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W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR. Exchange Hotel. Large and convenient sample rooms.

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FRANK BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY. Office, 1st National Bank Building.

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John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate jerseys at \$2.25. The new tartan, all-wool, the colors are all black. The colors are all black. The colors are all black.

Cashmere for 50 cents. A Bleached Muslin, full size, for 10c. The best we ever had at this price.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices: 250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, 186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, 141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented.

In Furniture. Young couples should see the new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for \$25. The same goods in Cherry for \$28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at \$1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order.

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are sublimed in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. \$2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street. Market Street and New City Hall.

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SELECT STORY.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION. BY G. M. GILBERT.

"You ought to get married, Layton, and the sooner the better. A young vicar who is a bachelor is almost as awkwardly placed as a young doctor. Marriage, sir, marriage, that's your plan."

"Very good advice, doctor, I have no doubt," answered John Layton, Vicar of Stoke Minin, in the Lincoln Marshes, "but then you know the old saying, 'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.'"

"Then don't marry in haste," returned the doctor, holding his book with his riding whip as he sat sideways upon his box. "Take your time over it. What made you come here to lodge?"

"They told me that Mrs. Dredge was such a clean woman," said the young vicar, looking back into the garden rather dolefully, as he stood just outside the gate, talking to the doctor, who was going his round.

"And certainly the prospect was not pleasant, for Mrs. Dredge was a very indolgent widow by the way, was having what she called 'a good clean,' and as it was a fine day, the whole of the parlor furniture had been removed out into the garden, where chairs were piled up as if engaged in acrobatic tricks, the table was straddling over the flower bed, the carpet lay on the tiny grass-plot, the shred hearth-rug hung over the fence, and there came from within a lively sound of scrubbing and the washing of water in a pail."

"Why, what are you doing now this is going on?" "Oh, I am obliged to make shift in the bedroom till it is done," remarked the vicar dolefully.

"Ah! I shall have to find you a wife." "Better find me a new vicarage." "Ah! don't see much chance of that," said the doctor. "We are too poor over here. Why don't you come and have a walk? Freshen you up?"

"Well, I think I will," said the vicar. "Wait till I get my hat." "He ran for his hat, and came back to find the doctor dismounted, and tying his coat's reins in a knot, so that they could not trail.

"Tek, Jakob!" he cried, as the vicar joined him, and the cob went steadily on in front, while his master walked with the young clergyman behind.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I must get you a wife. Let me see." "Don't you think my income ought to preclude all matrimonial ideas?" said John Layton, smiling.

"Pooh! nonsense! I think enough for one is enough for two," cried the doctor. "Come, sir, none of your eulabate ideas. How am I to live if people don't marry, and have children to be vaccinated and have the measles and scarlatina and rashes and all that sort of thing? Look here, marry a woman with money for me, will you say to Miss Johnson, at Copley Farm? She has been to church regularly ever since you came. There's a strapper. Dark hair, dark eyes, good points—no pink and white, you can't talk of points. Warranted sound!"

"Are you talking of a lady or a horse, doctor?" "Lady, sir, lady. Then, there's Miss Wardman; slim, genteel, hundred a year in the three per cents. Her nose is rather red, certainly, but matrimony may take that away. What are you shaking your head about? She isn't 50."

"Won't do, doctor, won't do." "Oh, bless us and save us!" said the hearty little doctor, with mock surprise. "He's particular and dainty, is he? Well, what do you say to Dolly Letts, the shopkeeper's daughter? She's a nice pink and white, good teeth, waxed hair, myself, had measles, croup, scarlet fever, chicken-pox and thrush. Regularly salved, you see, and the old man will leave her a round sum when he can't stick to it any longer."

"Try again, said the vicar, laughing, while they trudged steadily on, with Jacob stopping every now and then to browse and being left a few minutes Jacob came trotting after them, went on from a knot there till he saw something else toothsome. "Try again, eh? Why you are particular! What do you say to Lady Laura Peighton, at the Towers?" "No, thank you."

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A Missing Bridgroom.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A PHILADELPHIAN AT NEW HAVEN, CONN. A large congregation assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Tuesday morning October 31 in pleasant anticipation of witnessing a ceremony which was to unite in marriage Eugene Lynch, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mary Mulcahey, daughter of Jeremiah Mulcahey, of 354 West Portico Street.

The ceremony was appointed for 9 o'clock, and before that time a long line of church-goers, which had brought guests to the expected ceremony, was ranged in front of the church. The decorations were on an elaborate scale. Flowers and ferns were gracefully arranged about the altar, and at the rear had been erected a beautiful floral arch under which the bridal couple were to stand during the ceremony. The hour arrived and passed and the bridegroom did not come. The assembly was astonished, but just what had occurred no one seemed to know, and in little groups the presence of the church was much disappointed.

It is nearly a year since Eugene Lynch asked Miss Mulcahey to be his wife. She accepted him and from that day to present time the young lady had been making preparations for the event that should have occurred in New Haven. To better his fortunes he went to Philadelphia and reports from him were to the effect that he was prospering. He occasionally visited his sweet-heart and everything ran smoothly.

The day for the marriage was at last set upon and the final preparations had all been completed. Lynch was to reach the home of the bride Monday morning. He did not arrive until nearly 4 o'clock. Of course, the delay caused considerable anxiety for the time, but his explanation was considered satisfactory, and nothing more was thought of the occurrence. A little later he acted in anything but his usual manner. He appeared ill at ease, was cool, distant and apparently troubled about something that he did not care to discuss. Finally he said he would go to the Register's Office and obtain the marriage license.

The minutes became hours, but the bridegroom did not return. He promised to return in a short time. His promise was broken and the anxiety was great. His conduct, and a speech were recalled, and then, for the first time, fears were entertained that something was wrong. A brother of Miss Mulcahey went in search of the absent one and found him at his aunt's residence, Ashman Street. Lynch was in bed when Mr. Mulcahey arrived. He did not show him, but sent a word to his visitor that he did not feel well, and that he would be at the house early in the morning.

Such conduct struck the brides brother as very peculiar, and thinking something was wrong, he began an investigation. He went down to Ashman Street to the residence of Register Doherty and inquired if a marriage license had been issued to one Eugene Lynch. Dr. Doherty answered in the negative and Mr. Mulcahey returned home and reported the fact. Naturally there was considerable consternation, and some uncomplimentary comments were made about Mr. Lynch. It was deemed best, however, not to prejudice, but to wait and see if he would not appear at the time agreed this morning.

The hour passed, and still no word from the bridegroom. Naturally the bride's modest home, but the groom was not there. Young Mr. Mulcahey once more instituted a search. He visited the aunt's house again, and there learned that Lynch had arisen at 6 o'clock, dressed himself, put on his clothes and left the house, as the family supposed to go to the house of his betrothed. Mr. Mulcahey thought that possibly he had missed Lynch on the way, and another call was made on Register Doherty, who was questioned about the license. The same negative answer was given. There had been no license issued to Eugene Lynch and no one had applied for one for him.

Mr. Mulcahey at once hastened to his sister's home to impart the news. It came with crushing force upon the family. Lynch had become an excellent reputation and seemed perfectly happy and contented, and up to the hour of his disappearance had no complaints or objections to make. His strange absence remains a mystery.

In commenting upon the foregoing facts, the Herald says that they were 2, gives some excellent advice as follows: "Miss Mulcahey was a young woman of engaging manner and considerable means. With the latter fact Mr. Lynch was acquainted. Mr. Lynch was a young man of considerable means, and means. With this latter fact Miss Mulcahey was not acquainted.

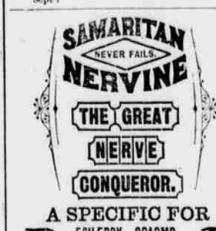
Her lack of information or rather her misinformation on the subject was attributable to no fault of hers. When a lover represents to his intended wife that certain things in connection with his exchequer are facts, unless there is abundant evidence at hand to prove the falsity of his statements, she is going to believe him in nineteen cases out of twenty. Mr. Lynch informed Miss Mulcahey that his financial circumstances were such as to warrant marrying her. As a matter of fact, they were not, but the untruth he uttered was not discovered until after the hour set for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Then it was discovered that he was so impecunious as to have gone about trying to borrow money to defray the expenses of conducting a marriage and a subsequent bridal trip. He failed in this and indignantly fled.

Young men without money who are thrown much into the society of young women with it make a weak and grievous mistake when they pursue any such method as that of the present lover to conceal the extent of their worldly possessions. It manifests a juvenile spirit and has time and time again still is subjecting them to mortification and contempt. There's no necessity for parading one's impetuosity before the eyes of the whole world; but on the other hand there is every reason for being honest about it when occasion demands some statement of its character. The girl who will reject a man's offer of marriage simply because he has still to make his fortune notwithstanding the fact that he is possessed of every facility and ability to make it may not be such a desirable helpmeet after all. She most certainly isn't worth lying for.



The display of Ready-Made Clothing and Low Prices arrest the attention and wonderment of every passer by, and visitors to the city must not forget to reckon our stock among the sights worth seeing. To the can't-get-aways we say: SEND FOR SAMPLES!

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts. PHILADELPHIA.



A SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY,