

# Make Xmas Buying a Pleasure

## Try This Store as a Shopping Place.

## We have a line of goods that can't fail to interest you.

### IN LEATHER

We have an endless variety of

Travelling Sets,  
Hand and Wrist Bags,  
Wallets and Card Cases,  
Bill Books,  
Military Brurh Cases,  
Letter Books,  
Cigar Cases.

In Alligator, Seal,  
Snake and Walrus.

Plain and Mounted.

### IN BRISTLE

You'll find

Military Brushes,  
Hair Brushes,  
Hat Brushes,  
Cloth Brushes.

### HALL SETS

In Sterling Silver, Celluloid,  
and every known variety of  
Hard Wood.

### IN PERFUMERY

we carry the best and choicest of

French,  
English,  
American and  
Canadian makes,

in every size and style from the small  
pretty package at 25c. to the rich  
and elaborate one at 50c.

Come right in and let us show them  
to you.

### In Smokers' Goods

we are Sole Agents for the Cele-  
brated "Rattray" Pipe of which we  
carry an unusually large assort-  
ment in gold and sterling mounts.

### Cigars

we have special packages of 10 and  
25 for the Christmas trade.

Also—

Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders,  
Tobacco Pouches, etc., etc.

## AND DON'T FORGET

# We are Sole Agents for "LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES"

## The Largest and Most Elegant Assortment ever shown in the town.

# Edgar W. Mair, The Prescription Druggist.

## LIZ'BETH.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

An you're sure you've got a lot o' money, Jim?" asked the old man, eagerly.

The old man was propped up in an old rocking chair, with which he had made long and painful acquaintance. The prodigal sat beside him, holding one of his knotted and wrinkled hands. The prodigal's eyes were wet.

"A lot of money, father—more'n you'd ever guess," said the prodigal.

"As much as a hundred, maybe?" ventured the old man, timidly. He felt sure Jim would laugh at him for having such an extravagant dream as that.

"What'd you say to as much as a thousand?" said the prodigal, with a lump in his throat.

In the next room a woman was singing as she swept the floor. They could hear the thin voice and catch the words, once in awhile. "How firm a foundation, ye saints—"

"Oh, a thousand! You never mean that you've brought home that much?" said the old man. His face was twitching. "Maybe you've made that much since you've been gone—but you couldn't have brought it home!"

"More'n ten thousand, father," cried Jim, laying his face down on the arm of the chair and trying to keep back the dry sobs that shook his form. "I reckon you an' mother won't have such a hard row to hoe any more. I'll—I'll get you anything you want, right now! What do you want, father? I'm goin' to take you up to the city, an' see if you can't get cured up there, where they've got doctors that's some account. An' anything else, father—a new horse, a fine buggy—you see if I don't try to make up to you for all these years—"

The old man grasped his son's hands and leaned over for an eager whisper into the ears of the prodigal:

"I don't want a thing, Jimmie—not a thing on earth—not for myself. Tain't likely I could be cured anyhow, an' if I could, it ain't much worth while—not for the little while I've got to go. But, Jimmie—they's somethin'—I'm afraid to mention it—I reckon you'd think it was too costly—an' maybe you'd say there wasn't any need of it, after all these years—"

He ceased, in an agony of wishing, and his hands wandered vaguely over the arms of the rocker.

"What is it, father? A new room to the house? A porch out in front? I was thinkin' of that last night, when I come in. It would be nice to have a big porch there, with vines over it, where you could have your chair pulled out in the evenin's—"

"But it ain't that, Jimmie," cried the old man, with both hands clinging appealingly to the lapels of his son's coat. "It ain't that. You see—oh, it's no use—you wouldn't think of it. If only I could 'a' done it myself, when I was younger—but now it's too late."

"But, father, I will!" cried the prodigal, with more earnestness than he had brought

to many speeches in his life. "No matter what it is, I will. All that money's for you an' mother—just to make you comfortable for the rest o' your lives. I'm—I'm changed, father. You may not think it, but—it was a girl—away out west—the sweetest girl—an' I was goin' to bring her home—an' she died—an' made me promise—an' so, it's all for you—"

Jim's face was down on the arm of the chair. He had spoken with the speech that comes hard.

"You've been in love?" cried the old man, softly. "Then you'll know what it is—you'll understand. You see—she always wanted it when she was young—and she was so pretty then—an' we used to talk about what we'd buy when I got rich, an' I always told her she should have that, if there wasn't another rag bought in the house. But we never got rich, Jimmie—an' she's gone with poor clothes all her life—an' now, if I could only see her with that—"

"What is it, father? Do tell me!" coaxed Jimmie, without looking up.

"It's a black silk velvet dress, Jimmie,"—the old man turned pale, and spoke in a broken whisper;—"a black silk velvet dress, with fine lace in the neck. She always wanted it—an' she'd ought to 'a' had it—she was one o' that kind. It's been calico, all her life—plain old calico—an' hard work;—and a day at a pertracted meetin' now an' then has been about her only pleasure. Once I had such different thoughts about how things was goin' to be. It's pretty hard, Jimmie, to see the woman you love growin' old with nothin' but a bare, hard life—milkin', an' churin', an' cookin', an' sewin'—when a little money'd make such a difference!"

"It's been my fault," groaned Jimmie. "If I'd 'a' stayed at home an' helped take care of you both, things wouldn't 'a' been so bad."

"Yes, but maybe she wouldn't 'a' got the silk velvet dress now," said the old man anxiously. "Tain't likely you'd 'a' made that much money by now on the farm—when you make money on the farm, it's always got to go back on the farm—you can't spend it in foolishness, Jimmie—an' this is foolishness—I know you'll think so. But you needn't get a thing for me—not a thing. I don't know that there's a thing in the world I need. If I could just see your mother with that silk velvet dress on—I reckon—it seems to me that I'd jest about fly. You reckon you could, Jimmie?"

"I'll run up to the city an' get it tomorrow," said Jimmie, with a fine light in his face. "Show me where I can steal one of her dresses to measure by—an' I'll have it made, an' all. When it comes down it'll be ready to put on. Don't you worry any more, father!"

"Yes, but Jimmie!" called the old man, halting desperately, clutching at him with eager fingers. "Let her think it's a present from me, won't ye, boy? I've always wanted it—an' it'll seem like—I haven't been such a failure. Do ye reckon ye could, Jimmie?"

But Jimmie was laughing queerly as he straightened up.

"You're such a man, father!" he said, drawing his sleeve across his eyes. "Seems

to me I'm just getting acquainted with you. Who'd 'a' guessed you was thinkin' about—silk velvet—in the old days!"

"Fear not, I am with thee—"

Jimmie went into the other room, where the sweeping and the singing suddenly ceased, and a faded old woman leaned on the top of the broom and looked at him as though she could never look enough.

"I can't believe but what it's a dream, yet," she cried.

One of the neighbors, instructed by the prodigal, brought the bundle home, and Jimmie laid it on the table and inspected the address.

"Why, it's for you, mother!" he cried. "An' from the city! Never mind about savin' the cord—I'll cut it. Look at the tissue paper! Well, great Scott—if it ain't something pretty fine—an' here's a card—'From your old sweetheart.' Why, mother!—an' see how guilty father looks."

She unfolded it, and held it up for a long moment, her face paling and flushing through its network of wrinkles. Her eyes went from the father, crying with all his might in the arm-chair, to the son, his face lit up by such a smile as she had never seen him wear, and then she sat down, with the dress hugged to her breast.

"Put it on, mother! Put it on!" cried the prodigal. "Father thinks he's been a long time gettin' it, an' he don't want to waste any time seein' how you are goin' to look in it."

She went out of the room without a word. She could not speak—not yet. When she came back her bent shoulders were straightened, and she walked with the step of a girl.

"Why, Liz'beth!" came a cry from the old rocking-chair. "You're—so—so pretty!—an' you look about as young as you ever did!"

Her dim blue eyes were looking through a mist at the transfigured face of the prodigal.

"You can't fool me, Jimmie," she cried, feeling blindly for the old apron she had thrown on a chair. "He told ye—an' I did want it once—but I forget it, years an' years ago—an' I thought he had!"

"You've got it, Liz'beth," came the exulting cry from the old chair, and it was like the sound of a trumpet. "It's been a long time comin'—but you've got it—an' you look so fine—an' I ain't sech a—sech a failure—am I, Liz'beth?"

OF COURSE.

Two ladies, while taking their morning walk, were met by an old gypsy woman, who said:—

"Pretty ladies, I will show you your future husbands's face in a bucket of water for the small sum of one shilling."

The ladies at once gave the old woman the shilling, and went into a room and looked anxiously into the bucket of water but only saw their own faces.

We only see our own faces, said the ladies. Well, they will be your husbands's when you are married, was the cool reply.

## An Incident of Early California Life.

Among the pioneers of Mendocino County were two farmers, who settled in Round Valley on the border of the tract afterward reserved to the Indians. Their two names may not be given in connection with the incident to be related, without breach of faith, although they are no longer living, but the names of Burley and Brown will serve very well as thin disguises of their identity. The Indians were friendly to the pioneers, and helped them to build cabins and barns, to plant seed and to harvest crops. The settlers paid the Indians for labor in the fields, and the best of relations seemed to exist.

One stormy night in the winter an old Indian, who had been most friendly and helpful, came to Burley's cabin and was received hospitably. Burley saw that the Indian had grave reasons for the visit, but he understood the ways of the red man well enough to refrain from urging him to speak and from asking questions. Indian Jim warned himself at the open fire in silence, and presently indicated that he was hungry. Burley set food before him and waited anxiously for him to speak, but not until the Indian had eaten his fill and lighted his pipe would he utter a word. Then he said gravely, "Charlie, bimbeby you die."

Burley assented to that as a general proposition, and added that Indian Jim and everybody else was booked to hit the long trail in due time.

"Bimbeby Injun kill you; kill Brown, too," said Indian Jim.

That was concise, but it was loaded with meaning, and Burley lost no time in getting to Brown's cabin, whither he dragged the Indian. The two settlers never thought of doubting Jim's laconic warning. They considered the situation from the viewpoint of threatened men, and decided that it was a case of kill or be killed if they remained in the country. They surmised that their enemies were certain outlawed Indians, but they understood very well that it would be as dangerous to kill them as if they were in good standing with the tribal council. The mere obliteration of an Indian or two was no very grave matter, but there might be consequences.

Indian Jim confirmed their surmise; and coolly advised the settlers to strike first, offering to show them where the renegades were sleeping, and urging them to take advantage of the storm for concealment of their movements. Burley and Brown followed the Indian's advice, put on moccasins in place of boots, and set out under his guidance to find their alleged enemies. They found two Indians asleep in the hollow butt of a huge redwood, and proceeded to capture them. Stealing upon them quietly, Burley and Brown each seized an Indian by the hair and thrust a pistol into his face. The startled men snatched at their unstrung bows—their only weapons—but realized their helplessness in a moment and submitted to being bound by Indian Jim, who secured their wrists and then took turns around their necks with

plough lines.

The settlers took their captives to Brown's barn and held a grim court-martial by lantern light. It seems not to have occurred to them to require any proof of Jim's accusation. They accepted his story without inquiry, and assumed their own justification for taking the lives of the renegades. The rest of the tale is best given in Burley's own words:

"It was necessary, said Burley, 'that we should so kill those Indians as to leave no tell-tale blood stains, and so dispose of the bodies as to prevent discovery. We decided to hang them and bury them at the foot of the haymow. We passed a lariat over a crossbeam and placed the noose about an Indian's neck, but found that the rope would not run over the rough log, and were in a quandary. The Indian saw the difficulty, and calmly offered a simple solution. 'Me climb on hay; jump off,' he said."

"His hands being tied, it was no easy matter for him to climb the mow, but we helped him up and he jumped off. The other fellow was not so obliging."

"We left the bodies swinging while we cleared away the loose hay and dug a hole six feet deep. Then we lowered them into the grave, spread two sacks of quicklime over them, filled the hole, and rammed the earth down hard. When the ground was smooth and the hay raked back into place at the foot of the mow, no sign of what had been done could be seen."

"The heavy rain continued for several days, and when the Indians were missed all our tracks were washed out, fortunately for us. We were suspected of having made away with the two bad Indians, but not a word was said to us, and we, of course, kept quiet. Our wells were sounded, even the ashes of our fire places were examined. Whenever we were absent from our cabins the search was carried on, and every conceivable place except the right one was explored."

"The Indians finally gave up the search, and interest in the mysterious disappearance died out. Although the Round Valley Indians suspected the truth, they could find no evidence against us, and we remained and cultivated our farms, and in time more settlers came and the Indians gradually disappeared."

The disappearance of the Round Valley Indians was not so very gradual. From 5,000 in 1860 their numbers dwindled to 500 in less than thirty years, and during that time there was no fatal epidemic disease among them.

## A COUNTRY NAMED FOR CHRISTMAS

South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese, who were searching for an ocean road to India. Bartholomew Diaz was the commander of the two little ships that formed the expedition in 1486. Eleven years later Da Gama took another Portuguese fleet south. He discovered Natal on Christmas day and thus named it in consequence.

Lariat Larry—Git out yer lassoes, boys. Here comes a bunch of dudes, just what we need to decorate our Christmas tree with.