TALES OF THE TOWN

THIS is the instructive tale of a laundry-bag. One of the guests at a nice little Taylor-street boarding-house is a man who believes in having a place for everything and everything in its place. He is accustomed to keeping his soiled linen in a neat bag hung on a hook in his room. His Oriental laundryman calls for this bag at more or less regular intervals, returning the sack punctually with the clean laundry.

In the gentleman's absence one day, the Chinese came and explained to the hostess:

"Me ketchum Mist' Lobinson's washee."

The lady very naturally handed over the bag, which was in its usual place. She noticed that its contents seemed rather bulky and heavy.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the man, when told that evening of the laundryman's visit; "Oh, Lord! My new chinchilla overcoat! I put it in the bag, ma'am, to keep the moths from it. It's gone, and now that Chinaman will never come back!"

"Heap hard washee."

The poor hostess flushed with confusion, but falteringly hoped the laundryman would be honest enough to return when he found the mistake. Unfortunately, no one knew the location of the laundry, and for two or three days the distracted gentleman ranged abroad searching in vain for a Chinese laundry containing a chinchilla overcoat. His anxious inquiries brought forth nothing more from the busy Orientals than:

"No sabe coat; no sabe. Whassee-malia you?"

Resigned to the inevitable, he gave it up at last. At the expiration of a week the Chinese came back with the coat, also with a smile that was childlike and bland. The rush of joy that flooded the breast of the owner turned to the essence of wormwood when he found that the new coat had been thoroughly boiled, scrubbed, ironed and—ruined.

"Heap hard washee coat—one dolla sixty-five cents, please," said the laundryman, who emphasized his position further by saying:

"You puttem clock in laundly-bag, me washem too, all same."

THE off horse of Hack No. 299 was very uncomfortable. The cars had stopped long before, and the rain fell quietly on the lonesome streets. His feet were glued to the glutinous pavement of Fourth street, and the cloth on his back was a better sleve than shield. His collar had ripped on the inside and the nigh horse was sulky and had not said a word for hours.

The off horse was uncomfortable.

He had trotted many miles that day. A Chinese funeral to Lone Fir cemetery, another ceremony at Riverview, two weddings and 13 miscellaneous trips, including taking home three intoxicated persons already that evening.

"How much more will we have to do tonight, I wonder?" he mused as he pulled one foot from the black mucilage. Standing on three legs, he rests the fourth for a time.

The "ladies' entrance" door of a brilliantly lighted restaurant opened and a giddily garbed man and woman hurried toward the hack.

"Now where do those gay guineas live?" said the off horse contemptuously as he turned his head away. "King's Hill 'most likely, p'raps West Park or Twelfth street. Surely nobody will want to cross the river tonight."

"Drive to 13,333 Garfield avenue, driver. That's in Woodlawn, you know," said the man, as he slammed the door.

THE two young women were beautiful—outwardly—and they were richly dressed. They were out for an afternoon car-ride and occupied the front seat of a Portland Heights car. It was clear weather, but the grand panorama spread to their view from the summit held no interest for them. They found more entertainment practicing "goo-goo" on a passing man, who smirked self-consciously and adjusted his necktie.

On the way down, they sang many snatches of songs of the day and chatted shrilly of stage matters. Clearly they hoped that someone would mistake them for actresses. An interval of some five minutes at the foot of the hill—the wait for the downtown car—gave them an opportunity to display their graces before the little gathering of other waiting passengers. They flirted and flaunted and giggled and even essayed one or two little dancing steps. They glanced roguishly at the men, satirically at the other women—none of whom appeared to be of quite such butterfly personality.

"This is so slow."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the tall one, drawing her skirts tightly over to one side, "I wish we'd stayed to rehearsal. This is so slow. I don't see much to ride up on that hill for."

The other assented with a yawn. Yes, this was the slowest town, she thought. Then how both "roasted" the city! "So slow," they repeated, "way back—way behind, everything in it slow, everybody"—

"Allow me to correct you, ladies," interrupted a middle-aged, red-faced man, with an ironical bow, "some of the women are fast enough."

They seemed to think it a compliment and were giggling over it when they got off at Burnside street.

HAD old Solomon lived in Portland, he might have jotted down this in his little book (after tasting the juice of the grape):

A short woman, with a large umbrella, cuts a wide swath.

Yea, she regardeth not the head-gear of mankind, but goeth her way, and her path is even as the path of the whirlwind.

Let him that valueth his eyes, or that liketh not a stove in his hat, take the middle of the street.

Verily, the cunning of the woman with the rain-shield is even as the cunning of the manfool, for their ways are past finding out.

An exposure.

In witness whereof is the following: On the last rainy afternoon a man stood looking into a store window on crowded Third street. The umbrella of a passing lady raked off his hat. He made a wild leap to catch it and muffed. After the perverse fashion of the resilient stiff hat, it bounced away and deposited itself in the gutter. He was bald-headed and a shy man; therefore, he blushed furiously as he recovered the hat and tried to restore some of its late respectability. An acquaintance saw the occurrence, and tarried to josh.

"What an exposure, Brown!" he exclaimed. "Positively indecent, by Jove! I didn't know you were getting so bald. Must be very embarrassing to you; you are quite pretty with your hat on, you know.

"Say," he went on, "let me put you on to something. Wear a wig. Why don't you? Friend of mine has one—cost $15—and you never could tell it. Makes him look 10 years younger. Whenever I see a man so bald as you, I feel like putting him on to this—on the square, I do. Now—"

But he never finished. An unbrelled woman bore down upon him unaware. His hat, and lo! a beautiful wig were gathered in at one fell swoop, exposing a large, shining knob.

Hah! Vengeance!

"Speaking of embarrassments," began the first man.

But the josher grabbed up his hat and the—some other person's hair—thrust the one on his head, the other into his pocket and disappeared in the nearest doorway.

"YOU wouldn't think that I came near dying of consumption when I was a kid," said the fat man.

"No, I most certainly do not," said the tall man. "How was it?"

"Well, I was examined, and the sawbones said it was all off, and so I got my life insured for $1500, in favor of an old skinniflint of an uncle."

"You didn't die?"

"No, you bet, I didn't, or I wouldn't be here now. The old skinniflint sent me off on a trip to the South, feeling that it was no use, anyway, and that I'd only last a few weeks. He sent me a little money now and then, to keep me in grub, and he thought that when the time came, he'd grab the $1500. He was shrewd, but he didn't come up to my ante. I went to work on an orange plantation and got well, and when I came back home, the old man never forgave me, he died heartbroken soon after. I've been payin' premiums on the darn'd thing for 28 years, and I guess I've spent about $3000 trying to get that $1500 back."

"You wouldn't think I came near dying of consumption."

"Well, the only way you can do it is to die now," suggested the tall passenger.

"I guess that's right, but I'd rather go without the cash," smiled the fat man.

STARS IN VUADEVILLE.

Leo Derenda, a Portland Boy, Returns as Top-Liner.

Leo Derenda, a Portland boy, now a star performer on the vaudeville stage, is visiting his home after 11 years' absence. He has been around the world, and before starting out once more is trying to get acquainted with his birthplace.

Mr. Derenda, whose real name is Tangueger, was born here in 1876, was educated in the public schools and graduated at the High School. In 1891 he started in as a juggler with W. S. Cleveland's minstrels. "I had learned some of it at the Y. M. C. A.," said Mr. Derenda, "but the rest was born in me, I think. I spent three seasons with this organization alone and then I entered the competition held in Madison-Square Garden for the Richard J. Fox medal, which was to be given to the world's champion. There were 27 competitors, among them my present associate, Breen. He and I were tied for first place, and the judges decided to divide the prize.

"We made plans for a partnership, and Breen and I have been together ever since. We devised a double turn and improved it constantly till it is now a star feature. In 1893 we went out and toured the East and came West as far as San Francisco to the Orpheum. We afterward joined McIntyre & Heath's specialty show and toured again.

"In 1897," continued Mr. Derenda, "we went to Europe and played every city, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Vienna included, with six months at the London Hippodrome, the finest and biggest theater of its kind in the world. Then we took in Ireland, Scotland and Wales. We are just back from a 16 weeks' tour of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania."

Mr. Derenda arrived in Portland yesterday morning, and did not recognize the city. "It all seems strange to me—the big buildings, the busy streets and all. But I have found lots of old friends, and I am going to spend the next week here before going back to San Francisco, where I am booked at the Orpheum."

Mr. Derenda carries with him many credentials from this country and England, which show that he is a "top-liner." He is now drawing with his partner, Breen, the modest salary of $250 a week.

MRS. E. F. ROWNTREE DEAD

Expires Suddenly at Her Willamette Boulevard Home.

Mrs. Emily F. Rowntree, wife of John S. Rowntree, died Friday morning, November 21, at her late residence, Villard avenue, near the Willamette boulevard, aged 72. She had been a long sufferer from rheumatism, which is believed to have been the ultimate cause of her death. She was remarkably bright and cheerful the day before, and was able to assist in the usual household duties.

Mrs. Rowntree was born near Spartansburg S. C., July 23, 1830. She and Mr. Rowntree were married Sept. 30, 1852, and had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary but a few weeks ago. She had several children, four sons and three daughters, all married; 13 grandchildren and a great-grandson. Mrs. Rowntree was a descendant of Priscilla and John Alden, who came over in the Mayflower. Her great-grandfather, Thomas Farrar, whom she remembered distinctly, was a captain in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Rowntree had been a resident of Portland 12 years, coming here with her husband on account of its mild climate. She was a member of the Baptist Church for 60 years.

SORRY OF HIS BARGAIN

Chinaman Repents His Haste in Buying Cheap Cigars.

The Chinaman who bought 1800 seized cigars at the sale at the Customs-House Friday went to see the officials yesterday and to curse his impetuosity in buying such a quantity of cheap smokes. He paid about wholesale price for the weeds, but, like the other Celestials at the sale, expected that regalias would go for the price of "two-fers," and consequently is ill-pleased with his bargain.

"Dunno w'a's mattah me, me all same clazy, guess. Must got w'eels in head; go 'lound alla time, whiz-z-z-z-z-z!"

Such was his complaint as he twirled a fat forefinger with a 3-inch nail around one ear, to illustrate just how the flywheels in his brain had, for once, ran amuck and entangled his usually shrewd sense of business.

MARVELS OF LIQUID AIR

Startling Entertainment Will Be Given at Portland Y. M. C. A.

Every person has read and marveled at the paradoxical and startling things done by liquid air. A temperature of 30 degrees below zero is pretty cold weather, but even colder is promised at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium Tuesday, November 25, at 8 P. M. More than 10 times 30 below zero will be the temperature at one place on the stage where the tank of liquid air is placed for the the score of intensely interesting experiments that will be given by the lecturer and demonstrator, who has, after repeated attempts, been brought out from the East and is to appear in Portland only the one night at the Y. M. C. A.

Steel burned and strawberries frozen in the same dish, only one of the many wonderful things that will be done. To the average public the great charm of a liquid air entertainment centers in the wonderful experiments; to the scientist there is a "going behind the scenes"; to the man who has done but little work along scientific lines, and given little thought to scientific subjects, the professor's brilliant experiments seem like tricks of legerdemain, dazzling by the rapid succession of things amazing and at first inexplainable.

Every seat in the Auditorium is reserved, for 50c, 75c and $1; on sale at Y. M. C. A. office.

FOR TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

Interesting Programme Prepared for Approaching Session at Reedville.

An interesting programme is promised for the local teachers' institute to be held at Reedville next Saturday. The business of the institute will be interspersed with appropriate musical and rhetorical exercises, and after the regular session is concluded a short and spicy programme will be given for the benefit of those who have to wait for trains.

A lunch will be served at the schoolhouse at noon by the citizens of Reedville. The lunch will be free, but teachers who desire to do so will be given an opportunity to make contributions, either of money or books, for the benefit of the library of the Reedville school.

The programme is:

Morning session, from 10 to 12—

Song—"Happy Greeting to All," by institute.

"Welcoming Words" (original), Ella Lant.

General discussion—"School Libraries and How to Secure Them."

"Composition Work," E. E. Watts.

"Northwestern History," Professor J. R. Robertson.

Instrumental music—Maud Dant.

"Devices for Securing Attention and Arousing Interest in Pupils," S. T. Adams.

Recitation (original), Hally Cooper.

Afternoon session, from 1:30 to 4—

Song—"America," institute and school.

"What the Teacher Should Aim to Accomplish," Dean W. N. Ferrin.

"Primary Geography," Miss Rose Wilcox.

"The Press as a Factor of Popular Education," Hon. J. P. Wager, editor Evening Telegram.

Song—Maud Dant.

Question box.

Recitation—"Auf Wiedersehn," Hannah Bergstrand.

NO GRIST FOR THEIR MILL

Multnomah Legislators Ready to Consider Bills That May Come In.

The Multnomah delegation of lawmakers has its grinders all ready for business, but has no grist to work on. Only two bills have been filed with the secretary of the delegation, John Gill. One of these is for the improvement of telephone service, and the other is for a mining bureau.

The solons are wondering how much longer they will have to wait. The delegation will not meet again until "something turns up."

"The delegation has not received anything that requires immediate consideration," said Chairman C. W. Hodson yesterday. "We are eager to get to work, and invite people who have bills to offer to present them as early as possible. If measures heap together just before the Legislature meets, we shall not be able to give them the attention they require."

A bill, in order to have the approval of the Multnomah delegation, must be passed upon by the lawmakers of this county. Only seven weeks intervene until the meeting of the Legislature. The Taxpayers' League is working upon a number of bills relating to the administration of county affairs. Many other measures are in contemplation on a variety of subjects by citizens of Multnomah.

APPEAL OF THE BABY HOME

Board of Managers Will Receive Donations of All Kinds.

With the return of our annual Thanksgiving, the managers of the Baby Home would earnestly renew their appeal to the public for substantial aid toward the maintenance of that important branch of charitable work which they represent. Of all dependent classes none can be more utterly helpless than the children of the Baby Home, and by the nature of the case no institution can be farther removed from the possibility of self-help or self-support.

Appreciating all that has been done in the past to enable homeless or otherwise unfortunate babies to be properly cared for, the managers would ask the public to respond to their appeal for the present necessities of the home. It needs clothing for the babies, and anything that can minister to their comfort; beds, cribs and their furnishings and baby carriages. It needs also table furnishings and supplies; kitchen and pantry supplies. In short, anything that would contribute to the comfort of any home or to the welfare of any child will be acceptable to the Baby Home and its helpless little occupants. Small packages and money contributions will be received at the Skidmore Drug Store, 151 Third street. Notice will be given later where larger packages may be left.

L. W. SITTON, President.

PERSONAL MENTION.

A. W. Glesy, the insurance agent, of Salem, is at the Imperial.

E. Z. Ferguson, the contractor of Astoria, is at the Imperial.

T. R. Sheridan, a well-known politician of Roseburg, is at the Imperial.

E. P. Weir, the Arlington merchant, is among the guests at the Perkins.

Orno Strong, editor of the West Coast Trade, of Spokane and Tacoma, is at the Perkins.

Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Wiswall, of Camas, Wash., are among the arrivals at the Imperial.

W. J. C. Wakefield, one of the leading lawyers and mining men of Spokane, was at the Portland yesterday.

A. D. Charlton, assistant general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific, went to the Sound yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Doremus Ferne, Mrs. D. S. McVay and Mrs. A. Saner are a party of Helena, Mont., people at the Portland.

D. E. Miles, of San Francisco, assistant manager of the London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, was in the city yesterday.

Judge and Mrs. W. R. Ellis and their son, Edgar R. Ellis, of Pendleton, are at the Perkins, having come to visit Miss Ellis, who is ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gamble, of Nehalem, came to the city yesterday to meet Mrs. J. M. Gamble, of Roanoke, Va., and Mrs. O. C. Schoolfield, of Danville, Va., who arrived at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. Green, of Seattle, are spending a few days at the Portland. Mr. Green is president of the Puget Sound Machinery Depot, one of the thriving business houses of the Sound metropolis.

Joseph L. Pearsall, of San Francisco, one of the veteran mining men of the Pacific Coast, who discovered the Monte Cristo mineral belt in the Cascade Mountains, in Washington, is at the Portland, with his son.

Swear Not by the Stars.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"But how can you be certain that you love me?" she asked as they finally got away from the crowd, and were sure that nobody could overhear them.

"Darling!" he exclaimed, "how can you ask me that? Do you see yon stars?"

"Yes," she whispered, permitting him to draw her a little closer to him. "How splendid they seem."

"How can I be sure they are above us? I know they are. In the same way I know that I love you as I have never loved before—as I never can love again."

"But," she answered, after a long, long sigh, "we are not sure that the stars are above us. They may really be below us. The earth is whirling in space and we——"

"Ah, my sweet one," he interrupted, "never mind the stars. You know I got a divorce last week, don't you?"

"Yes," she murmured, snuggling yet a little closer.

"And we know that you've got one coming in a day or two, don't we?"

"Oh, my love," she said, "I am trembling so. But I'm glad. These are things we are sure of; I saw the Judge on the car this afternoon, and flirted with him all the way downtown. We shall be so happy, won't we, dearest?"

His head was bent downward. Their faces were very near together. But let us turn from the sacred scene.

"THUMP BOXES"

In using the expression, "thump-box," we wish it distinctly understood that no disrespect is intended to that much-abused but useful article of furniture. It has its mission in this sad world of ours, and so long as its work is faithfully performed it deserves kind words rather than blame. There are many persons who know and care nothing about music as an art, but who recognize that a house at the present day which does not contain something bearing the semblance of a piano appears crude and unfurnished. What they require is something to stand in the corner of the room, which looks shiny, and upon which bric-a-brac can be placed, and for this purpose, if partially concealed by an ornamental cover, a "thump-box" is just as good as the finest piano ever built.

Nearly all "thump-boxes" contain keys, hammers and strings, and when recently tuned a melody carefully played on them is easily distinguished. They are largely sold on the "one-dollar-a-week" installment or "club" principle, and if not too freely used will often last until the final peyment is made.

If you are looking for this kind of a piano, they can be found in Portland, but not at the warerooms of Soule Bros.' Piano Company, 326 Washington street, who handle only high-grade, reliable instruments, such as the Steinway, Estey, A. B. Chase, Emerson, Richmond, Starr and many others, pianos that will last a lifetime, and at a reasonable price. Fine piano-tuning and repairing. Phone Main 677.

FREE

EXAMINATIONS

If your eyes are troubling you in any way we want you to come to our institution and let our expert opticians give you a thorough examination, and show you with colored charts the cause of your eye trouble. Not for a thousand dollars would we tell you that you require glasses when you do not. YOU CAN DEPEND UPON THAT.

If any of our customers who have bought glasses from us in the past year think there can be any improvement made in the lenses they are wearing, or if the frames are out of shape or new ones are required, we will make the necessary changes

Free of Charge.

Solid-gold frames (very best quality).....$3.00
Gold-filled frames (wear better than solid gold).....1.50
Finest quality crystal lenses.....1.00
(An additional charge for special ground lenses.)

We do the volume of business at low prices, and let our customers have the benefit of reduced rates.

Consult now. Delays are dangerous.

OREGON OPTICAL CO.
EXCLUSIVE OPTICIANS,
173 Fourth St., Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

DAILY CITY STATISTICS.

Marriage Licenses.

Marshall Quick, 24; Hettie Perria, 27.

Wesley R. Belshee, 24, Sherman County; Jennie McBain, 22.

Peter Gevurtz, 30; Minnie Cahn, 26.

Contagious Disease.

Minnie Rapp, 22 East Sixteenth street; scarlet fever.

Deaths.

November 20, Harold C. Terwilliger, 17 years 6 months 1 day, Good Samaritan Hospital; appendicitis.

November 18, Benjamin A. Copeland, 56 years, 31 East Third street North; meningitis.

November 21, Mrs. Maria Halton Giles, 62 years 2 months, 14 East Eleventh street North; phthisis.

Births.

November 17, girl to the wife of W. F. Gorrell, 547 Seventh street.

November 8, girl to the wife of G. H. Shacklett, 335 Flanders street.

Building Permits.

Louis Hendricks, 1½-story dwelling, Crosby street and Holladay avenue; $1200.

Z. T. Clarke, one-story cottage, East Twenty-seventh street and the Sandy road; $800.

C. A. Peterson, 1½-story dwelling, East Nineteenth and East Salmon streets; $1600.

Real Estate Transfers.

J. F. Gilbert and wife to C. G. Millard, lot 12, block 3, Lents.....$ 161
Milton Sunderland and wife to S. B. Weeks, S. 43 feet of lot 9, Melrose..... 1200
Guy F. Laws and wife to Loyal E. Kern, lot 6, block 77, West Irvington..... 2600
D. F. Harington to W. R. Stokes et al., lots 3 and 4, block 238, East Portland.. 3000
C. G. and M. E. Thompson to J. W. and S. Cumming, lot 1, block 6, Cloverdale, Cloverdale Extension..... 205
F. E. Fossman to M. E. Thompson, lot 1, block 6, Cloverdale Extension..... 145
Dora E. Nickell to J. W. and S. Cummings, lots 10 and 17, block 3, Cloverdale Tract..... 250
J. B. Slemmons to H. E. Noble, lots 15, 16, block 7, Central Albina Addition.... 1
Robert E. and Ellen Case to G. Nelson, W. ½ of E. ½ of E. ½ of NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, and W. ½ of E. ½ of NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, section 20, T. 1 S., R. 1 E..... 3000
F. and M. E. Gilbert to L. E. and M. A. White, lot 12, block 3, Center Addition 200
John Anderson and wife to Oregon Water Power & Railway Co., part of SW. corner, section 19, T. 1 S., R. 2 E..... 800

For Guaranteed Titles

See Pacific Coast Abstract, Guaranty & Trust Co., 204-5-6-7 Failing building.

IDEA FOR A PRESENT.

Long after the memory of other gifts have faded away, each look at the beautiful picture on your friend's wall will be a reminder of the giver.

We have them.

SANBORN, VAIL & CO.,
170 1st St.

Coroners.

New York Tribune.

The system of extravagantly paid Coroners, with expensive staffs of deputies and assistants and secretaries and other employes, fastens heavy burdens upon the taxpayers in every county of this state. But the results achieved by inquests and juries are less satisfactory than those obtained by the cheaper and more efficient organizations of medical examiners in New England commonwealths and in other parts of the United States. Coroners lag superfluous. And they cost too much. When Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, leaped into the grave of Ophelia at Elsinore "crowners quest law" was already a subject of general ridicule and contempt. And that was some time ago. We are in a hurrying, impulsive, impetuous twentieth century now. There were no coal strikes or railroad mergers or international tobacco combinations in the days of Horatio and Polonius, of Laertes and Fortinbras; and it is not easy of explanation why Coroners, legacies of the Dark Ages, have been permitted to survive until today.

H. E. EDWARDS 185-191 First Street. H. E. EDWARDS 185-191 First Street. H. E. EDWARDS 185-191 First Street.

NEW STOVES HAVE ARRIVED

In a car unloaded last Friday we received a shipment of Monarch Steel Ranges, a range made entirely of malleable iron and steel; Superba Heaters, very high grade; King Hot Blast Coal Stoves, Imperial Heaters and Early Meal Steel Ranges. This makes our selection of heating stoves and ranges the best in the city. The prices speak for themselves.

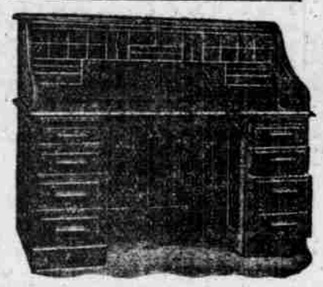
King Hot Blast Coal Heater; the only coal stove that makes no gas and creates perfect combustion... $15.00
Small Coal Stove..... $5.00

Large size Imperial Heater, front door and screw draft, fancy cast base and cast top..... $11.00

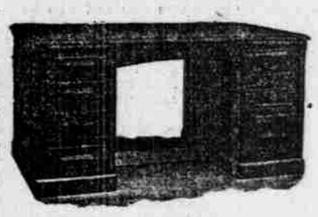
Hero Wood Cook Stove, perfect baker; special price to introduce them one week..... $7.50

No. 817 Crescent Star Stove, with big square oven, no nickel trimmings.. $13.50

8-18 Leader, a very high-grade cast stove, full trimmed..... $20.00

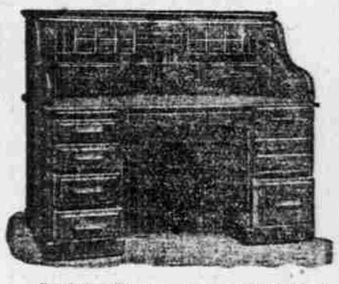


Roll-top Oak Desk, polished, 3-0, one large drawer..... $16.50
Roll-top Desk, 4 feet wide, drawers on both sides..... $24.00



A big new line of Office Desks now on show.

Solid Polished-oak Flat-top Desk, one row of drawers..... $13.50
One like cut, two rows of drawers, 42 in. wide. $18.00



Roll-top Desk, quartered and polished oak, filing cases and all late improvements, 5 feet..... $60.00
Same style Desk, 4 feet wide..... $45.00

EASY PAYMENTS We sell on easy payments if desired. The terms are most reasonable: Ten dollars each month after the first payment on each hundred dollars' worth of goods purchased.

CARPETS CROCKERY FURNITURE

H. E. EDWARDS, 185-191 First Street

BLANKET SALE BEGINS MONDAY.

2000 Pairs From the Woolen Mills.

Monday morning the second great annual blanket sale of the Brownsville Woolen Mills will begin at their store on Washington street, near Second. Over two thousand pairs of fine, pure-wool blankets will be sold at fully one-third less than what any retail store has ever asked for blankets of the same kind.

During the sale all the fancy display blankets used for exposition purposes will be sold. There is also a small lot of about 200 pairs of slightly damaged blankets. The damage consists of either a break in the warp or the shade being a darker or lighter color than what they were ordered.

As is always our custom, during our blanket sales any one who has bought Brownsville blankets at any time during the past 25 years can bring them to our store, and we will send them to the mill to be washed, regigged and bound.

This applies only to blankets that have been purchased of the Brownsville Woolen Mills.

Youthful Frankness.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The absolute frankness of very small children was aptly illustrated by a recent happening in an uptown family," said a gentleman. "A 5-year-old boy of the robust, adventurous order was particularly desirous of having a bicycle. He strongly urged his father to buy him one, and his parent suggested that he should pray for one before retiring that night and perhaps God would send him one. During the afternoon, as he was closing his office, the father, remembering the conversation, decided to buy one. When he reached the shop, however, he concluded that the little fellow was too young to ride a bicycle, and purchased a tricycle instead. The present was placed in the woodshed after bedtime, and early in the morning the boy asked if the bicycle had been sent in answer to his petition. His father told him he had better look in the woodshed to see if it had arrived, and then followed close upon the heels of the youngster to investigate. The little fellow looked surprised and disappointed on seeing the tricycle, and then turning his eyes upward with the utmost sincerity, but with a tinge of impatience in his tone despite his devotional pose, said: 'Oh God, don't you know the difference betwen a bicycle and a tricycle?'"

SALESMEN'S TRIALS.

Bad Food Is One of Them.

Road traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly-cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts: "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of a friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet.

"I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels, the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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