

FIGURES DANCE IN PORTLAND STORE

STRANGE ANTICS OF DUMMY MODELS WHEN SALESGIRLS AND SHOPPERS DEPART

It had been a tiring day for Smith. He had been out of his bed early, and, filled with good resolutions consequent on Mayor Williams' request to the citizens to clean up the streets and houses for the Fair, had been working in his little garden for three or four hours before noon. Then he had gone down town with Mrs. Smith, who was shopping all the afternoon in this very store where Smith was night watchman. No wonder he felt drowsy. Tawn, y-a-w-n, heigh-ho, he would sit down for a moment. The moment passed, but Smith did not arise. Instead, he snored.

The counters and tables were all cleared away, and made into attractive seats around the spacious floor. Cozy corners were draped with silks from the store's stock of "matchless fabrics from the looms of Lyons," as the ad. writer described them on the occasion of the "greatest silk sale in the history of the Northwest." Indeed, almost everything in the store had been pressed into use for some purpose, and it would be hard to find a place decorated with more skill. It was evident that the ingenuity of the window-dresser had been emulated by the persons who had prepared the store for the great entertainment that was evidently to be given.

Presently there was a rustle in the windows, and an elegantly-attired man stepped down to the floor. Across his chest was a sign intimating that his suit was worth \$25.00. He politely assisted a lady in a very dazzling costume to the floor, and in a few moments the windows were deserted.

"Our guests should be here soon, Marmaduke," remarked the lady to the \$25.00 man.

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Marmaduke. The lady, by the way, was

marked: "Reduced to \$25.00."

"It was a great idea of yours," continued

Marmaduke, "to hold our reception now.

"We've all got the holiday rush over, and

the Spring openings don't bother us

much."

Smith thought the figures were familiar,

but it took him a long time to discover

that they were none other than the dummies

used for the display of clothes. The

discovery filled him with no surprise; everything

seemed quite matter-of-fact.

"You're looking charming tonight," observed

Marmaduke.

Araminta stammered a little. "I must

be," she said. "You should have seen the

old tramp that came in today. She had

purchased a dress exactly like mine, and

she was in a rage because it didn't look

well on her. The poor salesgirl did her best

to pacify the creature, but, of course, she

couldn't tell the old cat that she must

get a figure like mine before my clothes

could look well on her."

Marmaduke looked admiringly at Araminta,

and when the kids, who were



NEW LIGHT ON THE BIBLE STORY OF THE DELUGE

RECENT UNEARTHING OF MR. NOAH'S DIARY SETS AT REST CONFLICTING THEORIES

Recent archaeological discoveries

throw new light on the story of the

Deluge. A kind of clay tablet has

been discovered on which were ancient

records of the well-authenticated

signature of the elder Noah, supposed to have

been at the time or very soon after the

deluge. If authentic, they prove that

attempts to treat the Scriptural

story as a "pious legend" or a

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