

The Newark Shoe Store **Seasonable Hints.** *The Newark Shoe Store*

W. N. BROOKS.

It is just as easy to obtain GOOD SHOES as the poorer qualities. Our shoes are the reliable kind, and they don't cost any more than the greatly inferior goods sold by some dealers. The styles we handle include shoes for every conceivable use—from the dress occasion to the severest out-of-door wear—and the shapes are varied to suit the various types of feet, and to make each foot look its best. The most fastidious find perfect satisfaction.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We show a large assortment of LADIES', MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS, embracing many new and handsome patterns, ranging in price from fifty cents to four dollars a pair.



Make Xmas Merry.

The greatest pleasure comes from substantial gifts at Christmas. You will be pleased with our array of

Christmas Shoes.

Attractive, substantial, stylish footwear, sure to be welcomed as Christmas gifts, sure to be pleasing remembrances all winter



OUR RANGE OF PRICES.

Because we keep the finest shoes in the city should not give you the idea that we keep nothing but high-priced goods. Our aim and ambition is to give the people the best shoes for the money they wish to pay.

Ladies'	Men's	Girls'	Boys'	Children's
\$1.25	\$1.25	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$.50
1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	.60
2.00	2.00	1.50	1.50	.75
2.25	2.50	1.75	1.75	.85
2.50	3.00	2.00	2.00	.90
3.00	3.50	2.25	2.50	1.00
3.50	4.00	2.50	3.00	1.25
4.00	5.00	3.00	3.50	1.50
5.00	6.00	3.50	4.00	2.00

Finest assortment of babies' soft sole shoes to be had. Prices, 25 and 50 cents.

OUR.....

Jas. A. Bannister Co.'s Shoes for Men

ARE THE FINEST MADE. PRICES:

\$5.00 and \$6.00

Look at Our Wyoming Avenue Window.

(FOR GOOD SHOES.)



It is a fact, which we are daily demonstrating to thousands of new customers, that nothing which can add to shoe quality is missing in our stock. Styles, forms, fashions, materials, what wears best, what kinds keep their form best. All this we give for the benefit of our customers. WE TAKE D., L. AND W. CHECKS IN PAYMENT FOR SHOES.

The Newark Shoe Store **Corner Lackawanna and Wyoming Avenues** *The Newark Shoe Store*
OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS.

An Interrupted Elopement

BY W. S. ROSS.

A YOUNG WOMAN came very quietly from the door of the handsome stone walk and through the gateway. It was a cloudy evening and her movements were hidden by the shadows. She walked to the nearest street corner and was immediately joined by a young man whose arm she took as they passed along.

"Did I keep you waiting long, Fred?" she asked. "It seemed quite impossible to get away without being observed."

"No," said the young man, "the waiting was nothing. But why is it necessary that we should resort to all this—he was going to say nonsense, but wisely checked himself, "this mystery?"

"It is necessary, I tell you, Fred. I can't receive you at home and there is no other way. I have told you many times that my father would never consent to give you my hand. It might be different if mother were alive, but now it is more than likely that father would forbid you the house."

"That isn't possible," said the young man. "I am the son of his oldest friend. He has ever professed a great regard for me. Surely there is nothing in my conduct that could prejudice him. I am poor, but my prospects are excellent, and—"

"I tell you, Fred, he intends me for his higher game. No struggling architect is good enough for his daughter. But he shall not tear us apart."

"Of course not," said Fred, hastily. "But, really, Elsie, I don't like this sort of thing. It seems—"

She drew her hand from his arm. "Don't like it?" she echoed.

"Of course I like it," he quickly asserted. "At least I like you, which is a great deal more to the point."

The girl took his arm again.

"Let me tell you, Fred dear," she softly said, "that if it wasn't for this very sort of thing, this secrecy, the opposition of my father, the romance of it all, it is very likely I shouldn't love you half so much. The more papa slight's you the more determined I am to be yours. Funny, isn't it?"

"Delightfully funny," said the young man, and then switched away from the subject, and pursued their secret half hour stroll.

When they returned to the handsome home of the young woman, after a tender though brief parting with the young man, re-entered the side door with a most elaborate effort to be both cautious and noiseless.

The young man walked away, softly chuckling.

The secret meetings were continued, and Elsie assured her lover that the opposition of her father to him was becoming more and more marked.

"Why, Fred," she cried one evening. "papa said he believed you were a mercenary youth and that you had a deceitful face. Why, I felt like rising right up and defending you before all the world, and then telling papa that though he threw me into prison I would never, never, never wed any one but you! But I didn't."

"That was wise," said Fred. "It isn't quite time for that."

There was a moment's silence.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," said the young girl, with a little catching in her throat, "the only thing for us to do is to elope."

Fred was not startled.

"It's the very thing I was about to suggest," he said, quickly. "What night do you prefer?"

"You dear boy," cried Elsie, affectionately patting his arm; "there is some romance in you after all."

"Thank you," said Fred, stolidly; "what night?"

"Well, supposing we say a week from next Thursday?"

"That suits me," replied the young man. "What are your plans?"

"I have them laid out," replied the young girl eagerly. "My new street suit will be finished Wednesday. It's the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on. Mm. Summerson never gave me such a fit before."

"I'm afraid I'll soon have to give up Mm. Summerson," said the young man, gravely.

"Do you really think so, dear?"

"Yes, love. Marrying a poor but honest young architect is a pretty sure cure for the fits you mention. Of course we can't count for certain on your father's forgiveness."

"Yes, yes, we can. He'll welcome us back with open arms."

"I'm pretty sure we won't deserve it."

"Well, I'll put on my new dress and go over to Mm. Holliday's in the afternoon. I'll manage to smuggle over a lot of things in a paper parcel and you must come up with a new traveling bag and we'll pack them all in that."

Then you can order the carriage to call for us at 7 o'clock and we'll take the train over to Craigsville and be married there."

"And you prefer this way to being married comfortably at home?"

"Don't talk nonsense, dear. You know I couldn't be married comfortably at home, at least not to you—unless you disguised yourself and married me under an assumed name. Wouldn't that be romantic?"

"One romance at a time, dear."

The days passed rapidly, especially the ever-to-be-remembered Thursday.

Fred came over early with the new traveling bag, which was speedily packed under the friendly direction of Miss Holliday, who was an expert in the packing line, as well as a very discreet and close-mouthed person who was generally understood to have been in love and disappointed.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the carriage arrived, and after a fervent exchange of kisses the would-be bride broke away from Miss Holliday and was tenderly handed into the carriage by Fred and they were soon on their way to the railroad station. When they reached the platform Fred got out to see if the coast was clear. He came back immediately.

"We can't stop here, dear," he whis-

pered; "there is a detective on the platform. I wonder if your father suspected your purpose?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"Drive over to the uptown station. The train isn't due for fifteen minutes yet, and it stops here ten minutes longer."

So they drove over to the uptown station and again Fred alighted. He came back in a half hysterical way.

"There's another detective waiting on the platform."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, save that we can't leave town by rail for Craigsville until tomorrow morning."

"Then what will we do? I left them a note, you know, and of course I can't go back."

"I know of an eminently respectable home where you can remain tonight," said Fred, "and I will go to a hotel."

"Take me to the house, Fred!"

The young man gave the driver the name of the street and the number in a low tone and then rejoined Elsie on the rear seat of the closed carriage.

"Fred," she suddenly said, "I'm afraid it wasn't right to treat papa in this way."

"It's too late to look at it in that light now," said Fred.

Then the carriage stopped.

"Wrap your veil closely around your face and take my arm," said Fred, as she followed him from the carriage.

They hurried up the steps, the door was opened for them, they stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall, and there holding out both hands, was Elsie's father.

Before she could ask what it all meant her wraps were whisked away by a maid and she was led into the parlor. She noticed in a bewildered way that there were many flowers about the handsome room, and that it looked unusually attractive. Then she found herself standing, still by the side of Fred, before a kindly faced man, who almost before she realized what was happening, had pronounced them man and wife.

Fred kissed her, and her father kissed her, but she said never a word.

"Well, my dear child, this was romantic enough, wasn't it?"

The tears welled up in Elsie's eyes and she cried:

"Father, I have been very undutiful."

The old man took her in his arms.

"Here, here," he cried, "this will never do. Tears on your wedding day! Flie, flie! Everything's all right now, my dear. Here you are with a doting father and the best young husband in all the land."

"But I thought you were so opposed to him?"

"Never. He's the young man of all others whom I should have picked for you. This isn't news for Fred."

Elsie looked at her smiling husband. "I think you two plotters," she slowly said, "have made a ridiculous goose of me."

"We only plotted to let you have your own way," said Fred. "You surely can't object to that."

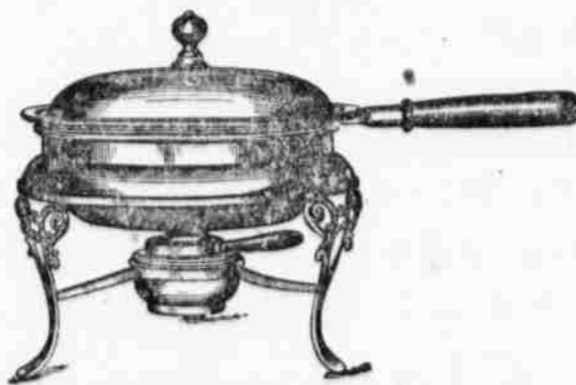
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And the reason why is this, there isn't a thing in the whole show that isn't useful as well as beautiful, and the money spent here buys goods that are always as good as the cash that they were purchased with.

Do You Skate?

We have the finest line of Skates in this state, barring none. Everything that science has yet devised for gliding smoothly and gracefully over the ice is here at its very best and for the least money possible.



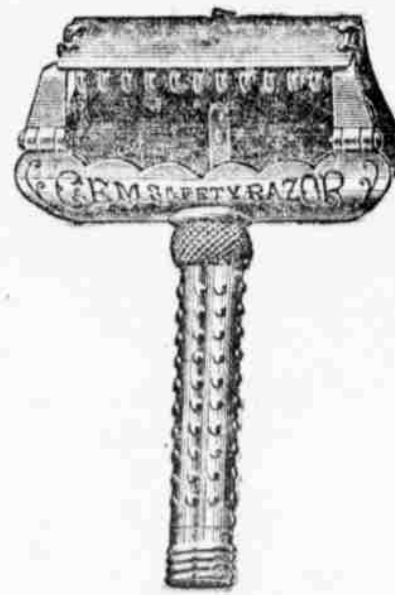
Have You Boys?

You can't do better by them for Christmas than buy them a good chest of tools, a scroll saw or other useful and instructive mechanical device. Such a present costs no more than a good toy, and think of how much more useful it is.

We're open every evening 'till 9.30 during the holiday trade rush, and will be glad to see you at the Modern Hardware Store between now and Saturday night next.

Do You Shave?

If so, have you tried the luxury of the new patent Safety Razor. They're different from the old style and can be kept in perfect order with no more trouble than the regulation style that men butcher their features with. Price \$1.50 each



In House-Furnishings, Hardware, Cutlery and Cooking Utensils

The display this week is simply superb, and pays a high tribute to American ingenuity, no matter what point of view you take it from. Elegant Christmas Gifts can be selected from this great department, ranging in price from 10c to \$40.00 each.

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If so, make her happy with a nice Silver Tea Set, a Carving Set in case, a chaffing Dish or Five O'clock Tea Set, a beautiful Lamp for the table or any one of the thousand and one appropriate gifts which a vast stock like ours suggests.

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