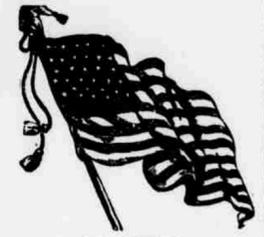


The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1896.



Our victory means restored confidence and good times.

Letter from William Connell.

Sir—I wish to take this early occasion of returning my sincerest thanks to the citizens of Lackawanna county for the splendid majority which they have given me as their choice for representative in congress. It exceeds my expectations as much as I fear it goes beyond my deserving. I do not interpret this vote as expressing merely a personal compliment, for the occasion was one where principle clearly rose paramount to personality. And yet I should gain little satisfaction from this election and go to my new work at Washington with small relish did I not feel that in some measure at least the majority cast yesterday was a vote of confidence in the candidate no less than a vote of endorsement for the principles of which he stood as the temporary representative.

Very truly, William Connell.

The Local Result.

The principal lesson of the local returns is that personal abuse and denigratory howls against industry and success have had their day as campaign weapons and are now about played out. There was very little reason from the first to fear that this staunch industrial district would falter in its allegiance to Protection. There was not much greater reason to apprehend that it would exhibit favor for the half-value dollar. The only point for apprehension was as to the effectiveness of the class cry in the opposition's unblinking play to social discontent; and the returns show that even this apprehension can now be set at rest.

The election to congress of William Connell is a gain to the district rather than to him. Its main significance, apart from its identification with national issues, is that there is still respect and confidence among the masses of the people for a stewardship of honestly-acquired wealth which has been administered with just conceptions of its obligations to the community; that there is continued esteem for upright character despite the deflection of the envious, the malicious and the ungrateful; that, in short, the fairness of the people is to be relied upon to render in due time just verdicts on matter how systematic or unscrupulous is the effort at times to poison their judgment.

Coupled with all this is a handsome compliment to the present board of commissioners, whose re-election was nothing less than justice; and a vivid demonstration that Lackawanna county has passed permanently into the Republican column. It is upon the whole not more than we expected; but it is still a result which justifies profound thankfulness to the various factors which contributed to it.

The original McKimley man will now please forward his address.

Now for Good Times.

There is a lesson in connection with this happy result which may be taken home to each individual citizen, and it is the need of a prompt and vigorous putting forth of personal energy for the early improvement of business. The atmosphere is now cleared, and effectually cleared for the future; commercial activities, long dormant, will henceforth see hope and assurance in front of them, and it will be the people's own fault if they do not speedily find themselves on a fair road to prosperity.

For years this financial question has acted as a clog to needed work in congress. For months it has put a damper on every form and phase of business enterprise in the whole country, and has weighted down all honest industry with its load of apprehension and dread. Now the danger is lifted; the obstacle has been removed; doubt can end, and its dissipation ought to produce in all quarters beneficial results. Let the recuperative forces of society have room and chance for full play in the work of rebuilding. It may be a slow process. One can get stuck a great deal faster than he can get well. But it will be a sure one if good citizens everywhere will help it along.

Mr. Boland's "glad hand," we fear, will never smile again.

The Downfall of Altgeld.

Next to the election of McKinley and Connell, the most gratifying feature of yesterday's overwhelming result was the defeat of John P. Altgeld for the governorship of Illinois, the loss to the Democrats of the Illinois legislature, thus shutting off the possibility of his election to the United States Senate, and consequently his enforced retirement to private life. Altgeld has been the brains of this whole Bryan movement. It was he who engineered the nomination of the young Nebraskan at Chicago. It was he who laid the lines on which this

audacious battle was fought. If by any mishap on the part of the American people Bryan had been elected, it would have been the sinister hand of the Illinois abolitionist for lawlessness who would have shaped Bryan's course and been the real intellectual power behind the throne. There can be no reasonable uncertainty on this point. His has been the mind behind every important move in the recent Democratic campaign, and his one purpose has been Altgeld's vindication. He has played with that solely in view. To him silver or gold was nothing but pawns in a game, for further personal power, if that could be secured, but at any event for a vindication, and he has not got one.

The man who votes in ignorance for vicious doctrines, and who is deceived by false appeals to his misplaced sentiment and sympathy can be forgiven; but in a government founded on popular suffrage there can be no tolerance for deliberate and wilful demagogism, and this is what Altgeld stands for. His exit from the stage of public prominence and official responsibility will be enthusiastically welcomed by every law-abiding and discriminating citizen.

Perhaps you will notice that behind the returns lurks the merry visage of "that same old con."

The Result Nationally.

The overwhelming victory of William McKinley was a logical deduction from the celebrated premise of his great predecessor: "You cannot fool all of the people all the time." The people were fooled in 1890 by the cry of "wipe out the surplus!" They were fooled in 1892 by the cry of "cheaper duties and cheaper clothes!" But in 1896, after six years of intimate experience with the menace and the fulfillment of Democratic supremacy, after six instructive years of deception, penitence and expiation—they have made reply to the latest false cry for a cheaper dollar in the election by unexampled majorities of a president, vice-president and congress pledged to the maintenance of sound money and restoration of Protection to American industries.

Now that the tension of natural anxiety has been relieved by the more than generous fulfillment of expectation, it is possible to speak with some candor of certain features of this canvass which had in them many elements of quiet humor. Not the least of these has been the grim necessity which constrained so many of the bitterest antagonists of McKinley and "McKinleyism" in former years to lay aside in this canvass their inveterate hostility to Protection and to rally to the support of the man whom they had only a few weeks previously been deriding as a "turncoat" and a "straddler." Unable to find enough of their own class of economic extremists to form an effective separate fighting force, they saw before them the choice either of being ground under the juggernaut of the very Populist propaganda which they had so sedulously cultivated four years ago, or else of having to sacrifice traditional prejudice on the altar of self-interest. They chose the latter. They performed the sacrifice. They swallowed for a season their pet theories on free trade and declared for the Ohio Protectionist. They announced that they did this out of patriotism. We do not doubt that many sound money Democrats were in this course high-minded and sincere; in fact, the country owes to them a debt of gratitude for their patriotic subordination of partisanship to public duty which it will not soon forget; but we nevertheless find not a little amusement in the recent plight of their less scrupulous free trade leaders, who after the desperate politics of a few years ago, were burned into line by the very fire which they then so meekly enkindled. While we honor the great rank and file of the sound money Democracy because we believe that it was sincere, we cannot say so much for the Whitneys, the Cleverlands, and the Gokins, who took up with McKinley rather from necessity than from manly choice.

The victory of yesterday was at its root a victory for Protection. The money scare was only derivative. Had Protection not been assailed in 1892 the question of free coinage would not have taken on serious proportions in 1896. It was only a surface symptom grounded in a diseased internal condition of the public sentiment. Good people mistook the symptom for the disease and during the past few months have been enjoying a pretty series of shivers; but back of it, below it, fundamental to it all was the question of Protection or no Protection to American industries, and on this broad issue William McKinley, a liberal financier, a friend of silver, a bimetalist to the core, has been elected president by a majority unequalled since the second campaign of General Grant. When our free trade friends of the ultra "gold bug" persuasion come to consider this whole matter in calmness, they will search in vain for the big quantity of gratification which they seem to have imagined would be theirs to command in the event of Bryan's defeat.

One can understand now why Quay went South.

Among the Fallen.

Now that the battle is over, a word or two about the losers will not be out of order. It is, we think, not putting it too strongly to say that the most remarkable personality developed by this most remarkable of campaigns was the young leader of the vanquished, William Jennings Bryan. We ask our readers to think of him, for a moment, not as the representative of vicious or fallacious doctrines, but simply as a human being called practically without notice or preparation to the leadership of a great host of voters, and then soon left by the old hands in the Democratic campaign business to fight his own battle, without money, without assistant speakers of any consequence, and without the support of more than a very small fraction of the influential newspapers of the country. It has been said that Bryan should have kept still. That is a matter of opinion; but had he done so it would have been equivalent to giving up the fight. He had no resource save his voice and his personal presence before the people. That subtracted from his campaign, there would not have been a considerable factor left to his advantage; the election would have been so one-sided as to have been devoid of interest. As it was, he hurled himself into the front of the lines with a courage and with a fine sense of the consequences which, to our mind, looking at it purely as a political spectacle, has not been surpassed in the history of this or any other country. He not only broke all records in the way of physical endurance, continued travel and the number of persons addressed, but he delivered speeches which, even in the abbreviated and inadequate form in which they were reported by the press associations, were models of tact, free from coarseness or personalities, and strongly surcharged with the peculiar force—that which, by the bye, there is no mightier—called personal magnetism. The lay reader has probably seen only disjointed portions of Bryan's speeches. We, on the contrary, have read many of them in full and, through our exchanges, have noted their effect upon the various communities visited.

That effect was nothing less than wonderful. He gave the conservative business element of this country, the men who seldom bother with politics, who usually regard things of that sort as mere tomfoolery, a scare the like of which has not been duplicated in modern history. It was not his arguments that did this. They were shallow. It was not his logic. It was not his personality back of that; the human factor, the man. We consider this wonderful. In some respects it excites our highest admiration. All the time that we have been condemning, and justly condemning, its purpose we have been conscious of a sneaking curiosity to know how different would have been Mr. Bryan's reception had he only fought in that masterful way on our side.

The American people are not unfriendly to silver. They want to use it liberally in their currency. But they don't want to coin it into a dollar which will not everywhere circulate at 100 cents. "Buch" Henriksen, the Populicist chairman of Illinois, claimed that State at 7 o'clock by 70,000 for Bryan. This attests the futility of premature predictions. The best plan for sincere sound money Democrats to follow is to become Republicans for good, and thus make sure of satisfactory company. What settled this election was the people's sober second thought. That is generally fatal to Democratic prospects. The question which now agitates the public is whether or no the result will cork up the Times "Forum of the People." The man who sent in returns yesterday before the polls closed in many instances lost his reputation as a guesser. Illinois after all didn't prove to be the pivotal state; but she acted just as if she thought she were.

The few fellows who "knifed" the ticket yesterday feel "cut up" today themselves.

After all, Bryan got what he worked for—a reputation. He is young and can wait.

The American people, in other words, are fundamentally and eternally honest.

The "enemy's country" doesn't appear to hanker after a change in faith.

Brother Boland can now locate his free silver rainbow four years forward.

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STORIES OF THE HOUR.

The question, "How would Colonel Morrison run the silver ticket?" elicited from a prominent Democrat, the other day, the following story, according to the Washington Post: "In the early racing days there lived in the Blue Grass region a farmer named Pat Kelley, who owned a race horse which he called St. Patrick. Kelley had heard a good deal of Lexington and the rest, but he had a notion that St. Patrick was the horse that would beat the field. He concluded to go to Lexington when the big horses were drawn there, and St. Patrick came with him.

"Pat made an effort to enter his horse in one of the big races, and as he was ready to back his animal, suddenly they allowed him to come in. Well, such a race you never saw. St. Patrick was the first to leave the wire, and he led the procession in the first pole couple of yards. Then there was a stringing out of the field, and a few of the leaders began to press St. Patrick rather close for comfort. By and by they dropped him, and they reached the half-mile post. St. Patrick was ambling along by himself in the rear, trying to keep from being disturbed.

"Kelley's big talk on the track before the race had attracted a good deal of attention to him, and the crowd began to buzz him unmercifully as St. Patrick was coming along in lonesome order at the tail of the procession. But Pat never lost his wit. Turning to some of the men who were making fun of him, he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard all over the track: "Oh, begorra, he's all right; just watch him drive the others."

"A surgeon, who has gained more than a local reputation, was recently called upon to perform an operation which was attended with more or less danger, says the Chicago Record. For the Chicago Record. He went to the house where the operation was to be performed, taking with him an elaborate supply of instruments. He and the two assistants succeeded beyond their expectations. The operation was completed without any accident, and the patient, a man whom the surgeon had known for several years, seemed entirely out of danger.

Shortly after the surgeon had departed the wife of the patient found what she supposed to be one of the surgical instruments lying on the sofa in the room where the men had made ready for the operation. "Why, how careless of the doctor," said she. She cleaned the instrument very carefully, rinsing it first in a solution of carbolic acid and water, and then rubbing it dry with a flannel. After that she carefully wrapped it up and sent it to the surgeon with the following note: "Dear Doctor—When you were at the house yesterday you mislaid one of your instruments. I found it and I return it to you by this messenger. I am very truly, etc."

The messenger came back with the instrument and the following note from the doctor: "My Dear Madam—I wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness, but there is evidently a mistake somewhere. The instrument does not belong to me. I think you had better ask your son about it. Very truly, etc."

She carried the instrument to her 13-year-old son. "Do you know what this is?" she asked. "Why, yes." "Whose is it?"

"Mine." "Well, what is it?" "Why, that's the pump for filling my pneumatic tires." They she threw the nickel-plated thing at him and went away thoroughly mad. A gentleman of this city, says the Lynchburg News, while on his way to his office the other morning, overheard the following conversation between two colored boys, who were offering the News for sale to a passerby: "Here de News! Here de News!" said Darkey No. 1. "Wid all about Gen'l Lee gwin' ter fight in Cuba." "You better stop bolsherin' dat," said Darkey No. 2. "Folks ain't gwine ter buy de papers wid all about fightin' in de'n, s'ist, den't Lee ain't gwine ter fight thar." "He loun' ter fight," said the first speaker, "fer de war's goin' on, an' he too fat ter run, an' he gott'er fight."

The other day, relates the Washington Post, Congressman Stone, of Pennsylvania who is one of the practical jokers of the house, approached Mr. Mahany, of New York, who is an authority on Celtic orthography and orthoepy. "Mahany," said Stone, "how would you pronounce this word, and he spelled it out very carefully—'M-a-a-e-H-i-n-e-e-r-y'." "The name of the Irish rock—Mac-Hin-ery, a bit of Danish mixed with Mille-sian." "You're mistaken," said Stone, "that's pure English—machinery." Mahany collapsed. "Don't tell anybody," he implored. "If that got out I'd be the Irish of my district it would ruin me."

A pretty southern girl, who is attending a ladies' school in the city has been entertaining an older sister for a week or two, says the New York Sun. "How long will your sister remain?" asked a friend the other day. "Well, Miss —, I really don't know." "Hasn't she decided yet?" "No—she hasn't made up her mind whether to stay two weeks longer with me or buy a hat!"

A few days after this conversation the friend met the southern girl again. "What of it?" she asked. "No; she bought the hat!" "What of it?" said the new policeman of Washington, "is instructions." "On what point?" inquired his superior officer. "If I found er man that werricks in the Capitol buyin' a new inkstand an' puttin' av it in 'is pocket, is it concealed wipin', or what is it?" "It is concealed," replied the higher officer. "No man about the Capitol, in possession of his senses, ever buys inkstands, or anything else that the government can be made to pay for."

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which seem to be so devoted to one another." "Large family? Devoted! What on earth do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No less than eleven of Gussie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out sleighing and she tells me she expects the full one with blue eyes again tomorrow."

Coach (to college athlete)—Your muscles seem to be flabby, and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything? Athlete—Not a drop. Coach—Then you must be smoking too much. Athlete—No; don't smoke at all. Coach—Smoking? Athlete—er—yes—a little. Coach (indignantly)—You've got to stop that. Do you want to lose the game?

IN HER OWN COIN.

From the Times-Herald. The last time the Kendals were here the Sunday editor of a morning paper sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Kendal. He was not very successful. The actress chatted about "dear Lannan" so freely that the newspaper man finally was emboldened to inquire whether she ever heard of Peter Blank, mentioning the name of the proprietor of the largest general store in the English metropolis. The reporter is a nephew of the Englishman about whom he made the inquiry.

Mrs. Kendal admitted that she had heard the name before, and added with an expressive shrug: "Of course we don't know his people, you know—mercy, no! They are in trade, I believe." She was kind enough, however, to say that she fairly dated on Chicago. She had been so kindly received here, and the people whom she had met were so charming. She would always remember Mrs. Laize Shore as the most delightful woman she had ever known. And Mr. and Mrs. Prairie Avenue and Mrs. Calumet! And General and Mrs. Gran Boulevard! And all of them. Did the reporter know them?

"Well," he said, slowly, "I've heard their names before. I think, but of course, you know, I have never met them—mercy, no! They are all in trade, I believe."

HIGH PRAISE WELL BESTOWED.

From the Fourth Estate. The Chicago Times-Herald has the gratification of knowing that independence pays. Fred McKennie, the well known English editor and writer, has written a letter to the Times-Herald which ought to make H. H. Kohlsaat glad at heart. In this letter he says that he has been procuring copies of the Times-Herald in London. He says, further, that the paper has come to him as a revelation of American journalism, and pays the following unflattering compliment to the Times-Herald: "Its sobriety, moderation and fairness to opponents stand out in strong relief against the style of many of its contemporaries. Its fitness of news and verbatim reports of great speeches are invaluable to those of us in England who wish to understand your politics, and, unlike many of the chief eastern dailies, it has a sense of proportion and does not allow minor local issues to occupy all its space to the exclusion of great national doings."

EDISON'S PRESENT TASK.

From the Times-Herald. Edison has accomplished so much in the line of revolution that it is popularly believed he has made no failures in that direction. It is the truth, however, that he has been at work for years upon several hard problems which seem to be no nearer a solution today than they were when he began. For the last seven years he has been trying to derive electricity directly from coal without going through the usual process of heat, steam power and dynamo. "There's enough latent electrical energy in a pound of coal to carry it across the Atlantic," he said the other day, "yet we have never been able to utilize it." He has been trying to get electricity from coal direct, but I don't know yet how to get enough of it."

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus The Tribune Astrologer. Astrolabe cast: 1h. 3m. before, for Wed. nesday, November 4, 1896. A child born on this day will observe that "The silvery" moon, fair queen of night, Behind the hills has gone to rest, And left the world to "golden" light Most prosperous and best. There is a frog in the throat of the coldest. Even the fellows who voted the other way must rejoice at the results. 'Twas a cold day for th' "sp. frumentum" ward worker of 'fluence. Editor Lyneet's campaign rooster has the "tip."

Ajacchus' Advice.

Pay your election bets and look pleasant. Be charitable in the hour of victory. Prepare for better times. 437 Spruce St., Opp. The Commonwealth.

GOLDSMITH'S BAZAAR.

New Trade Winners in Our Dress Goods Department.

- Lot 1--50 pieces of 32-inch Rob Roy Plaids, At 10 cents
Lot 2--19 pieces 38-inch, all wool French Serges, in all shades, 22 cents
Lot 3--24 pieces 50-inch all wool Broadcloths, in all seasonable shades, including black, 35 cents
Lot 4--75 styles of the prettiest two and three toned novelties shown this season at 39 cents
Lot 5--A choice selection of 40 and 45-inch Fancy Tailor-made Suiting at 50 cents
Lot 6--10 pieces of Genuine Scotch Frieze Suitings, 50 inches wide, the latest for genteel tailor made suits, 75 cents

Special attention is called to our new lines of Fancy Dress and Fur Trimmings.

DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE. And buy your garments elsewhere. Come to our mammoth tailoring establishment, see the very latest in Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings. Get them made to your order, at ready-made prices. All garments are made on our premises, under our own supervision. We guarantee our work and fit and don't allow a garment to leave our store except it is perfectly satisfactory to you and ourselves—it is our greatest aim to please our customers. All garments made by us are kept in repair free of charge. GREAT EASTERN SUIT AND PANTS COMPANY, D. LOWENSTEIN Proprietor. Branch 14, 427 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa.



GOT DAMP QUICK DIDN'T IT? UMBRELLA BROKE ISN'T IT? WILL TAKE IT TO FLOREY'S WON'T YOU? REPAIR IT WHILE YOU WAIT SURE. New Cover, New Ribs, New Stick, New Anything. 222 Wyoming Avenue, Y. M. C. A. Building.

An Inspiration. Is almost lost when your pen catches and your ink spreads on your paper. GOOD STATIONERY. Is one of the necessities of civilization that is indispensable. A favorite location for all classes is that of REYNOLDS BROTHERS, where a fine assortment of everything in first-class Stationery and Office Supplies can be purchased. Students, lawyers, commercial men and society in general get their supplies here, as everyone can be suited, both in price and quality.

Blue Delf. Is now in demand, and it should be for it's article to the last degree. We are supplying this demand along with every other in our line. See Goods in Show Window.

The Clemons, Ferber, O'malley Co., 422 LACKAWANNA AVE.

Our Specialty For This Month, Overcoats to \$13

Blue, Black, Brown, or Oxford Beavers, Kerseys or Meltons, Also your choice of Covert Cloths and the rougher goods—any kind of lining—silk, serge or woolen. Made in our own tailor shops and fit perfect. Competitive times increase our business.

GREAT ATLANTIC PANTS CO., 319 Lackawanna Ave.

MALONEY OIL AND MANUFACTURING CO. Oils, Vinegar and Cider. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, 641 TO 1st MERIDIAN STREET. M. W. COLLINS, Manager.

Our Red Window, On Saturday, will be sure to interest you. Don't miss it. BEIDLEMAN, THE BOOKMAN, 437 Spruce St., Opp. The Commonwealth.

WOLF & WENZEL, 331 Linden, Opp. Court House, PRACTICAL TINNERS and PLUMBERS. Sole Agents for Richardson-Boynton's Furnaces and Ranges.

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Consisting of fine two tone effects in green and blue, and garnet and black. Good values at \$10.00; our price \$6.98. A very fine line of Ladies' Suits in green and black, four-in-hand jackets, silk lined throughout, full length skirts; cheap at \$12.00; our price \$7.98.

An elegant selection of fine serges, novelty cloth, mixed effects, in colors too numerous to mention, latest cut shield and box front jackets, lined throughout and perfectly adjusted skirts; your choice \$8.98. Seal plush capes, silk lined, extreme sweep, braided and fitted, some trimmed with Thibet and some with French Marten fur; valued at \$10.00; all marked with exceptionally low prices \$4.98.

Ladies' Lingerie Caps, full length, lined throughout with D'chesse satin, extreme sweep; good values at \$15.00; our price \$9.98. Children's Peewees, newest and handsomest styles, two tone bootees, sailor collars, pretty buttons, velvet trimmed, your choice \$3.98.

Ladies' All Wood Beaver Coats, double breasted, box fronts, also an elegant line of Astrachan coats, same make with large and small buttons; your choice \$4.98. We have also all the latest novelties in Ladies' Coats, high green and tan empire cut, shades and styles not to be found elsewhere, at prices exceptionally low. An elegant line of all wool Kersey Coats in green, tan, brown and black, cheap at \$15.00; our price \$8.98.

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