

- Bell's - REMARKABLE Holiday Offers!

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Two Wonderful Special Offers that will make it easy for any man to treat himself to a Suit or Overcoat for a Christmas Gift.

\$10.00 for Choice.
Men's fine double-breasted Cheviot and Cassimer Suits, solid colors and mixtures, regular price \$12, now \$10.
Men's fine black Dress Suits in sack and cutaways, regular price \$12, now \$10.
Men's strictly all-wool Business Suit, the latest pattern, now \$10.



\$10.00 for Choice.
Men's celebrated Gans robe twilled Melton and Kersey Overcoats, regular price \$12.50, now \$10.00. Men's all-wool Ulsters in green, black, blue and steel colors, regular price \$12, now \$10. Men's real Shetland and Irish Fleece Storm Overcoats, finest linings, regular price \$15, now \$10.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Two surprising bargains which should induce every mother of a boy to make a bee line for BELL'S.

\$2.00 for Choice.

Buy good quality double-breasted suits in new, dark designs for \$2.
Boys' elegant and fashionable feebler suits with broad collar for \$2.
Long cut double-breasted overcoats with deep cape for \$2.50.



\$5.00 for Choice.

850 B. Seelig & Co. celebrated novelty suits in every newest style and finest materials, now \$5.
Boys' famous Shetland ulsters, latest long English cut, now \$5.
Young men's fine and durable Metlin and Kersey overcoats, all shades, now \$5.

CLOSED!
World's Fair Exhibition at Chicago.
OPEN!
Our Great Shirt Exhibition. One dollar each. No fare or hotel bills here, at BELL'S.

HATS!
If you hatn't any hat, and you hat to buy a hat, hatn't you better buy a hat from us, **THE ONLY HATTER.**
—BELL'S.

TIES! TIES! TIES!
Tied or Untied, 50c. at

BELL'S.

A HARVARD-YALE AFFAIR.

She wears an Eton jacket and a shirt Front stiffly starched, And russet Bluchers neatly tied above Her instep arched; A sailor hat, with Harvard ribbon tied About the crown, Set jauntily upon her curls of fluffy Golden brown.
And I wear neat tan Bluchers, though My instep's not so swell; I have a blue serge jacket, and a Stiff starched shirt, as well; Upon my tangled, curly thatch, a hat With Yale's blue band, And our complexions are alike, except That I'm more tanned.
She says that she's my chum, and looks At me in feigned surprise When I suggest that she prefers "that Harvard man's brown eyes."
He's six feet four, a great athlete Of Harvard's famous crew. I had the Yale first honors, but I'm only five feet two.
—Merritt Keene in New York Sun.

THE CHEMISTRY OF TODAY.

How the Art of the Early Ages Has Developed into a Science.

Chemistry as an art dates back from the very dawn of civilization itself. As a science it is barely a couple of centuries old. To the alchemist its pursuit was in the main but the pursuit of wealth. Now and again we find men among them like Thomas Aquinas, Basil Valentine, Libavius and Glauber, who were impelled by a higher motive than the love of gold to seek for the hidden meaning of things, but the mystical tendencies of the middle ages were as scales to their eyes, and such devious groping for the light as they were able to make too frequently ended in utter darkness.
Even in the therapeutic crudities of Paracelsus, who was sufficiently sincere in his profession as a thaumaturgist to affirm that magic was the culminating point of all human knowledge, what there was of science was summed up in the aphorism, which in fact passed as an axiom among his disciples: Man is a chemical compound. His ailments are due to some alteration in his composition and can only be cured by the influence of other chemical compounds. It may be questioned indeed whether modern therapeutics has advanced much beyond this position.

In strict truth, it is only within the present century that men have seriously set themselves to search for the causes and conditions of chemical change. Phlogistonism, it is true, had in it the semblance of a philosophical doctrine, but it was founded on an utterly false basis, and ultimately fell and was crushed by the weight of its own absurdities.
The recognition of the real nature of combustion, itself a manifestation of chemical union, paved the way toward a clearer conception of the essential nature of chemical combination, and this conception acquired a beauty, order and harmony until then unknown to chemical teaching by the application of the atomic hypothesis as an explanation of the fundamental facts of chemical affinity. Indeed it has become a truism to say that this conception, the fruit of patient and sustained induction, is to chemistry what the theory of universal gravitation is to astronomy.

For the first time in its history chemistry was illumined and vivified by a single consistent theory, founded on quantitative relations and making use of definite mathematical expression, and it was at length recognized that the science must ultimately be referred to mathematical laws similar to those which had been established in regard to the mechanical properties of matter.—Fortnightly Review.

A Brave Soldier.

A hundred years ago the unfortunate people who came into the hands of the surgeons, generally soldiers or sailors who had been hurt in action, were forced to undergo the operations necessary to the prolongation of life without taking ether or chloroform, as is now administered to make the patient unconscious, and so free from pain attendant upon the operation. To secure quiet, often the subject had to be bound by ropes, so that much as he might desire to wince he was utterly unable to do so.
Occasionally patients would show remarkable fortitude at the crisis of their troubles, but none ever showed more than a soldier who, on the morning after the battle of Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781, was brought into the hospital, having been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast preparatory to the operation.
"Never!" protested the soldier. "You may tear my heart from my breast, but you shall not bind me. Can you get me a fiddle?"
His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said, "So, doctor, now you can begin." And he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted 40 minutes, without uttering a single false note or disturbing his features in the slightest.—Harper's Young People.

Anonymous.

Waiter—Excuse me, gentlemen, but there is a lady outside who says that her husband is here, and that he promised to come home early this evening.
All of the Guests (jumping up)—Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me a minute.—Flegende Blatter.

"I consider the American young man a splendid institution. He is easier in his manners than the Englishman and more chivalric," says Miss Annesley Knealy, the English judge of awards in hygiene at the fair.

THE COLORS OF THE EARTH.

How They Affect the Light That Our Planet Gives to the Moon.

The wonderful difference between the same landscape in winter and in summer is a phenomenon familiar to all dwellers in the temperate zones. The two great elements of change are the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon, the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those upon its surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be called the countenance of the planet. It is not the highest forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen which covers their faces.

The cliffs rise between 1,700 and 2,000 feet straight from the water's edge, and being composed of gray granite their aspect would be entirely different from what it is but for the presence of the lichen.

Coming to less magnificent, but not less beautiful scenes, the rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone National park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls, and the indescribable hues of the great hot spring terraces arise mainly from the presence of minute plants flourishing in the water that overflows them.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. Many have thought that the red color of Mars may be due to the existence of red instead of green vegetation there.

That its broad expanses of forest and prairie land cause the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected over-spreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Basque Is a Lonely Tongue Still.

The question, Who are the Basques? that mysterious people who give their name to the bay of Biscay, is always cropping up, and Professor von der Gabelentz has recently endeavored to show that the Basque language belongs to the African Berber family of speech—for example, the Kabyle and Tareg. His evidence, however, only amounts to a few culture words being identical in the Basque and Berber languages and certain analogies in the laws of phonetic change. Moreover, he assumes that the Basques and Iberians were the same people.

But, as Canon Isaac Taylor points out, the Iberian tongue, according to our highest authorities, was different from the Basque, and the French Basques are a different race from the Spanish Basques, who are a feeble people of the Iberian type. If we assume that the Basques conquered the Iberians, we can account for the resemblances noticed by Professor von der Gabelentz, because the Iberians of Berber origin in acquiring the language of their conquerors would retain their own phonetic tendency and also some culture words in both languages. As Canon Taylor remarks, we may still believe that the Basque language is allied to the Ural-Altaic type.—London Globe.

The Danger of Matches.

We wonder how our ancestors managed to get along at all before the invention of matches; they are so indispensably handy that we keep them in every room in the house; the "men folks" carry them in their pockets, leave them hanging in their "other clothes" in a dozen closets in all portions of the house; we have a handful resting within reach while we sleep, they are dropped here and there as we attempt to handle them; if it is tight and we readily see them, they are picked up, otherwise they are left till a more convenient season—which generally does not come, simply because they are forgotten, being "only a match"—we can get plenty more for a halfpenny, and time is too valuable to be wasted over so insignificant a trifle.

Yet this "insignificant trifle" possesses the latent power to destroy the finest mansion, and with it lives of sweetness and beauty which the word can poorly afford to spare. The cause of the conflagration may not always be revealed, for the fire demon frequently covers or destroys his tracks most effectually. But how often is it apparent that only a simple match—that insignificant trifle—could have wrought the ruin!—Family Doctor.

He Showed Them.

Professor Macovius was often annoyed at the conduct of a wealthy student who was extremely vain. One day the latter wore a pair of richly embroidered stockings, with low shoes to set them off to better advantage. As he walked into the lecture room he protruded his foot so as to attract the professor's attention.
"What a remarkable stocking!" the professor exclaimed. "Let me look at it."
The student raised his foot, and the professor grasped it as if it had been somebody's hand.
"See here, gentlemen!" he said aloud, and led the student, who was compelled to hop about on one foot, right through the room.—Familien-Kalender.

BONAPARTE IN EXILE.

The Famous General's Trip to St. Helena and How He Behaved.

At 6 p. m. dinner was announced, when we all sat down in apparent good spirits, and our actions declared our appetites fully equal to those spirits. General Bonaparte ate of most dishes on the table, using his fingers instead of a fork, seeming to prefer the rich dishes to the plainly dressed food and not even tasting vegetables. Claret was his beverage, which he drank out of a tumbler, keeping the bottle before him.
He conversed the whole of dinner time, confining his conversation principally to the admiral, with whom he talked over the whole of the Russian campaign and attributed the failure of it in the first instance to the burning of Moscow, in the next to the frost setting in much sooner than was expected. He said he meant only to have refreshed his troops for four or five days, and then to have pushed on for St. Petersburg, but finding all his plans frustrated by the burning of Moscow, and his army likely to perish, he hurried back to Paris, setting out with a chosen bodyguard, one-half of which were frozen to death the first night.

He said nothing could be more horrible than the retreat from Moscow, and indeed the whole of the Russian campaign; that for several days together it appeared to him as if he were marching through a sea of fire, owing to the constant succession of villages in flames, which arose in every direction as far as the eye could reach. He said the burning of these villages as well as of Moscow was attributed to his troops, but that it was invariably done by the natives.

After dinner he did not drink wine, but he took a glass of noyau after his coffee, previous to rising from the table. After dinner he walked the deck, conversing principally with the admiral, to whom he said, during this conversation, that previous to his going to Elba he had made preparations for having a navy of a hundred sail of the line; that he had established a conscription for the navy, and that the Toulon fleet was entirely manned and brought forward by people of his description; that he had ordered them positively to get under way and maneuver every day the weather would permit, and to occasionally exchange long shots with our ships; that this had been remonstrated against by those about him, and it had cost him much money to repair the accidents which occurred from the want of maritime knowledge, such as ships getting foul of each other, splitting their sails, springing their masts, etc., but he found this tended to improve the crews, and he determined to persevere in his plan.

After walking for some time he proposed a round game at cards, in compliance with which the admiral, Sir George Bingham, Captain Ross and myself assembled with General Bonaparte and his followers in the after cabin, where we played at ving-tun (sic), which was the game chosen by the ex-emperor, till nearly 11 o'clock, when we all retired to our beds.—Century.

Animal Fertilizers.

A dead animal of any kind, fish, fowl or beast, buried near the roots of a fruit or other tree, will cause a wonderful growth. The animal substance does not pass into the vegetable, but being a natural and a powerful generator of electricity increases the current that passes from the atmosphere to the earth, and thereby a larger quantity of support is drawn from the atmosphere. You can grow a good crop of potatoes on a brick pavement if moisture is retained and the potato vines are connected with moist earth by copper wires.

Commercial fertilizers do not enrich the soil—do not add anything to it that is of value. The object sought in these fertilizers is to put the soil into a condition that will enable it to conduct electricity. The electrical current passes into the vegetable through its leaves, carrying with it the gross matter that goes to build up the vegetable cells, and after that matter is deposited in the vegetable the electric current must have a conductor through which to pass to the earth.

Wornout soils are poor conductors, and the acids used in the commercial fertilizers, which are little more than acids and sand, pulverize the dead soil and even it for a short time.—Foster's Weather Bureau.

Governor Turney's Detail.

Before Tennessee had seceded Peter Turney had organized a brigade and gone to the front. Once, while in winter quarters with a Georgia brigade, a religious revival broke out among the soldiers. After a few days Turney asked how things were progressing and was informed that 12 Georgians had been converted.
"And how many Tennesseans?" inquired the governor.
"Not one," was the reply.
"What, 12 Georgians and not a Tennessean? Never shall it be said, if I am able to prevent it, that Georgia has excelled Tennessee. Detail 18 men immediately for baptism."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Compromise.

Dr. Smith—You take three of these pills every day and give up smoking entirely for two weeks.
Johnny Smoker—Well, doctor, would it not amount to the same thing if I were to take six pills a day and give up smoking for only one week?—Texas Sittings.

A SAILOR BOY'S FORTUNE.

From Beggary in California to a Song Competence in England.

Thomas Stone, an 18-year-old English sailor, who has been living a hand to mouth existence in Oakland for several months, has fallen heir to the estate of his father, valued at over £33,000.

It was an early hour on a stormy morning last March when a bedraggled and wornout young man applied at the home of Michael Rigney, 215 Seventh street, for a meal. He told a straightforward story about deserting his ship in the bay the day before and said he had slept under the Eighth street bridge all night. Mr. Rigney took compassion on the desolate sailor and supplied him with food and warm clothing. As Stone proved willing to work and there was a good deal of labor to be performed about the place, Mr. Rigney permitted him to remain, and since then he has made the Rigney home his headquarters.

During his leisure hours Stone spent his time instructing a young son of the Rigney in the trade of boat building. In a lot adjoining the house he established a miniature shipyard, with cradle, blocks and ways, and there he built a full size steam launch, which lacks nothing but an engine to make it complete. The tale the stranger told was about as follows: Five years ago he was a schoolboy in England and had a penchant for reading tales of adventure. His reading made him so long for travel that he ran away and went to sea. When he came home, his father took him to Liverpool and bound him over to a sea captain for a voyage to and from Australia. He was signed for two years, but long before the voyage had been finished the boy's dreams had been dispelled, and he had determined to desert. When the vessel reached San Francisco on the homeward voyage, he accordingly got ashore and staid there. He was penniless, hence his application for charity at the home of the Rigney.

During the voyage from England to Australia the sailor's father died, leaving him a fortune of more than £33,000. But the news to this effect came only very recently.
Young Stone wrote from Oakland to his father several times, but received no response, so when Walter Seawell, an Oakland contractor, left for a visit to England a few months ago, he was commissioned by the young man to hunt up his father and see why he failed to respond to the communications addressed to him. Mr. Seawell found that the elder Stone was dead and notified the son of this fact and of the further fact that he was no longer poor. The news has since been confirmed by the British consul of San Francisco, who advanced young Stone the necessary coin to enable him to return to his English home.—San Francisco Examiner.

They Never Will.

A woman stood at the corner of Baker and Twelfth streets and waved her parasol for the car to stop.
The driver nodded his head.
She waved a parasol in one hand and a shopping bag in the other.
The driver nodded and pointed and stopped the car on the other side of the street.

She came limping over the pavement with snapping eyes and flushed face, and as she put her foot on the lower step she exclaimed:
"Are you all blind and deaf on this car?"

The conductor rang two bells and made no answer, and when she had taken a seat inside a passenger asked:
"Why didn't you explain that she was on the wrong side of the street for the car coming down?"

"My dear man, it would have been breath thrown away," he replied.
"That woman lives around here and has been riding on this line for five years. I've explained and explained, and so has every other conductor, but what good has it done? Not one woman in 20 will ever get it through her head that a car can't stop in the center of a crossing and block a street, and so we must put up with her 'sass' and look for our relief beyond the stars."—Detroit Free Press.

Oak Wood.

The oak is a historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day, their pristine beauty enhanced by the subduing finger of time. The early colonists brought with them to the shores of America their love for this wood, and here, too, the oak acquired historical interests.

A Family Peculiarity.

"Literature certainly runs in the Greensmith family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print; the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes novels that nobody will read."
"And what does the father write?"
"Oh, he writes checks that nobody will cash."—Press and Printer.

Waterproof Bricks.

It is stated that ordinary bricks boiled in tar for about 12 hours, or until they are saturated with it, are increased about 30 per cent in weight, are much harder than common ones, and unaffected by frosts and acids as well as perfectly waterproof. They form an excellent flooring for workshops or storerooms, particularly in chemical establishments.—Chicago Herald.