

EVERYTHING WE HAVE IS A BARGAIN



To Begin With We Offer

A solid oak extension table, something less than a block long, for \$7.50. There are others, but none like ours.

The Round

Tables are beauties and our prices are trade winners.



We Have Dining Chairs

To suit any and all demands. A fine bent back; cane seat diner for 75c is what we call a bargain. Do you? Others say yes.

Your Dining Room

Is not complete without one of those new tea chairs. You know they make a man or woman of the little folks and it does away with that humiliating high chair.

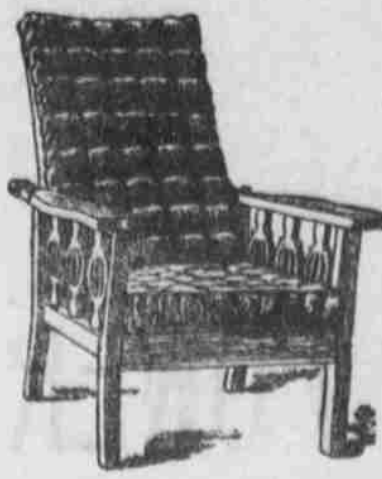


You May Have Books

That are being ruined for lack of protection. You should see our line and make a selection. We offer a solid oak case with a good French plate mirror and convenient desk for \$12.50.

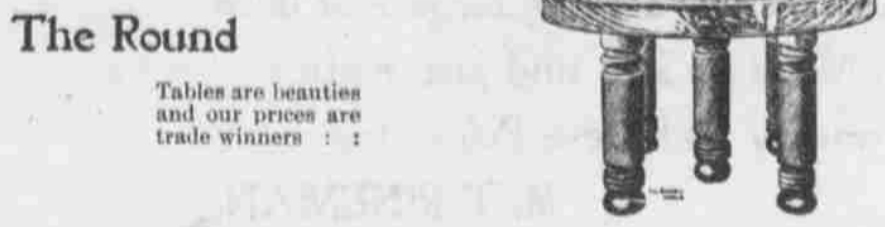
It Will Pay You to See

Our Morris Chairs and get our price, every one marked down. Everybody a bargain. We start them at \$7.00.



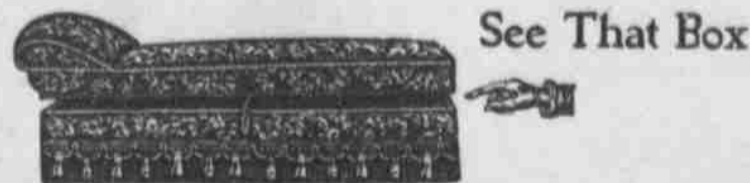
Draperies and Lace Curtains

We have just opened a new lot of lace curtains, recently imported, and the latest things out. They are beauties. If you want to buy lace curtains at a correct figure you should see us. OUR DRAPERY STOCK is the best in the city. Many new things and prices that lead the procession.



Carpets, a Big Line Now in

Our prices on moquet, axminster, velvet, tapestry, Brussels and all wool ingrain are the lowest ever offered in Salem. We have the famous Roxbury Tapestry Brussels at special figures.



See That Box

Can you comprehend its convenience? We make lounges to order from a large variety of fashionable goods and wardrobe couches are one of our specialties.

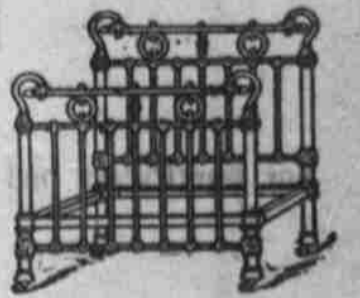
Other Couches, Lounges and Sofa Beds

Made to order as cheap as those in stock. We do all kinds of upholstering and repair work.



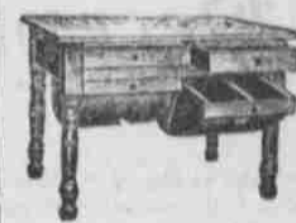
Do You Use Iron Beds?

If not fall in line and keep abreast with the times. We offer encouragement to you by setting the pace with prices at \$4.00 for a good one.



Our Kitchen Treasures

Look like others to a blind man, but you can see the difference. They are extra well made, spruce tops, oak fronts and large bins. We start them at \$2.00. That is why we can't get them fast enough.



Buren & Hamilton
HOUSE FURNISHERS

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THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She knew her time for departure for the other world had come, and she was anxious to become an angel, but there were drawbacks.

Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of the Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the post-office when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began: "Samuel, if you could spare a dyin' woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin', and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bile on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—far more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evening and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her

apron. "I've had rheumatism, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin' around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrow, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin', will you, Samuel?" Mr. Gallup turned his case over,

placed in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin', Samuel—that is, I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the all pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags for a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his head through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've ahus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin' saline fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and set up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl for 21 years and that I ahus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin' this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scold out the tepid and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down from time. If angels can look down from time, then I want to look down from time. I want to ask you one thing, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorter mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading his paper and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are all angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the window, but if I've got over as an angel I want my face made over as I by around. If I was, I know I'd make up faces at some of 'em."

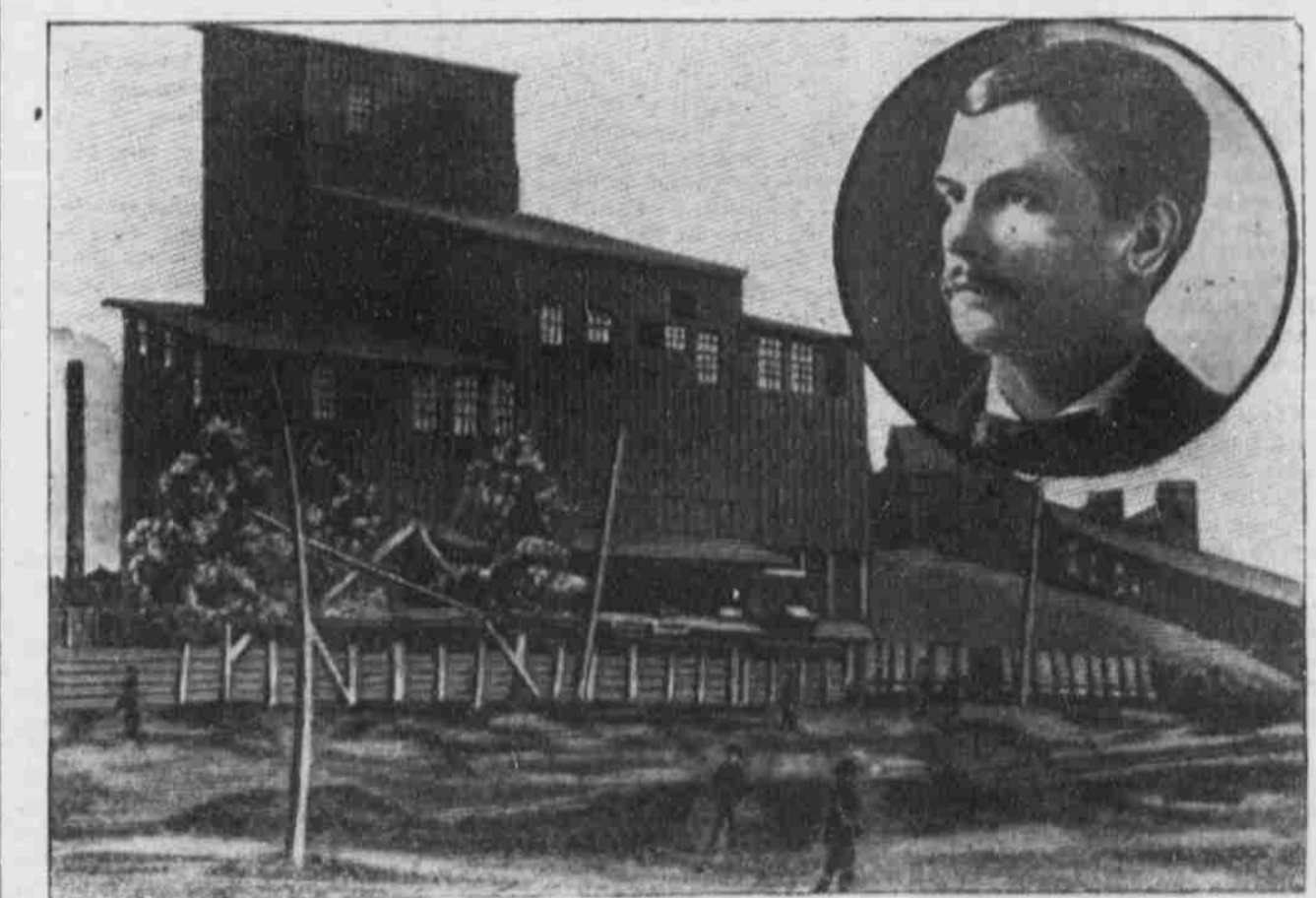
Will I be changed in the twinklin' of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without mesokin' I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin', and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin' to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin' on a harp the very first

COLUMBIA WASHERY AND BENJAMIN JAMES

The Machine and the Man—The First Has a Capacity of 1000 Tons a Day, Second Has a Capacity for Hard Work



From Photographs by our Special Commissioner to the Coal Fields, Eugene Tierman. No more striking synopsis of the situation in Pennsylvania could be found than the above photographs of the great Columbia Washery and Benjamin James, a well known officer of the United Mine Workers, which organization is conducting the mammoth coal strike. It illustrates the machinery against which the miners must back, and the typical miner.

thing? If it is, then I dunno as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin' folks laugh at me. And the singin', Samuel—the singin'! My voice is cracked, and I sing through my nose, and is that goin' to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or some one else was talking to him, but he answered not. Ten minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something.

Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear.

Neerer at Hand.

"Did you ever reflect on the imminence of the solar system?"

"No. I've got my mind full reflectin' on the size of the note I have to pay next week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MULES, RATS AND MEN.

Miners Show Wisdom in Paying Heed to Certain Phenomena.

"Well, that isn't superstition; it's reality," and the coal mine inspector didn't seem a bit pleased with the suggestion that superstition might sometimes be responsible for the actions of miners.

"Coal miners," he went on to say, "are not superstitious. I hear noises? Of course they do, but do people suppose those noises are imaginary? It beats all how little is known generally about coal mining."

"Folks get it into their heads," the inspector continued, "that a man who will quit work in a certain part of a mine because he sees the rats desert."

"That's the first of a miner's inhibitions to realize danger, and then comes the mule. Man is the last. So it is only natural that he should take as positive indications of trouble the actions of the others, and he should not be regarded as a superstitious

creature on that account.

"After rats desert an entry it is next impossible to get a mule into it, not because the rats left, but because the mule realizes the danger. Left to themselves rats or mules would never be caught in slides in mines, but it is different with men, who will not follow the lead of the other two."—Denver Post.

A Crisel Joke.

A Yale student girl recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened: She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship. She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved with anger and stamped her feet in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl. The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the rat clicking in the back yard.—Saltisbury Press.

Down and Up.

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

A JERICHO FAILURE.

THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A COMPANY OF HOME GUARDS.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How Bill Lapham Sprang His Scheme on the Meeting and How Lish Billings Gave It a Black Eye.

I was gittin' the mail ready to put into the Tarrytown bag when Bill Lapham comes in. Bill runs a goose farm just out of Jericho and has his gittin' up in the world like a basswood tree. I've known fur the last year that he wanted to do somthin' smart to git himself talked about, and when I seen him come in with his chin in the air I s'pected he'd hit it.

"Look here, pap," he whispers, though we was all alone, "I've struck the big gest, broadest, tallest, bestest idea ever thought out by mortal man, and I'm bevin' hard work to catch my breath. I'll be hanged if my head don't swim and my knees wobble over it."

"Is it how to grow geese feathers on hens?" says I, knowin' he'd bin experimentin' in that direction.

"I'd tell you, pap, quicker'n any other man in the United States, but I



"I'VE STRUCK THE BIGGEST IDEA EVER THOUGHT OF."

want to keep it to till the crowd with tonight. I want the biggest, bestest crowd to gather here tonight that the town of Jericho has ever seen. Give every man notice as he drops in today, and along about 7 o'clock I'll hev the fire bells rung and the horns tooted. Tell 'em it's a big thing, pap; tell 'em it's somthin' that's bound to jump this town over a ten rail fence and make city boys with a thousand dollars apiece."

"There was a good deal of excitement around town that afternoon, and when night came the crowd at the postoffice was as big as the time when war was declared ag'in Spain. Most of 'em thought Bill Lapham was goin' to declare war ag'in Mexico or Canada, and everybody was lookin' pale when Deacon Spooner called the meetin' to order and said:

"Sons of freedom, we hev gathered here tonight to hear some remarks from our esteemed fellow townsman, William Lapham, and we kin take it that them remarks will go beyond geese and gainin's. Make your p'int, Bill."

"My p'int is this," says Bill as he draws a long breath and steps out to out that he was.

"In the second place, I'd like to know if everybody wants to be captain. Everybody swung his hat and yelled out that he did.

"But everybody can't be," protested Bill. "I don't want nobody to charge me with bein' selfish or conceited, but I'm tellin' you that this idea is mine and that I'm the man to boss the Jericho Guards. I believe I'm the only man in this town, who wanted to enlist to fight the Spaniards."

"Bill makes a p'int, and we can't deny it," says Deacon Spooner. "But when I offered to lead them guards to victory or death I felt that I was the man to do it. I don't want to crowd Bill Lapham out of place, but—"

"Neither do we!" yell 40 men.

"But he must see!"

"Of course he must!"

"Then that was jellin' and shootin' and a great uproar, and Bill Lapham said it was a doggone crowd, and he could lick any two of 'em rolled together. Deacon Spooner, hunched on the steeple with his cane till he could be heard, and then he said:

"It appears as if all we want to lead the Jericho Guards and die fur our country, and it further appears as if this meetin' was gittin' mad about somthin'. I notice Lish Billings over by the 'lasses bar's. Lish, what d'you think about things? D'you want to be captain, same as the rest?"

"Noap," replies Lish in his hoarse way.

"Ain't you willin' to die fur your country?"

"Not by a jugful, but if I was thar wouldn't be any Jericho Guards to die with. You've all bin wastin' your breath."

"How's that?"

"Thar's jest 96 men in this town," continues Lish, "and when the war was goin' on and thar was talk that it might come to a draft the hull crowd of us went to the doctors to be examined. We had busts and ruptures and heart trouble. We was deaf and sighted and toothless. Thar wasn't one blessed critter in the hull 96 who was fit to jump over a tow string or chew peanuts, and I kinder reckon we'd better git sunthin' soft to eat fur breakfast and carry each other home."

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