HAS A WHOLE SHIP-LOAD OF FUN.

A Made-Up Company for a Southern Season Whipped Into Shape.

MISHAPS WHEN THE BOAT LURCHES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] CHARLESTON, S. C., April 21 .- Did you ever witness comic opera at sea? A floating

theater-a stanch Clyde coaster rolls gently in the illimitable blue from New York toward the Southern sun; from ulsters and scurrying snow clouds under clear skies bound for the land of oranges and flowers. Why should not happy faces and smiles and music and laughter rule the passing hours?

But no such human freight ever before left the port of New York, and no such spectacie was probably ever witnessed from day to day at sen; for the Iroquois has a comic opera on board and in course of training. There are young men and pretty maids galore. From the stately and reserved prima donna soprano to the vivacious little man who plays the flute in the orchestra -tenors, bassos, baritones, sopranos, contraltos, chorus girls, musicians-the entire gamut of the operatic trade are here, a picked crowd from Bohemia, picturesque and en-

Such rustling and singing, and pacing up and down the decks, and conning of parts, and hourly rehearsals of music and recitative between decks by day!-and such twittering and flirting and purring in the shadows and under the brilliant moon by night! Training Under Difficulties.

"First scene, ladies!" calls the nervous stage manager, rapping on the stateroom doors. "Hurry up-first scene, ladies!"

And from the cabins and nooks and quiet corners of the boat come blondes and brunettes, petite young girls and solid matrons, who are cast for parts in the first score of the opera on hand. Down in the main saloon they range about one of the long tables, librettos before them. The black servants are yet clearing away the debris of late breakfasts. Idling passengers hang about the stairways and lounge on the distant solas, listening curiously to the recita-

The opera is "Fatinitza" and the stage manager is drilling the corps of ladies in their several parts. While this is in progress the notes of a single violin are heard from the ladies' parlor above and the voices of pretty songstresses rise and fall with the rythmic motion of the ship-pansing suddenly at intervals to give the sharper and corrective notes of the musical director

Treasures Wasted on Gulls and Porpolses, Now and then the clear and penetrating voice of the prima donna, too powerful for the narrow confines, opens and floats out upon the trackless ocean to cheer the swooping sea gulls astern. And then the plunging porpoises, plowing along under the stern of the Iroquois, leap into the music laden air and shake their sheeny sides, as if they too were members of a comic opera company and were enjoying the coming re-hearsal. The male chorus is playing poker in the smoking room. Another hour and the snave and indefatigable director has them in hand and in turn. Thus the work of licking an opera company into shape goes

on from day to day on the ocean.

The facility with which these professional people can be brought together—their nental and social pliability—is something verging on the wenderful. To illustrate:
The Dunbar-Broderick Opera Company
existed ten days before it sailed for Charleston only in the mind of Robert Dunbar, tenor. Having just closed his season with the "Little Tycoon" at Pittsburg he rushed up to New York, eaught William Broderick, the well-known basso, and Billy Keogh, manager of the Charleston Academy of Music, and began to walk Broadway and en-Music, and began to walk Broadway and engage the people. Within six days thereafter they had Miss Carlotta Maconda, prima donna soprano, formerly with Juch and the "Bostonians;" Miss Bessie Fairbairn, contralto, well known to comic opera, but more recently with Mestayer at the Park Theater, New York; Miss Monroe, of the Pauline Hall Company, and some 30 other singers and orchestral musicians and were rehearance in a New York hotel parlor. ing in a New York hotel parlor.

They Soon Get Well Acquainted. Two days later they were on the ocean bound for Charleston for a season of light opera of eight weeks. No two of these people were from the same company, and not half a dozen knew one another. On board ship acquaintance is easily made-friend-ships ripen suddenly. With this Bohemian crowd the usual barriers do not exist. They are quick to yield to circumstances, and a single day out of New York finds them a happy family. The women pair off by natural selection, and the men hang together in a body or flock alone.

At table the company have half the saloon. I am sandwiched between a pretty contralto and a premiere dansense, and have a man-ager and the prima donna vis-a-vis. I note that the latter is partial to salads, and that the denure dansense usually gets the tough legs of the chicken. The pretty Southern maid just below lives daintily upon rice and milk. The contraito likes what I like, and that is plain substantial food and plenty of it-so she gives "two orders of the same," which relieves me of the gastronomical responsibility. Down the table is a tall bleached blonde from 'Frisco, and her chum is a petite brunette from Pittsburg-admir-

A Pittsburg Girl Right in It. The little brunette has large laughing brown eyes, which have bored a brace of young male passengers full of holes. One of these young men follows her around the ship all day like a sick poodle, and when he looks at her afar off it is with a "please-come-and-wine-your-pretty-feet-on-me" or love paresis. At dinner a glance from her makes and inroads upon his liver; but she ears as much as a larm hand, so the steamship company doesn't make anythin. Pittaburg brunette has a waist only about

sorbing his lines with his potatoes, and some of the rest eat with a knite. Occasionally the ship wallows a trifle heavier in they are more or less satisfactorily housed about tawn and are ready for their arrival tawn and are ready for their housest the trough of the sea and everybody pauses and looks around uneasily and tries to

The second day out the wind shifts to the east and we roll. A pretty chorus girl sucks a lemon and a bottle of ammonia attains a limited circulation. There is an evident disposition in various teminine quarters to seek seclusion; but the energetic stage manager and the musical direc-tor are inexorable.

Mal de Mer and Rebearsais.

"Rehearsal at 3, ladies. Rehearsal at 3, gentlemen. Come to the center!"

And they came. The ship rolls steadily. The tall blonde from 'Frisco hangs on to a door knob with one hand and to her smelling bottle with the other. Broderick swings on a rail with his soft brown hat cocked merrily over his right eye, and says the weather is likely to be throaty off Hat-

the weather is likely to be throaty off Hat-teras. The first violin keys up against the table. Eight chorus girls says, "Dear me!"
"Come to the center," says the stage man-ager. And the eight chorus girls come with the next lurch of the ship, all trem-bing down to leeward with shouts and laughter, in which we idlers join. The whole company indulges in lively recitative not laid down in the libretto.
"Come, cut that funny business!" cries

"Come, out that funny business!" cries

the stage manager. "Places!" and the rehearsal begins.
Fatinites Fairbairn a little later is
curied up in a corner with a book, while
Broderick as General Kantchukoff delivers
the lines to Hardy, the newspaper correspondent, looking meaningly at me.
General—Who are you?
Hardy—I? A newspaper correspondent.
General—A newspaper correspondent?
Bah! I have often wondered what you fellows were made for. I suppose you are
around only to betray our movements.

What a Sudden Lurch Does.

What a Sudden Lurch Does. With the last sentence, delivered at me with great expression, the ship keels over a little further than usual and Broderick loses his balance on the rail and brings up in the lap of Miss Fairbairn in the corner. Amid the general shout of the assembled company those who have no extra hold on some sta-tionary article follow suit and scramble

over each other in a hean.

Screaming fun from chorus, from prims donna, from musicians, from ship's officers, from lookers-on all 'round. I weep tears obgenuine joy at Broderick's half voluntary mishap, and swear by Fatimita that I will faithfully betray his movements. He declares on the honor of General Kantehuchoff that if I do he will interpolate my name in the lines of the opera on the opening night.

my name in the lines of the opera on the opening night.

Meanwhile the gallant Iroquois rolls on. The stage manager rolls on with her, and the prima donna and the handsome tenorand the jolly basso and the good-natured contralto and the pretty chorus and first violin and the rest roll on with him. The rehearsal is finished. There is no thought of sea sickness now. The fun has driven the idea out of every pretty head. The the idea out of every pretty head. The musical director takes the male chorus in hand at one of the saloon tables between decks and is going over the drill, while I escape to the deck.

Lots of Fun on the Deck. The sky is cloudless. Its blue gives a glorious Mediterranean color to the water. glorious Mediterranean color to the water. The heaving sea bears not a single curling wave. She lifts us in gentle rythmic sighs upon her placid bosom and bids us sigh in turn that we might go on forever o'er a sea and under a sky like that. The youngman-mashed-on-a-chorus. It is on her track. Half a dozen gentlemen with briarwood pipes are pitching pennies at a knife stuck in the deck. One is very fat and is going South to get leaner; another is very lean and is going South to pick up flesh. An aged paralytic and his pretty daughter watch the game. watch the game.

The fat man pulls out a small curious rule every now and then and gets down on one knee to measure the relative distance of competing pennies from the goal and breathes very hard when he gets up again. He has a rule such as shoemakers use to take foot measures. The pretty daughter of the aged paralytic smiles and whispers in her father's ear. The premiere danscuse lies crumpled up in a big coil of rope en-veloped in a heavy check ulster and the sun is warming her Italian soul into homesickness. It is hot enough for a flannel shirt and blazer, and several pairs of red shoes have come out from somewhere.

A Fat Man Sits on the Dansense. Pretty soon the fat man gets tired of pitching pennics, and, measuring and wiping his bald head, sits down on the check ulster on the coil of rope under the impression that it is nothing but an ulster. He is scared worse than the danseuse when he finds it is alive. We think it is funny, but she does not. "I was dreaming—not asleep," said she. "I was dreaming I was on my way to Italy. That big, fat idiot!"

We go and look over the stern of the ship at the porpoises, and the Italian ship at the porpoises, and the Italian woman goes to her stateroom and brings out an umbrella, and deliberately throws it overboard. "It will bring me good luck," said she, and curled up again in her ropy nest in the sun. A good umbrella, too, that somebody might have borrowed. It is too painful, and we go back and look at the porpoise again. But they have gone, and so has a \$5 hat of one of the spectators. The umbrella did it. I wonder where that umbrella is now?

We ext again. The dark-eved Pittsburg.

umbrella is now?
We cat again. The dark-eyed Pittsburg chorus girl whispers to me confidentially that the young man mashed is a fool. "He wanted to hold my hand," said she. "He makes me sick!"

Dear, dear! What a world this is! But Dear, dear? What a world this is! But is it best to change it and make youth wise and only old age foolish? The contralto on my left thinks not. Then why do these people change their names to go on the stage? Are they ashamed of their parentage, or of their profession—which? One of the girls I have known by two names already—and she is but 20. she is but 20.

"I've changed my stage name," said she:
"I don't think it was pretty."
A woman with a strong Irish face and a A woman with a strong Irish hace and a brogue likes a French name. But why not plain Miss Molly McGlynn or Miss Ann Maria Smith? And why not Mra Elizabeth Jones? Is a married woman more attractive billed as a Miss? There are possibly good reasons why a woman who has rained a regulation as an actres or singer gained a reputation as an actress or singer while single should not change it by marriage, for she may marry so frequently that the public mind couldn't keep up with the matrimonial business. But to begin the theatrical profession by dropping an honest name, and keeping it if made scandalous, has no sound reason behind it. In a man it is ridiculous. So I think as I look up and

down the tables in the saloon. A Gilmpse of Historic Sumter. "If you want to see Sumter, you better hurry up," calls a passenger from the head of the stairs.

"Now, who's Sumter?" asks a blue-eyed New York girl, innocently. The Charleston girl looks at her with scornful contempt, but those of us who remember Sumter can afford to smile at the shower of misinformation that follows. Rounding up in the historic harbor of Charleston at sunin the historic harbor of Charleston at sundown the members of the opera company gather together their effects and cluster along the forward rails. The Charleston girl's sharp eyes discover friends waiting in the little crowd on the pier, and handkerchiefs are flying in the air. The chorus girls and lesser people are speculating as to where they shall stop. The principals are provided for—they know every city in the Union. But the other people must shift for themselves. They are strangers and their salaries will not admit of carriages and big hotels.

and mine host and hostess. They have quite a practical turn of mind when it comes to seven inches in diameter, and I am always making involuntary calculations where she puts things. We have tremendous appetites all 'round and eat three excellent oblong meals a day.

Basso Broderick eats with his libretto tilted up against a glass before him, absorbing his lines with his potates and vise them as to accommodations.

they are more or less satisfactorily housed about town and are ready for their baggage and the beginning of the summer operation

Two weeks ago they were strangers to each other in New York, Boston, Philadel-phia, Pittsburg, Chicago and other cities just laid off for the summer; they are now in Charleston, a comic opera company, playing to an appreciative Southern public.

And what would be an event in the lives of other people they accept as a mere matter of course.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

8:50 P. M.

SATURDAYS Is the latest moment at which small

ALLEGHENY BRANCH OFFICE

SUNDAY DISPATCH. On week days the office will remain

ORIGIN OF BOCK-BEER

First Made in the Fifteenth Century by Two Noted Brewers.

YOUNG GOAT'S PART IN IT. His Nimble Capers at the Wrong Time

Settled a Famous Wager.

MATERIALS IN THE STRONG STUFF

The season for book beer is here and the drinkers of that strong beverage are asking ing their friends to join them, perhaps, a little oftener than is the custom, for its stay is brief, and therefore all the more enjoyed In many instances the word bock is pro-nounced as it is spelled, though not cor-rectly. The old lover of that intoxicant will always say buck when ordering or

speaking of it. Webster says:

Book-neer, n.—[Ger. bookbier, from book, a buck, and bier, beer; said to be so named from its tendency to cause the drinker to caper like a goat.]—A strong beer, originally made in Bavaria. [Also written buck-

Quite a number of amusing stories are told of its origin, but the true one is a subject of record in the archives of the city of Munich, and is thus related in an amusing strain by a continental traveler:

Away back in the fifteenth century the brewer to the crown of Bavaria, the Duke Christoph, or "Chistoph the fighter," as he was generally known, considered himself the best brewer of his time, and was never disputed on this point by others in his country, for reasons obvious. However, it so happened that the Duke Braunschweig, of Enbeck, made a visit to the Duke Christoph, and while they were drinking beer together in the gardens of the palace Braunschweig casually remarked that if his brewmaster could not brew better beer than that he would cause things to be done to him which are unpronounceable in the language of the English.

Resulted in a Historic Wager, Christoph thereupon sent for his brewmaster and demanded what he meant by not producing beer which could not be criticised. The brewmaster became very indig-nant, and said that he had always made better beer than anyone in the city of Enbeck ever heard of. In earnest of what he said, he put up 200 ducats and staked all the possessions he had in the world besides—his position, his wife, etc.—all of which was covered by the Braunschweig brewmaster. The terms of the contest were that each brewmaster was to do his best with the next brew—this was in November—and on May 1 of the next year they were to make in brew—this was in November—and on May 1 of the next year they were to meet in Munich and each drink a bumper, which is seven quarts, of the other brewer's beer while standing on one foot, and then thread a small needle. The one failing to perform this teat would be regarded as having lost his wager, for it proved the other beer to have been the stronger and therefore the best.

best.

The Mayor of the city of Munich was stakeholder and referee, and all the big and mighty beer drinkers of the kingdom and a swarm of the small fry gathered at the Mayor's palace May 1, 1450, to witness the struggle for supremacy on this important

Trouble Made by a Goat.

When the assemblage was in readiness the referee gave the word and the race was on. referee gave the word and the race was on. While the contestants were slowly draining their big mugs the master of ceremonies retired to a room in the palace to get the necessary needles and thread for the final test. In passing through one of the rooms he unconsciously left the door open and a young goat or kid, which was confined there, escaped and made a break for the courtyard in which the contest was going on.

He arrived at an inopportune moment for the Duke Braunschweig's brewmaster. The Christoph brewer had finished his social glass very comfortably and threaded his needle, and the Braunschweig brewer was trying to find which end of his needle had the hole in it, when the goat ran against bim, disturbing his equilibrium and dignity at the same time, and he rolled ignominiously under the table. The Duke of Braunschweig claimed that the "bock" was the cause of his brewer's defeat and not the Christoph beer, but the claim was not al-Christoph beer, but the claim was not allowed by the referee, who asserted that the "bock" that did the business was in the beer, and he exonerated the goat. And from that time until the present the pecu-liar kind of beer which was drunk at that

ontest has been called "book." How It Differs From Lager Beer, There is a vast difference between the or-dinary lager and bock beer. Bock is made and stored for at least six months before the opening day of its consumption and is about

ne-half again as strong as the ordinary

Only malt and hops can be used in making it, and it contains about 5½ per cent of alcohol and 9 per cent of extract, while lager contains but 5 to 6 per cent of extract and 4½ per cent of alcohol. The malt is all kiln-dried and made dark by the heat, which accounts for the dark color of the beer.

The "bucking" qualities may be accounted for by the fact that it is kept longer and cooler than the ordinary beer.

Ir it a well known fact that the largest stock of diamonds and watches in the city and lowest prices is at M. G. Cohen's, 35 Fifth avenue. Ten per cent discount for cash till May 1.

Kentucky Horses.

The Arnhelm Live Stock Company, Ltd., have just received by express 30 extra Kentucky horses. This is the finest load of saddle, driving and speedy road horses that ever came to Pittsburg. They are all well broken and have been selected with great care by Mr. D. Arnheim, and cannot be excelled for style and beauty. They have also 50 head of extra draught and general purpose horses, and their mule pens are filled with 75 extra mules, all sizes. Anyone wanting a good horse or mule should give them a call, as it is no trouble for them to show their stock.

Arnheim Live Stock Company, Ltd., 25 Second avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Secure Your Papers and Valuables From loss by burglars, robbery or fire in the burglar and fire proof saie deposit vaults, German National Bank, Wood street and Sixth avenue, Accessible only from banking room. Boxes rented at \$5 and upward per year, with combination and permutation locks, which can be opened only by the renter. Tin boxes and silverware stored, Rooms and desks adjoining vaults provided for renters. Vault open from 8:30 to 4:30 r. x.

The Iron City Brewing Company uses nothing but the choicest qualities of malt and hops in the manufacture of its favorite brands of lager and Plisner beer. This beer is guaranteed to be four months old, unadulterated and a most delicious beverage. Fifty thousand barrels of it on hand in the vaults of the Iron City Brewing Company. Purity, age and quality combined.

Excursion to Omaha, Neb, Excursion tickets to Omaha, Neb., will be on sale April 27, 28 and 29, good to return until June 1, 1892. For tickets and fall infor-mation call on or write to Chas. Devlin, 970 Liberty street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Don't Spend a Dollar. Don't invest one dollar in clothing until you see the men's suits we sell Monday and Tuesday for \$10. P. C. C. C. CLOTHIERS, Cor. Grant and Diamond streets.

45c, 45c, 45c, For gents' kid gloves, reduced from \$1. Come quick if you wish to get any. ROSENBAUM & Co.

110 DOZEN men's fast black socks, worth 50c his week for 25c. Trssu Littell's, 203 Smithfield street. THE greatest spring and summer beverage is the Iron City Brewing Company's lager

Buging kills reaches, bedbugs and all sects instanter. 25 cents.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

YOUR KIND! YOUR SIZE! YOUR PRICE!

IN FOOTWEAR OF ALL KINDS, YE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF PITTSBURG!

My window display, the price-tags of the goods therein, which are duplicated in my store, will tell a better story than columns of figures in the newspapers. The bargains I offer for young and old are worth coming miles to see and buy. Just a few prices to show what I am doing:

Ladies' hand-turn and hand-welt button shoes, in all widths and all style toes, reduced from \$5 to \$3. Men's Fine Calf Lace and Congress Shoes, all widths, all style toes, sold all over town for \$4; my price

Look out for my great Chicken-Guessing Contest, particulars of which will be announced next week. A phenomenal novelty, with a chance for every one of my patrons to start a

THE SHOE MAN, Cor. Market & Fourth Ave. PITTSBURG.



MEN'S CLOTHING SENSIBLE MEN.

MERCHANT TAILOR-MADE

GARMENTS

The original made-to-order prices, thereby bringing the cost of our Finely Made SUITS, SPRING OVERCOATS and PANTALOONS



A GENTS WANTED FOR A PORTFOLIO OF
A over 230 superb photographs of famous scenes;
you are shown in this the sights of Great Britain,
France, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, America, etc.; very
popular; magnificent outilt, il prepaid; hig terms;
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LOW PRICES SIXTH ST. & PENN AVE. SAVE

: WE ARE THE LEADERS. :

POINTER NO. 1—LADIES, ARE YOU TIREI going to merchants who offer to sell you Cloaks and Suits wortl \$20 for \$10; or worth \$10 for \$5, and etc., etc.?

"IF SO, COME TRY THE WAY WE DO."

The Parisian will sell you the best All-wool Tailor-mad Jackets-ever shown in this city for \$6.50 and worth \$6.50. The Parisian will sell you the best All-wool Tailor-mad

Suit ever shown in this city for \$8.75 and worth \$8.75. POINTER NO. 2—LADIES, ARE YOU TIREL going to merchants who advertise Cloaks and Suits at a low price and are out of them before 9 o'clock in the morning; in fact, advertise anything and everything and make you pay for it

"IF SO, DO AS THOUSANDS HAVE DONE." Come to the Parisian. We increase the purchasing power of you dollar and give you better garments for the same money that any other house either here or elsewhere.

COME, VISIT THE PARISIAN.

A SHORT SUNDAY SERMON ON CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS.

TEXT: "The Price List's the thing wherein we'll catch the conscience of the King."—Hamlet Revised.

Men of Pittsburg, don't be caught with a price, for price, as it stands in the paper apart from the article it represents the cost of, means nothing. Only when taken in connection with the goods has it force and argument.

There's an abundance of cheap clothing in the market and many dealers, while perhaps not trying to catch your conscience, are endeavoring to capture your pocketbooks by quoting prices that seem irresistible—on paper. But, oh! what a difference in the morning, we mean in the store.

Come to think of it, it isn't cheap goods you're after, anyway. Here's what you want: Good goods cheap. A difference with a big D.

This has been and is our strong position. Superior goods for less money than the same can be procured for elsewhere.

LOOK AT OUR OFFERINGS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

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We are showing an immense representation of Men's Suits which comprises all that is new and stylish in Men's

Our range of prices runs all the way from \$5 to \$25, but we find \$15 a most popular price, and you'll find us particularly strong in suits costing that amount

Our showing surpasses any ever made in this city at any previous time. It embraces every popular fabricand every

possible design in pattern, Here's a sample or so from the \$15 tables:

A Brown and White Cheviot, in stylish single and double-breasted sacks, elegantly made and trimmed.

A fine quality of Cheviot, in the
new and popular shade of tan, in
single or double-breasted sacks.

We start in with All-Wool Suits at \$9. See a fine Brown Check Cheviot, with patch pockets, as a sample of quality.

At \$10 we are showing a line unsurpassed for quality or richness. As a sample of these look at a Light Drab Cheviot with invisible brown

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A fine line of Spring Pants in new and beautiful stripes and checks. Thousands of pairs from which to select of the newest and best designs in the market.

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Although beautiful and attractive, the Boys' Clothing we sell is made for service also.

It is not only a large but a choice, a dainty, an elegant assortment to which we ask your attention.

It comprises everything that's new, bright, fresh and original in boys' wear.

An extremely handsome line of Zouave Suits in Scotch Cheviots, Cassimeres, Blue Tricot, Worsteds and Velvet of various shades.

A choice assortment of three-piece suits in brown Corkscrews, light Cheviots, fancy Cassimeres, etc. \$4 up. In Jacket and Pant Suits

we are offering especially

good values in a very large

line at \$3.

These are all wool. Older boys, up to young men's sizes, are as well provided for, and you'll not fail to be pleased with our large and sightly line of Boys' and Youths' Long-Pant Suits.

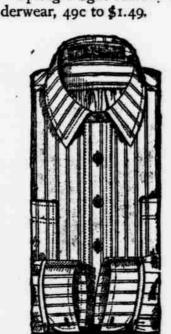
Yes, we are furnishing goods to a great many people

quantities. In Men's Neckwear we show new and stylish lines at from 24c to 99c.

of this city, and in immense

We especially pride ourselves on our line at 49c.

UNDERWEAR. Spring-weight Merino Un-



Negligee Shirts,

In Zephyr, Madras, Cheviots, Oxfords, Sateens, etc.

Makers are Fisk, Clark & Flagg, the Eagle, Emory, Banner and others famous for fine goods.

Thousands of styles to choose from, both in laundried and unlaundried, at prices from 49c to \$3.

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Cape, eithembroidered, trimmed with Chantilly or Cluny lace. But it itsn't necessary that it

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> At \$6 Ladies' Capes of all-wool Serge Cheviots, with silk embroidery and jet, black and tan.

At \$7.95 we show the

finest Cape at the price in

med with feather edge.

the city. All-wool Cheviot, shoulders trimmed with lace, collar with ribbon. LADIES' UNDERWEAR:

Though a new depart-

ment it is fast coming to the front. It is filled with a most attractive stock at prices still more attractive.

INFANTS' WEAR:

Complete line of everything pertaining to Infants' Dress. Long and Short Dresses from the cheapest work to the most expensive hand embroidery.

·HATS.

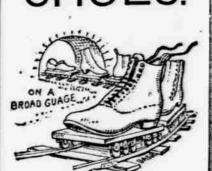
Seasonable Hats at reasonable prices. There's the secret of the marvelous success in our Hat Department.

The new blocks from all the prominent makers in all the new shades at prices that are not approached else-

THIS DRAWS THE GROWD.

We do not believe that you can match our \$1.98 Derby in any store in this city. And, from the thousands we sell of them, it is evident that we are not alone in our belief.

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Our shoe business is done

upon a broad gauge. We carry the largest stock of footwear in the city for you to select from, and we sell at a small margin of

profit. Sightliness and serviceability go hand in hand, and this, in connection with what we said above, brings us an enormous business.

300 TO 400 MARKET ST.

300 TO 400 MARKET ST.

