

HELPFUL HOLIDAY HINTS.

We like to make our advertising helpful. We believe that the reason holiday buying is often so trying, is simply because the right goods and the right people do not get together. There may be right at hand the exact gift that would please you best, but without the advertising to suggest the gift to you, your selection is difficult and may go amiss altogether. We believe if you will read our advertisements carefully you will be saved much labor and worry. We believe you will be able to do much of your Christmas shopping right at home; that you can there pass calm judgment on the suitability of respective gifts, and then come to the store with half the labor accomplished.

We briefly outline the stock here so as to afford you as many suggestions as possible. The individual articles must await your coming to the store to be properly presented. We shall be glad to have you come as early and as frequently as you can. We have a stock that is worthy of inspection. We have goods that insure saving and satisfaction in your holiday buying.

Gifts for Men

Something for a man seems often to be a puzzling question for the ladies. Don't puzzle any more, here are many items that will please him:

SMOKING SETS—Few things he will appreciate more.

SHAVING SETS—A very practical gift.

COLLAR AND CUFF BOXES—Very useful always.

POCKET BOOKS—We have the kind that men like.

HAIR BRUSHES—Fine ones for gift purposes.

CLOTH BRUSHES—Have them with Ebony Backs.

MILITARY BRUSHES—Made for men.

TRAVELING SETS—Useful whether he travels or not.

PLAYING CARDS—Extra fine ones for Christmas.

Holiday Cigars

The gift above all that suits a smoker. You make sure of cigars he will like by getting them here. Ten cent cigars in boxes of 10, for 75c. Large boxes at close prices. Also Smokers' Sets, Cigar Cases, Pipes and everything else in smoker's goods.

Ping-Pong

The latest and best parlor game. Can be played on dining table. Prices from 60c to \$1.50 per set. Rules accompany each box. Extra balls 60c per dozen.

Travelling Cases

A handsome, durable and useful gift. Just the thing in many instances. \$1.25 to \$7.00

Dolls

We have just two lines of dolls which we are anxious to clear out. To do so the prices are for a 22 inch Wax Doll, 17c 9 " China Doll, 6c These prices do not cover cost.

Hair & Cloth Brushes

Either of these makes a sensible and serviceable gift. We have a heavy stock of the better grades, including Genuine Ebony ones. Prices from 50c to \$3.00.

Fancy Goods

Gifts for both ladies and gentlemen. Dressing cases, handkerchief, necktie, collar, cuff boxes, shaving sets, dressing cases, etc. The beauty of these goods can only be appreciated by seeing them, and no one should decide on gifts until this line has been inspected. Prices run from 40c to \$5, with a score of prices between.

Perfumes

Perfumes are always in wide demand at holiday time, and this is the time that quality should be insisted upon. We have an immense stock of perfume and it includes the finest odors of the best perfumers. We have the late specialties. We have fine goods in bulk and in bottles. A package of perfume is often one of the most suitable gifts where some small token is required. The size of the package does not matter so much so long as the quality is right. We make you safe on that point. We have perfumes in all sorts of fancy packages. Also have dainty bottles and atomizers which we can fill with bulk perfume. If you want sachet powders, colognes, toilet waters, etc., you will find them in abundance here. 10c. to \$5.00 per bottle.

Manicure Sets

Something to consider if you have a young lady to please. Many kinds to pick from.

Mirrors

Hand and dressing table mirrors in Celluloid, Iron and a variety of fine woods. The line is an especially good one and nothing like them can be found elsewhere. The glass is of heavy plate. They will make a splendid present for ladies and should be kept in mind. 10c to \$3.50.

Sundries

There are scores of suitable gifts in our regular lines of sundries that you can well buy especially for family giving. These are common sense presents. Such items as these in abundance:

- Shaving Mugs 25c to 60c
- Shaving Brushes 10c to 75c
- Toilet Soap, per box 5c to 50c
- Dressing Combs 5c to 50c
- Tooth Brushes 10c to 25c
- Tooth Powders 15c to 25c
- Tooth Pastes 25c
- Toilet Creams 25c to 75c
- Toilet Powders 5c to 50c
- Puff Boxes 25c to 60c

Gifts for Ladies

Those who are puzzled as to what to give a lady had better consult this list, make memoranda, and then come and see other things we have no space to mention.

PHOTO HOLDERS—Always need of these.

TOILET CASES—A superb gift. We have fine ones.

DRESSER SETS—These will be used.

MANICURE SETS—Every woman wants one.

PHOTO FRAMES—In burnt wood.

MIRRORS—Hand mirrors in all the styles.

POCKET BOOKS—In all the new leathers.

PERFUME—One thing that is always suitable.

Pocket Books

Large lines of the latest for men and women; especially large assortment of fine gift pocket books for ladies. A sensible, serviceable present. 25c to \$2.50.

Atomizers

These grow more popular every year and the artistic glass workers of Europe have gotten out some marvelously handsome design for this season. We show a line of the latest 50c. to \$3.00.

Ebony Goods

These are the rage the world over now, and there is every reason why they should be. The line includes brushes, toilet articles, mirrors, toilet and travelling sets and many odd pieces. We have put at attractive prices on them.

Celluloid Goods

There are few gifts more generally popular than those. Our stock includes Collar and Cuff Boxes, Toilet Cases, Shaving Sets, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Necktie Boxes, Soap Boxes.

GARDEN BROS. - Druggists, Main Street, Opposite Queen.

One of the Aristocracy.

BY E. CRAYTON MCCANTS.

That is what he was—there is never a doubt about it—though the term is now a word of reproach in the land wherein he dwelt. That he labored for a monthly wage—a very meager wage it was—is true. Many a racer is put to a cart when he is old and has broken his knees, but he is a racer just the same. Blood tells in men just as it does in horses.

Hopkins was born in the blue-grass country, where the women have beauty and the men have iron in their blood, and he lived there a very long time. So much I can make out clearly from the very few papers he has left. For the rest there is only a rusty old sword, a pair of pistols and a picture. Somewhere in it all there is a story—a heart-breaking story, no doubt—but you and I will never read that, for Hopkins was no man 'or self-pity nor for the babbling of woes.

But he was of the blue-grass, of the country where they rear his kind, and yet it was far from his own that I found him—so far as a rude little Arkansas town may be; a town built of "rough edge" lumber and standing on a sand-bluff beside a broad blue river. He walked with a limp then; and his white hair was long, reaching almost to the collar of his coat. Tall, spare and erect, he made a picturesque, striking figure, but none in the place knew anything of the manner of his history. So far as the crowd that harbored on the riverfront was concerned, his past, like many another's there, reached just to the boatlanding some two hundred yards away. There one day he had limped ashore from the up-river boat, a man clean of face, hooked as to nose and thin as to nostril, showing in his every motion the decision of the soldier.

But they could not read all this, these unrefined people of the Arkansas town, and had they read it they would not have cared. To them he was simply an old man come to look after Dobson's horses—Dobson the liveryman, whose stables were under the hill.

As for Hopkins, he told nothing—not even to Dobson—and it is against good breeding in a river-town to ask a man very many questions. So Hopkins went about his business, a "has-been" and a "broken-down aristocrat" who was, of course, entitled to but small regard. For the town had many other "has-beens" on its streets whom its citizens, with much refinement of cruelty, jeered at or joked or pitied as time and occasion served.

But they did not annoy Hopkins so, not even when they were drunk. Once indeed, a flippant fool—but he was a stranger—made the old man a butt for shallow wit; but the play didn't last long, for Hopkins looked at him. Then the fool's little stunted soul shivered and shrank, and his white lips stammered excuses.

As a liveryman, however, Hopkins was a

success. The stablemen and drivers could not lie to him as they could do to Dobson. These, superstitious as all negroes are, said that Hopkins was a wizard; that the horses coming in from the road spoke to him and told him things. They didn't know that Hopkins had been born in the blue-grass country where men learn all about horses before they are taught to speak. The foam-flecks on a glossy coat, the grip of the bit in the teeth or the turn of the hair from a whip-lash, were so many words to him. It was this that caused his trouble with the church-going folk—there were some such in the little town. The preacher had overdriven a horse and had broken him in his wind, and Hopkins spoke strongly. Hell, he said, was made for men who brutally misused horses. In this Hopkins was wrong, and this particular minister knew that he was. For him, hell was a place to burn one's enemies in. Therefore, he said that Hopkins was an infidel, but I don't think that he really knew.

Still, the old man was by no means a saint. He swore at times fluently and with expression. That was when someone had beaten a dog or a child. When the long nights came, when the storm whipped the river into flying foam, and the nightwind tore shrieking through the tree-tops on the bluff above, then Hopkins would sit by his fire. And for a while, it seems to me, Hopkins might think of the storm or of the horses or of his pipe; but afterwards when the lights burned low, and the flickering flames leaped in the chimney, and the weird wild shadows set to dancing on the walls, then Hopkins would forget the Arkansas town, forget the stable and the horses, forget poverty and trouble and age; and his proud old spirit would rise, in the smoke from the brick-red powder, and float, and drifting far, would come again to the pleasant blue-grass country. Then, for a space, for that homesick wraith even grim old Time relented; and while the silent hours slept, old Hopkins, with familiar ease, walked through stately corridors and bowed to stately dames. Or it may be, that, pressing a good steel close between his knees, he swept long hillsides, waking the silent slopes with the wild, free music of the hunting-horn, and harking to the joyous baying as the pack swept up the glens. Or else, perhaps, he heard the bugles as the gray squadrons charged or saw the dusky columns marching or caught with anxious, training ear the far-off roar of the guns. And when those had passed or had not come at all, I am sure that she of the picture came down to him out of the silence, touching his hands with hers—touching him tenderly—and lead him softly down long-lost walks in dim old gardens. And with her, I think, an old faith came back to him—a faith once learned at a mother's knee—and the past became the future for Hopkins, and only his grave was between. And so the long wild night would pass, and the gray dawn would come—and with it reality.

Although there were some of us who liked the man, even we did not suspect the manner of his fashioning nor gauge in any way the calm, cool courage of his staunch old heart. But knowledge came to us later. It

was the beginning of winter, I remember, and the dust lay thick in the roads, for the drought had been great that year. West of us, in the hills, the farms had been sorely stricken. And among those who suffered was a man—a "poor white" from the blue-grass he was—with a wife and one little child.

And, since the summer had been hard on the man and the autumn had brought him no harvest, he was downcast, and his wife, also, was sad, but he could have stood that and have tried again save that his child fell ill of the slow-hill fever and babbled of the home-land and of the clear streams and of the meadows. Then, because his heart was sore and because he could in no way escape the heavy-lidded eyes that followed him, the settler sought to retrace his steps that the child might die in peace. For it seemed to him in his ignorance that heaven must be far away from the hot dry hills and very close to the blue-grass country. So he harnessed his one poor beast and turned his face eastward.

But the beast, being unfed and old, made but a two-days' journey. After that, it died by the wayside. Then it was plain to the man that very truly his God had forsaken him; and, accounting himself already accursed, he went by night and took a beast. Afterwards, he drove hurriedly, fifty miles in a day, and it was nightfall when he came to the river.

But the wagon had hampered the man since he could by no means find shelter in the swamps and in the tangled cane. There were men on his trail—twenty men of the hills, heavy-browed and stern. And when morning had come and the red sun capped with golden light the wavelets out on the river, these came up with the fugitive, and they were twenty and he was one. Also the stolen horse was fast to the wagon-shafts. Because of these things, they bound him and led him away; and there was left in the wagon only the wailing woman lone bent above a dying child.

Still, the townfolk who came out to see knew nothing of the two who were left. The river-town was "tough," it is true, but it would not have stood that, I think. But as for the man—well, horse-stealing was a common thing then, and the penalty thereof was death. So the men who had taken the thief set him in their midst and considered his guilt, and we of the town looked on.

The prisoner sat quietly. Once he let his eyes wander back towards the wagon and then the quick tears came, but he dashed them away with his hand. Beyond him the river ran, and the ripples danced each other, and the bright bubbles chased in the eddies. The man watched them absently. The leader of the mob was polling a vote.

"Looshus?"

"Hang!"

"Long Jake?"

"Hang!"

"Bill?"

"Hang!"

The roll-call was slow and monotonous. Suddenly another figure appeared—a man

tall and straight, with long white hair that reached to the collar of his coat. A light leaped in the prisoner's eyes and he tugged at his hampering bonds.

"Colonel!" he called. "Don't you know me, Colonel? Don't you remember the Fifth Kaintucky?"

Hopkins started, then turned and shouldered his way through the crowd.

"Billy Hitt!" he said, sternly, "Billy Hitt, what are you doing here?"

In a few words one of the mob told the story; but as he concluded, the thief spoke up again:

"He ain't teletely hit all, Colonel," he remarked, dejectedly. "Thar's a waggia back yonder, an' my wife's in hit an' my baby—an'—an'—my baby's a-dyin', Colonel."

The tears had come into the old man's eyes when he turned to those about him:

"You didn't know that, gentlemen," he said, quite softly. "You didn't know that, I'm sure."

The leader of the regulators frowned. He didn't want the facts brought out, for he wasn't sure of the town.

"Stand back, pardner!" he exclaimed, impatiently. But Hopkins did not heed, and he was forced to speak again.

"Stand back, old man!" he repeated, in menacing tones.

Quick to scent an affray, the crowd closed in, surging and hooting and roaring. Then suddenly they hushed, for Hopkins' eyes were ablaze and his long forefinger was shaking in the other's face.

"Stand back, yourself!" he thundered, "and give this man a chance!"

The hill-man sprang backward, his face flushing with passion and his right hand slipping to his holster, but Hopkins only straightened himself.

"Shoot, you coward!" he hissed. "Shoot! It's safe!"

The crowd broke out into turmoil and babble. This was a row to their minds. The leader advanced a step.

"Git out of this pretty damn'd quick," he ripped out, wrathfully; and as he spoke a man of his party crept upon Hopkins from behind. Like a flash, Hopkins turned and gripped the new man's arm.

"Your pistol!" he commanded, sharply, and the slow-witted fellow obeyed.

Realizing their comrade's folly, the others rushed forward with curses.

"Down with him!" they cried. "Knock the old fool down!"

"The first man dies!" he said—and they halted. Then their leader passed again to the front.

"Old man," he yelled, "I'm goin' ter shoot!"

"So am I!" said Hopkins. "Back!"

The other quailed, and for a little space the two men eyed each other. Then the hill-man raised his weapon. A hush fell. The crowd was rigid with expectation.

"Don't, Hank! Fer God sake, don't do that!" begged someone. The prisoner strained at his thongs.

"Give hit up, Colonel!" he muttered. "Fer shore he's got yer!"

"Git!" said the hill-man, fingering the trigger.

Hopkins laughed. "I'm goin' to kill you," he replied, quietly. "I shall shoot you just between the eyes." Then he raised his hand suddenly. "Fire!" he cried.

It may have been that the sharp command startled the other—he said so, afterward—into that which he would not have done; it may be that passion had its way with him; but he fired five shots in quick succession.

As they struck, Hopkins reeled and his face went very white. Then, a dark stream oozed from his sleeve, and a red stain marked the front of his shirt; but he steadied himself, and his pistol-arm rose with a deadly aim.

"One!" he counted, solemnly; "I shall kill you at three!"

A snarlran through the mob, and weapons came flashing out, but the town had taken a hand.

"Fair play!" cried Dobson, sternly, and "Fair play!" the crowd echoed back.

The hill-men fell back, sullenly. It was hard, but they knew the rude ethics of the river-towns.

"Two!"

The rebellious outbreak had hushed, and the stillness was appalling. The hands of the leader twitched convulsively, and his empty pistol fell to the ground. Behind the group, a man grew frantic.

"Pray, Hank!" he urged; "Pray!"

The leader moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"A chanst!" he muttered; "Give me a chanst!"

Hopkins slid his fingers lightly along the trigger.

"A chance for a chance," he said. "You spare Billy Hitt and I'll spare you."

The leader turned his face to the men. There was supplication in his look, but it was not needed.

"We'll do it. Yes, shore we will!" they cried, and they sprang to loose their prisoner's bonds.

Then, as Billy Hitt stumbled to his feet, old Hopkins, with his last fight won, staggered, grasped blindly—and fell. The Cosmopolitan.

IF YOU WOULD BE LOVED.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.