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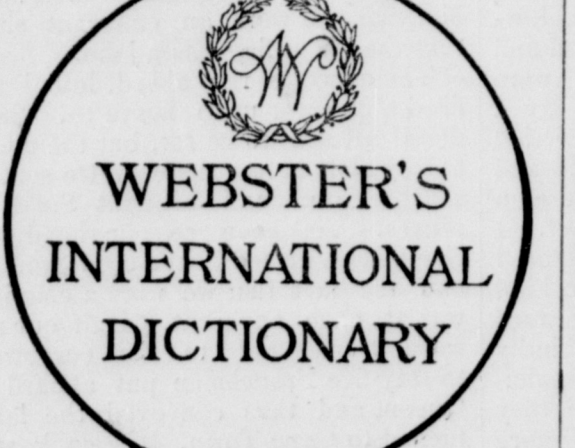
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WOMEN

Can restore the bloom of health to the sallow
check, replace melancholy with vivaciousness of
youth, and renovate the whole system, by the use of
Harrison's Quinine Wine and Iron, and
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They are the ONLY DYES that
WILL NOT WASH OUT!
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There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring
and Fastness.
ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market.
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P. S.—We keep everything in the Rubber line
and also keep the PRICES RIGHT.

ALWAYS GOOD TO HER.

How a Young Criminal's Name Was Kept Out of the Paper.

The city editor was exceedingly busy. It had been a day of conventions and vis-
itors, and his head fairly throbbed with
the consciousness of the details he must
look after. The presses were making the
building tremble as they turned out the
Sunday supplements. With coat off, he
plunged into the mass of manuscript before
him and was covering it with cabalistic
blue pencil marks at a wonderful rate when
the door of his room opened. Angry that
any one should interrupt him at that busy
hour, he whirled in his chair to snap out a
reprimand.

But a sight of the visitor halted him.

A timid, brown-eyed girl stood just in-
side the door, looking beseechingly at him
through the tangled curls that half-covered
her tear-stained face. The ringlets fell,
too, upon a coarse jacket that made a thin
covering in such a raw and blustering
evening as it was outside.

"Are you the editor man?" The voice
was sweet and plaintive.

"Yes; what can I do for you?" He
had not intended to be even civil, but
something moved him to tenderness just
then.

"It's about Jule. Do you know Jule?"

"Never heard of him," with a suspicion
of a laugh drawing down the corners of
the mustached mouth.

"Well, he's my brother, and he's been
taken up. They said he stole, but he didn't,
and I know it. Jule was always good ter
me, an' he told me he didn't steal the mit-
tens—he found 'em."

"Wouldn't the officers believe him?"

The newspaper man found himself growing
interested against his will.

"No; an' that's what I come for. You
see they tried him today an' the judge said
he must go to the penitentiary, or some-
thing like that. An'—an' I thought mebbe
if you knew about it you wouldn't put it in
the paper. Jule an' me is all alone now. Since
mamma went away to Heaven we've
lived by ourselves. Jule sold papers an' I
run errands, an' we was getting along
fine. We had a lot saved, too; almost
two dollars. I'll give it to you if you
won't print nothing about Jule," her face
clouding as she thought she saw the shadow
of a frown on the man's face.

It was not a frown, but an emotion
which caused his eyes to grow suspiciously
moist, and he turned away to hide them.

A clinking sound recalled him, and he
saw the little one's hands dropping the
whole store of pennies and dimes and
nickels upon his desk—the scant savings
of weeks, or perhaps of months.

"No, no, my girl," he hastened to say.
"Take them back. I do not want them. I
will see that nothing is said about your
brother."

A smile lighted up her wistful face.

"I am so glad," she exclaimed. "My
aunt, where I'll have to go, now, though
she don't like us, always takes your paper,
an' if she don't know what's happened to
Jule, mebbe she'll be better to me an' I
can help Jule out. He was always so good
ter me."

The presses were roaring and rattling
still louder, and as the child turned to go,
she looked bewildered.

"Hold on," said the editor, as he touched
an electric bell. "Here, John," as a
messenger appeared, "take this little girl
where she wants to go—and, say, get her
a good supper at the restaurant on the
corner—there's a dollar."

The two closed the door behind them
and went into the night.

"Half an hour later," ejaculated the
worker as he turned to his desk. A re-
porter sent in his matter. It was police
court news. The quick blue pencil flashed
across the most important item in the list—
a precociously bad youth sent to the reform
school.

"It means a scoop, but it may make the
little thing's life easier," thought the work-
er, and moved, somehow, by the spirit of
the moment, he softened some criticisms
to appear in the morning, and now ready
for putting into type.

"Say, Matthews, how'd you come to
miss th' best police news last night?"
growled the managing editor as he came into
the office the next day. "I happened to be in
the court when it happened. One of the
toughest young rascals I ever saw was
sent up for a spell. Won't do to be scooped
on such things. They teach a lesson, you
know."

"Must have overlooked it," muttered the
city editor, "some of the reporters got in
late, you know."

"Yes. Oh, well, I suppose the world
will go on as well as usual if we didn't
get it."

The city editor thought it might go a
little better.

Under the Mistletoe.

A bunch of holly may crown the Christ-
mas pudding, but a bunch of mistletoe
must be tied under the chandelier in the
drawing room; and woe betide the young
woman who stands under it, for it gives
to the first one who can seize it the privi-
lege of a kiss. Christmas romping has
never gone out of vogue, and as it is, after
all, an innocent romp, who would want it
to? No southern girl would do like the
elderly English maiden who wore a wreath
of mistletoe on her head, thus inviting a
continued series of kisses, but each one
is considerate enough to never get under
the mistletoe unless her very own sweet-
heart is near her. The mistletoe is removed
after Christmas night, for it repre-
sents a frolic only kept up while every-
body is present. The great delight of
the establishment is always to get grandpa-
pa or grandmamma under the mistle-
toe bough, and then to let a procession be
formed, each member of which imprints a
kiss on the dear faces. These kisses are
good, sweet, pure ones, and there is no
girl who should be advised against being
in the room where the mistletoe is. It is
true that Tom may seize a kiss if you hap-
pen for a minute to be under the waxy-
looking berries; it is true that you may
incite your mother to kiss Tom as he
stands there inviting tribute from you, but
this is all honest play to which nobody but
prudes could object. Get the dear mother
to take her place then, and see how the
boys, young and old, will strive to
kiss the lips that say the kindly words,
or to make a rosy blush come on her
face as the tender tribute is placed on
her forehead by some friend of her girl-
hood, somebody who reverences the beauti-

ful lips she has had. As long as the mis-
tletoe represents sweet, pure fun, hang it up,
and do not let the waxy berries, I re-
member, search them for the berries! Put
them up on Christmas eve. Don't let a
Christmas custom, or a Christmas ex-
pression of joy die. Make it the time when
the woes and the worries of life are for-
gotten and only the merriment and jollity
come in. At my home the waits used to
go around, and, if you want, you can
arrange a special chorus of your own that
will ring in Christmas with the old English
hymn—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born this merry day.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

If a courting-match is not declared off it
must end in a tie.

Mrs. O'Shea is not as bad as she might
be. She has not yet attempted to elevate
the stage.

Frederick—Was it a case of love at first
sight? Harry—Yes, love at first sight
of her bank account.

Sympathetic—Simpson—"I always pay
as I go." Cora Bellows (yawning)—"Ah! your
creditors have my sympathy."

Teacher—"You say there are six senses? Why, I have only five." Scholar—"I know it, sir. The sixth one is common sense."

John Doe—"Are you carrying a mort-
gage on your house?" Richard Roe—"Yes! and, strange to say, I'm carrying it
because I can't lift it."

Wife—"Do you believe coal dealers go
to Heaven when they die?" Husband (a
minister)—"No, my dear; not unless they
repent of their weights."

Wife (waking up suddenly from sleep)—
"Henry, did you call?" Husband (who
had been spending previous evening with
the boys)—"No; I'll raise it five."

Well, did the boys enter into the spirit
of the occasion? "No, but the spirit
of the occasion entered the boys—thirteen
gallons of it." [New York Herald.]

He—"I love you as I love my life."

She—"Then you don't love me much, for
you are continually risking your life by
coming here where papa might find you."

First Bear—What's your hurry, Jim?

Second Bear—There's a couple men com-
ing over there? First Bear—Have they
got guns? Second Bear—No; Kodaks.—
Ex.

Swisher—"Great Scott, man, you look
as though you had been wrestling with a
cyclone! Where have you been?" Ting-
ler—"Worse than that! I displayed a
\$10 bill at a church fair!"

Mrs. Sittup (angrily)—"What excuse
have you for being out so late, sir?" Hus-
band—"Excuse (hic)—why, I had a tip
top one when I left the club, but I must
have lost it when I fell down."

Wilkins—"How about that bill you un-
dertook to collect on shares?" Lawyer—"You
said I could have half of it, didn't you?"
"Certainly." "Well, I've col-
lected my half. Can't get yours."

"There is one respect in which the top-
er and the total abstainer are alike," said
Shatruck. "And what is that?" queried
Muggly. "They neither of 'em smile
when out of spirits."

"The oyster is a placid sort of a crea-
ture," observed Mrs. Dinwiddie, as she
swallowed one. "I don't know about
that," replied Dinwiddie, "I have often
seen it in a stew."

Dr. Pillsbury—Well, Mr. Sceptic, did
you follow my prescription? Sceptic—No.
If I had I would have broken my neck.

Dr. Pillsbury—Why, what do you mean?
Sceptic—I threw the prescription out the
window.—America.

Simpson—Whatever induced your uncle
to marry the widow of a man who was
hung? Jimpson—He had been married
to widows before, and says he was tired of
having the virtues of a former husband
constantly flung in his face.

Mrs. Piscoal—I have been reading a
very interesting story about a bishop in
the Northwest, who has a church car which
he side-tracks at way-stations and preaches
to the people. Isn't it nice? Mrs. By-
terian—Is it a sleeping-car?—Ex.

He—Will you be a sister to me? She
(indignantly)—Albert—Mr. Brown—what
do you mean? He—Er—well—it's this
way, you know. I'm always expecting a
contrary answer, and I thought may be
you'd say: "No; but I'll be a wife!"—
Ex.

Leader of lynching party (down South):
We have come to lynch that prisoner you
have in your charge. Deliver him up, or
take the consequences. Sheriff: The
only prisoner I have now is a white man
who killed a nigger. The nigger who stole
a chicken got away. The Crowd (ex-
citedly): Which way did he go?

Mrs. Magnus Scott—Are you going into
the optical business, Mr. Snively? Snive-
ly—Such an idea has never crossed my
mind. Mrs. M. Scott—My husband was
saying this morning that you were buy-
ing out a store at the rate of ten cents a
glass. As he didn't specify the class of
business, I inferred it was an optical store.

"John," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman to
his hired man, "are you a Christian?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied John. "Do
you ever swear?" "I—I'm sometimes a
little keerless like in my talk." "I am
sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman.
"But we will converse about this some
other time. I wish you would take this
money and settle this bill of \$4 for thawing
out a water pipe, and talk to the man in a
careless kind of way as if it were your own
bill?"

They Will Be Happy.

"Peanuts, eh?" he queried as he stopped
before a fruit stand yesterday.

"Yes, sir."

"I own that store over there."

"Yes."

"New Year's will be here pretty soon."

"It will."

"I have about fifty employees, some
of whom have been with me for many
years."

"I see, sir."

"They always look for something with
the New Year, and I always feel that they
deserve it."

"They do sir."

"Ah! glad to find that you agree with
me. How much a bag?"

"Five cents."

"Anything off on fifty bags?"

"Make 'em four and a half."

"That's business. Take my order for
fifty bags, to be delivered the day before
New Year's.—Free Press.

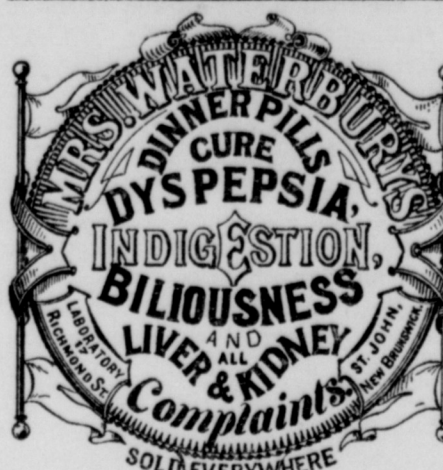
Baltimore Hotel. See advt.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient
to make a Cup of most delicious
Cocoa.

FOR SALE BY ALL RELIABLE
DEALERS.



Persons of a Full Habit, who are subject to headache
drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow
of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many
dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely
use.

For Females, from the peculiar affections that attend
them when they are arriving at maturity, and also at the decline,
or "change of life," these Pills are truly excellent, removing
all obstructions, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous
affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and
give a healthy bloom to the complexion.

What may seem almost incredible is the astonishing
rapidity with which they cure diseases hitherto considered in-
curable.

Numbers of our first-class families keep them constantly
on hand for the various ills of life, and rely on them im-
plicitly.

They are sold with the understanding that they exceed
their recommendation, and are the best household medicine
extant.

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Is to give satisfaction in quality
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OVERCOATS, UNDERWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS,
ULSTERS, ETC. OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. TIES,
In finest material. Latest Designs.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

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"PLUCK IS A HERO; LUCK IS A FOOL."

Ask to see the mammoth stock of Skates we are giving away to purchasers of Boots and Woollens, or
you can buy them at the nominal prices of 16c. and 25c. for wood top, worth 32c. and 50c.; Solid Steel
Skates for 60c. and 75c., worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Our Spring Stock of Boots and shoes will arrive January
1st, and in the interval we will give Slaughter Prices on the old stock to make room for the New. Don't
be hasty to ask for a special cut rate on Boots, Shoes, Clothing, and Woollens. We are determined to clear
every old Boot and Shoe out of our Store during the month of December, and if you don't get Bargains,
it's because you will not come and ask for them. We have only space for a few pointers.

Women's Oil Pebbled Skating Boots for \$1.50, regular price \$2.00; Women's Oil Goat Skating Boots for
\$2.25, regular price \$2.75; Women's Fine Dongola Button Boots, full finished, for \$1.50, worth \$2.00;
Women's American Kid Button Boots, with heavy sole, \$1.25, regular price \$1.75; Misses' Oil Pebbled
Skating Boots, only \$1.25, regular price \$1.75; Misses' Spring Heel Button Boots, in grained leather, 50c. up; Infants' Ankle Ties
and Button Boots, 25c., 40c., and up; A large stock of Men's Boots in Baltimore, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 up.
A large stock of Overshoes, cheaper than the cheapest; A large stock of P. E. Island Woollen Tweeds and
Yarns, which we are slaughtering, to clear for importations.
Special Discounts for the Workingman during the holiday season.

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