

# I am Back Boys and Girls

And shall stay with our mutual friends, H. A. ZARPS & CO., Emporium, at the FAIR STORE.

**SANTA CLAUS.**



Never in all my visits to Cameron county have I been loaded with nicer things for the good people of this county than I have left with my friend ZARPS. I want all the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters to just step in and see what

**A WONDERLAND ZARPS' PRESENTS ARE.**

No establishment in this section of the state can produce a larger, more varied stock and a more beautiful line of

## Holiday Goods.

Never has this or any other store in this section of the state exhibited such an immense line of everything beautiful, useful and ornamental, in China, Glass, Leather, Celluloid and Wood. Toys and Fancy Goods until you can't rest.

**H. A. ZARPS & CO.**

## Balcom & Lloyd.

Prepared  
For  
the Season

We have opened and are displaying a choice line of . . .

**FANCY  
DRY GOODS**

specially selected for the . . .

**Winter  
Season.**

We have gathered such articles as combine elegance with utility and at

**Very Reasonable  
Prices**

**Balcom & Lloyd.**

### Calling the Hours.

There is one place in London, and only one, where the ancient custom of keeping a watchman to call out the hours is still maintained. This is at New Inn, which in spite of its name is one of the oldest inns of court. The servants there are quite proud of the age of the place, and it was one of them who said one day:

"Why, sir, this inn was here in the time of Charles I."

After a long pause, to allow this stunning fact to percolate through the brain of the hearer, he extended his arm and added with emphasis:

"And it was here in the time of Charles II."

Some vague notion of the disturbances which intervened between the two reigns had probably been floating through the man's mind, but how an existing institution could possibly have dated from the reign of Charles I. without coming down through the reign of Charles II. he failed to explain.

Beginning at the stroke of 10 o'clock every night, the watchman in the yard of New Inn "calls the hour" in a stentorian but musical voice:

"Ten o'clock, and all's well!"

The words are heard in the adjoining chambers and offices. Tenants in Clement's Inn, whose rooms look into the pretty yard and garden of New Inn, may hear these words every hour through the night if awake. — New York Times.

### The Indian Duck Trick.

A little tin or earthen pan or sometimes half a coconut shell supported on three stones is filled with water on which is sprinkled a red powder, rendering it practically opaque. A little duck of wood or porcelain is placed upon the surface, where it at first floats, but at the command of the performer suddenly dives, remaining submerged until again ordered to rise.

This very ingenious trick depends upon the fact that in the bottom of the vessel there is a minute hole through which passes a hair. One end of this is attached to the duck; the other remains at the disposal of the performer and is attached, by means of a pellet of wax, to his tomton or to one of the hands with which he beats it. When he wishes the duck to dive, he pulls the hair. When he desires it to rise, he relaxes the pull.

There is naturally some amount of leakage through the pinhole, and to cover this the performer takes care, when filling the pan, to accidentally (?) spill a little water. The ground being thus already wetted, the fact that it gets a little more is not noticed. — Chambers' Journal.

### The Thing to Rin Awa' w' Sillar.

Wealth is a relative term. One man may be passing rich on £40 a year, and another may be miserably poor on £100. This was beautifully illustrated to me the other day, when, driving past a popular Ayrshire "place of drinks," I was hailed from the roadside by a man who claimed friendship on the strength of "living next door when we were boys." He was getting married, he said, and on that, I suppose, was feeling unusually happy.

"Man, come on in and let me stam you something," he said. "Don't think I've nae money. There's a pound note. Would you believe it, no' a week sin' I had hale £3; but, what w' buying furniture and things, I've spent the fiver twa. Aye, and afore the wadden's over I believe that pound'll be melted tae. By gorie, gettin' married's the thing to rin awa' w' sillar. But come on in and hae a drink." — Glasgow Times.

### His Three Good Deeds.

A certain business man noted for his grasping methods came into his office one day and told his partner that he was very happy because he had done three good deeds that morning. "In the first place," he said, "I met a poor woman who was weeping bitterly because she had lost the \$4 with which she had intended to pay for the baptism of her baby. I gave her a ten dollar bill, telling her to have the child baptized and give me the change as I came from my club. Charity was one good deed. Saving the child's soul was the second."

"And what was the third?" asked the partner.

"Oh, the third was that I got six good dollars for my green goods ten."

### A City of Padlocks.

Irkutsk, Siberia, is a city of padlocks. There are more padlocks on the shutters and doors of an Irkutsk shop than can be found in an English city of 200,000. There are as many as three padlocks on some shop doors, and every lower story shutter bears from one to five. The padlocks weigh from one to fifteen pounds. The popular size is five pounds and two and one-half inches thick.

### Impressive Condemnation.

Speaking with a farmer about one of his neighbors, I said, "So-and-so is a good man." He looked at me steadily without making any reply.

"So-and-so is a good man," I repeated in a louder tone, fancying he must be deaf.

Then the farmer answered, "I heard what you said." — New York Herald.

### Terrible Effect of Eloquence.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapineau. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery, in so moving a manner that the baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant:

"Jean, put this poor fellow out in the street! He is breaking my heart!" — Exchange.

### Yourself.

Depend on yourself. A knowledge of how to swim is better than to expect somebody will be at hand to throw you a life preserver in case of accident. — National Magazine.

### Breaking It Gently.

"Well, John, how are things going at home?"

"Why, sir, the magpie's dead."

"Poor Jack! What took him off?"

"We think, sir, it was eating too much horse meat."

"How's that? Where did he get the horse meat?"

"I am sorry to tell you, sir, that both the carriage horses died."

"The horses dead! What ailed them?"

"It must have been overwork drawing water to the fire."

"Fire! What fire?"

"Why, sir, the hall was burned to the ground."

"Great heavens! How did that happen?"

"It caught fire from the funeral torches, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your mother's, sir."

"My poor mother dead! How long was she ill? What was the matter?"

"Well, sir, she never held up her head after your father's death."

"My father too! Tell me the cause. Speak, man!"

"He took to his bed as soon as he heard the bad news, sir."

"Bad news! What do you mean?"

"That the vessel that held his whole fortune had been lost at sea."

### The Common Chord.

James Buckham, one of our minor poets, put into beautiful verse an incident which occurred during the civil war. He calls it "The Common Chord." The incident was this: Two great armies, one wearing the blue and one the gray, were drawn up in preparation for battle. As the evening fell the bands began to play. "Dixie" by the southerners was followed by "Yankee Doodle" by the northerners, and "Maryland, My Maryland," drew out "Hall Columbia." "Beautiful Girl of the South" was answered by "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Each side mocked and jeered the other's music and cheered their own until the stars came out and silence fell.

Then, sweet and low, a band far up the line began to play "Home, Sweet Home." Another and another joined until all the bands on both sides were playing in unison, and, stronger and more beautiful still, the men on both sides were singing the words. The common chord had been struck, and the thousands of combatants were at one with the sentiment, "There's no place like home."

### The Example of Paganini.

A story is told of how Paganini once came into the concert room, took the violin and touched the strings. First one string broke, and a smile went round the room; then another string broke, and there was more audible expression of mockery. When a third string broke, many people laughed outright at his discomfiture. But Paganini stood forth with his violin as though nothing had happened and played on the one string, and the people ceased to smile, but listened spell-bound. Some of those who had derided him began to weep, and some even prayed.

Many a man had fallen helpless by the wayside when some great catastrophe turned the current of his life aside. The brave man pushes forward with one remaining talent and plucks victory from defeat.

### A Desperate Chance.

A Russian exile relates how he once saved himself by a desperate artifice. A police official searched his house for compromising papers. There was in his possession a document the discovery of which meant serious danger to himself and his friends.

Wherever he might hide it, it seemed certain that it would be found. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it and handed it back.

After the most careful search the official, his nose blackened with soot and his hair decorated with feathers, for he had even examined the stovepipes and the bedding, departed empty handed.

### How the Sections Say It.

The woman from New England buys a "table spread," while her sister from the south buys a "tablecloth." The woman from Nova Scotia orders the servant to "lay the table," while with most of us natives of the United States the command is to "set the table." In the country the hostess says to her guests, "Sit by," when it is time to eat; in town it is "Please sit down." In the city among swells there is no further invitation than the announcement of the servant that "dinner is served." — Mobile (Ala.) Register.

### Creoles.

Originally a creole was a child born in this country of French or Spanish parents, the word coming from the Spanish creole, to create. At present the word is restricted in use to those of Spanish and French descent, who are born in the states that were French and Spanish colonies, especially Louisiana.

### Cold Analysis.

"That man is one whom I would trust with a million dollars."

"So would I," answered Senator Sorghum. "A man could get enough commissions out of handling a million dollars to keep him satisfied. But how about \$10,000 or \$20,000?" — Washington Star.

### In Use.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Motherhood.

When a man borrows a saddle, he always changes the stirrups. Ever know a man to put them back? — Atchison Globe.

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To-day we make our first display of holiday goods.

The basement is a grand bazaar of all kinds of fancy goods, toys, dolls, games and everything suggestive of the approaching holiday season. Inspection invited.

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Electric seal jackets, \$25.00 to \$65.00.  
Seal jackets in latest styles, \$32.50 and \$35.00 each.

All the best styles in neckwear of the choicest furs, \$1.00 to \$75.00 each.

Long coats, ulsters, English jackets, etc., from the best makers \$10.00 to \$75.00.

Elegant fashions in long coats, automobiles and blouses \$25.00 to \$125.00 each.

Ladies' tailor made suits, for street dress and traveling \$10.00 to \$85.00 each.

Special bargain values in \$15.00 and \$25.00 suits.

Dress skirts in great variety—in cloth, \$4.50 to \$28.00; in silk, \$10.00 to \$50.00.

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