

A SUBURBAN EXPERIENCE.

"It isn't because I'm tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," continued Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change of one sort, at least," continued her husband.

"Don't be flippancy, dear. I am in dead earnest; and oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Mr. Perry. "However, if you are determined to be a suburbanite, and with the suburbanites stand, I may as well agree with you. I will at once take lessons of the flying trapeze so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. I will study to acquire that dazed suburban stare that people who eat their breakfast and dinners by lamplight assume, assisted by catching their quota of sleep in depots after they have missed their train."

"Oh, we won't be there long enough for that," said his wife, "and Perry, the air is just heavenly—so sustaining."

"That's good, as we shall probably be 12 miles or more from a grocery store. Have you caught your house yet, Maud?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Smead has one in the same row and she told me about it. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I have never been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his bull-dog voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady killer."

"Perry!"

"I am told by fellows that we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."

"I hate beauty men," said Maud, scoldingly. "They are vain, conceited creatures. I would never marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track, and was equidistant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife, thoughtlessly, that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife suspiciously.

"Don't know her from Adam, my dear, but isn't she your friend, and haven't I heard her praise your ever since we were married?"

"H'm! We have a calling acquaintance, and not that we are to be neighbors I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible, and she is so giddy. I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Caesar, Laura, you give your best friend a great send-off! I susceptible and she giddy? We must be made for each other."

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her handsome husband, but where is the man who does not enjoy being a bone of contention among his women folk, and if Smead had a special and particular virtue it was that of being good-natured.

Mrs. Smead, like the woman of history, had two treasures—her sewing machine and her husband, and she drew the line at lending either, and if people wanted to call her selfish they might. Fortified by this law, she rented the southwest cottage.

Saturday night! The invisible bridge spans the distance between the world of labor and the world of rest. The tranquil air gave back no murmur of multitudinous voices that had filled it with cries of sorrow, anger or gladness during the work days of the past week. It was the ante-chamber of the Sabbath, a time so sacred to our ancestors that all work and all pleasure was suspended that a great throng of people was hurrying homeward, and all bore the burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the feet of the little burden-bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne and Amon Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance, and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath of rest. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages, and had just time to make the train, after purchasing their commutation tickets. They went loping through the gates in approved suburban style, and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead, and I'll take the next train out."

He swung himself clear off the train, turned a somersault, and waved "all right" to Smead, who mopped the cinders and perspiration from his face, and remarked to the man standing next to him, in a friendly way:

"Nice way to spend the summer living in the suburbs?"

"Yes, if you don't care what you say," growled the man.

Then Smead took a bit of pasteboard from his pocket and began to study it. "Southeast corner, Terrace Row, Oakland."

Smead asked his gruff neighbor if he got off at that station.

"No, I don't," said the man. "You couldn't hire me to live in that swamp. I go out ten miles further where you don't have to sift the atmosphere to keep the mosquitoes from choking you."

"That sounded discouraging, but Smead was not anxious to ride ten miles further on an accommodation train that slowed up for every cow on the track, and he wrapped himself in a speculative reverie until the brakeman called "O-a-k-l-a-n-d!" as if only the dead lived at that station.

Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, whom she expected on the 6:30 train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well-groomed Mr. Smead, a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then seeing that her dis-

tracted visitor was very near fainting she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits.

Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate-looking man—a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well, but the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and walking boldly into her library had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down; I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expected Amon on the last train. I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."

"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful? I don't see what is keeping that man in the house. I know by his looks that he's a murderer. Our girl hasn't come, and I'm all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here!"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead coldly. "I will take our revolver and you can bring the stove-lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may s-b-o-o-t first!"

"Come on," said Mrs. Smead, contemptuously. She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one-man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the run to themselves.

But at that identical moment the 7:40 train, sometimes called the husband's train, so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot, and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row, he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once.

"Where is Smead?"

"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead. "I expected him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Hat this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same time presenting arms according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot," cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but with excitement, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward and bowed low to Maud; "I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" cried Perry, his face flaming.

"Yes, what does it mean?" demanded Mrs. Smead, in the measured syllable of the divorce court.

"It means," explained Mr. Smead, "that my wife has not yet learned to box the compass she gave me southwest and your wife locked me in a room that has no ventilation and under a criminal van. But I forgive her; he added, with a gallant protest, whereat Maud's cheeks grew red with embarrassment and Mrs. Smead said:

"Come home! After this I will meet you at the train and see that you don't get into the wrong house."

"Do forgive me, Mr. Smead," said Maud, penitently, while Perry glared darkly like a jealous stage lover, "but you did not look so—"

"She said you looked like a convict," remarked his wife.

"At least it has made us acquainted," observed Mr. Smead, true to his colors, and with this parting shot he followed his wife to the "southeast" cottage.—Detroit Free Press.

N. A. R. AND P. A.

Explanation of an English Suggestion to Facilitate Correspondence.
From the London Graphic.

"N. A. R." What does N. A. R. mean? Well, listen and I will tell you. We all know what R. S. V. P. means, but N. A. R. indicates quite the reverse. Do not write all sorts of absolutely unnecessary letters, and do not all of us receive a quantity of letters which are altogether useless?

This is sometimes the result of custom and sometimes of politeness, but in both cases entirely superfluous. Up to the initials of a French phrase, He replies that our "esteemed order" has been received and will be attended to. He probably again writes when he has executed our commission, and he has the trouble of writing two letters and we of receiving the same, whereas if we headed our communication N. A. R., which, being interpreted, means "No answer required"—we should both have been saved a great deal of trouble. Probably, until people become accustomed to these mystic letters, it would be well to write the sentence in full, but in a little while you will find people use N. A. R. even more frequently than R. S. V. P., and will cordially bless the inventor of these simple and time-saving characters. By the way, with regard to the group of four letters referred to, why should we use the initials of a French phrase? Would not P. A., "please answer," be shorter and more satisfactory as well as more appropriate for English people, usually speaking their own language—or at any rate getting as near to it as education and the continual use of slang will allow?

Not Taking It, Perhaps.
Customer (handing over the money)—This mixture will cure the grip, will it?
Druggist—"It will knock it every time, ma'am. We sell more of this stuff to grip patients than all other kinds put together."
Customer—"You're a new prescription clerk, aren't you? What has become of the young man who generally stands behind this counter?"
Druggist—"He's down with the grip, ma'am."—New York Evening Telegram.

A Dream.
First Populist—"What are you thinking about?"
Second Populist—"I was just thinking how rich we'd all be if everybody'd start an endless chain subscription for everybody else and nobody'd break the chain."—Puck.

Ten Thousand Yards of Lonsdale, Fruit of Loom, Hill's and Langdon '76 Muslins at 4-1-2c the yard



Blankets
Extra Heavy 10-4 Grey Blankets, worth 69c pair. Now **39c**
Wool Finished White Blankets, worth \$1.50 pair. Now. **98c**
Grey Wool 11-4 Blankets, worth \$2.50 pair. Now..... **1.89**
11-4 Extra Heavy Soft Finish Blankets, worth \$3.25 pr. Now. **2.48**
LACKA AVENUE

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE, WE DELIVER YOUR PURCHASES WITHOUT CHARGE TO YOU.



Muslin Wear
Muslin Skirts, elaborately trimmed, always 1.25. Now..... **89c**
Muslin Gowns, with lace and tucks, always 69c. Now..... **45c**
Umbrella Drawers, lace trimmed, always 39c. Now..... **29c**
Corset Covers, handsomely trimmed, always 20c. Now **12c**
SECOND FLOOR



Thousands of Dollars Worth of Merchandise Has Fallen Into That Mighty River—the January Trade Sale

The wonderful values, the attractive goods, the little prices, direct all eyes here-wards. People may well marvel at the great and good things we set before them. Halving and quartering prices provides a two-fold object here—economy for you; business for us. Shop to your content—but you'll lay your money-saving to our door. Sure.

Today's News Is of Vital Importance

It concerns, principally, the biggest offering of Men's Wear that this store or any other store has ever made. Other things are important, too—sufficiently so that you'll count the saving by coming before lots are gone.

Underwear

Women's Fleece Lined Jersey Ribbed Vests, Very special **12 1/2c**
Women's Fleece Lined Pants, the 25c kind. Very special at..... **17c**
Misses' Fine Jersey Ribbed Vests, always 25c. Very special at **19c**
Women's Fine Australian Wool Jersey Ribbed Vests and Pants, Oxford cut, always \$1 and \$1.25. Very special at..... **50c**
Boys' Natural Grey Shirts and Drawers, always 25c. Very special at **17c**
Boys' Fleece Lined Underwear, never sold under 35c. Very special **22c**

Hosiery

Children's Fine Ribbed Seamless Fast Black Hosiery, all sizes, pr. **5c**
Women's Fine Cashmere Hose, double soles, always 45c pair. Very special at..... **29c**
Women's Fine Seamless Fast Black Hose, double soles and high spliced heels, always 15c. Now..... **10c**

Furnishings for Men—Half Ordinary Cost

Men's Fine Camel's Hair Underwear, very nicely made; worth 39c. To go at..... **23c**
Men's Velvet Fleece Lined Underwear; never sold under 50c. To go at..... **35c**
Men's Natural Wool Underwear; always sold at 75c. Go at..... **50c**
Men's Fine Camel's Hair Underwear; always sold at 89c. Go at..... **59c**
Men's fine flannel wool Shirts, extra good quality, prices \$1 and \$1.25. **75c** to go at.....
Men's fine linen bosom Shirts, reinforced front and back, always 50c., **35c** to go at.....
Men's and Boys' Percale Shirts, with two collars, easily worth 75c., **45c** to go at.....
Men's Heavy Sweaters, 75c kind, now..... **49c**
Men's Silk Neckwear, 50c kind, now..... **39c**
Men's Fine Natural Grey Underwear; never sold under 50c. To go at..... **37 1/2c**
Men's Hygienic Wool Fleece Lined Underwear; always 75c. To go at..... **45c**
Men's Finest Quality of High Grade Wool Underwear; fine cashmere; will not shrink; elegantly made; always sold at 1.75. To go at... **\$1**
Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, boucle back and front, always 39c, to go at..... **25c**
Men's 1900 Linen Bosom Shirts, bodies of Wamsutta and New York mills muslin, 69c kind, now..... **45c**
Men's Cheviot Working Shirts, always sold at 40c and 50c, to go at..... **29c and 39c**
Men's Wool Sweaters, \$1.00 kind, now..... **69c**
Men's New Style Puffs, 50c kind, now..... **29c**



Art Goods

There are less than 600 pieces all told in the lots here mentioned.

Stamped Doilies

Were 5c, now **3c**
Were 8c, now **5c**
Were 12c, now **7c**
Were 15c, now **12c**
Were 25c, now **15c**

Stamped Hemstitched Doilies

Were 7c, now **5c**
Were 10c, now **7c**
Were 15c, now **12c**
Were 35c, now **25c**

Stamped Fringed Doilies

Were 10c, now **7c**
Were 21c, now **15c**
Were 30c, now **25c**

Fringed Tray Covers

Were 19c, now **15c**
Were 25c, now **21c**

Table Covers

Many patterns to choose from; were 85c, now **49c**

Ribbons Extraordinary

About 10,000 yards in the lot. When they are gone no more at the price. It's a chance lot that straggled in—very cheap.

Single and double faced Satin Ribbons in black and all of the leading shades.

No 2 No 3 No 4
3c yd 4c yd 5c yd
No 5 No 7 No 9
7c yd 8c yd 10c yd
No 12 No 16 No 32
12c yd 14c yd 18c yd

There'll be none left after Saturday.
MAIN AISLE—LACKAWANNA AVENUE

Embroideries

5,000 yards of cambric edges, cut out ready for use. Full assortment of patterns; always 6c 3c yard. To go at, yard **3c**

The Boy Must Have Clothing

Why Not at These Prices?

We defy any manufacturer to make Boys' Clothing equal to the kinds mentioned here—at the prices quoted by us:

25c pair for Boys' Knee Pants, of strong navy blue twill cloth, 3 to 15 years, always 49c.

1.75 for sailor Blouse Suits, sizes 3 to 10 years, three patterns in navy, grey and brown, nicely trimmed, pants have patent waist bands, always \$3.25.

3.98 for single-breasted Overcoats of all wool Irish frieze, 8 to 12 years, made with velvet collars, plain lining and full back. Only a few left and positively worth \$5.50.

1.69 for 3-piece Vestee of mottled cheviot, collar edged with cloth and four rows of soutache braid, vests trimmed to match, pants finished with bow and buckle, always \$3.25, sizes 3 to 8 years.

2.98 for Boys' Reefers, 3 to 9 years, choice of velvet or 4 inch Jack Tar collars, garments that were \$3.98, \$4.50 and \$4.98. Some sizes missing, but not many.

1.89 for Double-Breasted Cheviot Suits, 8 to 15 years. Would be a very great bargain at \$3.00.

Books—Maker's Cost

A big book factory figured too heavy on Christmas. That's why 2 cases (1800 books) came in here at bare cost of paper.

Volumes handsomely bound in linen cloth, some with gilt tops, in the lot are copyright books that have sold at \$1.25—among the titles are

Joan Seaton—A Story of Parsival
Finding of Lot's Wife—Clark
Sacrifice of Fools—Craig
The Herb Moos—Hobbs

There are about 1250 volumes, all told, some of them have sold as low as 19c and 20c. Your choice while they last..... **15c**

Oliver Optic Books for Boys, Pansy and Sophie May Books for Girls, published at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Your choice today for..... **69c**

MAIN AISLE—WYOMING AVENUE.

Jonas Long's Sons

10,000 yards of fine cambric edges, 1 to 5 inches wide—cut out ready for use; always 10c yd. To go at, yard..... **5c**