

- 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.

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| <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.

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| <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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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.

ENGAGED.

Beside the sea I walked with her,
A maid so passing fair,
I viewed the autumn sun
That lingered in her hair.
Nod brown her cheeks, slender her hand,
Her dark eyes hazel gray.
It seemed an angel just from heaven
Did walk with me that day.
Her profile pure against the blue,
Clear like a carved gem.
Oh, never regal brow
Wore such a diadem!
The breeze caressed her sacred cheek
And fragrant with her breath
Forgot its mission to the land
And died a blissful death.
A wanton spray of golden red
That dared to kiss her hand
My keepsake is. She does not know
Ehe cannot understand.
Mine is the memory of that hour;
Mine is that setting sun—
The light that lived, the breeze that died,
The single star that shone.
Oh, gentle maiden, passing fair,
How little can you guess
The costly tribute that I pay
To your sweet loveliness!
My promise true another holds,
Beside a distant shore,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."
—Boston Transcript.

A THOUGHTFUL BRIGAND.

Tired of His Calling, He Writes a Courteous Letter to the Commandant.
Nothing could be more correct or gentlemanly than the behavior of the Corsican brigand Barthelmy Durilli in surrendering himself, as he has recently done, to the offended justice of his country. Writing from Piana to the commandant of the district, he said:
MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT—I, the undersigned, Barthelmy Durilli, brigand at Piana, have the honor to respectfully submit to you that I intend to give myself up into your custody as a prisoner to be tried at the approaching session. Pray, monsieur le commandant, let me know when I can do so and address your reply to my mother, Mme. Durilli, at Piana.
As soon as you have written to her, and she has sent me the letter, I beg you, monsieur le commandant, to be good enough to instruct your gendarmes in order that I may proceed without molestation to Ajaccio to surrender myself. I should not care to be arrested on the way by the gendarmes, and I shall take it as a favor if you will give them instructions on the subject. Please let me hear from you five or six days before the date of the session, that I may have time to make my preparations. I rely upon you. Accept, monsieur le commandant, the expression of my entire devotion.
DURILLI (BARTHELEMY),
Brigand and Landowner at Piana.
—London News.

No Waiting For a Bite There.
Mr. W. K. Reynolds, Jr., in a letter to his father from British Columbia dated Nov. 18, tells the following remarkable story:

"Was at Duncan's two nights; spent an hour at the Cowichan river each evening catching salmon by the tail and throwing them up the bank or back in the river. I suppose you will think this overdrawn, but it is a fact just the same. The river is literally swarming with them, and the water can hardly be seen for fish. The banks are covered with dead fish, and the stench is horrible. The people are complaining, but apparently nothing can be done. I caught about 40, one after the other, and got pretty wet over it. The sport is more exciting than fishing with a rod. Every little slough in the river is filled with them, places where the water is only six inches deep, but they force themselves along very fast and are fearfully strong. The average weight is about 10 pounds, but there are many heavier and few lighter."—Halifax Acadian Recorder.

James Stanley a Widow.
Another of the strange stories for which the English chancery court is remarkable is astonishing everybody to-day. The Widow Cullener had a life interest in her husband's estate, terminating on her remarriage. It is alleged that she married a certain James Stanley in 1865. The answer is that the widow is Stanley. She has lived as a man for the past 28 years and carried on business as a plumber. She went through a marriage ceremony in 1866 with another woman named Newland, and they lived as man and wife till 1885. The case is still on trial.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Doesn't Know His Own Mother.
George C. Hunter of Oakland has lost his memory completely. He is alive and well, but can recall nothing of his past life. He does not remember his wife or his mother. Though he has a good education, he has forgotten how to read or write. Young Hunter was working on a locomotive in the railroad roundhouse when an iron plug was blown from a steam pipe and struck him on the head, fracturing the skull.—San Francisco Examiner.

Wyoming Elk in England.
An interesting attempt is being made to acclimatize the Wyoming elk in this country. Sir Peter Walker acquired 20 head while on a tour in the United States, and the animals have arrived safely, after a journey of 2,600 miles across America and the voyage from New York. They have now been deposited in Sir Peter's park at Osmeaton.—London Tit-Bits.

He Heard Pa Tell Me.
"Your hair isn't wet," said little Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who was calling.
"No, of course not. What makes you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised.
"I heard pa tell me that you couldn't keep your head above water."—London Tit-Bits.

THE LIBERTY CAP.

Its Origin and Significance and Those Who Have Worn It.

The liberty cap, that bag shaped headgear so often seen on the head of the Goddess of Liberty, and which surmounts the national colors on nearly all of our silver coins, owes its origin to the Roman empire, where it was given to slaves as a sign of their manumission. The principal significance of the liberty cap to the American mind is not, however, its Roman origin, but rather its use as the official cap of the successive doges of republican Venice—that "model of the most stable government ever framed by man." In the doge's palace at Venice there is a gallery full of portraits of the men who ruled the republic for 700 years, and the conspicuous place occupied by the liberty cap in these portraits shows its importance as a national symbol of freedom.

It rather heightens the significance of this ancient symbol in the minds of good Americans when it is remembered that the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa humbled himself before a wearer of the liberty cap, and that Andrea Dandolo wore it on the fourth crusade and at the conquest of Constantinople. It occupied a place in the forefront of the advancing hosts that in the early part of the fifteenth century swept the Dalmatian towns and conquered the entire coast from the estuary of the Po to the island of Corfu.

While Columbus was discovering America the wearers of the liberty cap were acquiring Zante and Cyprus, and when the first half of the half starved settlements on the Massachusetts coast were battling for existence the republic from which we borrowed our liberty cap, having successfully resisted a league of all the kings of Christendom, was at the zenith of its glory.

The liberty cap is not as conspicuous in our national signs and symbols as it was in those of the rulers of the Adriatic, yet in a modest way it immortalizes the greatest republic of early times.—Philadelphia Press.

Fight With a Leopard.

A striking illustration of British courage and dogged persistence was given by an officer in India, named Apher, in a fight with a leopard. He was going round a rock, following the beast, which he had wounded, when the leopard, meeting the hunter, dashed at him. Apher jumped one side and fired. The shot only staggered the leopard. The man started to run, but before he could turn round the beast was almost upon him.

He struck the animal with the gun as it was in the act of striking him and so warded off the blow from his head. But the beast's claws of one paw cut his right cheek, and the other paw knocked the gun out of the officer's hands.
With all his strength the man dashed his right hand into the beast's mouth and with the left grasped him around the throat. The leopard caught him near the elbow and bit through the forearm. Exerting all his strength, Apher threw the leopard into a rift between the rocks and on its back. With his knee on its chest, one hand in its mouth, the other grasping its throat, he held the struggling animal. His native boy came up with a double barreled gun.

"Put it in the leopard's mouth and fire," said Apher.
The boy obeyed, pulled both triggers and killed the beast, fortunately without hitting the hand. The dogged officer's left hand and arm were much injured; every finger of the right hand was lacerated, the hand bitten through and the forearm torn in five places.—Youth's Companion.

How the Gorilla Walks.

The usual pictures of the gorilla do not represent him as I have seen him. He has not only a crouching habit, but he walks on all four of his legs and has the motion of most quadrupeds, using his right arm and left leg at the same time, and alternates with the left arm and right leg. It is not exactly a walk or a trot, but a kind of ambling gait, while the chimpanzee uses his arms as crutches, but lifts one foot from the ground a little in advance of the other. They do not place the palm of the hand on the ground, but use the back of the fingers from the second joint and at times the one I have described above seemed to touch only the back of the nails, but this was when she was scarcely moving at all. I am now preparing to photograph some of them, and I think I can give a more reliable picture of this animal than I have ever seen heretofore.—McClure's Magazine.

Devotion to Principles.

Old Mrs. Geewillkens reads in a New York paper a short account of a ballet, but as her eyesight is poor makes a mistake.

"Land sakes, Josiah, the good times have come, and women are votin in New York. This paper says the cast of the ballet was very fine, and a large number of girls took part and were good at the figures. The paper says some of 'em, it is sure, were grandmothers, though they was spry. That's devotion to principles, Josiah, even grandmothers comin forward on the stage of duty and usin the ballet. I wish I was there."—Princeton Tiger.

A western geologist states after careful observation that rich beds of gold, copper, coal, cement, marble, aluminum and silicate clay abound in large quantities in Wyoming.

FOOTBALL IN MALAY.

A Game That Might Give Our Own Players a Few Pointers.

Among the Malays football has been in existence from time immemorial, but it is with them essentially a game, as, for instance, battledoor and shuttlecock is with us, and it is not a contest. The football is rather smaller than that used at Eton and is made of wicker work. Those who join in the game arrange themselves in a wide circle and kick the ball from one to another with the inside, or, at times, with the flat of the foot. The object of the players is to keep the ball passing about without its ever touching the ground or the hand of any one. Great dexterity is shown in this performance, and the ball is usually kicked to a very respectable height. There seems to be no penalty exacted from a player who may kick the ball badly or fail to kick it at all.

We had our own game of football, and the Dutchmen, assisted by two members of our team, scored two goals to our four. During the game the natives collected in still greater numbers, and at its termination they begged us to allow them to have a game among themselves. To this we assented, and two of us acted as captains of the sides, numbering about 30 players apiece, most of whom stripped to the "arong," and wrapped it round their loins, leaving the rest of their bodies bare.

The ball was started, and then followed one of the most extraordinary games of football that has ever been seen. The game soon ceased to be a game at all and became a veritable battle.

As when a sort of lusty shepherd try Their force at football, care of victory Makes them snipe so rudely, breast to breast, That their encounter seemed too rough for jest.

Hands, arms and even teeth, were used on all sides, blood flowed freely, and scattered about the field were soon to be seen the wounded, I might almost say, the slain. As some fell exhausted to the ground they were removed, and their places in the fray were taken by others, who rushed forth eagerly from the crowd of spectators.

Shouts of victory and groans of defeat rent the air, and at length things became so serious that the two captains were obliged to seize upon the ball and bolt with it to the pavilion. The game thus came to an end, and the players withdrew to their homes, with the excited crowd following at their heels. This must have been regarded as a red letter day by the native community of Medan, and the visit of the "Orange Puteh" (Englishmen) will be remembered among them for some time to come. We received a hint next morning from the authorities that the natives must not be allowed to take part in our games.—Fortnightly Review.

To Benefit Barmaids.

A movement is on foot in England, fostered by a group of noble ladies interested in the subject, to protect barmaids as to their hours of labor. It is estimated that there are 130,000 young women in London in licensed houses who work from 15 to 18 hours a day on weekdays and from seven to nine hours on Sundays, with one Sunday off in each month. Surely when so much is said about an eight hour day for men these young women ought not to be forgotten. They find a haven of rest in their brief intervals of leisure at the Morley rooms, established by the late Mr. Samuel Morley and now under the superintendence of Miss C. M. Gough. Here barmaids out of work can stay, paying a very small sum for board and lodging. But the social part of the work is the most valuable. Barmaids are brought into contact with ladies of education and refinement. The rooms are used for reading, writing, music, conversation, rest and advice, and books are lent from an excellent library.—London Truth.

Surprised Her Court.

At her birthday soiree recently the German empress displayed an accomplishment that no one knew she possessed. Among those honored by an invitation from her majesty were the piano teacher of the crown prince, Herr Esner, and his wife. Frau Esner is a Norwegian, and as soon as the empress discovered this she spoke Norwegian, to the great delight of Frau Esner and to the surprise of her other guests.

He Was a Senator.

Senator Allen of Nebraska is a big, burly man who looks like a prosperous dealer in live stock. Shortly after his arrival in Washington he was stopped at the door of the senate chamber by a new doorkeeper, who informed him that no one save senators was allowed on the floor. Mr. Allen smiled sadly, waved his hand and said: "Very well, sonny, I'm a senator. I don't look it, I know, but I am, just the same," and passed into the sacred precincts.—Chicago Herald.

Papa's Heathen.

Mamma—Georgie, where is the 5 cents I gave you to put in the contribution box for the heathen?
Georgie—I'm saving it for Aunt Hetty when she comes.
"Why?"
Georgie—"Cause I heard papa say, 'Is that old heathen coming here again?'"—Washington Star.

Kwitte Kweert.

How are you going to spell quail without a q, or question, or quiz, or quit, or quoth, or quote, etc.?—Dayton Journal.
Kwall, kwestion, kwiz, kwit, kwoth, kwote.—Toledo Bee.

ANACREONTIC.

I'd be the fruit on yonder vine
That bends its luscious purple tips
To tempt that liquid eye of thine
And melt upon thy rosy lips.
Or, better still, some favored rose
By thee beloved, by these caressed,
That I might on thy breast repose
An hour and die; but, oh, how blest!
—Donohoe's Magazine.

Pulverized Cork.

Considerable use is now being made of the newly introduced French article to which the name of subrine has been given. The substance consists of pulverized cork of different degrees of fineness, known as impalpable, fine, medium and coarse, the pulverization being effected by very simple means, such as a horizontal grindstone. Among these the medium powders have for some time been employed in the French navy and by various navigation companies for painting the sheet iron and partitions of the insides of vessels. The effect of such coatings is said to be considerably diminish the conductivity of the sheet iron and the vibrations so unpleasant which are produced as soon as the sea becomes a little rough. Another use for these cork powders is in the preparation of a substance called lie-gine, which consists of the powder mixed with fine plaster in the proportion of about 10 per cent. This lie-gine composition is turned out in all shapes and sizes and is stated to be specially useful as a protection alike from heat or cold, or for partitions, roofs, lofts, ceilings and coatings of all descriptions; also as packing for boilers, ice-houses, conservatories, coverings for wagons, steam pipes, and similar uses—in short, for the large number of cases where it is desirable to maintain an equal temperature.—New York Sun.

Butler Took the Case.

"I had an important law case on," said a Wakefield gentleman. "I knew no one could win that case for me but Ben Butler. He was in Washington at the time. I went to Washington, and after hard scrambling for two days got an audience with him. He said he wouldn't take my case for \$1,000 a day. He had more work on his hands now than he could attend to, and he went about his work right then.

"General," I said, "I was born in the same town with you."
"He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected that I could see.

"Do you remember little Miss —?" And you remember the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took the notes."

"And I am the boy who sent them," said the general. He held out his hand. "I guess I'll take your case, after all," he said, and he did and won it."—Boston Globe.

Dream Warning of Death.

There is a family well known in literary circles in New York of which one member, an old lady, has had 12 or 13 repetitions of a dream that she was carrying a child a long and weary distance up hills and over rough paths. Whenever the dream occurs, some member of the family dies shortly afterward. It is not connected with previous knowledge of ill health, for in one of these instances the death has been that of a person supposed to be perfectly healthy, sitting at his study table at work, and carried off quickly by a stroke of apoplexy. The last instance of this dream was just before the death of a well known newspaper man in this city last winter.—Chicago Post.

The Latest in Advertisements.

"Wanted, with a view to matrimony, a young lady to match a bonnet trimmed with green, which I won the other day in a raffle for charitable purposes. Address under the heading: Lebensgluck (life's happiness), the office of this paper. Lady cyclist preferred."—Pfullendorfer Anzeiger.

They All Saw It Move.

Mrs. Burton, with her husband—Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler—and two ladies, had driven out of Trieste to a village dance and were sitting in the carriage listening to the band. In telling of it she said:

Suddenly, at the top of a roof, I caught sight of a rat, which appeared to me to be spellbound by the music.

"Look!" I said. "Don't move, but watch that rat, fascinated by the music."

"So we all sat and watched it, and thought it most interesting that rats should be susceptible to music like lizards and snakes.

"We all saw it move. We all saw its head turn and its tail move, and we kept still, not to frighten it away. The next day, feeling so much interested in the affair, we went to inquire about it. The rat, it turned out, was made of painted tin and fixed to the top of the house. So much for imagination.—Youth's Companion.

Diplomacy.

Hungry Higgins—I didn't git nothin to eat from the woman next door—

Mrs. Wickwire—And you will get nothing here.

"I wasn't goin to ask you for nothin, but I wanted to tell you that there woman next door I jist spoke of did say she would hand out the grub if I find out how you keep your complexion so beeyootiful. Would you mind helpin a starvin man by tellin me?"

"Er—oh—do you like sugar and cream in your coffee?"—Indianapolis Journal.