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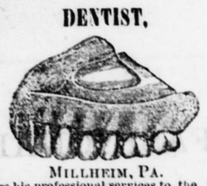
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—and thoroughly equipped to show our goods and how to arrange your home pleasantly.—
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Silverware, China, Glass and Stoneware, Lamps, Chandeliers & Bric-a-Brac ever seen. Our Curtain and Upholstering Department is not surpassed in the cities. Hotel Churches and Private Residences Furnished at short notice and at low rates.
Our immense building is literally packed with goods from attic to cellar. We are enabled to sell the lowest because we sell the most. Everybody visits us and thinks our house a marvel. The handsomest Side-Boards, Escritoires, Chiffonieres, Writing Desks, Hall Racks, Slate and Marble Mantels in the land.
Busy all the time. Every Bid a Sale

How Mr. Johnson Kept House.

"You can go just as well as not, my dear," said Mr. Johnson, as his wife was bewailing the impossibility of leaving home to visit her mother, who had invited her.

"But how will you get along while I am gone?"

"As if I could not keep house as well as any woman!" said Mr. Johnson, indignantly. "That is, if I had a mind to. It would be a little strange if a man that could build a steam-engine, and tame the electricity, and calculate the eclipses for hundreds of years to come could not boil a potatoe, and make coffee in a pot!"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Johnson; "but I'll confess, Charley, I never looked at it in that light before. I never supposed that, in being a scientific man, the art of being able to cook well came along with it. But no doubt you are right, and, if you think you can manage for a fortnight, I'll go to mother's to-morrow."

"Manage? Of course I can manage. And you shall see that I will have as neat a house and as good a table as you, and not spend all of my time puttering round, as women do, either."

So Mrs. Johnson, relying upon her husband's capacity as a household-manager, departed for her mother's.

Mr. Johnson had invited Sam Brooks, a bachelor chum of his, to come and board at the house with him during the absence of Mrs. Johnson. He had boasted of his ability to manage domestic affairs more than once before Brooks, and he wanted to prove that he had not been overrating his talent.

Mrs. Johnson had kindly offered "to leave something cooked," but her husband had objected. So the young wife gave the bread and cold meat that were left from breakfast, on the morning of her departure, to a needy tramp, and Johnson's cupboard in consequence was left bare literally.

Brooks had come over the previous night, to help Johnson "start out fair," and, when Mrs. Johnson was out of the house, the two men began planning their work for the day.

"I am to be at the office at eleven," said Johnson, "and it is now nine. That gives us two hours to get the dinner cooking, wash the dishes, and do the chamberwork. Dinner will cook while we are down town, o-course. My wife always gets it going, and then sits down to her sewing or fancy-work, till it's time to put it on the table. Brooks, did it ever strike you that women have an all-fired easy time of it?"

"Of course they have," said Brooks, with emphasis. "Anybody could see that, with half an eye. Yet they're always complaining of being overworked."

"Well, women are natural complainers, I suppose," said Johnson, hunting around after his wife's apron, and getting it on up under his arms, wrong-side-out. Now I am uniformed. Let us wash the dishes and talk over what we'll have for dinner." He seized the boiling tea-kettle from the stove, but dropped it instantaneously, and the water ran into the coal in the hod, and under the mat, and under the door into the dinning-room.

"Ou-g-h!" cried Johnson, blowing and rubbing his scalded wrist, "it must have been the steam. Confound the thing! I didn't think of the steam. Good gracious; the water's running all over the house. Give me a rag, quick! I'll mop it up."

He seized the fine damask table-cloth which Brooks handed him from a drawer in the kitchen, got down on his knees, and commenced sopping up the water.

"Your coat-tails are in the coal-hod," cried Brooks. "By George! it's too bad, and that delicate gray, too!"

Johnson got up with a hurried whisk of the tails aforesaid, and they swept a five-dollar china tureen from the table, and broke it into fragments.

"It never rains but it pours," said Johnson, striving hard to keep his temper, as he surveyed the wet black streaks on his coat. "I'll send it to my uncle in the country, and say nothing to Anne about it. We've made rather a bad beginning, Sam; but we shall come out all right. And we'll wash the dishes in cold water."

"Which will you do—wash or wipe?" asked Brooks.

"I'll wash, because I have got an apron on," said Johnson, as he piled the dishes into the pan miscellaneously, tin pans and china all together, and dashed some cold water on them. "Where's the dish-cloth, I wonder?" poking around under the sink, and bringing to light a calico rag, which had evidently been used to clean lamps.

"What in the dickens is that smells so strong of kerosene?" asked Brooks, sniffing the air suspiciously. "I wonder if I've got any on my clothes?" glancing around him, and examining the skirts of his coat. "By Jove, Johnson, it's your dish-cloth! The oil is fairly dripping out of it."

Johnson threw it on the floor with a gesture of disgust, and substituted the towel they had just wiped their hands on. The cold water flew in every direction, but the grease did not start on the dishes. Brooks suggested soap, which slightly mended matters, but was not entirely satisfactory.

"Seems to me the dishes don't feel nor smell just as they do when Anne washes them," said Johnson, thoughtfully; "but then perhaps it is imagination. Now, Sam, what shall we have for dinner?"

"Perhaps it had better be a simple one, till we get the hang of things a little more," said Sam, with caution. "What do you say to a chicken-pie, tenderloin steak, a custard-pudding, and some light hot biscuit?"

"Admirable! Nothing could be better or simpler. I will go out and order the chicken and the steak and you shall make the pudding. I guess Anne would stare if she could see how nicely we are doing.

He put on another coat, went out, and soon returned with the chicken and steak. Brooks was making the pudding. He had an old cook-book on the shelf before him, which he looked at surreptitiously now and then.

He broke his eggs into a tin pan, poured in some milk, dumped in a scoopful of sugar, salted the compound, gave it a stir, and set it down on a chair; while he and Johnson went to the window, to see an old man, who had lost his hat, run after it. The sight was quite inspiriting, owing to the high wind which was prevailing. And, when the two housekeepers returned to business, they were just in season to see Bounce, Mr. Johnson's pet pointer, cleaning out with the most scrupulous nicety the dish where the embryo pudding had been left.

"We won't say anything about it to Anne," said Mr. Johnson; "she might think we were careless. Now, Sam, you construct the biscuit, and I'll go for the pie. I wonder if this chicken is a hen? Humph! it smells rather old—or something; but, of course, it's all ready to cook. Now for the crust—flour and water and baking-powder. They make all kinds of pastry—don't they?"

"Yes, yes. That is, I think so," said Sam, a little doubtfully. "That is, all the newspaper-advertisements say that baking-powder will do anything; and of course it will make pie-crust."

Johnson had taken off his cuffs, and poured a couple of quarts of water into a pan; which he stirred thoughtfully, and added several spoonfuls of baking-powder.

"This amount of water will make crust enough—won't it, Sam?"

"I should say so," returned Sam, manipulating his "light" biscuit, the dough of which was sadly inclined to run up his arms, under his coat-sleeves, and two big dabs of which were sticking, all unnoticed, to the legs of his pantaloons.

Johnson stirred in the flour rapidly, putting in a good deal of muscle, and making the flour fly right and left. His hair and whiskers and eyebrows were peppered, and, when he had stirred in all the flour there was in the house, the mass was still a little thin. "By Jove!" said Johson, eyeing the result before him, "there is a half a bushel of it; I never saw so much chicken pie crust before. But this is a large chicken—a full-grown one—adult, in fact, and a strong one, too, or my nose deceives me; but I guess this crust will hold him. Hold it open in the middle, Sam, while I envelop biped in the crust."

The chicken, with his legs and head still adorning his body, was put into the middle of the dough, and the covering patted down. Johnson stepped back and eyed the construction of his hands critically.

"Sam," said he, "I think—yes, I am certain that Anne never cooks them with their legs on."

So they cut off the legs, thrust the mass into the oven of the stove, put some potatoes to boil, opened the draught of the stove, locked the house, and went down-town.

At three, serenely smiling, our two housekeepers ascended the front steps of the Johnson mansion. An odor, infinitely worse than the atmosphere of any soap-boiling establishment, met them as the door opened.

They looked at each other.

"What in the dickens is it?" they cried in chorus, and both made for the kitchen.

No wonder there had been a smell.

The chicken-pie had burned fast to the bottom of the oven, and lay there, with the smoke pouring from it, a blackened mass of cinders; and Sam's light biscuit had burned entirely up, and left nothing but the pan, which had melted down into a mass of solid tin, and run out on the floor, which it had set on fire, and which was smoldering away threatening every moment to burst into a flame. The only wonder was that the house had not been burned down before they returned.

The tea-kettle had boiled dry, and cracked in two, and everything in the room was covered with a deposit of the very blackest soot. The two confederates exchanged glances. But they did not speak. It was no time for words.

Johnson seized the duster, and began to whisk the soot from the furniture, while Sam, with a courage which did him credit, proceeded to take the chicken-pie out of the oven, by the help of tongs.

"I declare, Johnson," said he, as he hurried along, with the grease dripping from his burden and smearing the kitchen-floor from one end to the other, "I believe that the reason the thing smelled so strong was that we didn't take out the insides of the critter."

"Jerusalem!" said Johnson, "is that so? Well, if that's the case, it's lucky for us that it burned up."

The two men set to work to wipe up the floor, and, while thus engaged, the door-bell rang.

"You go," said Johnson. "You ain't so smutty as I am."

"No, you go," said Brooks. "I am so hot, I shall take cold."

While they parleyed, the unmistakable giggle of young girls broke on their ears, and consternation seized them.

"It's Anne's sister Kate," cried Johnson.

"And Mary Hatley, too," cried Brooks.

"And I wouldn't have her see me for all I'm worth. Great Peter what shall I do?"

"Kate has got a key. She will come in in spite of us," cried Johnson. "Anne gave it to her, so that she need not wait at the door. Perdition take the girls! Why couldn't they have waited till we'd got things straightened out? I'm going to run for it."

As he finished Johnson dove down the cellarstairs, while Brooks followed. Both men hid behind the coal-bin.

Soon the girls' voices were heard in the kitchen above.

Exclamations, peals of silvery laughter, rattling of dishes, and a melee of sounds generally. And then the two culprits in the cellar heard the girls descending the cellar-stairs.

"They are hiding somewhere, of course," said Kate. "Charley has bragged so much of how he could cook, and keep a house in order, that he'd rather die than face us. And he knows I should tell Anne. Good heavens, what a mess!"

The girls came daintily along, holding up their skirts. Directly Kate got a glimpse of Sam's face, smeared with smut, and hair disordered. She uttered a piercing scream.

"It's a negro," she cried, seizing Mary and dragging her back. "He's as black as the ace of spades. And such a dreadful countenance. I shall die of fright."

"Two of them," cried Mary, as Sam and his friend rose from their concealment. "Heaven help us! I'll call the police." She started to rush up the stairs, but Sam Brooks caught her by the skirts and held her back.

"Do stop, Mary—for heaven's sake, stop, and don't make an alarm. It's only Charley and I, and we—we—that is, we've been doing a little cooking, and we aint just ready to see company—"

"Oh, Charley, Charley," cried Kate, "what would Anne say if she could see how you've kept house?"

"I was an ass to boast," said Charley, frankly, "and I am willing to confess it. You may tell Anne so when you write to her. And Sam and I will get our meals at a hotel. I think it will be cheaper, and easier for all concerned."

"I should think it would," said Kate.

Sam and Mary Hartley lingered behind, to say that they thought it would, too; and to say something vague and sweet about the housekeeping they two proposed to set up jointly. Only Mary, not Sam, was to be housekeeper.

Charley Johnson is a "sadder" if "wiser" man. He never brags any more about how nicely he can keep house.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

AN ENEMY WON.

Returning Good for Evil—A Fourth of July Story.

For years a bitter feud had existed between the two leading physicians of Oakland. At one time they had been intimate friends, and young Dr. Parker had been the acknowledged suitor of old Dr. Romans' sweet daughter Cicely.

It was at a fourth of July celebration that the trouble arose, and the beginning of the quarrel had its origin in a very trivial thing too. Both men had been invited by the citizens to participate in the exercises of the day, and in his address the old doctor saw proper to take exception to some statements made by the younger one. Being some thing of a politician, Dr. Parker resented the liberty taken by his friend, and then the old man in scathing words denounced the 'young upstart, who thought to teach those who had forgotten more than he had ever known.'

The idle tongues of the gossips were not slow in repeating the comments made by thoughtless persons, and thus, instead of the breach being healed, it grew wider and wider. Dr. Parker, though quick to redress a wrong, was the more generous and even after hot words had passed between them, came to his enemy and, frankly confessing his own fault, sought an amicable reconciliation.

The old man though the one to give the first offense, was furious and ordered his antagonist to leave his house immediately and forever.

Strong as was the attachment existing between Cicely and the young doctor, she was too dutiful a daughter to carry on a clandestine courtship even if the honorable young man had proposed such a course. No formal engagement existed between them, and when at her father's command, the letters she had received were returned without one word of explanation. Dr. Parker quietly submitted to his fate, more convinced than ever that women were as fickle as they had been represented.

Thus several years rolled by and the two men were still estranged, and perhaps would have so remained during life, had not a circumstance brought them together. It was as follows: One dark, stormy night Dr. Parker was riding home as fast as the rain, which beat in his face, and the slippery condition of the roads would justify. Slackening his pace, when he entered the 'narrows,' he was moving cautiously when his horse shied suddenly, and almost throwing him to the ground. By the faint light of the lantern which he carried he could see the *debris* of what seemed to be a broken sulky. Supposing that some unfortunate traveler had met with an accident, and had left the vehicle by the side of the road until morning, he attempted to pass, but the horse only shorted and scented the air with his nostrils; he would not move a step to the right hand or the left. Dismounting, to ascertain the cause of the strange actions, he discovered to his dismay, that the battered sulky hung half over the precipice. He was about to lead his frightened steed to a place of safety, when a faint moan startled him. Listening attentively, he was horrified to hear from the rocks below the feeble cry of—

'My God! will no one help me?' He shouted back: Who is there, and what is the matter?

The despairing wail came back: 'It is I, Dr. Romans. My horse took fright and precipitated me over the narrows. I am entirely helpless, and the creek is almost up to me. If help does not come speedily I will be washed away. For God's sake, be quick.'

The young man recognized the voice and his brow grew ominously dark. For a moment a horrible temptation assailed him. He had only to ride on and he would be free from his bitter enemy forever. The secret would be his own, and no one would think of attaching the blame to him; but it was only for an instant that the dark thought haunted him. In spite of the increasing storm and the extremely dangerous descent, he was soon making his way, laboriously, down the steep, treacherous cliff.

Reaching his fallen foe, he observed the spasm of pain that passed over the old man's face, when he knew that he was in the power of an enemy. 'You have come to gloat over my fall, have you?' he groaned in despair.

'I have come to render aid to a fellow-being in distress,' Dr. Parker answered in a subdued voice. 'I would rather perish than be saved by an enemy,' Dr. Romans answered savagely.

Nevertheless he obeyed the firm, rapid commands of Parker, who found he had a herculean task on hand, for the man was thouroughly drenched with the rain, besides having sustained the fracture of an arm and the severe contusion of the right ankle. At first the pain was so great as to cause the strong man to cry out in agony; but Parker fearing that the flood would overtake them, hurried him along as fast as practicable. At last, after a tremendous effort, in which he half carried, half dragged the almost helpless man, Parker succeeded in reaching the public high-way and placing the wounded man upon his own gentle horse.

Then, seizing the bridle, he proceeded cautiously along the slippery 'narrows' and across the bottom, until they struck the smooth, safe road that led to the village.

Arriving at the Romans residence Parker succeeded in arousing the household and gaining assistance to carry his charge out of the storm. In the midst of their alarm and consternation, the young physician briefly explained how the accident happened. Speaking of the injuries, he suggested the propriety of securing medical aid at once.

'I'll have no surgeon but yourself, gasped the old man, 'that is if you will consent to take charge of such an old bear as you have seen demonstrated in your humble servant.'

Dr. Parker assured him that if it were his desire to put himself in his hands he would do all in his power to restore him to health.

'It is my earnest desire, my noble friend, although I did tell you to-night that I'd rather died than be saved by you. If you had taken me at my word, I would be floating down the Ohio by this time. I owe my life to you, and after your heroism to-night I would rather owe it to you than to any man living.

Mutual confessions followed, and as it is always easier to forgive those who injure us than those we injure, Dr. Parker experience dno difficulty in burying the past and giving the old man his hand in token of reconciliation. All the long period of deadly warfare was bridged by that one night's noble work. Dr. Parker had fulfilled his vow. He had saved his adversary from a horrible death, and owned that his revenge was sweet.

Cicely and the young doctor spent many pleasant hours in each other's society during the invalid's convalescence and as the Fourth of July, 1887, is to be celebrated by their marriage, the people of Oakland have settled the question as to why beautiful Cicely Romans remained so long unwed, and Dr. Parker should have chosen the lot of an old bachelor when he could have had picking choice among the fair maidens of all the country-side.

A Help to Doctors and Druggists.

"Do you know that if druggists and doctors were compelled to transact their business in the English language, instead of the Latin, it would cut down the profits of the former very materially?" asked a man of a *Call* reporter. "Do you think people would pay fifty cents for an ounce of 'aqua pura' if they knew it meant 'pure water?' Why, there are only about ten things in a drug store that are of any good, notwithstanding the innumerable bottles and carefully labeled drawers." "What are they?" ventured the reporter. "Well, magnesia, quinine, nitre, blue mass, tooth brushes, shoe blacking, cigars, tobacco and spittoons." And the eccentric critic walked off with a merry twinkle in his dexter optic.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Too Full for Utterance.

A clerk in a banking-house celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the firm. Schmul, the principal, hands him in the morning a closed envelope, inscribed: "In memory of this eventful day." The clerk gratefully receives the envelope without opening, but on a gracious hint from the head of the firm, he breaks the cover and finds—the photo of his master.

"Well, what do think of it!" inquired Schmul, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the reply.

A LITTLE boy was reading in the Bible about a woman who married seven brothers.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "did she marry them all at once?"

"No, darling," replied his mother; "she married one, and when he died she married another. What would you think, Bobby, if I should marry seven brothers?"

"It's hard to tell, mamma. It might be because you owed 'em a grudge, and then it might be be cause you were fond of attending funerals; but I guess it's just because you have a hankering that way."

"I UNDERSTAND, SIR," he began, as he walked into a Grand River avenue grocery, "that you say I don't pay my debts. I owe you $4. Take it out of that $5."

"Yes—ha—take it out—there's your change. No, sir, I never said anything of the kind. What I did say was that I wished you owed me a hundred dollars, as I was sure of getting my money."

"Oh, that was it? Well, why in blazes didn't you say so before I paid the account?"

MUTUAL LACK OF CONFIDENCE.—"I will have to owe you a dime," said Schuler Jewett to the tobacconist, as he bit off the end of a cigar.

"But I haven't got confidence in you to that extent. You will have to leave that diamond pin here as collateral."

"That diamond pin is worth a dollar and a half, and I haven't got confidence in you to that extent," replied Schuler, as he strolled out into Austin avenue, puffing his cheap cigar.