about that. He

wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another, but we finally compromised and agreed to call him John Wesley."

"I see. You named him after the great founder of Meth?"

"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name, as I said, is a compromise."

"But how?"

"The 'John' is for John Calvin, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley."

"Oh, I see."—Youth's Companion.

Queer Claret.

A party of miners calling at an inn in Llangollen during the absence of the landlord were shown into the best room, which, on his return, caused him to remonstrate. His wife, however, explained that a lot of money had been spent and that seven bottles of claret had already been drunk.

"Claret!" said he. "Why, I sold the last bottle the other day. You've been giving 'em catchup."—From "Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveler."

Useful Knowledge.

Tommy—Paw, I've heard you talk about Easy street. Where is it? Mr. Tucker—It's at the farther end of a long, rough and hilly thoroughfare, called Hard Work street, my boy.—Exchange.

The Descending Scale.

"The first letter John ever wrote to me," said a married woman to her friend, "was shortly after we had become acquainted and before there was really anything like an understanding between us. This is the way he signed it:

"Yours, my dear Miss Weston, most sincerely,

JOHN HAMILTON EASTON.

"There, you see, were ten words—enough for a telegram—just to bring a commonplace friendly letter to an end. But after we became engaged his first letter to me was signed in this way:

"Yours, my darling, affectionately,

JOHN.

"That, you will observe, was a reduction of 50 per cent from his conclusion as a mere friend. The first letter he ever wrote to me after we were married was signed:

"Yours,

JOHN."

She stopped for a moment and sighed and then continued:

"We have been married seventeen years now. Yesterday I received a letter from him. Here is the way it was signed:

"J."

Settled the Duel.

Lord March, afterward the Marquis of Queensberry, was not accustomed to view a duel with unbecoming apprehension and usually attended an affair with an air of enjoyment that often was decidedly displeasing and embarrassing to his adversary. But he was served at last with that saucy which the proverb explains is for the gander as well as for the goose. It was when he was challenged to fight an Irish sportsman. Lord March appeared on the ground accompanied by a second, surgeon and other witnesses. His opponent arrived soon afterward with a similar retinue, but added to by a person who staggered under the weight of a polished oak coffin, which he deposited on the ground, end up, with its lid facing Lord March and his party. Lord March became decidedly uncomfortable when he read the inscription plate, engraved with his own name and title and the date and year of death, and peace was patched up.

A Spa's Curious Origin.

The discovery of the famous Woodhall spa in Lincolnshire was very curious. Just about a hundred years ago a shaft was sunk in search of coal, but the effort had to be abandoned owing to a rush of water. In time the water found its way into a small brook, and in due course the inhabitants began to speak of the curative powers of the stream. Science investigated the mystery and discovered that the water in the coalless shaft was richly impregnated with various salts and bromine

and iodine. Geologists expressed the interesting opinion that ages ago the place was the sandy bed of a shallow lagoon or bay of a tropical sea where seaweeds of giant growth abounded. A mighty convulsion of nature lowered the sea bed, a great river flowed over the place, and in time its debris was formed into a mass of spongy rock or sandstone. Forcing itself through this mass at great pressure some 600 feet below the ground, the water now extracts the constituents of the original seaweed.—London Family Herald.

SAY!

Do You Want Them?

2 for 25c

We are closing out among the many other good things we handle here. About 20 dozen ladies' lisle finish lace stripe Hose, 25c and 35c qualities; colors black and tan; all sizes, at your choice,

2 pairs for 25 cents

Men's

Work

Gloves

A little better quality at a little lower price, if you buy here. Will you come in and be shown?

Ribbons

Handkerchiefs

1c to 25c

Combs, Notions, etc., like the little corner grocery, a little of everything at a little price.

10,000 Post Cards 1c each

3 Dr. Denton sleeping garments, size 7; fleeced back; gray union suits, for boys. Chest measure 26 inches; waist measure 25 inches.

HUSSEY'S

THE BUSY STORE

Dorothy Dodd

Our Autumn assortment contains styles that are NEW

A little bit in advance of the others perhaps, but we believe in

KEEPING AHEAD

Edmeades Bros.

THE WEST SIDE SHOE STORE