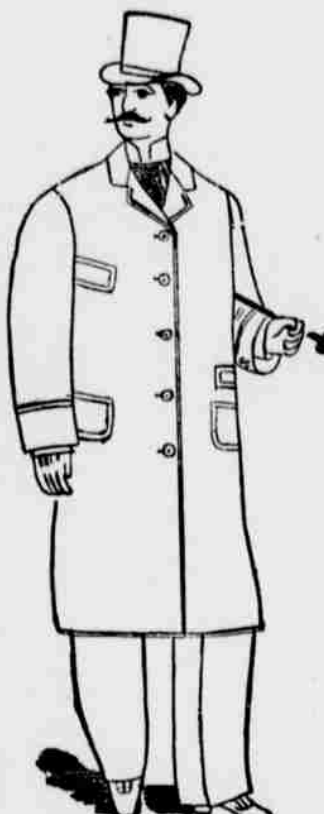


- Bell's - REMARKABLE SPECIAL OFFERS


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</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>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</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>CHOICE</p> <p>Men's celebrated Cans 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 - 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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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.

LOVE'S REMINDERS.

Shy bluebird on you maple spray,
My coming causes you surprise,
You cry aloud and fly away,
On wings that glitter as they rise;
So blue are they, so shy they clear,
Unquailed bliss their burning brings;
For now I think of one most dear,
Whose eyes are brighter than bluebird's wings.

From covert grove glides forth a thrill
Of wild birds singing lustily,
Yet while I list my thoughts will still
Seek her who is most dear to me,
For, oh, her soft and soothing voice
Sounds merrier than the leaping thrush
Of waters when spring rills rejoice—
Its music makes the linnets sing.

Upon a bourgeoned white birch broad
A squirrel gambols spry and fleet,
Until, by my rude spangle awed,
She higher mounts on hasty feet;
And as she bounds without a fall
From lower limbs to limbs above
Her agile motions well recall
The flake-light footfalls of my love.

—Maurice W. Casey in Boston Pilot.

MUST FACE DANGERS.

THUS OUR SOULS GROW AND OUR MISSIONS ARE FULFILLED.

Reflections on the Uselessness of Shallow Water Explorers—Where Should the Blame Rest For Many Failures?—The Responsibility of Paternity.

What would be thought of a ship that was launched from its docks with flourish of music and flowing wine, built to sail the roughest and deepest sea, yet manned for an unending cruise along shore? Never leaving harbor for dread of storm. Never swinging out of the land girt bay because, over the bar, the waters were deep and rough. You would say of such a ship that its captain was a coward and the company that built it were fools.

And yet these souls of ours were fashioned for bottomless soundings. There is no created thing that draws as deep as the soul of man; our life lies straight across the ocean and not along shore, but we are afraid to venture; we hang upon the coast and explore shallow lagoons or swing at anchor in idle bays. Some of us strike the keel into riches and cruise about therein, like men-of-war in a narrow river. Some of us are contented all our days to ride at anchor in the becalmed waters of selfish ease. There are guns at every port-hole of the ship we sail, but we use them for pegs to hang clothes upon or pigeonholes to stack full of idle hours. We shall never smell powder, although the magazine is stocked with holy wrath wherewith to fight the devil and his deeds. When I see a man strolling along at his ease, while under his very nose some brute is maltreating a horse, or some coward venting his ignoble wrath upon a creature more helpless than he, whether it be a child or a dog, I involuntarily think of a double-decked whaler content to fish for minnows. Their uselessness in the world is more apparent than the uselessness of a Cunnard in a park pond.

What did God give you muscle and girth and brain for if not to launch you on the high seas? Up and away with you then into the deep soundings where you belong, O belittled soul! Find the work to do for which you were fitted and do it, or else run yourself on the first convenient snag and founder.

Some great writer has said that we ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea, whereas, in fact, thousands enter the river at its mouth and sail inland, finding less and less water every day, until in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry ground.

But there are more who do not sail at all than there are of those who make the mistake of sailing up stream. There are the women who devote their lives to the petty business of pleasing worthless men. What progress do they make even inland? With sails set and brass stanchions polished to the similitude of gold, they hover a lifetime chained to a dock and decay of their own uselessness at last, like keels that are mud-slogged. It is not the most profitable thing in the world to please. Suppose it shall please the inmates of a bedlam house to see you set fire to your clothing and burn to death, or break your bones one by one upon a rack, or otherwise destroy your bodily parts that the poor lunatics might be entertained. Would it pay to be pleasing to such an audience at such a sacrifice? We were put into this world with a clean way bill for another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies, straight to the harbor of the city of gold. We are freighted with a consignment from roomage hold to keep which is bound to be delivered sooner or later at the great Master's wharf. Let us be alert, then, to recognize the seriousness of our own destinies and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Spread the sails, weigh the anchor and point the prow for the country that lies the other side of a deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made; let us make it, then, while the timber is stanch and the rudder true.

When you look at a picture and find it good or bad, as the case may be, whom do you praise or blame, the owner of the picture or the artist who painted it? When you hear a strain of music and are either lifted to heaven or cast into the other place by its harmonies or its discord, whom do you thank or curse for the benefaction or the infliction, whichever it may have proved to be, the man who wrote the score or the music dealer who sold it? You go to a restaurant and order spring chicken

which turns out to be the primeval fowl. Who is to blame, the waiter who serves it or the business man of the concern who does the marketing? And so when you encounter the bad boy, whom do you hold responsible for his badness, the boy himself or the mother who trained him? I declare, as I look about me from day to day and see the men and women who play so poor a part in life, it is not the poverty of their performance that astonishes me so much as the fact that it is as good as it is.

With the parents that many boys and girls have and the training they receive I am perfectly amazed that they ever attain to even half way respectability. Did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what an awful responsibility is laid upon you with every child given to your home? If you appreciate the risk and take the responsibility I shouldn't think you would find much time for other callings. A man who is drawing up the plans for a new house attends to his business closely and doesn't go off on many picnics or sail over seas in pursuit of pleasure while his plans are pending. A man who has entered a young horse for the Derby spends most of his time training the colt. He doesn't loaf about town or read novels or lie abed late; he is alert and on hand if he expects to win the race. Carelessness and indifference never brought a winning horse under the wire yet. —Amber in Chicago Herald.

A Smuggling Scheme.

Passing through Hudson street with a friend, I chanced to pass the establishment of a firm of "folders and repackers" of dry goods. Before the door were a hundred or more little bales of goods, bearing odd markings, but showing that they were destined for a firm in Texas, doing business in a town near the Mexican line.

"Do you know," asked my companion, "why those goods are put up in such small packages?"

Upon replying in the negative he continued: "They are to be smuggled across the Mexican line. The goods are purchased in their original packages and delivered here. The wooden boxes are discarded, and the goods subjected to hydraulic pressure and baled. Each bale contains about 30 pieces, or half the number of an ordinary dry goods case.

"The goods are then shipped to Texas, and all marks removed. When all is arranged, some night the little bales are slung across the backs of mules, two bales to each animal, and with an armed escort the train proceeds over the border to some distributing point in Mexico, where the goods are sold to Mexican traders at a good profit.

"Smuggling in this manner is quite extensively carried on between this country and Mexico, the United States getting in return for its dry goods, which are the most easily handled, cheap Mexican coffee and cigars." —New York Herald.

America's Only Frostless Belt.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angeles and the Pacific ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Cahuenga range and has an elevation of between 200 and 400 feet. In breadth it is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has of course something to do with banishing frosts. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans and other tender vegetables, and here the lemon flourishes, a tree that is peculiarly susceptible to cold. Tropical trees may be also cultivated with success, and in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favored territory has been acquired by Los Angeles for park purposes, and it is only a question of time when the city will have the unique distinction of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the midway region of the Cahuenga range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited. —New York Evening Post.

Oscar Wilde's Latest.

The way of the wit is hard. Oscar Wilde, moved by the ready appreciation of the English people, has been led to make some remarks which even his admirers are not applauding. He has been making some observations on the subject of Puritans and the theater. After devoutly hoping that he would not "be offered a bishopric," Mr. Wilde added, "I quite expect to see any day in the evening papers, 'Great Discovery in Egypt. Ten more commandments by Oscar Wilde.'" —Exchange.

Making a Sure Thing of It.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post." —Boston Home Journal.

An American humorist once said that "the only way to define a kiss is to take one." Oliver Wendell Holmes called a kiss the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—"the love labial which it takes two to speak plainly."

It is a custom among certain tribes in Siberia that when a woman is married she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands.

"It seems," said the barber, "that my whole life is to be spent getting out of one scrape into another."

TRAINING BOTH HANDS ALIKE.

No Good Reason Yet Advanced Why It Should Not Be Done.

In one of his essays in a book entitled "Brushwood," the late James T. Fields wrote: "If I were a boy again, I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened, to lame either of them the other would be all ready to write and handle things just as freely as if nothing had occurred." And undoubtedly a great many of us would learn to use both hands alike if we had our lives to live over again. Of all the young women who came under my instruction while in charge of the School of Domestic Economy of the Iowa Agricultural college, not more than one in twenty-five could sweep properly. The ratio in this respect of those who came under my instruction at Purdue university was about the same. And as far as my observation extends this ratio will hold in regard to women generally.

As a rule, women, old and young, do not know how to handle a broom. Their right hands only have been trained. Their left hands have been neglected. When a woman takes hold of a broom it is with the right hand near the top of the handle and the left hand toward the corn, and instead of changing and reversing them as occasion demands she always keeps them in the same position. Whether she sweeps to the right or to the left, the position of her hands remains unchanged. And her body is contorted and her muscles strained in the performance of an operation that would exercise these organs harmoniously, if the hands were so trained that they could be used at will and were changed as demanded by the changes in the position of the sweep.

I refer to women sweeping merely to illustrate my point. The same can be said concerning the training of the hands in numerous other branches of women's work that it is unnecessary to mention, and so far as the use of the left hand is concerned men are in no better condition than women. Men and women are in this respect maimed and handicapped alike. Why should such a state of things exist? Why, in this age of manual training, should we overlook and neglect the education of the left hand and continue to train the right hand at the expense of the left? No physician or physiologist has ever given a sensible reason for so doing, and we seem to adhere to the custom merely because it has been carried down to us by our ancestors. —Jenness Miller Monthly.

Mrs. Romney's Water Cooler.

The Colorado journalist, Mrs. Romney, has patented, among several other articles, a water cooler which does not require ice. It is a covered receptacle, of cellular brickware, manufactured of clay, sawdust and asbestos fiber. In the process the sawdust is burned out, leaving the product cellular, or porous. The receptacle, with the water to be kept cool within, stands in a tray of galvanized iron, which holds water to a depth of two or three inches. By reason of the porosity of the cooler and the force of capillary attraction, the water in the tray constantly rises through the cellular walls of the receptacle, and is constantly evaporated—thereby keeping the water inside as cool as it is usually drawn from a well or spring. —Denver Letter.

The Emperor and the Pirate.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?"

"Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I, with one ship, go in quest of solitary adventure and am therefore called pirate. Thou, with a great army, warrest against nations and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference between us but in the name and means of doing mischief."

Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished. —Sale's Journal.

New York Women Officials.

Eighty-five women were nominated for school commissioner in the late canvass in New York and four were elected. The Republicans nominated eight, the Democrats 30, the Prohibitionists 42, the People's Party 42 and the Political Equality party 1. The list of women commissioners is increased by one over last year.

The French have long been famous for their riddles, but it was an English family who lived in such an atmosphere of puzzlement that on the husband inquiring in excited accents of his wife, "Why is that door always left open?" she took on a reflective air, and after a moment's musing answered, "I give it up."

A young man advertised for a wife, and his sister answered the advertisement; and the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, and the old people think it is pretty hard to have two fools in one family.

It was an old bachelor who said that he never read the women's corner in his paper, although he was something of a woman scerner himself.

No representation of the face of a man was ever stamped on a coin until after the death of Alexander the Great, who was regarded as a divinity.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the Sixth avenue elevated the other day and groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not only well dressed, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him considerably as he swayed from the strap, and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. A young lady made the discovery and immediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion whispered something in his ear—most likely that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man began pluming himself and finally turned by changing hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his rings, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs—just as a vain man usually does when he wants to make a good appearance. —New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Puritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. One is foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small hope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words butter no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better for a wig than vinegar. If proverbs mean anything, it is because there is one for every side of a question. —Exchange.

Old Time Railroad.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to find what mighty good locomotive running has been done in times past when the locomotive was a far inferior machine. The death of Daniel M. Fisher, an old and retired engineer of the New York and New Haven, recalled the fact that in 1850 he carried President Taylor's message from New York to New Haven—about 80 miles—in an hour and 20 minutes. The engine burned wood. The switches were locked. The messenger sat on a box in the engine's tender. —New York Advertiser.

A Modest Request.

Joe—You know that \$10 I lent Brown, three or four months ago.

Sam—Yes.

Joe—He hasn't paid it back and can't, and I think you ought to "go havers" in the loss with me.

Sam—What have I got to do with it?

Joe—He was on his way to get it from you when he struck me, and I saved you \$10. Under the circumstances, don't you think you ought to save me \$5? —Detroit Free Press.

Journalism in Serbia.

Journalism in Serbia is a peculiar institution. The Schumadiaski List, which has the reputation of being the leading newspaper of the kingdom, came out one day with the following announcement on its first page: "Owing to the intolerable laziness of our editor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his nights in feasting and sleeps the whole day through, our number this week is only half its usual size." —Philadelphia Record.

An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has adopted a plan for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. Every night he deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a penny.

Wherein They Were Alike.

"My money bought those horses," said the millionaire wife to her impetuous husband as the family turnout drove up to the steps.

"Yes; it bought me too." —Newport News.

It has been estimated that a gold coin must be handled 2,000,000,000 times before the impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, and a silver coin 3,350,000,000 times.

Since his installation as grand master of the Freemasons, now nearly 19 years ago, the Prince of Wales has granted 1,027 warrants for new lodges.

Whenever there is friction, there is heat. Hammering a nail rod until it is redhot or forging a nail without fire are feats of the blacksmith.

The newspaper laborers in the house press gallery now sit on nice revolving piano stools. They are very popular.