

Dapple's Mistress.

"STOP, DAPPLE. We must look to this."

The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farm house; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accochee came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny South, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the clauders of the Civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion, and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of a great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair.

Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion, stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch tugged back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes were there, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond.

The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow, with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled—a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty.

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man servant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the house and then ride for Dr. Webster to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her flossy, raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry; there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned upon the brave

helpful young arm, and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in her clear, silver notes, "come here!"

In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood again looking at the gentle creature and then threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty, Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you! Goodby Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a most of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently, "will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he obtain.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself in a wretched predicament and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Swiss steeples.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters, and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the

A Story of the Civil War

trees, he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And, pray, Captain Rutherford, whenever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple, Dapple," he called, "come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.

Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a bounding gallop, and in like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you," she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple, you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

Jonas Long's Sows

Monday

News

Great Sale of Women's Tailor-made Suits

Beginning Today on the Third Floor.

Over one hundred Tailor-Made Suits in all this season's styles, and every one of them of the newest and finest spring fabrics

Women's and Misses' Eton Suits at \$6.75

Made from Melton and Homespun Cloths, blue, tan, medium and dark grey and black, new l'Aiglon collar, trimmed with three rows of satin, skirt trimmed to match jacket, full flounce, percaline lining. Every suit in this purchase made and finished by expert workmen, and not an every-day occurrence to see such a value priced at this price..... **\$6.75**

Tailor-Made Suits at \$10.00 and \$12.50

Values unusually low-priced for this season of year.

Our \$10.00 Tailor-Made Suits

Is made from basket weave cloth. Jacket nicely made in Eton style, two rows of narrow satin bands, in scroll designs, Roman silk lining, skirt trimmed like jacket, with deep graduated flounce, lined with good quality near silk. An offering that will not be wise on your part to miss, providing you're in the market for a suit of this kind.

\$10-Bill Will Buy One.

Our \$12.50 Tailor-Made Suits

This suit is made from blind pebble chevot, double-breasted style, several rows of stitching, jacket lined with taffeta silk, skirt lined with near silk, graduated flounce, a perfect fitting garment, considered good value at \$15.00. Our price this week..... **\$12.50**

For **\$3.90** a Broadcloth Eton Jacket, blue, black and castor, made in splendid manner, trimmed with satin bands and a value well worth \$5.00. This week buy them at..... **\$3.90**

Dress Goods

Worthy materials in this season's staple and novelty Dress Goods at one-third less than regular prices. **For today only**

One lot of Novelty Dress Goods, a large and varied selection in plaids and staple colors, 27 inches wide and usually sold for 18c. Today buy it at, **11c**

Satin Figured Bourbons, in this season's colors, 36 inches wide. This fabric is well known for its peculiar weave and construction of figures in the cloth. Regular price 25 cents per yard. Monday buy it at..... **21c**

Melrose Cloth, 38 inches wide, all shades, regularly sold for 40c a yard. Monday buy it at, **32c**

Granite Cloth, in all shades, secures its name from the style of weave, a fabric noted for its wearing qualities, 46 in. wide, usual price 39c. Today buy it at, **29c**

Foulard Silks, 55c kind at 40c—24-inch Foulard Silk, pretty patterns, small figured designs, ground colors in staple shades. Monday.... **40c**

Special Prices in Domestic Goods Today.

RUSHING WORK OF CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 1.)

cries: "Kill, kill the foreigners! Down with the foreigners!"

It Meant Massacre.

Then the Chinese government ordered us to leave Peking and to go to Ts'in. To go was to go outside of the gates to be massacred. The Chinese girls who had been carefully nurtured and guarded by Christian missionaries were called together, to be sent out to find refuge for themselves. They knelt and consecrated themselves to God, and were about to leave when the command came to go into the British legation and take the Chinese with them."

A description of the siege followed. Mrs. Gamewell said:

"The order was that when the church bell tolled we were to gather in the centre of the legation and meet our end together. We fought fire, dug countermines and did all we could do. Then we saw God's hand. When we were almost exhausted, in fighting the conflagration which would soon have destroyed us, the wind changed and burned the hiding places of the Chinese riflemen."

"About 40,000 sand bags were made. That was a lot of bags," interpolated Mrs. Gamewell. "We used beautiful upholstering material which the legation ladies had thought too expensive for their parlor furniture. These were made up to hold earth. Rare silks, embroideries and draperies were employed. We never dreamed that anybody in America would object to our making bags of anything we could find. We would have bought the material if there had been anybody to sell, but the shopkeepers had run away, and we never thought that Mark Twain or anybody else would have called it looting. We found rice and wheat this way. It was tribute wheat brought to the Chinese government. We were to be destroyed by the Chinese, and we were glad to use the Chinese food."

Way They Existed.

"A Presbyterian missionary did the milking. He did not long digest the ground wheat, but he was an American and Americans will try to do anything. A Congregational minister undertook to make bread. He didn't know how, but he was an American, too. It was sour, that bread, some and half-baked, but it wasn't worse than the meat which was horse and mule. We didn't eat it because we liked it, but for conscience's sake, that we could keep strong, for everybody wanted to help somebody else."

"But there came a time when some of us could no longer digest the coarse food, and we would have done anything to get eggs. But the eggs came as providentially as everything else seemed to come, for someone outside the lines sent them up in a basket."

Her description of the relief by the miller was vividly fitted. The climax was when she saw the United States army wagon under the Stars and Stripes, which had never been hauled down through the siege.

Saturday night was devoted to the anniversary of the Preachers' Aid society. It is always an interesting occasion, for the sorrow of the sick and the aged appeal to the normal heart, and the spectacle of falling powers is very evident at a conference where supernumerated ministers are more or less in attendance.

Dr. L. L. Sprague presided, and Rev. Dr. Tuckley offered prayer. Hon. A. E. Decker read the report of Hon. William Connell, who was absent. It follows:

PREACHERS' AID SOCIETY.

Account of William Connell, treasurer, for the year ending April 16, 1902:

RECEIVED.

Balance from last year.....\$1,670 95

Mortgages paid.....1,300 00

Subscription note..... 12 00
Additions to the fund from conference treasury..... 12 00
Collections at conference.....\$1,280 00
Gift of Mrs. M. B. Weber..... 10 95
Gift of Dr. Samphier..... 1,000 00
Interest..... 36 91

PAID.

Traveling auditors.....\$1 50
Trustees' meeting..... 7 97
Postage..... 1 69

Distribution, Oct., 1901, 70 beneficiaries, 1,200 00
Annuity, 6 per cent on \$200..... 10 00
Annuity, 6 per cent on \$1,000..... 50 00
Invested in first mortgage..... 1,200 00
Balance in bank..... 4,218 57

Total fund.....\$12,755 68

Dr. L. L. Sprague introduced Dr. J. H. Bickford, as the speaker of the evening saying that he had raised between \$800 and \$900 for this fund in the past year, more than had been previously secured from his church in Wilkes-Barre by \$300. Dr. Bickford gave a strong address in favor of the society. He is a man of great ability and possesses gifts of eloquence and oratory.

A Call to Preach.

Dr. Bickford emphasized the fact that Methodists believe in a call to preach. The minister goes not merely to preach the word but on the streets in the shops, in the home, to speak to aged and the young to bring the alabaster box of comfort to the sick room, to be at the bedside of the dying. More than all that, he is to be the wise and patient and constant adviser of the seeker, when his time comes to look toward the lamb of God.

When you look for some one to lead a movement whom do you select? The politician cannot do it, for he wants to be elected to office. Nine times out of ten it is the Methodist minister who does it. The biggest thing a Methodist minister can do is to preach. He can run shows and have magic lanterns and all other tomfoolery, but the best thing he can do is to preach.

It is an easy thing to stand where no body dare hit back and give it to them. A coward can do that. A mean scolding little cur can do that. It will take a preacher all the day to preach. When God doesn't get a man's money he doesn't get the man and when he doesn't get the man the other fellow gets him.

"How is he paid? He takes what is left when all other claims are paid, sometimes it is skipped. What about the mechanic, the day laborer, the maid-of-all-work. How long would you keep your maid if you didn't pay her. What a howl there would be if a great factory skipped a pay day? Yet the man who makes the order of a community possible—what about him? You'll not run your town, you'll not have real estate at its value if you take the churches out."

Salaries Compared.

"The pay of a fire boss in a valley mine is about one-third more than the average minister. Hasn't it cost the minister as much to learn his business as it has the fire boss? And yet there are deficiencies in the minister's salary. He is the lowest paid, too. He cannot engage in any other business. He must not dabble in stocks. I haven't heard of a Methodist conference where there is a strike and there never will be one. Talk about saying you can't save anything from nothing. He can't dress in blue jeans. They wouldn't let him into the pulpit. Then the degrees cost him something. (Applause.) In the largest number of charges the minister and his family gives the largest sum in his church, to missions."

The Love Feast.

More than the sermon of a great bishop, more than the thought of appointments, more than the dread of a weary, burdensome life, the conference love feast on Sunday means to a Methodist preacher and a Methodist family. This morning's love feast meant even more than the one of last year,

or the year before, to most people who were there. The old and the young crowded into the church and sat on the steps and lined the aisles. More than four people were on their feet at once, telling of their hope of salvation. A wave of emotion swept over the great congregation, as one after another of the veterans arose to tell of their experience. Rev. Thomas Harroon presided. Dr. Bickford offered prayer.

At the conclusion of the love feast, Bishop Merrill announced the first hymn, and read the Scripture lessons. The choir sang an anthem. The collection was announced by Rev. A. W. Cooper as being for the immediate needs of the supernumerated. He offered prayer, and the bishop began the address of the morning. He spoke from Eph. 4:4: "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."

It was a doctrinal sermon in a way, a sort of running commentary on the beliefs and rites of Christianity. The strongest emphasis was laid on the unity of the church, not in the outward rites, forms, sacraments and authority. The oneness is in the belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The church members are essentials, not essentials. If we belong to Christ, we belong to the church. Our relation to the church is determined by our relation to Christ. Ecclesiastical forms, institutions and ceremonies are subordinate to the idea of Christ, who is the only head of the church. The Holy Spirit, which animates and inhabits and gives life and energy to the church. This is the test of vital union, whether we have the Spirit.

But One Authority.

We are all called with the hope of one calling. Whatever name or language, we all expect to listen for the word. There is but one dominion, one rule, one authority, that of the Lord Jesus Christ. The best question to ask is not "What shall I believe?" but "Whom shall I believe?" What is the difference if the Holy Spirit dwells in the heart of a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian or Catholic, if there is one faith in our Lord Jesus Christ?

There is one baptism. The idea of baptism has disturbed many people, for it has been of divers kinds since before Christ or the apostles' immersion, pouring, sprinkling—under water face upward, under water face downward, three immersions, and other forms have been employed. The apostle says there is one baptism. I think that neither the Lord nor the apostles found any shadow of trouble about the forms, whether it was headforemost or head backward. If the method had been essential, some explicit description would have been given. There is nothing more absurd than to call baptism christening and using it as giving a name to a child. There is no authority for the word christening in this sense. It may do for a steambath, but that is used as an imitation or abuse of Christ's ordinance. You want your child baptized, not christened. There are only two sacraments for which there is authority. They are baptism and the Lord's Supper—one in commemoration of Christ's sacrifice, the other the sanctification, purification of the Holy Spirit.

The ablations of the old dispensation all pointed to the blood-shedding of the Lamb of God. Baptism is the one ordinance that covers the entire life. There is but one baptism. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is commemorative. "As oft as ye do it, do it in remembrance of me."

The Ordination.

The afternoon session was devoted to ordination of deacons and elders by the bishop and presiding elders. Those ordained deacons were: A. R. Burke, G. S. Connell, W. H. Crawford, William H. Horton, E. N. Kline, C. L. Lewis, M. H. Roe, A. H. Whittaker, S. L. Whitman. The elders ordained were: Walter S. Adams, Ernst Colwell, N. A. Darling, David Evans, Delos H. Gilder, Frank Games, Floyd Leach and Ward Watrous. Dr. Sprague presided over the evening Twentieth Century services. O. P.

Severson offered prayer. Dr. Raymond, of Wesleyan, gave a great address, and Dr. L. M. Mills, of Syracuse followed regarding the annual movement. Church debts have been paid to the amount of seven and a half millions by thank offering. Last year the Woman's Foreign Missionary society raised \$401,000, and the Home Missionary society \$186,000. There are \$4,000,000 yet to raise of the \$20,000,000 fund, with eight months yet unallotted time.

Six Methodist ministers' boys have pledged one-sixth of the \$16,000,000 raised. Dr. Mills urged attendance at Christian schools. The secular spirit in college may prove the ruin of young people.

Dr. Sweet will probably be the presiding elder of the Binghamton district. Dr. Tuckley will then go to Oneonta. Appointments will probably be read late tomorrow night.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

Hon. and Mrs. A. J. Decker entertained at a dinner on Thursday night, when among the guests were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Moore, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dale and Mrs. Penman, of Scranton.

DR. BUTLER INSTALLED AS COLUMBIA'S HEAD

President Roosevelt and Governor Odell Attend Exercises—President Patton's Remarks.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

New York, April 20.—In the presence of the president of the United States and of an academic company such as has seldom before gathered together in this country, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler was yesterday afternoon formally installed as president of Columbia university, to succeed Seth Low, who resigned to become mayor of this city.

The occasion was pointed out as unique in many respects. It was remarkable from the fact that it was one of the few occasions in the history of the county upon which the president of the nation has been the guest of honor and listener for nearly three hours to speechmaking, while he himself was not called upon to utter a word. President Roosevelt manifested his thorough enjoyment of the exercises, however, by his applause, his attention, his laughter, and upon one occasion, his very decided gesture of delight.

It was while President Patton, of Princeton, was speaking, and the Princeton man, with apparent unconsciousness, said that the mission of the university of today was to insist upon the "more strenuous life." President Roosevelt looked conscious. There was a slight titer in the audience, and this gradually grew into loud applause. The president then laughed, bowed his head and changed his position. It was one of the incidents of a day full of notable ones.

The occasion was unique in the fact that it marked the coming together upon the platform of a university of the president of the United States, the governor of this state, and the mayor of this city—and all of them former students of that institution. President Roosevelt is a graduate of Harvard, but he studied law at Columbia. It was the first time, also, since the first year of Washington's administration that a president of the United States has paid an official visit to Columbia university.

The scene of the installation exercises was the gymnasium of the university, which had been entirely refitted and decorated for the event. The gymnasium is a semi-circular building, back of the diameter of which is a deep stage. The stage was arranged to hold several hundred persons, while in the auditorium there was room for some 1,500. Every chair was reserved, and the restrictions were so thoroughly en-

forced that there were only a few persons standing during the progress of the exercises.

The decorations everywhere were blue and white—the colors of the university. The stage had but few adornments. The chair in which President Butler sat was once the library chair of Benjamin Franklin. It was placed upon a low dais, while to the right was a leather chair for President Roosevelt, and to the left a chair for the president of the university trustees.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

Many Exert a Potent Influence on University Life.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

London, April 20.—The Speaker devotes a long article to the probable effect of the Rhodes scholarships on Oxford university. It thinks it safe to ignore the influence of the Germans and colonial, saying the former will naturally gravitate toward a Teutonic clique but it will be too small to materially affect the traditions of Oxford. The colonials, of whom there are many already at Oxford, show no tendency to impress themselves on the life of the college. It is through the American invasion that the Speaker anticipates the greatest changes. The writer of the article remarks:

"There are now two distinct classes of Americans at Oxford. One is the sons of rich men affected by a more or less acute form of Anglomaniac, who are often more English than the English themselves. These may also be ignored, for they will not want to participate in the Rhodes scheme. The second class consists of sons of English-born parents who have settled in America, but who wish to maintain English traditions, and the Rhodes scheme will go to Americans of this class. I have never heard of any pure-bred American coming either to Oxford or Cambridge. The result, however, will be the same, for whatever their fathers may be, the Americans who are sons of English parents are as American as anybody, and are not likely to forget their nationality when they find themselves at Oxford."

Arguing on these premises, the writer concludes that 100 young American stu-

dents, "glorifying in their nationality," will become a potent factor in impressing their personality on the staid old university with the result that an organized American society, college yell, chess buttons and the young American spirit will sharply accentuate the existing differences between Oxford and Cambridge.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT HERE.

Chancellor von Buelow Lauds American Press.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Berlin, April 20.—The imperial chancellor, Von Buelow, in thanking the correspondent of the New York Staats-Zeitung for a list of the newspapers represented at the banquet given in New York by the Staats-Zeitung to the press of the United States in honor of Prince Henry, referred to the great development of the press in the United States and to its extensive participation in the arrangements made to honor Prince Henry.

The great "beer treats" of the New York brewers to the crew of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern had unpleasant consequences for several of the deck officers. They saved seven kegs of beer intending to present them to their friends at home. But the custom house officers at Kiel seized these kegs and compelled the officers to pay 270 marks (\$87.50) in duties and penalties. The custom officers sold the beer at auction.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

From Andrew Carnegie's "The Empire of Business."

There is no great fortune to come from sales, however high, and the business man pursues fortune, if he be wise he puts all his eggs in one basket, and then watches that basket. If he is a merchant in coffee, he attends to coffee; if a merchant in sugar, he attends to sugar and lets coffee alone, and only mixes them when he drinks his coffee with sugar in it. If he mine coal and sell it, he attends to the black diamonds; if he own and sails ships, he attends to shipping, and he ceases to insure his ships just as soon as he has surplus capital and can stand the loss of one without imperiling solvency; if he manufactures steel, he sticks to steel, and severely lets copper alone; if he mine ironstone, he sticks to that, and avoids every other kind of mining, silver and gold-mining especially. This is because a man can thoroughly mas-

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ter only one business, and only an able man can do this. I have never yet met the man who fully understood two different kinds of business; you cannot find him any sooner than you can find a man who speaks in two languages equally and does not invariably think only in one.