ACROSS THE BORDER.

Experiences of Americans in the Ancient City of Mexico.

A NEW STYLE OF TELEPHONE.

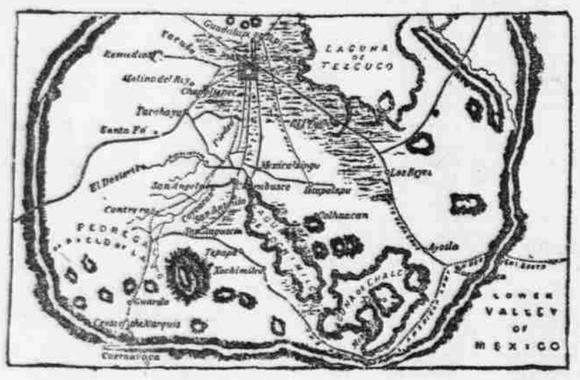
Palaces Which Do Not Come Up to the Traveler's Ideals.

A SEARCH FOR THE DELUSIVE VIGA

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

AT a station on the confines of the beautiful valley mentioned in my last letter, and while still in the mountains, the native vendors put in an appearance bearing trays of barbarian dainties. The Deacon had no stomach for these, but concluded to sample the pulque, as the product of the vicinity possessed a reputation. He purchased a pint pitcher full from an Indian damsel of 10 summers, perhaps, faithfully paying the price, a half real therefor, in good Mexican coin. He was to drink the potion from the little brown jug and then return the vessel. Would I like to taste it? I would, and secured a tumbler from the car, which he filled and we drank—a glass of fresh yeast, sweetened a little, would have afforded the same satisfaction.

But what did this little maiden do? She demanded of me also compensation. I pointed to the deacon, and by signs and plain English endeavored to satisfy her that she had received the equivalent demanded for her liquor. She could not so understand it; I had drunk and must pay. I feigned to pay the deacon, but no, I must pay her; my mercantile ethics did not accord with



THE LOWER VALLEY OF MEXICO.

hers. She talked vociferously in Spanish, I suppose, and I in emphatic American, quite three minutes, to the amusement of the passengers and the deep interest of the natives, who listened seriously to me.

AN AVARICIOUS MAIDEN.

The train started, so did the maiden; the speed of the engine was accelerated, the young lady adhered to her purpose. I became apprehensive lest she should stumble

Floating Gardens on the Viga.

and fall under the cars, and in sheer nervousness for her physical well-being, possibly the repose of her young soul, I tossed my last nickel toward her; she halted when she saw it coming and her lips parted with a smile. She picked up the coin, the smile was gone, and the last I saw was her tiny brown fist cleaving the air impotently and her unsandaled, still darker little feet, playing an energetic tattoo upon the rock-covered roadside. The child was, I began to think, honestly convinced that she had been swindled. I wondered whether there might be a tenet in their civilization forbidding the sharing one's purchases with one's neighbor, at least in the presence of the vendor.

Possibly our American habit carried to the merchant the impression that she had made a mistake and had given too much for the purchase money, and the vendor, instead of honestly returning the surplus, had taken the liberty of bestowing it upon his neighbor. Yet this child had her price from the deacon and understood the capacity of her little brown jug. Possibly she was mad at not demanding more, and like many another under a different Christian civilization, while she bewailed her lack of foresight, she cursed the man for her failure to impose upon his generosity. Let the solution be what it may, certainly the demon of avarice, or the disposition to get something for nothing, was at the bottom and quite as dignified in tatters under a Mexican sky with copper in sight, as under purple and linen further north with gold as the inspiration.

APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEXICO.

But we are nearing the ancient city, through a garden like country gladdening one with a higher state of cultivation, if possible, than any we have yet seen. The distant domes, rising ghostlike in the gray mist, put on fantastic shapes, to be resolved finally into time stained cupolas of monotonous design. We skim along past hedges of cactus, or stuccoed walls, past grand trees and banks of flowers; the verdure grows less and the walls more abundant, and finally we halt, in the middle of a bright forenoon, on the edge of the strange city.

From the crowd and amidst the bustle the sounds are all unfamiliar. Profanity, of course, is not to be commended, but profanity is an unknown language, inspires neither admiration nor disgust. An American sentence in italics from this babel would appeal at once to one's gratitude. We were beset at once by an army of cardadors, habited in cotton and duly labeled with brass plates; failing to recognize us as patrons, they stood around and stared at us and our grips. If we carried those satchels our social standing would be gauged immediately at a low level. No doubt a Mexican porter would consider it beneath his dignity to carry his own bundle; he would engage another duly licensed and labeled aristocrat. We were placed below par by even walking through the depot, bearing our luggage, in search of a hack.

A HACKLESS DEPOT.

Reaching the other side of the building there was not a carriage in sight. The crowd had thinned; no one in fact seemed visible but those burden bearers, each with a short piece of rope, and they stood at a little distance staring at as helpless a bevy of foreigners as ever graced Mexican soil. An inquiry in fair English made to one and then another of this gentry elicited a shake of the head. A policeman standing by, being appealed to, smiled and acknowledged his incapacity by a shrug of the shoulders. Street cars were here, also duly labeled, but where would they take one? The policeman smiled again at this inquiry and we were just as firmly convinced as he that he was lying. The ladies grew impatient and became tired standing, so they sat on their baggage like any other company of emigrants. I became interested in a man imbibing pulque through the leg of a very filthy-looking hogskin; he evidently enjoyed the draught and took a second one, then wallowed the receptacle to a safe place on his wagon, mounted and drove off, while the Deacon drew the line at pulque from that moment. The trees were attractive and afforded as much sympathy as the swarthy rascals staring at us.

"If we knew which way to go we could walk," said the lady from New England. But there were some who could not undertake the risk of walking an uncertain distance, and each felt, though we might never meet again, that it was his duty to see every other one started, at least, for his destination.

"Would the hacks ever come?" inquired another.

"Perhaps—on the arrival of the next train."

A MEXICAN TELEPHONE.

We had whiled away nearly an hour when a brisk young man was noticed coming from the lower end of the depot. One or the other of us had questioned a dozen men not dressed in cotton, but they each and all shook their heads and passed on. No Mexican, however, could take the gait of the young man approaching, and we collared him, as it were.

"Hacks! hacks!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, I'm ——" but seeing a lady near by he choked off the adjective as if he were making a sacrifice and clapped his hands. "There ought to be a hundred here; I'll telephone for some."

His oriental summons attracted to him the whole gang of porters; he said something to the first one that reached him, and the fellow was off like a shot out of a mortar. We all wanted to fall on the young man's neck, but as he did not start for the transmitter we inquired if he would not oblige us at once.

"Yonder he goes," pointing to the peon still on the dead run and about to disappear at the corner of the plaza.

"Oh, you call that a telephone?"

"The Mexican instrument—you'll have hacks enough shortly."

We burdened this young man with thanks until he blushed and backed away without giving anyone an opportunity to inquire about his birthplace and ancestors—whether he were married, how it came about that he was here, and his business.

The hacks began to arrive, much after the manner of the return from a well-attended Irish funeral. They came singly, in pairs and by the dozen, until the plaza was quite full, each with a little tin flag displayed, either red, white or blue, an occasional green one, and with one or more ragged attendants on the driver.

A PALACE, BUT NOT AN IDEAL ONE.

Across the street is a palace 250 years old, with a history, and it appears quite as young as the hotel. A new-looking house is an impossibility in Mexico. I saw a house in course of erection and I mistook it for a ruin. Palaces have always been associated in my mind with marble, with a foreground of grass, plots, flowers, fountains and trees, statuary and broad stone steps. But palaces here must make up in interiors what is lacking in attractiveness outside. Now this palace over the way stands flush to the narrow sidewalk of a narrow street, it is three stories in height with perfectly plain walls, an iron balcony at each upper window, where one may stand only. Whatever the rooms on the street were originally used for is past finding out; at present they are occupied as unsavory stores. The water vents that relieve the roof in damp weather are stone cannon, projecting far enough to conveniently empty themselves on the pauper pedestrians below.

The entrance to the palace is through an arched portal flanked by fluted stone columns. Intruders are barred by immense doors elaborately carved. Inside the portal one finds himself in a paved court, and around the hollow square, at the second and third stories, runs a gallery, access to which may be gained by stairs at the rear of the court. Perhaps this gallery may be relieved by pots of flowers, perhaps not. The rooms having egress to the court may have served as servants' offices, the upper floors as the abode of royalty. The place would

High Bridge at Callejo.

make an excellent haven of refuge in case of riot; the inmates could barricade the large doors, retreat to the roof and hurl anathemas and other missiles over the parapet upon the heads of the plebeians, or douche them with hot water through the stone cannon.

As for its being a home for anyone even in perpetual fear of assault, is beyond my comprehension; still this is the type of the home in the City of Mexico. Babies are born, no doubt, grown to maturity here in happiness or tears, and drift out to hide in some similar place, or die within the precincts as sacred to them, unquestionably, as though they had been reared in hourly sight of grass plots and under the shadows of ancient trees. Not having been sent into this world of trouble in this environment, I fail to appreciate its attractions. Every breath in it comes cold to the lips and chills one under the ribs, every thought of it is suggestive of strife, violence in the achievement and turmoil in its maintenance. To an American it is a dead failure, either as a home or a stately mansion.

A VISIT TO THE VIGA.

Our affable landlord advised us to dispose of the afternoon by visiting the Viga. We took a street car with a legend upon it made of x's and l's and moved off exultantly. We rode and continued to ride, past palaces and one-story buildings until the driver stopped and hitched his mules to the other end of the car. We inquired of him for the Viga; we would have done as well had we asked to be directed to Washington. The conductor smiled pleasantly when he collected his fare for the return trip, and attempted to instruct us on the way to the mystery we were in search of and returned with us to the plaza. We were determined to accomplish the Viga if we subsidized every car line in the city and started on our mission. This time we passed the portal of the hotel and in about ten minutes the driver halted and hitched his mules to the other end of the car as his brother had done on the other road. We exchanged some inquiries and, I presume, the same answers as before, and returned through different streets to the plaza. We took another car going in an opposite direction to our former journey, went out into the country about four miles and enjoyed the ride, returning by different streets as before. We tarried a short time in this Mecca of the street car system and prevailed on a calico covered damsel in an adjacent booth to concoct us a lemonade. She concocted something, not a lemonade, and having refreshed ourselves by wondering what it would taste like, we donated her a real, and sought another car. After we had paid our fare we discovered that we were going over the same road that witnessed our second experiment.

NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.

"This is a rank swindle," insisted the Deacon to me. "This is the road to that villainously smelling ditch."

We persisted, however, to the end of the track and were delighted to discover an American and his wife going back. We inquired of them if they could put us on the road to the Viga.

"That is the Viga," and our American brother pointed to the ditch.

We were to take boats at the Viga, be poled out to the Floating Gardens and witness scenes rivaling anything in Venice. The odor of the Viga in a quiescent state was of a density that left a disagreeable taste in the mouth; disturbed it would produce malignant typhoid within five minutes, preceded by nausea. Our enthusiastic countrymen, some of them, had revelled in this Mexican attraction, while at home they would have complained of something much less offensive and procured its abatement as a common nuisance.

We returned to the hotel to suffer under the charge of eccentricity and the daily reproach of having missed a marvel.

L. B. FRANCE.

Imported and Domestic

Mineral waters, Apollinaris, Taunus, Victoria, Geyser, Saratoga, Vichy, Congress, Hathorn, Buffalo, Lithia water. Pints, quarts, case or dozen.

WM. J. FRIDAY, 633 Smithfield street.

WFSu

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS KATE FIELD

Will Speak

AGAINST

PROHIBITION

-AT-

OLD CITY HALL

-ON-

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 17,

At 8 O'Clock.

Admission Free.

je16-51

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARRIS' THEATER.

Week Commencing Monday, June 17.

Every afternoon and Evening.

Second Week of the Young Favorite,

N. S. WOOD.

By special request and positively for the last time, the romantic and successful drama, the

BOY SCOUT

-OF THE-

SIERRAS.

Superb Dramatic Company.
Entirely New Scenery.
Picturesque Costumes.

Powerful Calcium Light Effects.

NEXT WEEK, JUNE 24, third and last week of N. S. Wood, who will produce, for the first time in Pittsburg, the sensational comedy drama, founded on facts,

ADRIFT IN NEW YORK.

je16-15

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion

Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

OUR GREAT MID-SUMMER SALE!

Commencing on Monday, June 17, and Continuing All the Week—Remarkable Attractions in Every Department of Our Big Stores—Read and Note the Prices—Everything Exactly as Represented.

Silk Department.

Special values in Black Silk Surahs.

Ask to see the D. & S. double-twill, worth $1 50, down to $1 10.

38 shades in Colored Surahs, full width. Can match any color. Sold everywhere at 65c, down to 44c.

All the new shadings in Colored Satins; usual price 45c, down to 25c.

100 pieces Faille Francaise, the popular Silk for street and evening wear; sold everywhere at $1 50, down to 98c.

Colored Dress Goods — Immense Bargains.

Our Colored Henriettas, comprising all the new shades, worth double what we ask, down to 25c.

200 pieces Bannockburn Suitings, new styles, double width, a very desirable line to make a selection from, worth double, down to 39c.

150 pieces Black Henriettas, 46 inches wide, worth 85c, down to 65c.

150 pieces choice Challis—how much did you say? 5c.

French Sateens.

Beautiful patterns, new designs.
New Ginghams, 200 different styles.
New Percales, 100 assorted patterns.
New Chambrays, all the good colors.
New Cambrics for Boys' Shirt Waists.

Millinery Parlors.

(Second floor.)

Startling reductions in Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers. The newest, the latest, the richest. Come and see our bargain prices. You will be surprised. All the new effects in Birds, Parrots and Wings.

Telling Hosiery Reductions.

100 dozen Men's Half-Hose, regular made, former price 19c, now 12½c.

350 dozen Men's Fancy Stripes and Balbriggan, full regular made, former price 25c, now down to 19c.

210 dozen Men's Lisle Hose, former price 39c, now down to 25c.

96 dozen Men's Lisle Hose, in all the new shades, former price 50c, now 39c.

500 dozen Ladies' Plain, Black and Fancy Stripes, former price 19c, now 12½c.

110 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Hose, former price 25c, now down to 19c.

86 dozen Ladies' solid-colored Hose, full regular made, former price 25c, now 19c.

Over 100 styles of SAMPLE HOSE—your pick at 25c.

A full line of Onyx and Electric Fast Black Hose, all marked away down for this special Hose Sale.

156 dozen Ladies' Black and Colored Lisle Hose, former price 50c, now down to 39c.

50 dozen pure Silk Hose, now down to 74c a pair.

250 dozen Children's Seamless Hose, former price 19c, now 12½c.

One lot of Children's fine sample Hose out on bargain counter at 25c a pair. You should see them. They are very cheap at that price.

Corset Bargains.

98 dozen English Sateen Corsets, in all colors, former price 75c, now down to 49c.

50 dozen French Woven Corsets, former price 96c, now 69c.

83 dozen of our grand $1 Corset for this week, 75c.

112 dozen of our $1 25 P. N. Strengthening Corset for this week, 89c.

46 dozen of the R. and G. Corset for this week, at 75c.

90 dozen of the P. N. Grand Summer Corset, now 75c.

A Few Special Bargains in Hemstitched Flouncing and Skirtings.

39 pieces Hemstitched Flouncing, former price 75c, down to 59c a yard.

30 pieces Hemstitched Flouncing, former price $1, down to 75c a yard.

27 pieces Irish Point Hemstitched Flouncing, former price $1, now 75c a yard.

20 pieces Irish Point Hemstitched Flouncing, former price $1 75, now $1 25 a yard.

19 pieces 45-inch Hemstitched Skirtings former price 80c, now 68c a yard.

28 pieces 45-inch Hemstitched Skirtings, former price $1, now 86c a yard.

18 pieces 45-inch Hemstitched Skirtings, former price $1 75, down to $1 25 a yard.

50 pieces Irish Point Flouncing, special value, down to 69c a yard.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

100 dozen Children's Ribbed Vests, former price 20c, down to 13c.

80 dozen Children's Ribbed Lisle Vests, form price 25c, now 17c.

100 dozen Children's pure Lisle Thread Ribbed Vests, former price 35c, now 19c.

75 dozen Children's Ribbed Lisle Vests, former price 35c now 22c.

100 dozen Ladies' Ribbed Lisle Vests, former price 35c, now 15c.

100 dozen Ladies' Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests, former price 30c, now 19c.

150 dozen Ladies' Ribbed Vests, pure Lisle Thread, former price 35c, now 22c.

500 dozen Ladies' pure Lisle Thread Ribbed Vests at 25c, 33c, 44c and 50; just about one-half of former prices.

Ladies' Balbriggan Vests, 15c, 39c, 49c; prices cut in two.

Great Reduction in Gloves and Mitts.

350 dozen Silk Taffeta Gloves, black and colors, former price 39c, down to 19c.

200 dozen Ladies' Colored Silk Mitts, former price 39c, down to 19c.

150 dozen Ladies' Colored Silk Mitts, former price 59c, now 39c.

250 dozen Children's pure Lisle Thread Gloves, former price 19c, down to 10c, and

500 dozen Ladies' and Misses' Lisle Thread Gloves at 5c a pair.

Our Grand Unlaundried Shirt Bargains for This Week.

Men's Unlaundried Shirts, former price 65c, down to 48c.

Men's Unlaundried Shirts, Wamsutta Muslin, standard quality, 69c, or 3 for $2.

Men's Unlaundried Shirts, special value, 79c, or 3 for $2 25.

Men's Laundried Shirts, former price $1, now 74c.

Men's Laundried Shirts, former price $1 25, down to 88c.

Men's Laundried Shirts, former price $1 75, down to $1 24.

Gentlemen's Underwear.

Gents' Gauze Shirts and Drawers, 19c, 24c, 29c; prices just half.

Gents' Fancy Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 39c, 48c and 74c; worth double.

Gents' Percale and P. K. Teck Scarfs, 5c each, or 6 for 25c, and

1,000 Satine Ties, former price 8c, now 5c each.

Boys' Waists, Indigo Blue, reduced to 25c each.

Boys' Cheviot Waists, plaited front and back, down to 39c each.

Boys' Seersucker Waists, plaited front and back, down to 39c each.

Boys' Laundried French Percale Waists, former prices $1 25 and $1, down to 75c each.

Sponges.

1,000 extra quality Sponges, former price 25c, your pick 19c each.

Special Soap Bargains.

1,000 cakes best quality Toilet Soap, former price 8c, for this sale 4c each.

Housekeeping Goods.

Too many of all these, therefore this cut in prices.

Plaid and Striped Nainsooks and Lawns, 6c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

Latest Imported Lace Stripes, 17c, 19c, 30c, 35c, 50c.

Too many of all these, therefore this cut in prices.

58-inch All-Linen Cream Damask, special value, 45c a yard.

58-inch All-Linen Bleached Damask, special value, 50c a yard.

58-inch Turkey Red Table Damask, special value, 35c, 50c a yard.

Too many of all these, therefore this cut in prices.

All-Chenille Portiers, large sizes, $6 50 a pair.

Too many of all these, therefore this cut in prices.

Tapestry Table Covers, 4-4, 50c; 6-4, $1; 8-4, $1 50 each.

Too many of all these, therefore this cut in prices.

All-Chenille Table Covers, 4-4, 99c; 6-4, $1 99.

Special Bargains in Crochet Quilts, summer weights, 59c, 69c 85c, 99c, $1 25 each.

Startling Lace Curtain Bargains.

Now is your time to buy.

300 pairs showy Lace Curtains, former price 99c, now 69c.

244 pairs pretty new designs in Lace Curtains, former price $1 50, now 99c.

310 pairs handsome Lace Curtains, former price $2 50, now down to $1 50.

195 pairs very pretty Lace Curtains, former price $2 75, now down to $1 69.

159 pairs elegant Lace Curtains, former price $3 25, now they go at $1 75.

186 pairs entirely new designs Lace Curtains, former price $3 99; now down to $2 25.

289 pairs rich Lace Curtains, former price $4 25, now at $2 50.

567 pairs rich and elegant new designs, our own importation. All these came in too late for spring trade, and will be sold at a big loss. See what elegant Curtains you can buy now at $2 99, $3, $3 50, $4, $4 50, $4 99, $5, $5 50.

Attend Our Grand Jewelry Sale.

See what 25c will buy you in pretty Bracelets, Hair Pins, Lace Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Ear Rings, Queen Chains, Stuck Pins, etc.

Muslin Underwear.

Ladies, take elevator to second floor and see the unheard of bargains in Muslin Underwear. The best values ever offered. It's to your interest to see and judge for yourselves.

Special Cut in Ladies' Jerseys.

Ladies' All-Wool Jerseys, former price $1 25, down to 99c.

Ladies' All-Wool Jerseys (in brown only), former price $1 75, now $1 24.

Ladies' All-Wool Jerseys, handsomely trimmed, ribboned, former price $2 50, now $1 99.

Ladies' All-Wool Jerseys, new shadings, frocked and finished in suit form, former price $3 50, down to $2 49.

Infants' Department.

Children's Embroidered and Corded Caps, former price 39c, now 24c.

Infants' Tucked Caps, former price 39c, now 25c.

Children's Corded Tam-O'Shanters, former price 75c, now 49c.

Children's White Corded Hats, former price 50c, now 44c.

Children's White P. K. Sun Bonnets, former price 39c, now 24c.

All the new shapes in May Queen, Puritan, Fauntleroys and Alpine Caps at reduced prices.

SPECIAL

100 dozen Infants' fine Zephyr Sacques down to 25c each.

A Cut in Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, white and colored borders, former price 9c, now 5c each.

Children's pure Linen Handkerchiefs, pretty borders, former price 8c, now 5c each.

Ladies' All-Linen Handkerchiefs, white and colored borders, all new patterns, former price 11c, now 3 for 25c.

Special and Tremendous Cut in Parasols and Umbrellas.

906 pretty Parasols, former prices, $1 50, $2 50 $3 and $3 50, your pick for just $1.

Early callers can have first choice. So come at once.

We inaugurate also the greatest Fan Sale on record in this or any other city.

1,000 Fans, former prices $2 to $5, your pick of the entire lot at $1.

The Specials for This Week in Our Glassware Department

Are ahead of anything we have heard of before. Just read them:

5,000 Crystal Table Tumblers, former price 4c, now 2c.

1,000 Crystal Finger Bowls, former price, 9c, now 7c.

500 Crystal Table Sets, 6 pieces, former price 28c, now 19c.

2,000 Crystal Individual Salts, former price 5c, now 2c.

750 Crystal Fancy Sugar Shakers, former price 22c, now 15c.

1,000 Crystal Fancy Mustard Cups, former price 12c, now 9c.

1,500 Crystal Fancy Fruit Saucers, former price 10c, now 5c.

950 Crystal Fancy Cream Pitchers, former price 10c, now 7c.

200 Crystal Vinegar or Oil Cruets, former price 35c, now 20c.

300 Crystal Molasses Jugs, former price, 12c, now 9c.

100 Crystal Lemonade Sets, with tray, former price 75c, now 64c.

72 Crystal Ice Cream Sets, former price 64c, now 47c.

72 Crystal Berry Sets, former price 72c, now 60c.

144 Crystal Berry Dishes (large), former price 14c, now 10c.

100 Crystal Half-Gallon Jugs, former price 46c, now 34c.

150 Crystal Fancy Water Bottles, former price 72c, now 60c.

Also ask to see our special French China Berry Sets, for $2 59 per set, 13 pieces.

DANZIGER & SHOENBERG,

Successors to MORRIS H. DANZIGER,

SIXTH STREET AND PENN AVENUE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$1,250,000

(ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS)

WAS THE AMOUNT OF BUSINESS DONE BY

GUSKY'S

THE PAST YEAR,

(A Statement Verified by the Assessor's List.)

$1,260,000

(ONE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS)

WAS THE AMOUNT OF BUSINESS DONE BY THE NEXT FOUR LARGEST CLOTHING DEALERS OF THIS CITY.

(A Statement Verified by the Assessor's List.)

MURDER .·. WILL .·. OUT.

We have, in our announcements to the public, times and oft made the assertion that the amount of businesss done by us was as much almost as that of any other four Clothiers of this city, while on the contrary, at least three of these merchants have, times almost out of number, claimed in the most bare-faced manner possible that they, and they alone commanded the leading clothing trade. Is it not time that a halt should be called on these fictitious, false and misleading claims, made by these would-be champions of commercial circles with the evident object of misleading the public, and that they be brought to a sense of the absurd position in which they place themselves in the estimation of every reflective and penetrative mind? There is unfortunately no law in this great Commonwealth to prevent any person or class of persons from assuming the roll of consummate prevaricators, but the laws of propriety and business rectitude certainly demand that some little regard be paid to the principles of truth and honesty.

THERE IS EVIDENTLY A LIE OUT SOMEWHERE

and we, in the interests of the people of this community, herewith disclose in plain figures the peculiar and exact location of the "Nigger in the woodpile." Now which is it. Have these dealers lied to the Assessor in their sworn statements or to the public, for lo! these many months past?

One great and striking peculiarity about these dealers is the fact that they every now and again get hold of the brilliant (?) idea of "selling at 50 per cent below cost," and at other times they announce "great slaughter," "$40 suits for $10," "one-third below the cost of manufacture," and other equally outrageous, inane and plainly to be seen false sales. Do these dealers really imagine that such stuff is believed in? Well, hardly. Good Clothing has just as firm and established a value as wheat, sugar, wool, or any other leading commodity and it is never necessary to "sacrifice" it in order to realize. In other words, the bill-poster announcements of the "bankrupt," "sacrificing" tribe are simon-pure lies of the most palpable kind, and the strange thing is, that the enlightened nineteenth century public can be hoodwinked and razzle-dazzled by such open, barefaced swindles.

Now and Again One Firm Bolder Than the Rest

comes along and announces to hold a sale of a "Quarter Million Dollars worth of clothing," and swears by all that is holy that it must be disposed of within TEN DAYS; then at another time they actually announce "A MILLION DOLLARS SALE!" Great Scott! They offer tailor-made suits for $8 and if they sell a suit for $5 it is "tailor-made." Everything is "tailor-made." The overalls they offer are "tailor-made" and if it were not for the absurdity of the thing we verily believe they would swear that their hats were "tailor-made." In fact they're crazy on the "tailor-made" nonsense. These fellows are teetotally bad, they pocket a cool fifty to one hundred per cent profit. Traces of fly-paper and glucose on them can be plainly seen despite their gall and impudence.

The Prevailing Diet of Fulsome Adjectives

of those dealers who are forever doing such noble, (?) self-sacrificing (?) deeds as "rescuing despairing manufacturers from the brink of ruin" by means of purchasing all the goods they have in stock, etc., is calculated to produce mental dyspepsia. These dealers boast loudly of their being able to accomplish this by reason of having spot cash to pay. Spot Cash! Spot Cash indeed! How about ever buying goods on four month's time with several months extra dating, then when the account falls due pay 25 per cent of the bill in cash and give a note at about six months for the balance? This is how some of them buy for cash and make such gigantic capture (?) purchases.

We could fill this entire paper in writing these tricksters up and will go further into the matter if necessary. We will now, however, close with the remark that the most unjust class of dealers that afflict a business community is the one who, while angling for business with stale baits, fleece their customers to balance the losses of their ill-managed business.

WE ARE, AS WE SAID BEFORE,

LEADERS OF THE BUSINESS,

and customers will find that with us bargains are daily bread and not an occasional bait; that quality and cheapness go hand in hand every business day in the year. If they didn't people would soon find it out and we should not now be doing

$417,400 Worth of Business More Than Our Next Highest Competitors!

One Million, Seventy-Eight Thousand One Hundred Dollars More Than the Dealers Who Have Occasional "Quarter Million Dollar Sales," and Within $10,000 of the Four Would-be Largest Clothiers Combined.

GUSKY'S,

THE PEERS OF ALL CLOTHIERS OF THE COUNTRY,

300 to 400 Market Street.