## A TWIN-IDENTITY.

EDITH STEWART DREWRY IN "BELGRAVIA."

have had-though I am only 30-a stranger experience than any with which you five gentlemen have favored us to beguile the weary time we are snowed up in the train; and as it seems it will be quite an hour before we can get on to London I will tell you -if you care to hear the story-why I say so, and what I am; only I hope those two ladies will not be shocked to find themselves in my company? No?-Thankswell then, I am an agent-de-police, and have just come over from Paris to spend Christmas with some English friends. Even we poor police agents get a little holiday sometimes-hein! And the life has its attractions too, as well as its dangers and repulsions. Personally I had little choice, for I was born in the service, brough up in it, for my father was a very clever officer of the Paris secret police. I married in the force, widowed in it, and being one of the best women detectives, I was sure of retaining my position. Nature has favored me, for, as you see, I am a tall but very slight made woman, with a face which lends itself well to masculine disguise. Pardons, madame, what did you say? -Oh! I make a handsome young fellow too—ha, ha! I have often been told so, and that I have a woman's wits and a man's courage. One needs both in my profession, too, I can tell you; and steady nerves, too, as you will

Well, about this time five years ago, all Paris was suddenly startled into horror by the discovery of one of those revoltingly brutal crimes in which, I must confess, France is only occasionally rivaled by the wildest deeds of the Far West.

Some few months previously a wealthy banker, named Folcade, had married a very pretty American girl, one of twins, who in all but personal resemblance were so absolutely as one being, and so deeply attached, as to be singular even for twins.

Remember that I knew nothing of all this till nearly the termination of my connection with the case. All that the police knew was the bare fact that Madame Folcade had a sister who after the former's marriage had returned to Virginia, U. S., and was there when the tragedy took place, the news of it completely prostrating her health for months. Remember that also,

M. Folcade had a villa in large grounds some way out in Paris, in a lonely place, and that fatal evening the banker, having a violent headache, retired about 10 o'clock, leaving his wife down in the salon rending, with her pet dog, a Scotch terrier, in the room, and that was the last the poor fellow saw of his wife and her faithful would-be defender alive. M. Folcade awoke at 2 in the morning, and finding himself still alone, got up, partially dressed, and went downstairs, thinking his wife had dropped asleep over her book. The salon was empty, the window open, and blood was on the floor near the wife's chair!

Monsieur was frantic, called up the household, sent for the nearest police, and every inch of the grounds was scarched. As a result Paris soon blazed with the horrible discovery that Madame Folcade had been stabbed to the heart (from behind, the doctor said), probably in the room, then the body carried out to a remote corner of the grounds and literally cut up piecemeal, for the head, trunk, hands and limbs were found by degrees in different parts of the grounds—also a long, sharp-pointed knife, blood stained, was found, and the sergeantde-police himself discovered, in a remote spot, under a bush, the body of the poor terrier all bloody from a ghastly stab, but close to its mouth, as if the teeth in the death agony had un-clenched and dropped it, was a man's right hand fourth finger with a ring upon it. The faithful animal had evidently flown at the murderer and bitten off that little finger; then, doubtless, mortally wounded itself, fied to the bushes and died before it could reach the house with its prize. Of the assassin there was no trace whatsoever, not even a foot-print, for the ground was dry

Well, the finger was, of course, at once preserved in spirits. The signet ring we found had a monogram on the stone of it, of "L. S." On that finger, and ring, and knife, we had to rely primarily to identify the murderer.

under a hard black frost.

Of course, M. Folcade himself was ques tioned as under possible suspicion; but it was soon clear that he was guilt-less. The marriage had been one of love. He was a fond and unjealous husband and one worthy of true trust; but that some savage hate and jealousy was the motive of the crime was tolerably clear. Nothing was stolen nor touched. The develish deliberation and sequence to the murder betrayed a blood-thirsty revenge—but for what?—by whom A lover scorned, perhaps, but when and where? No trace, no sign of any one to suspect, present or missing, whom she had known; could be found, although M. Folcade made it understood that no expense or time should be bounded, and that the arrest of the murderer would be well recognized. You know that in France we do not allow any reward, officially or openly offered, as you do here for such things. It is done, of course buy sub ross course, but-sub rosa.

The case was in my especial chef's hands, but I was not in it then, for my hands were full, as that week I went off to Vienna on a matter of political crime which took me six months to run my men to earth and have them arrested. I only learned the details of the Folcade tragedy on my return-learned of necessity from my chef, M. Dupre. "Madame Marie Lacroix," said he

grimly, "I must have your aid now in this Folcade mystery."

"Eh bien! M. le Chef," I answered, "tell me all details and I obey the order." This he did, therefore, and concluded em

phatically:
"Now, although I shall not relax my
efforts, it is on you, Marie, that your old
chef relies to main ain his repute. We want the assissin; the
evidence is clear. We have the pute. We want the assissin; the evidence is clear. We have the man who a month before the murder sold the knife to a gentleman who he says he shall know again but cannot describe enough to be of much use—these common people are so stupid, so unobservant—hein! 'Rather tall, sallow, good looking, about 30 or 40!'—bah, see there!—that would do for headerd. Last Christian while taill

hundreds. Last Christmas, whilst still un-married Madame Folcade (then Miss Grey) was in the Riviera with a lady since dead, but we could find no trace of anyone to whom suspicions would attach. Do your best, Maric, money is not to be spared—a I was then well supplied, and withdrew.

I will not trouble you with details here, but I threw myself heart and soul into the mysterious case, which had so baffled my con-freres. I do not know when I have been so intensely absorbed in a case, so passionately set on success, all my faculties so entirely concentrated on that end. This almost abnormal enfolding of my whole being in the interests of those who had so loved the ill-fated lady may perhaps account for the strange sequel.

I set to work may own way. I visited the
Villa Folcade, saw the place, the picture of
Madamo Folcade there, and the knife, ring and finger in our possession, and all the people connected with the case. Then I went off to the Riviera, taking a photo of madame, of course; went to Nice, Monte Carlo, and, after weeks of patient research I discovered that a certain Polish lady had said that at a rather mixed bal masque last autumn she had noticed a very pretty American who was rather annoved by the notice of a blue domino. Following up that slender chance I traced out the Pole— a work of time—and she recognized the to, laughed at the freedom of American photo, laughed at the freedom of American gisls, said this one appeared to be alone and to have come in bravado, but had got frightened at the attentions or persecutions of the blue domino, had hastily resumed her mask (the Polc added), and vanished.

Holmes' Best
Is one of the standard brands of Pennsylvania rye whiskies and is recognized as such all over this country.

"What am I?" you ask, because I say I | subsequent tragedy. A reckless "lark"-a you English say—in ignorance of the world; an encounter, probably followed by secret persecution: the girl, afraid to betray her mad escapade to her friends lest a worse construction should be put on it; the man, doubtless in love, in a fashion, jealousy, revenge—voils tout! I returned hopefully to Monte Carlo, and, after some time, obtained the slightest clew to that blue domino, which led me to suspect that (if he were the murderer) he would have made his way to London several months after the crime, an the safest hiding place, was parole!—so it is—so vast—so many millions to be lost among.

Well, I came straight over to London, it

being then the October after the murder, and at once went to Scotland Yard to put the authorities on the qui vive for a man such as I described, lacking a finger and the such as I described, lacking a inger and the hand probably marked still by the wound of dog's teeth. Why did I not advertise, you ask, monsieur—Ciel! because my bird was clearly wary, clever, and I wanted him to be lulled into false security and think the police had given him up in despair, after

I was unremitting in my cautions inquiries and watchful search, continually changing my disguises (mostly masculine, of necessity), and invariably armed with a loaded revolver for self-defense or to prevent the bird's escape. I am a dead shot and can hit where I will, I may assert. Day and night until quite late I was abroad, here, there and everywhere-in public resorts, public vehicles great thoroughfares, east, west, north and south. I haunted the gambling resorts, from the West End proprietary club to the low "hell"—all en gargon, of course. How could I get the entre of some of these, you say, madame? Ha, ha, that was easily enough managed with money, and I am an secomplished gambler-to be au fait in that

line was part of my training.

But day after day, week after week, passed, and I was still baffled. I got not one clue, and at last, just before Christmas, I wrote to my chef: "Even I am almost in despair that 'L. S.' is either dead, or at the Antipodes. If I learn nothing by December 31, I fear I must resort to the desperate measure of advertising; I am mad at failing, and more, my whole soul and brain are wrapped up in this case."

That letter reached Paris a few days be-

ore Christmas. On the 24th of December, all day, I had detectives watching the great stations for any man answering to such description as I had, as the assassin might possibly spend the festive season out of town. I myself was about the West End in the evening, dressed much as I am now, in black, with a dark fur toque.

I gave a look over Paddington Terminus, and about 10 o'clock I thought I would re-turn to my lodging in Bloomsbury, and there decide on my further action to-night, or whether I should rest—that is, if I could. It was the very anniversary of the tragedy I was to unravel-Christmas Eve. I was beginning to feel the long, heavy strain on mental and physical powers, I suppose, and every nerve was strung up to a high nervous tension. I felt in a curious unaccountable manner that would not be shaken off. I stepped into a city-going omnibus, sitting down by the door and in-stinctively taking notice of the other passengers—only two stout old men at the far end—for it was a bitterly cold night, with a heavy snow-laden sky, dreary enough to make one lonely and miserable under any circumstances. I was both. Yet, withal, as we started eastward, there Yet, withal, as we started eastward, there began to steal over me an odd internal excitement, as of a vague expectancy, a restlessness and intensified desire to gain my end, which became almost agony in its passionate vividness. It seemed to grip me, thrall my very soul, like a visible force. God of justice! was there nothing above or below that knew the dread secret I sought? No power—seen or unseen—from whence my inmost being could draw the knowledge of that one man's hiding place?

What, too, was my chef thinking of his

trusted agent, on whose success he had flung his whole credit? What on this dread night were the feelings of her relations, that their beloved dead was still unavenged? In those moments I felt half maddened with longing, and then in and through that with longing, and then in and through that longing there grew a strange sensation, as if something—I knew not what—went out from me, taking my life from me, then seeming to draw back with it in returning something that I could not grasp or define—that I never shall be able to define—but made me, with a sort of sudden mental wrench, look up, impelled by a force onits outside myself to see sit. quite outside myself, to see sit-ting opposite to me a lady, young and lovely, dressed in handsome mourning. To be Concluded To-Morrow.

Cough-A Remarkable Cure by Jayne's Expectorant Years Ago, and the Condition of the Patient Now.

Moscow, Ohio, Dec. 3, 1891. Dr. D. Jayne & Son-Gentlemen:-For Dr. D. Jayne & Son—Gentlemen:—For years, in my younger days, I was troubled with a bad Cough, and in consequence was weak and delicate. My friends thought I was verging toward Consumption, and every indication pointed to that fact; so much so, that I was refused admission to the Army. I was induced finally to try Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and almost immediately received relief. After the use of a number of bottles, in connection with Dr. D. Jayne's bottles, in connection with Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, I was entirely cured. To-day I am well and hearty, and weigh 35 pounds more than in my younger days, and have no signs of Consumption.

E. J. MANNING.

To obtain the genuine, buy of your neigh bor druggist, whom you know.

New York Grocery.

Just sit down and think of the many bar-

gains offered you this week at Thompson	O
New York Grocery:	
16 quarts navy beans	0
8 cans condensed milk 1	Oi
10 packages best gelatine 1	01
30 bars 5-cent wax soap 1	Ö
30 bars 5-cent floating soap 1	O
	8
12 cans string beans	6
12 cans good peas	6
	72
	81
	50
12 cans good table peaches (3-lb cans). 1	
12 cans Bartlett pears (3-lb cans) 1	
12 cans green gage plums (3-lb cans) 1	
16 lbs London layer raisins 1 (	M
18 lbs loose muscatel raisins 1 (	DC.
20 lbs Valencia raisins 1 (	
20 lbs English currants 1 (	m
20 lbs Turkey prunes 1 (	30
20 lbs California evaporated peaches 1 (	20
20 lbs dried blackberries 1 (	10
50 bars best scouring soap 1 (	m
24 lbs new Lima beans	M
10 lbs dessicated cocoanut 1 (	ñ
5 lbs pure cocoa 1 (	
4 sacks choice amber flour (guaran-	-
tent)	•

isacks choice amber flour (guaranteed). 5 00

Extra sugar-cured shoulders, per lb. 7

25 lbs white sugar. 1 00

To our city customers we will allow car fare on all purchases of \$5.

Goods delivered free to all parts of both cities. To those living out of the city we will prepay freight on all orders of \$10 and covered to any station or landing within 100 upward to any station or landing within 100 miles of Pittsburg. Send for price list.
M. R. THOMPSON,

311 Market street, directly opposite

Frem Kalamszoo,

Norman Lichty, Des Moines, Ia.

DEAR SIR—A box of Headache Capsules was handed to me, and I have used them with perfect success. They cannot be recommended too highly. Could not possibly do without them in my house. I recommend them to sufferers with this common though terrible complaint.

#### COAL JOHNNY

And His Wealth and Ways Talked About by His Wife.

HIS ECCENTRICITIES RECALLED.

New Istimates of His Income That Scale Down Old Ones.

HE NEVER CRIED OVER SPILLED MILK

OIL CITY, Feb. 16.—Mrs. John Steele, of Ashland, Neb., has been here on a visit for the past week. Mrs. Steele is the wife of a man to whom the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania gave a wider reputation than any other man, and one concerning whom many true stories and many noble lies have been told. He is none other than the famous "Coal Oil Johnny," whose former home was near Rouseville, this county, and who now has a farm near the Nebraska town named after him.

Mrs. Steele was given an opportunity to correct in an interview some of the "Arabian Nights" tales told about her husband's eccentric actions in the days when he was a reported millionaire and when his source wealth seemed limitless. She had been wearied long ago by exaggerated interviews with her husband and herself and declined to talk, but the following interesting points were obtained from an authentic source. The wealth of Mr. Steele has undoubtedly been overrated—that is to say, his wealth in

He Had \$100,000 in Cash.

At the time the Pittsburg Santary Com-nission made an offer to donate a soldier's monument to the county making the largest contribution, the producers of this section agreed to set aside for that purpose the proceeds from their wells for one day. Mr. Steele's contribution for that day was \$2,500, which was a fair gauge of what his

wells were doing.

The farm and the conjunctive interests bequeathed to him by his grandmother he probably could have disposed of for half a million dollars or more when the same came into his posession, but it is doubtful if at any time he posessed more than \$100,-000 in cash.

His expensive eccentricities were many, but did not include as often reported, the purchasing and giving away of a hotel in Philadelphia. The story probably grew out of the fact that while in Philadelphia out of the fact that while in Philadelphia at one time he experienced some difficulty in securing a back and finally bought one outright; that when he got through with the rig the driver asked him what to do with it and he told him to keep it. It was on that trip to Philadelphia that he, while with Slocum, the fellow who was "showing him the world" extreated so much extention. him the world,"attracted so much attention by going about with bills of various de-nominations tied in the buttonholes of his clothing—by making small purchases with good sized bills, taking no change back and even lighting cigars with his money.

Curious Ways of Spending His Money. Another of his eccentricities on that trip was the forming of a negro minstrel troupe at random, for each of the members of which he bought a suit of clothes when he engaged him. He brought his troupe here, and that was about all he did with it.

The details of his doings in Philadelphia. New York, Saratoga, and elsewhere, in-cluding his experiences with sharpers—notably his \$10,000 acquaintance with John Morrissey—have been written threadbare. Summed up briefly the main points in his life are these: When quite young he became an orphan and was adopted by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William McClintock. He was married two or three McClintock. He was married two or three years before he became of age, and worked at farm work until the oil excitement began. He then engaged in hauling oil down Oil creek and hauling coal back with a pair of old plugs. The result was the possession of a good team of his own. The McClintock farm became one of the most valuable along Oil creek. Mrs. McClintock survived her husband several years, and when she died, in 1865. The edgested son Steele became the 1865, the adopted son, Steele, became the sole heir to her property.

Seeing the World With His Wealth, He soon calculated to see some of the world with his wealth and he saw it. He sought notoriety and he got it. He spent his money like a man with Monte Cristo backing—wap bled by leaches, fleeced by sharpers, and in a few years, his oil interests in the meantime rapidly depreciating in value, he found himself again a poor man. But no one ever heard him express particular regret over the return he reparticular regret over the return he re-ceived for his money.

At one time when he was highest in his

eccentric extravagances, Captain J. J. Van-dergrift, T. H. Williams and others sent for him and kindly expostulated with him on the point that he ought to save some of his money. He thanked them for their friendly advice, but said that he had made a liv-ing by hauling oil and could do it again if necessary. He couldn't rest until he had spent that fortune, Ultimately he got the

required rest.
A cousin of Mr. Steele maintains that the A cousin of Mr. Steele maintains that the estimates which have been put upon Steele's wealth have not, as a general thing, been exaggerated. He says that he personally knows that when Mrs. McClintock died Steele inherited \$125,000 in gold and about \$100,000 in other money. The income from his wells then was from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a day. The cousin says that from his knowledge of Steele's affairs he should say that at edge of Steele's affairs he should say that at "Coal Oil Johnny" could have produced \$1,000,000 in cash.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For Wakefulness. Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous

A THURSDAY BARGAIN SALE

That Will Make a Clean Sweep of All the

Damaged Clothing That's Left-P. C. C.C.

The following bargains are for Thursday's sale only. The sale starts at 8:30 in the morning and ends at 5:30 in the evening. morning and ends at 5.30 in the evening. It is a terrific sacrifice of all clothing left from our late fire. Some of the goods are merely slightly damaged. The bulk of the suits are perfect. The prices we mention make other reduction sales appear ridiculous. Ours is the giant sale. Others are simply dwarfs. Remember, Thursday, February 18, that the date. ruary 18-that's the date.

These are the prices for goods placed in our basement bargain department:

A complete line of men's fine pants, worsteds and cassimeres, wide and 

suits, retail at \$18 per suit; we sell 

Men's fine melton overcoats at. 

P. C. C. C., Clothiers, corner Grant and Diamond streets.

Dress Suits. For a good fitting suit or overcoat go Pitcairn's, 434 Wood street. WSU

### LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-A blizzard is sweeping over Nova Scotia. -The Uruguayan Congress opened yester-

-Rain is improving the harvest outlook in India. -Leprosy is increasing on the Canadian Pacific coast.

-Restless Indians in New Mexico are quieting down. -Now typhoid fever is reported from Puebla, Mexico.

-The elevated railway deal in Ghicago has been completed. The Governor of Florida asks by proclamation relief for Russia. -The Walsali anarchists at London have been committed for trial.

-The Sheriff of Franklin county, Mo., is short \$8,000 in his accounts. -President Disz, of Mexico, promises fine exhibit at the World's Fair.

-The Sims-Edison electric torpedo was uccessfully tested at Portsmouth, England, The dispute between France and Morocco over the Tount oasis has been settled in France's favor.

-Mayor Washburne is not alarmed by the dire threats of the railroads, as to the grade crossing controversy. —Coal and petroleum are said to exist in large quantities, as well as iron, in the new-ly-opened Mesahic range.

—A tank of crude petroleum in Chicago burst Monday evening, badly burning four men. Peter Clark may die. -President Carnot yesterday signed the bill appropriation 3,250,000 tranes for the French exhibit at the World's Fair.

-The Chicago City Council has adopted the committee report against the erection of buildings in the future higher than 150 feet. -The San Fransisco Highbinders' feud broke out again Monday night. One of the Chinamen was mortally wounded in the

-Jerry Simpson will go to the St. Louis Industrial Convention, where he will try to force the calling of a Presidental nominating

—Owing to the prevalence of the grip, the Pope has abolished all fast days in all places where the disease is prevalent in the Cincin-nati diocese.

-J. B. Simpson, a well-known plunger, is missing from Dallas, Tex. The Grand Jury has found several indictments against him for financial crookeness. -Sixty-nine of the professors at the Ber-lin University, including all the theological faculty but two, have petitioned the Prus-sian Diet against the primary education bill.

The Indiana State Auditor has added the names of several more insurance companies to his black list, including the Macon, Atlanta Home and Georgia Home, of Georgia; the Merchants' Mutual, the Crescent, the Southern and Firemen, of New Orleans; the Peabody and the German, of Wheeling, W. Va.: the Palatine, of Manchester, England; the Quebec, of Canada, and the Imperial, of Calcutta.

—The schooner Laura, of Gloucester, Mass., just arrived at Halifax, N. S., reports that last month a tremendous sea swept the vessel, carrying overboard two of the crew. John Kelly and Colin McKenna. Kelly was swept back upon the deck by another wave, but McKenna was lost. The American schooner Ella G. Thurston has arrived at Lockport, and reports the loss of four men on the Banks. The men were in dorles, and could not find their vessel. The Gloucester schooner S. A. Duncan foundered off Green schooner S. A. Duncan foundered off Green Island on Saturday morning. The crew was

saved. A dispatch from Bahia reports the loss there of the ship Emanuel Swedenborg. Ioss there of the ship Emanuel Swedenborg.

—In all the Catholic churches of Quebec, Sunday, a mandamus was read, signed by all the bishops of the province, denouncing political corruption and threatening excommunication against all who either gave or accepted bribes, money or liquor. All persons are forbidden, under pain of anathema, from buying or selling liquor, not only on election day but for three days before and after the contest.

A Physician's Prescription

When it becomes necessary to employ an coholic stimulant as an effective adjunct to sustain the flagging powers of life in disease, I know of no better one than Max Klein's Silver Age. I have examined it and find it chemically pure. I can recommend it as being reliably and carefully distilled. Its high standard of excellence should commend it to all first-class druggists and dealers in fine lignor. and dealers in fine liquor.

MWP J. R. JOHNSON, M. D.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S

WASHINGTON TOUR. Last of the Season

The last tour of the winter series to Washington from Pittsburg, via Pennsyl-vania Railroad, will leave February 25. This will afford a delightful opportunity of visiting the National Capital in its most attractive season while both Houses of Congress are in session and all the departments open to visitors. Excursion tickets will be good for ten days from dafe of sale, admitting of a stop over in Baltimore in either direction within limit, and tourists will travel in a special train of parlor cars and day coaches.

Rate Train Leaves. Pittsburg. \$9 00 9:00 a. M. East Liberty. 8 95 9:10 " Washington .....

The tickets will be good for use on any regular train of the dates above named except limited express trains. The return coupon will be valid for passage on any regular train within the return limit except the Pennsylvania limited.

Best Family Coal.

We employ no agents to solicit orders. thereby saving our patrons their commis

Best Panhandle and Youghiogheny bituminous coal, anthracite coal and coke wholesale and retail.

Special rates to manufacturers, regular teamsters and haulers. Railroad yards only. LATIMER, MEYERS & CO., only. LATIMER, MEYERS & Co.,
Fourth avenue and Try street and Thirtieth
street and Liberty avenue. MWPSu

Fleishman & Co. Have reduced their \$20 plush sacks to \$10. \$25 plush sacks to \$13 50. \$27 50 plush sacks to \$15. \$30 plush sacks to \$20. \$18 fur capes to \$8.

SPECIAL sale of French dresses still con tinues this week. These dresses are rapidly being picked up by ladies who know choice bargains. There are yet many desirable ones to select from and they are certainly rare bargains.

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plasters said to be "just as good," or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS than copper does with gold.

One trial of Allcock's Porous Plasters will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

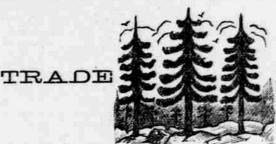
The eminent HENRY A. MOTT, Jr., Ph.D., F.C.S., late Government Chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of Allcock's Porous Plaster shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

"THAT COUGH IS A SIGNAL OF DANGER."

# WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP



MARK

A POSITIVE CURE for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRON-CHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, and all affections of the Brouchial Tubes.

The Purest, Safest and Best Throat and Lung Remety Ever Produced. IT WILL CURE every form of THROAT and LUNG Diseases down to

> the very borderland of CONSUMPTION. PREPARED ONLY BY

Ask your Druggist for a Free Sample Bottle.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO.,

A Boiling \$1.89

CONTENTS.

1 Cook Pan, 1 Pot Cover, 1 Pepper Box, 1 Nutmeg Grater, 2 Cake Cutter,

12 PIECES

FINELY DECORATED,

Spoon, Meat Fork, Bread Pans,

1 Cake Pan, 4 Cookie Pans, 1 Cake Turner.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

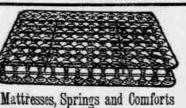
# DEPARTMENT STORES.



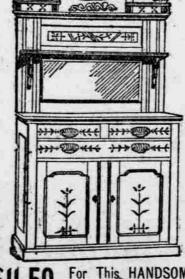
Reduced from \$21, for this large BEDROOM SUIT. Also,



\$8.85, \$12, \$15, \$17, They're comfort-able bargains.



Are no side issue with us; but the prices are far below all competition.



INGRAIN KARPETS, PRICES-FOR-A-LEAN-PURSE!

20 Remnants at 65c, have been 85c. 15 Remnants at 49c, have been 70c. 8 Remnants at 25c, have been 45c.

Karpets fine enough for any room in your house at the price

400 vards good Brussels, 60c; have been 80c. 720 yards fine Brussels, 79c; have been \$1.00. 400 yards Axminster, \$1.50; have been \$2.25. THEY'RE BARGAINS, AND YOU WANT THEM. We want the room.

Do you want a Winter Coat or Jacket at two-thirds of



former prices? Plush Jackets now \$8.90, were \$16. Plush Coats now \$15, were \$28.

CLOTH JACKETS. Fur-Trimmed now \$17, were \$26.

Fur-Trimmed now \$24, were \$37. Also a lot of Roll Collar Cloth Jackets and Newmarkets at 1/3 to 1/2 off. TERMS KASH OR KREDIT.

PARLOR FURNITURE We invite you to look at a stock of

PARLOR

That is unsurpassed for beautiful form, colof and construction. The prices tell a wonderful story, as it shows effects in medium-priced goods that look worth double the prices asked. For this week, also, we have

TERMS: KASH OF FREE DELIVERY.

SMITHFIEL











OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS