

Closing Out Sale!

We will sell for

CASH:-

Our Entire Stock of

Shoes

at first cost. All Shoes and Rubber Goods must be sold before

January - 1st, - 1895.

We Mean Business

—AND—

Shoes Must Go!

See our prices in window and call and get prices on any Shoes in store. Call early and get cream of stock at Wholesale Prices.

NO CREDIT!

But CASH buys Shoes at first cost.

REED'S SHOE STORE.

WOES OF THE MILKMAN.

Try His Best, He Never Succeeds In Getting Back All His Bottles.

"The greatest trial of my life," says a milkman, "is bottles. Yes, sir, bottles. If it wasn't for bottles, I'd want nothing better. Other people never think of bottles. I actually dream of bottles. It's bottles, bottles, bottles—who's got the bottles with me all the time!"

"The most perfect system of book-keeping ever invented will not account for bottles. When I send out 100 bottles of milk in the morning, I'm dead certain to lose track of half a dozen. I never look upon them bottles all again. Never again, sir! The milks are 8 cents and the bottles are 8 cents. But the people who would scorn to steal milk will keep the bottles. They think bottles don't cost nothing, or they don't think nothing at all."

"Some time ago a lady was behind about seven bottles and hadn't returned any for a week. I know some people get two or three days behind with their empties, but I couldn't account for all of these. While I was thinking about it and look over across toward her flat I saw her maid chuck an empty out of the kitchen window into the lot. And, don't you know, I went over there and found a whole pile of broken bottles and two or three whole ones. They didn't know any better. Now, there was a lady in the other day, and I says, 'Ma'am,' says I, 'I've got you charged with five bottles here.'"

"What's that?" says she. "I haven't got any of your old bottles. You don't suppose I'd steal milk bottles, do you? When I get to stealing, I'll take some thing better'n old castoff milk bottles. I don't like your milk anyhow. It's more'n half water, and I'm going to change."

"And she did change, and I lost a good customer by the mere mention of bottles. Some people keep their tea and things in the bottles. You can't go and search for them. You must take their word for it that they ain't got none. They are supposed to return their empties the next day, and they'll keep them for a week. I'd have to have a carload of extra bottles to suit them. Some of them just slap on their empties when the dumbwaiter comes their way, and some other milkman goes off with them. They don't care. And then, when you call up for their empties, they get mad as hops and swear they sent them down—which perhaps they did, but not to us."

"And there's the servants that break bottles and swear they returned them a week ago, and their mistresses believe them. It's enough to drive a man to drink!"—New York Herald.

THE DRUMMER WILTED.

A \$1,000 Ante In a Senatorial Game Was Too Rich For His Blood.

A group of millionaires were playing what was probably the stiffest game of poker ever played in the United States. It was at Chamberlain's, in Washington, in the winter of 1889 and 1890. The exact list of the players will never be known, but Senator Wolcott of Colorado and ex-Governor Hauser of Montana were in it, and Senator Farwell of Chicago was in the room.

About midnight a swell drummer for a Chicago dry goods firm sent up his card to Senator Farwell. The senator went down to see him and brought him up to the room where the game was going on. He introduced him to the other players.

"Have you any objection to my playing?" asked the drummer.

"Well," said Senator Wolcott, "I have no objection, but—or—well, you see, the game is pretty steep."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the drummer. "That is the kind of a game I like."

Ex-Governor Hauser remarked that if he could stand it the rest of the crowd had no objection. With a wink at Senator Farwell, the drummer sat down, pulled out a "wad," peeled off a \$1,000 bill and said to Governor Hauser, who was dealing:

"Give me some chips!"

Then he looked around the table as much as to say:

"No flies on me, eh?"

"Give the gentlemen one white chip," said Senator Wolcott. Governor Hauser passed over the chip without a smile and remarked:

"Jack pot for \$5,000. Put up your money."

The drummer sat aghast for an instant; then he picked up his money and said:

"Too rich for my blood!"

It is currently reported that one man won over \$100,000 that night.—Chicago Times.

The Pottery Tree of Para.

One of the curiosities of Brazil is a tree whose wood and bark contain so much silica that they are used by potters. Both wood and bark are burned, and the ashes are pulverized and mixed in equal proportions with clay, producing a very superior ware. The tree grows to a height of 100 feet, but does not exceed a foot in diameter. The fresh bark cuts like sandstone, and when dried is brittle and hard.—Demorest Magazine.

Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.

Indian corn, or maize, never has an uneven number of rows of grains, because it has opposite radicals of growth from the cob center.

TRUTH ABOUT THE POPE.

His Doctor Corrects Reports Which Are Abroad About His Health.

The numerous reports regarding the ill health of the pope which have been in circulation recently have induced Dr. Lapponi to make the following statements regarding the condition of his holiness:

"The health of Leo XIII," says the doctor, "is excellent. Contrary to reports, his nourishment remains the same as formerly, and his appetite never fails him. At 8 o'clock in the morning he takes a cup of chocolate and a bit of bread. At 2 o'clock p. m. his luncheon is served. It consists of soup, one or two courses of meat, fruit and a glass of Bordeaux. In the evening at 9 o'clock Leo XIII again eats soup, meat, fruit and wine. His stomach acts with marvelous regularity. His sleep is long and quiet. He cannot be said to be losing his powers. The pope has as great powers of resistance as he ever had. During the great heat of the summer he has, of course, been affected somewhat. To give an idea of the strength preserved by this old man of 84 years let me say that Leo XIII takes pleasure in going in search of great books in the library, some of them weighing as much as 10 pounds, and carrying them to his working desk. To those who say that the pope cannot hold himself erect and is obliged to allow himself to be carried in a litter we can simply reply that, like all his predecessors, Leo XIII allows himself to be carried in a litter when he goes to the garden. He gets into the litter in his office. But that is simply a rule of etiquette. Every day, after once reaching the garden, he walks for hours at a time, supported by his cane. He walks more easily than a number of persons of his suit. In short, Leo XIII walks, or at least stands up, for four or five hours a day. Only recently he confirmed 30 persons without feeling the least fatigue."

JURY REFORM.

Massachusetts Has a New Law Containing Excellent Provisions.

A new jury law has just gone into operation in Massachusetts, and some of its provisions are manifestly so good that they might well be embodied in the code of other states. For instance, one section reads, "The board of aldermen of any city shall not strike any name from the jury list as prepared, except of a person who has been convicted of a crime and has not been pardoned on the ground of his innocence of said crime, or of a person who is not qualified by law for service as a juror." The intention here was to do away with the favoritism by which men of influence were in the habit of ridding themselves of the duty of serving on juries.

The penalty for a violation of the section quoted is severe, it being provided that if any person is guilty of fraud in the drawing of jurors, either by practicing on the jury box previously to a draft, or in drawing a juror, or in returning into the box the name of a juror which had been lawfully drawn out and drawing or substituting another in his stead, or in striking a name from the jury list, he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500.

An additional official safeguard is thrown around the selection of jurors by the requirement that the mayor of any city shall be present at the drawing and verify by personal inspection the result of the ballots announced by the alderman appointed for the purpose. The law was framed to counteract the corrupt influence that had previously prevailed in the making up of juries in the cities of the state.—New York Post.

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

Thrifty Farmers Welcome the Visitors and Eat Them For Supper.

A curious phenomenon occurred in the northern portion of the county Thursday afternoon. Shortly after 3 o'clock a shower of live frogs began falling. The shower of living creatures continued for five minutes and covered a 10 acre field on the farm of Ezra Willburn. The frogs fell only on Mr. Willburn's farm, and at the time they fell the sky was cloudless. Mr. Willburn's small son was the only person who witnessed the shower, and after recovering from his surprise at such a strange occurrence he informed his father of the affair.

The Willburns at once began catching the largest of the frogs and enjoyed a regal repast of delicious hams for supper. The neighbors were also liberally supplied. The cause of the shower is somewhat a mystery, although it is said that the frogs could have been drawn from a distant pond by a strong whirlwind and carried through the air to a point over Mr. Willburn's field.—Muncie (Ind.) Cor. Chicago Herald.

Hindoo Grades.

The four grades of society among the Hindoos are the Brahmins, or sacerdotal class, who are said at the moment of creation to have issued from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatrya, or Chuttees, or military class, sprung from the arm of Brahma; the Vaishya, or Bais, or mercantile class, from the thigh of Brahma, and Sudras, or Sooders, or servile class, from the foot of Brahma. The business of the Sudras is to serve the three superior classes, more especially the Brahmins. Their condition is never to be improved; they are not to accumulate property and are unable by any means to approach the dignity of the higher classes. These divisions are hereditary, impassable and indefeasible.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DETECTIVE AND TRAMP.

The Officer Feeds a Famishing Vagabond and Gets No Thanks.

There was in the tramp's appearance a suggestion of the lethargy that follows a gorging with free lunch and copious libations of beer that belied his piteous story of not having had anything to eat "since yesterday morning." The shades of night were falling fast, and that may have to some extent accounted for the mistake of the bum in selecting as the object of his whining appeal McClusky, one of the best known of the Central office detectives, who was "slenthing it" along the Bowery.

"You are shy dinner and supper for yesterday and breakfast, dinner and supper today. Come with me," said McClusky, and he led the way into a greasy little beamery from the door of which hung a dingy sign announcing "regular meals, 8 cents." Had the vagrant known what was in store for him he would have never crossed the threshold except under forcible persuasion. "Give this man his yesterday's dinner," said McClusky.

A slice of boiled beef, a boiled potato, two slices of bread and a cup of muddy coffee were soon set up. Slowly the tramp attacked the meal, and McClusky waited. When the dishes were cleared, the detective beckoned to the waiter and said:

"Bring the gentleman last night's supper."

The order was repeated. The tramp began to suspect something, but he thought it the better to act his part. Perhaps his eccentric benefactor would give him the price of a bed. Vain hope! The supper disposed of, McClusky ordered "the gentleman's breakfast."

"See here, pardy, I never eat but one meal a day," the latter demurred.

"It is not enough. You told me you were starving, and of an officer of the New York police force it shall never be said that he allowed a fellow man to starve." And the detective displayed his badge.

"Supposin I won't eat?" said the tramp sullenly.

"Then you take a ride. See?"

The trapped bum saw, and he ate his breakfast, and then in great agony he managed to dispose of his dinner. Nature would stand no more.

"See here, pardy, I couldn't eat any more, not if I got two years for it," he pleaded in genuine distress.

McClusky had had his fun, and he excused his victim the supper. As the tramp rolled torpidly out of the place he paused at the door, and with a murderous gleam in his eye said hoarsely, "I'll get even wid you for dis, you big —!"—New York Advertiser.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Young Lady Who Had a Narrow Escape From Conviction.

"Stories of conviction on circumstantial evidence are rife in the lawbooks and have afforded the plot of many a novel," said J. S. Haberting of New York. "A very sad case, not of conviction, but almost as bad in its results, occurred in New York recently. A young lady of refinement, a stranger in the city, obtained employment as governess in a gentleman's family. One of her pupils, a girl 15 years old, lost a diamond ring. It was found in the desk of the governess. She declared she had not seen it since it was last on the girl's hand, but she was hustled off to the Toms, and unable to give bond was kept there several days, exposed to the companionship of the most depraved of her sex. She was taken to court in the Black Maria with a negro, and a white woman, both convicted felons, going to be sentenced. She was kept in the pen waiting for her case to be called, exposed to the impudent gaze of the horde of courtroom loafers.

"When her case was called, the court appointed a lawyer to defend her, as she was penniless. The prosecuting witness and her father told the story of the finding of the missing ring. The presumption that the accused had placed it there was more or less strong until the lawyer began to cross question the owner of the ring. Guessing at the truth, by adroit questioning he drew from the unwilling witness the fact that she had often priers into the desk and dressing case drawers of the governess, and that she had been so engaged an hour or so before she missed her ring, and the further fact that the ring fitted loosely. The judge dismissed the case promptly, and the accused's father apologized, but the young woman, being of a highly strung and nervous temperament, was completely prostrated by her terrible experience in the Toms, and the ill effects will, it is feared, be permanent."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Woman in Black.

"One of the most mysterious circumstances connected with the keeping of national cemeteries is a woman in black who visits them all," said E. C. Trindle. "I was in charge of one of those cemeteries for several years, and this woman made two visits that I know of. She never comes during the day, and it is purely accidental when we learn that she has been there at all. Hiring a carriage at midnight, she will come to the wall, and climbing the inclosure will search the entire cemetery by means of a dark lantern for the grave of some relative. She has never found it, but every year she makes the round of every national cemetery in the country in the vain hope that some day she will learn where her loved one lies buried."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHANCE AND CHANGE.

"There was a rose by your gate last year. Good neighbor, tell me now," he said.

"Have the frosts of the winter left it sore? Or blooms it yet in your garden bed?"

"Two for one."

Have the red buds blown,

Two for one that there used to be!

For there's many a day

"Twixt May and May,

And many a change in a year!" said she.

"And there was a girl 'neath your roof last year.

Good neighbor, tell me now," he said.

"Does her foot fall light in the cottage near,

Or is she wood and is she wed?"

She has smart

With a painless heart.

A broken heart, 'neath the red rose tree!

For there's many a day

"Twixt May and May,

And many a change in a year!" said she.

—Kate P. Quisenberry in Good Housekeeping.

PENGUINS FEEDING.

The Transformation That Takes Place When They Enter the Water.

The appearance of the keeper, with his pall of live gull-goose, is the signal for sudden and intense excitement in the cages. The penguins wave their little flippers and waddle to the door, whence they peer eagerly down the wooden steps leading to the pool. The cormorant croaks and aways from side to side, and the darters poise their snaky heads and spread their batlike wings. At the water's edge the penguins do not launch themselves upon the surface like other waterfowl, but instantly plunge beneath.

Once below water an astonishing change takes place. The slow, ungainly bird is transferred into a swift and brilliant creature, beaded with globules of quicksilver, where the air clings to the close feathers, and flying through the clear and waveless depths with arrowy speed and powers of turning far greater than in any known form of aerial flight. The rapid and steady strokes of the wings are exactly similar to those of the air birds, while its feet float straight out level with the body, unused for propulsion, or even as rudders, and as little needed in its progress as those of a wild duck when on the wing.

The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other, and the fish are chased, caught and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as that of most birds which take their prey in midair. In less than two minutes some 30 gull-goose are caught and swallowed below water, the only appearance of the birds on the surface being made by one or two bounds from the depths, when the head and shoulders leap above the surface for a second and then disappear.

Any attempt to remain on the surface leads to ludicrous splashing and confusion, for the submarine bird cannot float. It can only fly below the surface. Immediately the meal is finished both penguins scramble out of the water and shuffle, with round backs and drooping wings, back to their cage to dry and digest.—Spectator.

Cholera in Europe.

The appearance of cholera here and there through Europe is exciting no alarm, although the sanitary authorities are expressing grave forebodings. Russia seems to be getting a general bacillus scare. So much has been said recently about dangers from microbes that in the city of Baku, on the Caspian sea, an anti shaking hands society has been organized in order to prevent the exchange of bacilli by contact. Members pay 6 rubles a year and wear a button as a sign of membership. They are fined 3 rubles for each handshake. The ladies of the city resent the prohibition and recently sent a large petition to the governor general asking him to suppress the society.—London Letter.

To the North Pole.

To reach the north pole an architect, M. Hanin, has proposed to the Geographical society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Kept the Crown.

Orleans House, Twickenham, where Louis Philippe lived when duke of Orleans, is in the property market. In later days, staying as an exiled king at the Star and Garter, Richmond, he walked one day to Twickenham for the purpose, as he said, of seeing some of the old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. The first person to recognize him was an old man, who doffed his hat and hoped his royal highness was well. The recognition, however, was not mutual. "Perhaps," said the old man, "your royal highness will remember me when I tell you that I kept the Crown"—an allusion close to the entrance of Orleans House. "Do you?" said Louis Philippe. "Let me congratulate you. You are able to do what I am not."—London News.

The French Congo region covers 250,000 square miles. The population is estimated at 7,000,000, but there are only 800 Europeans in that number.

A curious present for a deaf person has been introduced in Germany—a fan, deftly concealing a tiny ear trumpet in its end stick.