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BANK BLDG., COTTAGE GROVE

OF THE FAFIER.

Pavesse, Who Is to Become President's Instructor.
 Generoso Pavesse, the Italian arms who is to instruct Roosevelt in the science of an accomplished swordsman on many honors with the native Italy. In this country has proved his skill with in several contests and championship with that



essor at present is the pro-
 a gymnasium in Baltimore
 sented by the swell set of

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

Dr. William Rimpau, the noted German plant breeder, has just died at Schlanstadt.

Professor Filbert Roth, who holds the chair of forestry in the University of Michigan, has been elected forest warden of the state.

Dr. Carlos J. Findlay of Havana, well known for his work on yellow fever, has been elected president of the American Public Health association.

J. Pierpont Morgan has presented a handsome residence to his daughter, Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, located at Thirty-sixth street and Park avenue, New York city.

If General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer of the army, has one fad it is Alaska. He is now bending all his efforts to have a cable established from Sitka, Alaska, to Valdes.

Rear Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who recently took the place of Admiral Sir John Fisher as second lord of the admiralty, is a Canadian. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Whitehead of torpedo fame and aunt of Princess Bismarck.

The Rev. Thomas D. McLean, pastor of the Union Congregational church, Ludlow, Mass., has resigned and will become a real estate agent. He says that on his present salary, \$1,000 a year, he is unable to make provision for his old age.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Rider of Cheshire Harbor, Mass., each of whom is seventy-two years old, are very vigorous and active for persons of their age, and the other day they walked to the summit of Greylock mountain and back to their home.

Governor William H. Hunt, who it is reported, may soon resign his office in Porto Rico, is a native of New Orleans and is a son of William Henry Hunt, who was a member of Garfield's cabinet and later minister to Russia. Governor Hunt is not yet fifty years old.

The pointed toque made of chenille or taffeta braid and garlanded with fruit or flowers is very popular.

Silk muslins covered with large flower designs, woven or printed, are lovely for dancing and for youthful evening frocks.

In velvet all shades of gray, from silver to gun tacial, ivory to champagne and pastel blue pink and mauve, will be worn for evenings.

The Last Straw.

It was Saturday night, and, owing to the temporary absence of his wife, it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I lay me" to ask the divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please, God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma and Aunt Edith and Uncle George and"— A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly insinuated an "Amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little supplicant drew a long breath and continued, "And Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie and"—and"— Again his father said "Amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, lifting his little head, he exclaimed, with tears of indignation, "Papa, who's running this prayer, you or me?"—Harper's Monthly.

The Popular Tune.

"Aren't you going to play that piece the lady just requested?" asked the musician.

"No," answered the bandmaster.

"But three or four people have asked for it."

"That's true. I have observed that when a composition is requested by three or four people a day there are several thousand who would pay more rather than hear it any more."—Washington Star.

He Was Right.



Maud—Generally speaking, women are—
 He (interrupting)—Yes, they are.
 Maud—Are what?
 He—Generally speaking.—Boston Noble Resolve.
 "I wish you would eat the things I cook for you, George, dear."
 "Of course, darling. I have often told you I would die to make you happy."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HUMOR

EXCITED OVER NOTHING.

A Little Honeymoon Incident That Ruffled Mr. Newlywed's Temper.

"Really, my dear, you know I haven't the slightest desire to find the least bit of fault, but didn't you almost recognize that very ordinary, foreign looking man at the corner table as we came out of the dining room? I—I thought you smiled and nodded—just a mite, you know. I'm probably mistaken. Surely he can be no acquaintance."

"Well, not exactly an acquaintance, Wendell, darling. Sometimes we meet people who—that is—it's no matter, I guess."

"But, Evelyn, I ought to know, I think. He gave you a most admiring survey—fairly took you in from head to foot—and his insolent grin of satisfaction was—well, some men would have stopped right there and pulled his inquisitive nose."

"That wouldn't have done at all, Wendell. I suppose he had a right to look at me. I hope he was pleased."

"Pleased! Evelyn Scott—I mean Smith—what earthly right has that creature to be pleased with my wife's appearance? That's what I want to know. I've a right to demand an explanation. How many strange men who are not 'exactly acquaintances' am I booked to run up against? Ah, you blush! I should think!"

"Do not get heated, Wendell. Perhaps the blood did go to my face a trifle. I'm not accustomed to this style of criticism. What right had he? you asked. All the right in the world. There?"

"And you, a bride of two weeks, stand there and tell me this?"

"I stand here and tell you this! I'll tell you more. That man—I won't call him a gentleman—actually has had his arm about me. You demand explanations. You shall have them. Go ahead with your questions. No necessity of growing apologetic."

"I'll just ask one, Mrs. Smith. Who is this person?"

"Why, Wendell, love, he's only the ladies' tailor who made this gown I have on. Of course he couldn't help eyeing it. How foolish we are, Wendell! There was nothing to get so excited over, was there?"—New York Times.

GIVE AND TAKE.

We growl about the tips we give
 The porter and the waiter
 And think from their demands we will
 Go bankrupt soon or later.

But still the tips that cost us most,
 We find in many cases,
 Are those we take ourselves—upon
 The market and the races.
 —Philadelphia Ledger.



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—Cleveland Plain Dealer.