

- Bell's - REMARKABLE SPECIAL 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.

<p>\$10.00 FOR CHOICE</p> <p>Men's fine double-breasted Cheviot and Cassimer Suits, solid colors and mixtures, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's fine black Dress Suits in sack and cutaways, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's strictly all-wool Business Suit, the latest pattern, now \$10.</p>		<p>\$10.00 FOR CHOICE</p> <p>Men's celebrated Cans robe twilled Melton and Kersey Overcoats, regular price is \$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 Freeze Storm Overcoats, finest linings, regular price \$15, now 10.00.</p>
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BOYS' CLOTHING.

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

<p>\$2.00 for Choice.</p> <p>Buy good quality double-breasted suits in new, dark designs for \$2.</p> <p>Boys' elegant and fashionable feebler suits with broad collar for \$2.</p> <p>Long cut double-breasted overcoats with deep cape for \$2.50.</p>		<p>\$5.00 for Choice.</p> <p>350 B. Seelig & Co. celebrated novelty suits in every newest style and finest materials, now \$5.</p> <p>Boy's famous Shetland ulsters, latest long English cut, now \$5.</p> <p>Young men's fine and durable Metlin and Kersey overcoats, all shades, now \$5.</p>
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World's Fair Exhibition at Chicago.

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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.

MRS. BENT'S TRAVELS.

The Accompanies Her Husband In His Explorations—An Abyssinian Adventure.

The woman traveler is becoming every year less of a novelty. Recently Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent, a pair of indefatigable English "globe trotters," started for south Arabia to continue the explorations they have been making in various countries. They began their work in 1884 by digging along the shores of Greece. The next year they went through the 22 Cyclades isles and carried a good many objects back to the British museum. During her first visit to Greece Mrs. Bent was unacquainted with the language, and the people pronounced her nice, very nice, but dumb. Three years later she revisited them, and, much to their surprise, conversed fluently. In 1886 they visited Thasos, an Egyptian island, and the next year sailed along the coast of Lycia. In 1889, wishing to go still farther afield, they started for Bahrein, on the Persian gulf, thence going across Persia and over the Caucasus, attended by a special escort from the shah.

On all these expeditions Mrs. Bent "roughed it" like the rest. A tent was her only shelter, and she slept in a hammock. The scarcity of water was the greatest privation, for in some places the supply had to be so carefully husbanded that baths were an impossible luxury, and even tea was sometimes impracticable.

The most dangerous expedition made by Mr. and Mrs. Bent was to Mashonaland. They started in January, 1891, reached the ruins of Zimbabwe in June and retraced their steps through a pathless country via Beira, reaching England in January, 1893. They immediately returned to Abyssinia, where the natives became so fond of them that they would not allow them to leave. This was an uncomfortable sort of popularity, and after the travelers had been twice defeated in attempts to get away the situation became decidedly unpleasant.

Hearing that troops were pouring in and that there was a prospect of serious fighting, Mr. Bent said that they must make a strong effort to escape. Mrs. Bent is an ardent photographer and was at the time engaged in developing some negatives she had made of the Abyssinian women around her. She finished her photographs first, and then, watching for a favorable opportunity, the little party mounted mules, and assisted by an Italian officer and 400 soldiers who had been sent to rescue them managed to escape from their devoted Abyssinian friends.

Mrs. Bent brought away the negatives she had persisted in finishing, and these show the costume of an Abyssinian woman to consist of two garments—a pair of trousers fitting tightly around the ankles, and a long, loose overdress lavishly worked round the neck and down the tapering sleeves, which are so tiny at the ends that one can hardly imagine how a woman's hand could get through the cuffs.—New York Sun.

Achilles and the Tortoise.

There is one paradox which upon its face appears to be very easy of solution, but which, after careful study, does not pan out so well. The story was first told upon a gentleman named Achilles, who was rather prominent in early political times, and who had a reputation as an all round athlete. He could run, and run fast at that. One day he started to catch a tortoise, which was as slow in those days as he is today. Achilles was some distance behind the tortoise and set out to capture it. Achilles went twice as fast as the slow old tortoise and gained constantly, but he never caught it. No matter what progress Achilles made, the tortoise went ahead just half as far. By this time the distance between the two, had they lived to this day, would have been infinitesimal, but yet if Achilles and the tortoise ran with the proper mathematical precision there would still be an interval between the two.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Von Moltke's Predicament.

Von Moltke once went to Lindau, as he thought, incognito. He ordered a room on the ground floor in the Bayerische Hof and went to bed early, but forgot to draw his blinds down. When he was just going to sleep, he heard music drawing near. He had been recognized, after all, and was going to be serenaded again. The difficulty was how to get dressed without being seen. He dared not strike a light. But presently the glare of torches lit up his room, and the curious crowd stood close to the windows, their noses pressed against the panes. In spite of that, he felt that he must rise, so he got up and dressed. But as he put on each piece of his apparel the feat was greeted with loud and prolonged applause.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Princess Marie of Greece.

Princess Marie of Greece is the princess whose name has been so frequently mentioned of late as a bride for the Russian czarowitz. She is 16 years of age, belongs to the same religion as the czarowitz and might make him a good wife were it not for the fact that she happens to be his first cousin, her father King George, being brother of the czarina. And there is nothing which the canons of the Greek church more strictly prohibit than matrimonial unions between first cousins. The young princess is round faced and plump of figure, not particularly pretty, but having the vivacity and fresh coloring of early girlhood.—Exchange.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Calculated to Cause One-seventh of the Total Human Mortality.

Dr. Anderson, the medical officer of health of Dundee, delivered an interesting address recently, with a view of quickening public interest on the important topic of tuberculosis. After referring to the history of our knowledge of the specific germ and of the manner of its propagation, he mentioned the fact that tuberculosis had been calculated to cause one-seventh of the total mortality of the human race. It was remarkable that, notwithstanding this important fact, little practical interest had been taken in the matter by the State, local authorities or individuals.

An assumed theory of its unavoidable nature seemed to lie at the root of this baneful fatalism. Dr. Anderson maintained that all tubercle bacilli were derived from predecessors of the same character, and pointed out the facility with which this bacillus adhered to moist surfaces and propagated itself under insanitary conditions such as prevailed in the overcrowded houses of the poor.

He also mentioned the opinion, held by bacteriologists, that the expired breath of those suffering from the disease was comparatively innocuous, while their sputum swarmed with bacilli and on evaporation and desiccation was apt to become a fruitful source of infection. Hence the paramount necessity for a systematic destruction of the sputum, disinfection of apartments occupied by those suffering from tuberculosis, and disinfection or destruction of articles of clothing likely to retain the germ.

Referring to the large mortality from tubercle disease, Dr. Anderson mentioned, as an instance of public apathy in the matter of its prevention, the fact that very few people applied for disinfection of material after death from this cause in comparison with the number of those who took such precautions in the case of the various fevers. Passing to the subject of the disease in cattle, he pointed out the large mortality among these animals from this cause, and also the relation of milk supply to infant mortality from tuberculosis.

The proportion of deaths from this cause in children under 5 years of age in Dundee was found to be 1 in 11. All these facts pointed to the necessity for the householder to safeguard his own interests. Dr. Anderson concluded his instructive address by mentioning in detail the preventive and disinfectant measures necessary to secure the highest possible immunity from the scourge.—Lancet.

Mixing the Fees.

An amusing incident has just come to light anent the recent marriage of a prominent young railroad man to an up town belle. As is usual on such occasions, the arrangements, including the financial end of the transaction in hearts, were left to the best man, himself a well known club man and a cricketer of local repute. The story that is now going the rounds, and which is creating considerable merriment, deals wholly with the part played by the latter young man. By some unaccountable contretemps the youth in question delivered to the organist the magnificent sum of \$50, while the shock headed youngster who supplied the wind for the instrument was gladdened by the gift of \$10.

When it came to the clergyman, however, the lavish expenditure previously made had so depleted the nuptial funds that on \$3 remained. With unblushing effrontery and perfect sang froid the best man tendered the two plunks to the dominie, whose feelings can better be imagined than described.

The organist says the wedding was the most brilliant of the season, while the shock headed boy who supplied the wind characterizes it as "hot stuff." It would be interesting to know what the clergyman who tied the knot thinks about it.—Philadelphia Record.

Genevieve's Pronunciation.

An Englishman who has been visiting in Chicago says it is very amusing to listen to the American ridicule of Englishmen for pronouncing Cholmondeley "Chumley," Beauchamp "Beecham," etc. "In England," he declares, "you will find, as a rule, that people pronounce Massachusetts 'Ma-satch-assettes.' Absurd? Of course it is, but how are you going to tell? The rule by which it is pronounced 'Massachusetts' is purely arbitrary. The most curious of all your mispronunciations are perhaps the adopted French names. How in the name of the eternal fitness of things do you get 'Soo Saint Mary' out of Sault Ste. Marie? 'Terry Hut' for Terre Haute is just a little worse. It is unaccountable, too, how you came to call 'Prairie du Chien' 'Prairie doo Sheen.' Of course you have a right to arrange your own pronunciation, but give us the excuse that our names are 10 or 15 centuries old and have had opportunity to grow naturally corrupted in the lapse of time."—Chicago Standard.

Two Kinds of Marital Cruelty.

Mrs. Maria Cook Ehlers has begun a suit for separation from John Ehlers, a wealthy liquor dealer of 284 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn. The couple were married 16 months ago. Mr. Ehlers was a widower and twice as old as his bride. Mrs. Ehlers says that she was threatened with death. She says her husband forced her to visit the graves of his first two wives.—New York Press.

THE HOLY OFFICE.

Functions of the Congregation of the Inquisition in the Eternal City.

There are two different tribunals at Rome to which is intrusted the judgment of books, pamphlets, articles and other writings referred to them as liable to a charge of endangering faith and morals. One of these is the congregation of the holy office or inquisition, and the other is the congregation of the index. The very name of the former of these will cause a thrill of horror in the minds of those whose knowledge of the inquisition is derived from the calculations and exaggerations that have been heaped upon it by its enemies.

It is not my business to defend it in my present paper. I would only remind the reader that it is most unfair to impute to the Roman inquisition the cruelty and injustice of the Spanish tribunal, against which the popes again and again protested. The Spanish inquisition is now happily defunct, and the Roman congregation of the inquisition alone survives. It is a permanent committee chosen from the cardinal body and holds its meetings always within the precincts of the Holy City. It was instituted in the year 1542 by Paul III, by the constitution beginning with the words, "Licet ab initio," and had for its chief object to arrest the progress of the doctrines of Luther.

The congregation of the holy office, or inquisition, holds the first place among Roman congregations. Its members are some dozen cardinals, more or less, selected by the pope on account of their knowledge of theology and canon law and their skill and energy in the transaction of ecclesiastical business. It has jurisdiction over a field of greater importance than any other tribunal whatsoever, for it has intrusted to it the guardianship of the purity of faith and morals throughout the Christian world.

Alone of all the Roman courts it has for its official president the pope himself, although in point of fact his multitudinous duties rarely permit of his presence at its meetings, and his place is taken by one of the cardinals chosen by him, who has to report to the holy father the same evening all that takes place during its session.

Besides the cardinal who acts as president, there is a secretary, who is usually the senior cardinal present; a commissary, whose business it is to decide upon questions shall be referred to the consultors for their opinion, and who is always a Dominican; a promoter fiscal, or public prosecutor, who conducts the case, and an advocatus reorum or counsel for the defendant, who seeks to clear the suspected writings of the charge of false doctrine.

In addition to the cardinals who compose the tribunal there is attached to it, as I have said, a number of consultors, and of these a certain number are selected, under the name of qualificators, for what is the most difficult and delicate part of the work intrusted to them. The consultors include the most celebrated of the Roman theologians, secular and regular.—Nineteenth Century.

Found Her Daughter in Tights.

An indignant mother who saw her 18-year-old daughter clad in gorgeous tights practicing a somersault has notified the police of a peculiar state of things. She says not only her daughter but a number of other girls of that age have been engaged to form a theatrical combination. These gamsels, it appears, meet for rehearsals in barns and are under the instruction of a couple of men. They intend to make a tour of the small towns of the state. All wear tights, it seems, and this one girl's mamma was shocked at her daughter's appearance. The police are looking for the men who are training the tender maidens to feed at home in the skirlless costume.—Reading (Pa.) Dispatch.

And Mephisto Smiled.

Some years ago, when Irving was playing "Faust" at the Lyceum, in the part of Mephistopheles, he descended through a trapdoor in a cloud of flame. While doing so the trap jammed for some reason, and a voice from the "gods" immediately called out: "Hurray, boys! Hell's full! There's no room for us!" Mephisto was forced to smile.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Athens of the South.

And now comes the Memphis Commercial proclaiming that Memphis is the "Athens of the south." It is a little late in filling its claim, but we trust that it will be duly considered. There is not a city or town in the whole southern country, scarcely a village or hamlet, that can boast of a high school, an academy, a college or a university, a reading club or a literary society, that does not boast of being the "Athens of the south." Meanwhile Knoxville continues to be the "Athens of the south."—Knoxville Tribune.

Paderewski's Endurance.

M. Paderewski, the night before a recital in London, practiced all night, or, at least, until 3:30 a. m. The morning after the recital, he went to Cheltenham, where he played the same afternoon before a densely packed audience. He exhibited no fatigue.—New York Sun.

A Vegetarian.

"I thought you were a vegetarian, and still you are eating roast mutton!"
"Yes, but I am only an indirect vegetarian—that is to say, I only eat the flesh of such animals as live on vegetable diet."—Relief Journal.

BELIEVERS IN WITCHCRAFT.

Residents of an Ohio Village Hold Mr. Culp Guilty For Mysterious Doings.

The residents of Hart's Corners, a farming community 10 miles east of this city, are agog over the doings of a witch. Several days ago a young farmer named Howard Hughes dug a well upon a small hill, and when he had got to what he believed to be a sufficient depth, much to his surprise, no water appeared. He cogitated upon the matter, and being a firm believer in witches and hobgoblins concluded that some person had cast a spell upon his land.

Within the limits of this city lives a Dr. Hoff, an octogenarian, who deals in herbs and claims supernatural powers. To this strange old man Hughes repaired and hired him to go down to his place and locate the trouble. Hoff went with him, and building a fire threw some of his powders into it, and while the fire burned consulted the spirits through a powwow performance. He told Hughes that the absence of water in his well was due to a neighbor named Culp, who was a wizard, with a poisonous breath and an evil eye, and that the well would remain dry until he (Culp) was dead. Since the old witch doctor revealed this startling information the Hughes and a dozen other families who believe in witchcraft have ceased all intercourse with Culp and avoid him as they would the evil one.

The affair has caused such a stir that the matter resolved itself into a special meeting held in the Methodist church of the village, to which all these people belong. The Rev. J. E. Hollister of this city, the pastor of the church, presided and called upon Hughes and his followers to disavow witchcraft and treat Culp as a brother or leave the church. This they refused to do, and a church trial will result.

Last spring Miss Sadie Loop, a member of the church, was expelled at a church trial for asserting that Culp was a wizard, and it was thought at that time that the ridiculous superstition had been stamped out.—Alliance (O.) Cor. Chicago Herald.

Artist and Amateur.

A critic, who was recently asked to define the line between artist and amateur, stated that an amateur's sketches were labored and finished up to invite favorable criticism, while the artist's sketches were broad and unfinished, suggesting much to himself only. Could not the dividing line be better defined? The amount of time spent on a sketch often depends upon opportunity. When the time is not needed elsewhere, one quite able to sketch in the boldest, most rapid style may prefer to go on and produce a picture, trusting to the inspiration of the present rather than of the future, and to vision rather than memory. If something greater is to be subsequently developed from the work, it will be no less suggestive because of its finished character.

It may not be easy to define the dividing line between artists and amateurs, but it is easy to point out a well recognized one that is identical with it—the one that is drawn between poets and mere writers of verse.—Art Amateur.

The Right Kind.

The following story, told of the late Senator Stanford, is characteristic of the man. He was always a cheerful giver, but preferred paying for work to emptying his purse. One day he found a dilapidated cab on the avenue, with a half clad man upon the seat. "Why are you standing here in the cold?" "I spects it's 'cause I've got too shabby, sir," said the man. "Do you believe that horse could carry me to the capitol?" inquired Stanford. "Yes, sir."
"Try it, then," was the response. And all that winter the man who owned the finest horses in America jugged along behind the rusty steed. That there was a change in that poor driver's fortunes by the spring everybody knew.—Ram's Horn.

His Religion.

John Field, the pianist, was an Irishman who studied with an Italian, Clemente, and lived in Russia. He loved champagne and washed his own clothes. When he was dying, some one sent for a priest, who went to his bedside and whispered, "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" The dying man revived sufficiently to sigh out: "Neither. I am a pianist," and immediately expired.—Philadelphia Press.

The most expensive royal regalias in the world are those of the maharajah of Baroda, India. First comes a gorgeous collar containing 500 diamonds, arranged in five rows, some as large as walnuts. Top and bottom rows of emeralds of equal size relieve the luster of the diamonds.

Chief Otan, the orang-outang from the Javanese village in the Midway, has arrived at the Philadelphia zoo. Otan is used to first class Java coffee. A cup presented him from the eating station at Altoona was declined. Otan knows railroad coffee.

Borax is an excellent washing powder. The women of Belgium and Holland are noted for their snowy linen. They attain this desired result by the use of borax—a handful to 10 gallons of water.

The roast beef of old England, it appears from the report of a committee of the house of lords, is apt to be best when it is American raised.