

The Somerset Herald.  
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# The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XLII. NO. 15. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2148

### 25 MILES OF VETERANS

In the Huge Grand Army Parade—the Biggest Thing of the Kind.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Eighty thousand veterans in line, besides 250 other organizations, such as bands and so on, a line 25 miles in length, time eight hours, spectators 300,000. That is the amazing size of the grand parade of yesterday by those who look now and have had their heads together to-day in regard to this momentous matter.

It was therefore not only the greatest parade in the history of the Grand Army, but the greatest in the history of the country. Washington is proud of it, and the Grand Army boys—well, they are as proud as day that they so firmly address one of them. It seems as though Uncle Jerry Hook, who rode all through the parade yesterday, made the weather to suit for that day, but exhausted his means and permitted Jupiter Pluvius to get the better of him, so-to-day has been as disagreeably nasty as yesterday was perfectly lovely.

THE PARADE HELD BY THE RAIN.  
The turning of the little wheel within the big wheel of the Grand Army, in the shape of parades of minor organizations, was to a great extent spoiled by the rain which has pelted down constantly and chafed since nine o'clock. The parade of the Union Army, which was to have been quite an event, was a very small affair. The Pennsylvania Reserves marched nearly their full number of men towards Georgetown and then ride by car to Tenleytown, but the most of them looked as though they would just as lief give it all up were it not a matter of pride with them to make a nice showing on this particular occasion.

So all bedraggled, but with unflinching spirit and martial step, elastic almost as they were in the early days, they took up their line of march in the rain, went out to Tenleytown, as per programme, looked over their old camping ground, pored over what is left of old Fort Penn, went to "The Willows," an elegant road hotel, where many of them were, and where they could get in, they scattered to the various winds of the heavens. They looked upon the Potomac on some of the elegant steamers, which ply on that broad, beautiful river; they crowded the Departments, and all of the public buildings to suffocation; they held reunions in their quarters.

The grand building of the Capitol was thronged all day, from mid-morning to the highest balcony of the dome, where constantly in the rain could be seen the faint green and the dark umbrellas of the thousands that streamed up and down the winding stair from early morning till dark night.

Cabinet officers and officials of departments found it impossible to transact any business; they were so overrun with visitors from their respective States. Secretary Foster, of the Treasury Department, has been so delayed in attention to his official business by the showers that he has been forced to attempt the impossible by staying at his desk during the day of the Grand Army, but he might as well have abandoned his purpose, as he is interrupted every moment, and can scarcely steal time to sign his official mail. Had he a constant stream of visitors to-day, and his usual steady about town he would not have time to sign his mail.

The scene at the stations and the uptown ticket office are both grotesque and pathetic. Many of the old soldiers are there without money or ticket, and pleading for means to get home. It is said that in nearly every case of this kind the veteran has sold his ticket to get additional food with which to see the sights of the city, and therefore the railroads will be slow to respond, in reply to the demands of the war. Where the character of the war is so good, they can always get assistance from their friends, but in many other cases it is impossible to get any aid to which they are entitled. One of the impressionable ones at the Pennsylvania Station to-day was a man from Michigan, who had "lost his ticket," and was wandering in a manner that plainly showed he had been in the war. He said he was going to get out of the city. He came to the usual philanthropic conclusion that as this was the best of governments, and as the Government must take care of the old soldier, there was little danger that he would not come out all right in the end. It may safely be said, however, that hundreds, if not thousands of the inevitable "soldiers' men," will be left "in the town" for some time to come.

With Rip's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain, and with perfect ease. It cures croup, hay fever, and all kinds of the head. It is easily applied to the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Costs 50 cents.

My catarrh was very bad. For thirty years I have been troubled with it—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist advised Rip's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. It makes this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathews, (Lawyer), Patuxent, Md.

The old age we are taught to reverence never dies it dead.

## —THE— FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Somerset, Penn'a.  
CAPITAL \$50,000.  
SURPLUS \$5,000.  
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS PAYABLE ON DEMAND.  
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.  
DISCOUNTS DAILY.

## FOR DYSPESIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impure blood, such as eczema, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases.—C. Erick, 18 E. Main St., Chicago, Ill.

## FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated fireproof vault. The only safe made absolutely fireproof.

## Knepper & Ferner

Somerset County National Bank  
OF SOMERSET, PA.  
Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank.  
CAPITAL \$50,000.  
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't  
Wm. H. Koonz, Vice Pres't.  
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS:  
Wm. H. Koonz, John S. Miller, J. H. Pugh, J. H. Pugh, J. H. Pugh, J. H. Pugh.

## FANCY WORK.

Some Great Bargains in IRISH POINT LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS.  
Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored bedford cord table covers, stamped ready for working. Single Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Single Flannel Cushion Covers, Bargain Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs. Hemstitched Hot Dish Mats, Hot Napkins. A new and large line of hemstitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 90c to \$1.00.  
Stamped Hemstitched Scarfs from 35c to \$1.00.  
The very day after her return he came that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.  
"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank open manner that was sure to win a girl's favor; but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word until at last I was convinced that I knew him through; and that he was no fit husband for little Violet."  
"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care. I would, as myself, not have any more to do with the matter, and I told him to discontinue his visits.  
"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him with or without my consent.  
"Don't look at me so reproachfully Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but if I have been severely punished for my folly, you have for your cigar got out. Here are the matches.  
"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not as good as it used to be.  
"It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary, she went on. "It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself and not be influenced by any one. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again."  
"Yes, when you yield to my wishes, I answered, coldly. "You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of life. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is—"  
"As it is—what then? Oh! uncle, and she slipped from her chair and knelt and she on the rug at my feet, "pray—pray for your old self again. You were never angry with me before, and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn

## THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, when God's Acre lies,  
Go singing 'twas and fro, singing their ballads;  
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are closed in sleep;  
As they sleep among the beds wherein the flowers delight to grow:  
"Sleep, oh sleep!  
The shepherd gazeth his sheep:  
Fain would he catch the gleaming eye;  
Sleep, weary one, while ye may—  
Sleep, oh sleep!  
The dawn within duff's acre sees that fair and soft  
And hear the angels' singing to the sleepers through the night;  
And, as they sleep the hours of day these grand  
The music of the angels in that tender slumber song:  
"Sleep, oh sleep!  
The shepherd gazeth his sheep:  
He that gazeth his sheep's head  
Hath led them to his fold at least—  
Sleep ye now and take your rest—  
Sleep, oh sleep!"  
From angel and from dove the years have passed  
That that soul sleep:  
So, through all time, while sleep the Shepherd's  
God's Ancestry in the grace of that sweet melody:  
"Sleep, oh sleep!  
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Fain would he catch the gleaming eye;  
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## FOR ERUPTIONS

All disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as eczema, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases.—C. Erick, 18 E. Main St., Chicago, Ill.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth a 6 bottle.

## TROT'S MOTHER.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first, and pass the box to me. I knew you would want to hear the particulars, and I—I have been trying to get the evil moment. I'm getting an old man now, Harry, and all this shooie me a good deal at the time.  
"Come here, Trot, and sit on my knee. There, that's better. Seems odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bachelor like me pursuing a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day, aren't you, Trot? How the time flies.  
"You see, my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. She never guessed that you thought of her in that way. It might have saved her—how do you know?  
"It must be nine years since your Uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only 15 then. Don't you think I was very like her? The same large brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways.  
"She came to me one morning soon after you started for Cuba, with a letter in her hand.  
"Look here uncle, she said kneeling beside me, and holding the note which I could read: 'It's from the folks and they invite me to go and stay with them at Venmor. May I accept?'  
"Do you want to go, Violet?" I asked.  
"Of course I do," she answered, laughing. "We are so quiet here at home, and this would be such a delightful change. Please let me, Uncle, I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything!  
"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made my life quite a different matter; but it seemed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the heart to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home.  
"The very day after her return he came that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.  
"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank open manner that was sure to win a girl's favor; but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word until at last I was convinced that I knew him through; and that he was no fit husband for little Violet."  
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## The Drunken Hog on Record.

An Erie county paper tells a story of a farmer who fed his swine a lot of will in which a bottle of laudanum had been carelessly thrown, and how the swine had slept for days thereafter. This is the product of Butler soil and its truthfulness is vouched for. The matron of a family, whom we will call Smith, packed four gallons of grapes in sugar in an earthen jar and stored them away for winter use. Some time after the jar was examined, but the grapes had fermented and were unfit for use. The grapes were taken out and thrown into the hog trough. Now, there was one hog about the premises that undertook to eat the whole mess. The act was all the more disgraceful because of the sex of the hog. Those who know that a wine drunk lasts two or three days. This swine was drunk exactly three days. It was the drunken hog, two or four fettered, ever seen in that vicinity. The first day she slept and all the powers that be could not awake her. The second she sneezed, long and vociferously. The earth trembled, apparently, and the heavens reverberated. It was an excellent illustration of the term "hog-drunk." The morning came up until the morning of the third day when the hog sobered up enough to walk about the yard, the saddest ever looking porker imaginable. It is sufficient to say that the domestic animal about the house fed that hog no more grapes.—Butler Herald.

## The Chief was on to Him.

The well-dressed young fellow with a diamond scarf-pin insisted on seeing the Chief personally. No ordinary detective would do him. His business was the first importance and he persevered until he stood in the presence of the head of the force.  
"Well, sir, what can we do for you?"  
The Chief was very busy and the young fellow's deliberation irritated him.  
"You will favor me by being quick."  
The youth looked mysterious, drew a chair slowly to the desk and placed his lips close to the ear of the official.  
"Not so loud," he hoarsely whispered. An expression of mingled astonishment and disgust swept across the Chief's face.  
"What do you want?"  
"I want to surrender myself."  
The young fellow stared very hard. He seemed to think he had made a sensational announcement.  
"Well?"  
"I say, I want to surrender myself."  
The Chief polished his glasses and thought, and his steen look softened a trifle.  
"What have you done?" he inquired, calmly scrutinizing his visitor.  
The fellow with the diamond scarf-pin carelessly crossed his legs, directed his glances through the window and laughed in a knowing way.  
"That's for you to find out," he loftily retorted.  
"We've something else to do. Good day."  
The young man's face fell noticeably.  
"Do you mean to say that I ain't wanted for anything?"  
The Chief shook his head.  
"And you have no directions to arrest a man of my description?"  
"No."  
"Better look on your books and be sure. This is an important matter."  
The Chief looked thoughtful.  
"And you don't want me?"  
"No."  
"I can't surrender myself?"  
"Not at the present showing."  
There was nothing left about his air now. In a very subdued, quiet way he pondered.  
"Miser!"  
An amused smile lighted up the Chief's countenance.  
"I guess you're onto me?"  
"The Chief nodded."  
"You know I haven't done anything to be arrested for?"  
"Of course I know it."  
He rose slowly, buttoned his coat and sighed.  
"It was a great scheme if it had only worked."  
The officer lost his patience.  
"What do you mean?" he demanded.  
"I've a good mind to arrest you as a vag."  
"No, no; not that, not that. Arrest me for burglary or murder, but not as a vag. I am trying to get popular with the young ladies of the flower section. You would greatly assist me by locking me up for something terrible, but as a vag? No, no, that would spoil it all."  
In terror the young man with the diamond scarf-pin fled the place.—Detroit Tribune.

## Wise Words.

The way to get good is to do good. Fridge me your neighbor's shame. Love speaks the mother tongue to everybody. Praise and doubt are never found together in any heart. Do less growling brother, and perhaps you will do more growing. Darkness cannot put out a light. All it can do is to make it brighter. The best time to keep away from some people is when you are in trouble. The time when a woman has no mercy is when she gets a mouse in a trap. The man who has no business of his own to attend always goes to bed tired. Wearing wigs and dyeing whiskers never deceives anybody but the people who do it. There are some people who think the miser never amounts to much except when they play first fiddle. Everybody's children were as good as their neighbors think they ought to be, the sun would never set. It is a great thing for a man to have a thought, but it is a greater thing for the thought to have the man. If you cannot give a good reason for what you are doing, that is a good reason why you should not do it. It is a pretty sure sign that we have fallings ourselves when we are much given to calling attention to the fallings of others.

## Circus Coming Mary.

The head of the family lingered over his coffee. Clearly, something lay heavy on his mind. Now and then he darted a quick look at the partner of his joys and sorrows across the table and coughed lightly only to turn his gaze again into his cup. At length he spoke.  
"Circus coming, Mary."  
He sought to create the impression that he was voicing a casual reflection. The demure lady across the table nodded affirmatively.  
"It was a good circus, I think."  
He was playing with his fork absently. It was several minutes before he had anything further to say.  
"I guess," he observed with an air which was only a fair imitation of the off-hand, "that nothing is more instructive than a good circus."  
The domestic goddess might have noticed a shadow setting upon the face of the matron. No word fell from her lips however.  
"Especially for children."  
He was folding his napkin carefully.  
"I suppose," he sighed, stimulating retort, "that I'll have to go with our children."  
"William."  
The partner of his joys and sorrows threw large quantities of antonishment, chagrin and reproach into a single word.  
"After such a strict religious training as you have had," she exclaimed.  
As he rose from the table he sighed in earnest. Standing irresolutely by the window he stared at the landscape, half in sadness, half in shame.  
"William."  
Her voice was somewhat softer than before.  
"William—"  
She came and trustfully twined her arms about his neck.  
"I think—"  
She kissed his forehead fondly.  
"It will need but a few days to take the children to the circus."  
He strained her to his breast and their souls united in a community of purpose.  
Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.  
A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prickly Heat, Scabies, Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.  
Eight thousand five hundred red, 6,000 yellow, 4,300 blue, 1,800 green and 800 white incensement electric light bulbs are on hand. They are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder, Denver, vicinity.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the World for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder, Denver, vicinity.

## A Cure for Paralysis.

Frank Cornelius, of Purel, Ind. Ter. says: "I induced Mr. Pinson, whose wife had paralysis in the face, to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great surprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn to one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a certain cure for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale.

## Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Balm. It has let you weak and weary, use Electric Balm. It cures directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, rousing them from torpidity and gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, or you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Balm. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

## Strength and Health.

The balance sheet of the French telegraph for 1891 shows gross receipts amounting to 2,237,000, the length of line then in use in the country being 1,200 miles, and the number of subscribers 15,191, to which total Paris contributes no less than 9,265.

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## INDIA SILKS.

All New Patterns and Colorings. Also, Figured Plush, Waban Netting, and many other goods. We take pains to keep up a fine line of goods. Trunks, Valises, Feathers, Cork Shavings, or anything you may need.

## GENUINE India Silks

A large collection of fine ones 23 inches wide.  
Send if you want any. It's just as much to your interest to buy as ours to sell, when there is a chance to get such handsome PRINTED INDIA SILKS—stylish patterns and color combinations—at these prices.  
More people are buying PLAIN FINE SOLID BLACK INDIA SILKS—people that are not in mourning than ever before, not only for street and house, but for traveling dresses.

## Wabban Netting.

40 inches wide, 50 cents per yard. In Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow. THE NEW "THIRD" Netting. Made of the finest material. Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of fine netting, from 10c to 50c.

## HORNE & WARD.

41 FIFTH AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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## 25 CENTS.

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We take pains to keep up a fine line of goods. Trunks, Valises, Feathers, Cork Shavings, or anything you may need.

## FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impure blood, such as eczema, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases.—C. Erick, 18 E. Main St., Chicago, Ill.

## FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated fireproof vault. The only safe made absolutely fireproof.

## Knepper & Ferner

Somerset County National Bank  
OF SOMERSET, PA.  
Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank.  
CAPITAL \$50,000.  
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't  
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## FANCY WORK.

Some Great Bargains in IRISH POINT LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS.  
Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored bedford cord table covers, stamped ready for working. Single Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Single Flannel Cushion Covers, Bargain Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs. Hemstitched Hot Dish Mats, Hot Napkins. A new and large line of hemstitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 90c to \$1.00.  
Stamped Hemstitched Scarfs from 35c to \$1.00.  
The very day after her return he came that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.  
"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank open manner that was sure to win a girl's favor; but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word until at last I was convinced that I knew him through; and that he was no fit husband for little Violet."  
"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care. I would, as myself, not have any more to do with the matter, and I told him to discontinue his visits.  
"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him with or without my consent.  
"Don't look at me so reproachfully Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but if I have been severely punished for my folly, you have for your cigar got out. Here are the matches.  
"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not as good as it used to be.  
"It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary, she went on. "It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself and not be influenced by any one. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again."  
"Yes, when you yield to my wishes, I answered, coldly. "You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of life. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is—"  
"As it is—what then? Oh! uncle, and she slipped from her chair and knelt and she on the rug at my feet, "pray—pray for your old self again. You were never angry with me before, and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn

## INDIA SILKS.

All New Patterns and Colorings. Also, Figured Plush, Waban Netting, and many other goods. We take pains to keep up a fine line of goods. Trunks, Valises, Feathers, Cork Shavings, or anything you may need.

## GENUINE India Silks

A large collection of fine ones 23 inches wide.  
Send if you want any. It's just as much to your interest to buy as ours to sell, when there is a chance to get such handsome PRINTED INDIA SILKS—stylish patterns and color combinations—at these prices.  
More people are buying PLAIN FINE SOLID BLACK INDIA SILKS—people that are not in mourning than ever before, not only for street and house, but for traveling dresses.

## Wabban Netting.

40 inches wide, 50 cents per yard. In Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow. THE NEW "THIRD" Netting. Made of the finest material. Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of fine netting, from 10c to 50c.

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