

35c. FOR LADIES' MUFF. How can we sell Muffs at this price? We must have a room and all Furs must go regardless of what they cost. We still have a good assortment of Fine Furs.

\$1.98 FOR LADIES' JACKET. Black Cheviot Umbrella back, a very good garment and well worth double the money. We have some very good styles left in Fine Garments.

9c. CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR. Our stock of Children's Underwear is much larger than we want to carry, so have cut the price deep to close. White, 9c. upward. Scarlet and Gray at cost.

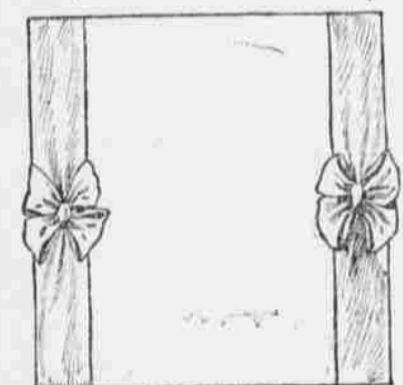
25c. LADIES' AND MEN'S UNDERWEAR. Greatest Bargain ever offered. All grades of White, Gray and Scarlet; price astonishing.

\$16.75 No 3 Sewing Machine. \$16.75 Demorest Sewing Machine.

AT WALTER'S, 128 Wyoming Ave.

FRAMING PICTURES.

Protecting Pictures of High Grade Art Excellence at a Trifling Cost. Many households are at the present time rich in accumulation of pictures of genuine artistic merit, such as, for instance, as ones included in the holiday numbers of the magazines and periodicals. While all may not be worth the trouble of pre-



A RIBBON FRAME FOR PICTURE. serving, not a few are worthy of framing and hanging at least in the sitting room and bedrooms of the average home.

To preserve one that pleases, a single frame can be made that is ample protection and costs but a trifle of labor and expense by following these directions, given in the New York Times:

From the picture on a mat of Bristol board, leaving a margin the width of the ribbon to be used, about 1/4 inches. Fit a piece of window glass over the mat and picture, holding it in place on either side with a hand of ribbon passed quite around glass and mat and secured with a bow. A piece of narrower ribbon or wire attached to the mat and glass through a perforation hangs the picture.

Apples and Potatoes. Apples and potatoes should never be kept in the same cellar, or if this is unavoidable the potatoes should be kept in the warmest part of the cellar and apples in a barrel well headed up near the windows, where on days when the air outside is only a few degrees above freezing they can be treated to a cold breeze from the open windows, while at the same time the atmosphere in the part of the cellar where the potatoes are kept does not fall below 40 degrees.

Wedding Anniversaries. First, cotton wedding; second, paper wedding; third, leather wedding; fourth, book wedding; fifth, wooden wedding; sixth, garnet wedding; seventh, woolen wedding; eighth, brick-and-brace wedding; ninth, topaz wedding; tenth, tin wedding; eleventh, silk and linen wedding; twelfth, crystal wedding; thirteenth, china wedding; fourteenth, silver wedding; fifteenth, pearl wedding; sixteenth, sapphire wedding; seventeenth, ruby wedding; eighteenth, golden wedding; nineteenth, diamond wedding.

Scotch Apple Pie. Seald a large teaspoonful of oatmeal by pouring over it a pint of boiling water. Allow it to stand for four hours or longer, if that is not enough to swell the oatmeal. Add 4 large apples, pared and sliced, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix all thoroughly together and bake in a buttered dish. When cooked, turn out and serve. This makes a delicious pie, and is as wholesome as it is good.

The importance of keeping the liver and kidneys in good condition cannot be overestimated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating and invigorating these organs.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels.

AN UNAVAILING KICK.

"But, my dear grandson," said old Roger Loomis from the couch by the window, from which he was never to rise, "I distrust the blood. I remember this young lady's mother and grandmother; cold, selfish women both of them. Then there was Susan Phibbs, who was a boy with me. We used to call him 'Foxy' Phibbs at school, and it stuck to him, and, like all nicknames that stick, it was put. Father and son they have all been 'Foxy' since. Now, from cunning and greed, what can you expect except grasps from thistles?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis her chief charm, if such equal rivals may own a leader! It is the soft glow of parity, and there is benediction in it."

"I thought so. All their women have had it. An inherited twist of the muscles. We used to call it the 'prosperous smirk.' I fear if you were not my heir there might be more negotiation than benediction."

"Oh, sir, desire for the sake of my love!"

"Foxy Egbert, you are between two fires, your respect for me, your passion for this young girl, and they both scorch you. Know, then, that solicitude is a mark of affection."

"I appreciate your tender anxiety, believe me, but in this instance it is the other way. If you only might see her and judge from substance, not fancy! I can't begin to fittingly express the admirable qualities which distinguish my Frances, her!"

"Pray don't! I am too feeble to endure a sonnet to your lady's eyebrow."

"Why not? All hopes are but the quips of destiny."

"No power could shake my faith in you, grandfather, nor in her. As for her people, surely they are admitted to be in the first circle. Her father was a warden at St. Simon's. Her name is in the 'Fidels'."

"By the way, what do the politicians call him?"

"Foxy Phibbs. Oh, that's too bad! Grandfather, I can't argue with you. Were all your fears facts, it is too late. I love her far more than life or eternity. I would give the fortune you promise me, my immortal soul, to make her my own. I—"

Here he had been left alone for his strength had not descended and death had snatched the chain of solitude—alone, save for his little grandson. Ah, what a mighty exception! The light of that child's nature had dispersed sorrow and brought contentment. In him his pride and affection had found responsive recompense.

Never had Egbert disappointed him. Never had he been the least ideal of manliness and honor which had become his likeness. How the old man loved him and prayed for his future! How he would find mark the pitfalls, that they might be avoided! And how judgment derided this anxiety and exposed its impotence! But the day before he had been willing to die, as indeed he knew he must, for he had felt that nature and discipline had cleared the path for his darling, but now, even in this resignation, had come the young man's ingenuous confession of passion for one whose associations he dreaded and despised, and out from the forgetfulness of the past straightway rushed the old man's indignation and his own undiminished powers.

"Ah, well," sighed old Roger Loomis, "it is hard to kick against the pricks. He must win by struggling."

Yes, such was the condition of man's rise from the fall, that every day, ever extending mysterious sin, but was it necessary that this experience should come to him, that ere the clouds had rolled away the sun had set? Let him consider! He had been renowned as an adviser, one who could enjoy circumstances and win their favor. Ought not his falling powers now suffice to protect him very and only now? Yet what could he do? Under no consideration would he disinherited or restrict the inheritance of the last of his race. He was entitled by birth and character to take it, and take it he should. But might he not seem to do that which he would not? Might not this sweetly speaking, sweetly smiling youth be led to suppose that her lover was not the heir, but as poor as the poorest whom she surely despised? Would not then her voice grow shrill and scornful, would not her beaming features harden into refusal?

"Let me see," soliloquized old Roger Loomis. "It's dangerous, yet what worthy play hath not its hazard? I am certain of the statute. Why, I argued for its retention before the council of revision. But I might die immediately after the execution. No, I know my strength; it will last me for at least another month. What victory could ever be won if fear of death were heeded? I will tell Burgess that if I don't send it to him in a week's time that will be a sign that I have surely destroyed it. But Egbert? Will he hesitate? Not for one instant! Would I have hesitated? Thank God, in honor my boy cannot be taught by experience!"

The next morning old Roger Loomis sent a note to his lawyer, Abel Burgess, and during the afternoon in response that worthy man called. For an hour he remained

HOW SHE GOT IT.



1. PAPA—My dear, I have tought you something that you wanted, a mere trifle—



2. HEIRRESS—Why popo, I'm shocked! You know I never drink!



3. PAPA—Now, Sam, open it carefully.



4. "You see, daughter, owing to the strict laws concerning pauper immigration, I smuggled the Duke through as brandy."

In consultation. For an hour he sat at the desk and wrote, and his client watched the glide of the silver river and prayed that thus might his purpose speed to its goal. Then the father and the grandson were summoned, and with unobscured fingers attached their signatures.

The lawyer prepared to take his departure with many a muttered "bump" and shrug of shoulder.

"I see you don't like it, Burgess," said old Roger Loomis. "The sentiment does you honor, but I have my reasons. Preserve the will I made a year since, and if you don't receive this one from me within a week offer that one for probate, for you may then be sure that I have changed my mind and applied the match."

"Changed your notion rather," growled the lawyer. "There it is, and I hope it soon may burn for a fantastical piece of d—d nonsense. It's a sin to triffl with the law. But there, I never offer my advice unsought—least of all to one so obstinate as you, Goodby."

"Goodby, old Pritchey Pear," said his client, smiling whimsically.

It was a fortnight later that old Roger Loomis called Egbert to his bedside. "You are going to be married, of course, my dear?" he said feebly. "After I'm gone—"

"I'm gone, God grant that my forebodings are foolish! I'll forbode no more. One request I make. Take this sealed package. A month before your wedding open it, examine the contents and act. You have confidence in me—you believe in me?"

"Though you savor me, yet will I trust in you," responded Egbert simply. "I will do as you wish."

"The Lord make his face to shine on you, my boy," faltered the old man. "I think I may sleep now. I am weary."

steel. Why should the prisoner in a treadmill dream of green fields? Why should the wrecked mariner sinking in midocean recall pictures of home? Egbert soon became conscious that he was cold and weary. He hastened to bed and sleep, that chills of the unfortunate, composed and caressed his limbs.

The next morning, an hour before the opening of court, little Mr. Phibbs, the surrogate of Aberdeen county, sat within his private office reading the paper through sparkling spectacles and amid courtesying smiles. The door opened, and Egbert Loomis entered.

"My dear fellow," cried the lawyer, springing to his feet, "I am charmed to have you break in on my leisure. That's right. Make yourself comfortable. Have a cigar? It is pleasant to desire in loco, eh? Well, how is everything? How is the fascinating Frances? Ah, you lucky dog, you will be one of us soon."

"I desire to see you in your official capacity, Mr. Surrogate," said Egbert stiffly with a recalcitrant air, "and to file with you this document."

"Eh? What's this? The last will and testament of Roger Loomis, made only a few days before his death? Why, the old man was recalcitrant always and recalcitrant a courtier!" and to file with you this document?"

"Eh? What's this? The last will and testament of Roger Loomis, made only a few days before his death? Why, the old man was recalcitrant always and recalcitrant a courtier!" and to file with you this document?"

"Grandfather left a package in my charge, and I only examined it last night."

"And brought it to court at the first possible moment? I salute you. I had supposed that the one perfect man had been translated some time since. Well, no great harm, I guess. Whom have you told about this?"

"No one. I went to see Mr. Burgess, but he is out of town. After all, I do not need advice."

"No? And what about Frances?"

"Ah, Frances! I have not the heart to see her. I shall write to her today."

"And give back the heart you have taken and all that folded, eh? Mark my words, young man, you can't shake off a Phibbs so easily. Fidelity is a family characteristic, sir. But write; it will serve to make you better acquainted with your future wife. Now, as for this document, it's a will of course, and as such must be respected, but—"

"I won't say 'I'll have my lawyer. You would best take it to the president of the corporate board and let him act, as he will speedily. Don't be disheartened, my boy; go write your letter and count your blessings."

"And now?" muttered the estate Mr. Phibbs, after he had called his clerk and informed him to hold all business pending an important half hour engagement, "now to see my fair niece. Ah, Frances, that pretty head of yours is about as level as they make them; but for all that, if it were not for your devoted uncle I fear you would this day live off the daintiest little nose in Aberdeen."

That evening after a solitary dinner Egbert sat in melancholy thought over his coffee and cigar. How tedious was life—a struggle through a jungle into a morass! No wonder his grandfather had always said that the hyperbores were the most virtuous and happy race, since they halted death, as a victorious friend with garlands of flowers. His grandfather! As he recalled that face there was tender affection in those deep eyes. But why—no, he would not ask it. He would reverence the memory as he had the man.

There was a glide, a silken rustle, and Frances Phibbs sank sobbing at his knees.

"Oh, dearest!" she cried, "this is no time for conventionality. Oh, your cruel, cruel letter! How could you wrong your faithful Frances so? Never shall you leave me! I will cling to your feet! Would you kill me? Come, weal, come weal, I am yours! Welcome poverty, since it manifests my constancy. Wherever thou goest I shall go, and thy God shall be my God!"

The day came for the hearing of the motion for the revocation of probate of Roger Loomis will before Mr. Surrogate Phibbs. Egbert was present, sitting at one side, calm and indifferent. So were the president of the Aberdeen Benevolent fraternity, expansive and hopeful, and his attorney, James Wallace, Esq., dubious and silent.

There were but few in attendance, for little Mr. Phibbs had a way of keeping matters secret which he wished to be secret, while at the same time he won frequent encomiums from the press for information courteously furnished.

"You do not appear by counsel, I believe, Mr. Loomis," he said when the case was called.

"No, your honor," replied Egbert, "I do not wish to offer any opposition."

"I think you may safely trust the court to protect your interests. Now, then, gentlemen."

The will contained in the sealed package was produced, and the father and grandson, with many a precatory glance toward their young master, testified to its execution. James Wallace, Esq., read its provisions for the information of the court, and apparently to some effect, for that smiling and sparkling personage interrupted as follows:

WHEN THERE'S DANGER!

Physicians Use, Prescribe, Recommend Paine's Celery Compound.



More words of praise have been written and spoken by well known men and women in every section of the country within the past few years for the famous compound first prescribed by Prof Phelps of Dartmouth college than have been bestowed upon all other remedies put together. More physicians in high standing are using, prescribing and recommending Paine's celery compound than any other prepared remedy in the world. More space is devoted in many a medical journal to the wonderful cures Paine's celery compound effects than to any other one subject. Paine's celery compound is pre-eminently the remedy that makes people well. W. Allen Hubbard, M. D., 70 West Cedar street, is one of Boston's best physicians. He says that hundreds of other physicians have said before, and his experience adds one more to the hundreds already published, that Paine's celery compound is undoubtedly the highest product of the medical knowledge of this century. "The formula of Paine's celery compound," he says, "interested me because of its scientific value, and I prescribed the remedy in a number of cases where the blood was impoverished and the nerves weakened. The results were so satisfactory that I do not hesitate to endorse Paine's celery compound as a most valuable remedy." J. H. Hanford, M. D., whose writings in journals of national circulation have endeared him to thousands, has said: "The formula of Paine's celery compound which was submitted to me was so satisfactory that I have used the medicine personally, and with much benefit. I have prescribed it with most excellent results. The well known Boston physician and surgeon, Dr. A. W. K. Newton, whose portrait is given above, states very emphatically that this compound is the most reliable tonic and strength-giver he has found for the peculiar and dangerous condition of the system that follows the grip. 'Paine's celery compound,' he writes, 'is now a medicine, and it must not be confounded with the ordinary nervines, bitters or sarsaparillas. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is a nature's food for the brain. I had some trouble myself,' he writes, 'from blood poisoning, received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's celery compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women, who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are weak and run down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal. When a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's celery compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms; with invariably satisfactory results.' It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength during the winter months."

WE'RE ALL WORKINGMEN

Workingmen Appreciate Luxuries as Well as Rich Men. You're a workingman. We're all workingmen. Still, some rich people can afford more luxuries than some workingmen. This Applies Especially to a Library. A library is a luxury. Workingmen appreciate luxuries as much as many—more than most. When a man has to work hard to get anything he wants he prizes it all the more when he gets it. It's Hard Work, Saving, Sometimes. It's hard saving, sometimes. We all know—we have been through the mill. We scrape and scrape and save, and it never seems to do any good. Especially the Ordinary Way. It's Hard to Get a Library That Way. Still, there's saving and saving. To buy a large library containing information on all possible subjects would cost thousands of dollars—in the ordinary way. There's an Extraordinary Way. THE TRIBUNE way, the newspaper man's way, the 10-cent-a-day way. Can't you save 10 cents a day? This Way You Can Buy the Greatest Reference Library on Earth. For that small saving you can buy a complete library, a poor man's library, a rich man's library, a library no man could afford to be without if it cost him a thousand dollars. Ten Cents a Day Does It. You can get it for 10 cents a day. What This Library Is. It's the famous Encyclopedia Britannica. The Ninth—the latest—edition, brought down to date. Everything complete. The articles are not cut down, the work being of the same number of pages as the costly Edinburgh. Thirty thousand dollars expended in adding to it. Twenty-five elegant volumes on good quality paper and beautifully bound in heavy silk cloth. Pure gold-leaf lettering and everything as elegant as can be desired for the finest library in the land. The Total Cost. You get the entire set for \$1.98 per volume. \$5 down and the balance on easy monthly payments. Further Explanation of This Extraordinary Way. You get half the entire set delivered to you upon payment of three dollars and the remainder when the first half is paid for. This offer won't last long. THE TRIBUNE Guarantees This Library. THE TRIBUNE positively guarantees the work to be exactly as stated. If you like, before purchasing it, will send you a volume for examination. You Can See It Before Purchasing. You can see this elegant library at THE TRIBUNE Encyclopedia Britannica Headquarters, 437 Spruce street. See it free.