

# OUR PRICE TABLES.

## HAVE A STORY TO TELL.



An interesting story, too, for all who are trying to make their money go its farthest in the purchase of worthy gifts. The price tables have always been a notable feature of our store at holiday time and this year we believe their attractions to be greater than ever before. But come and see for yourself what a multitude of good things can be had at

### 50c and \$1.00.

#### What 50c Will Buy.

- Pocketbooks, Purses, Card Cases, Chatelaine Bags, Wallets, Music Rools, Pocket Companions, Twine Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Shaving Pads, Memorandum Books, Jewel Cases, Medicine Cases, Toilet Cases, Odds-and-Ends Boxes, Work Boxes, Drinking Cups, Bill Books, Letter Books, Playing Cards in Cases, Ladies' Belts,

#### What \$1.00 Will Buy.

- Pocketbooks, Chatelaine Bags, Card Cases, Playing Cards in Cases, Picture Frames, Jewel Boxes, Burnt Leather Magazine Covers, Shopping Bags, Flasks, Tobacco Bags, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Sewing Sets, Desk Pads, Carved Leather Articles, Music Rools, Writing Tablets, Calendars, Address Books, Twine Boxes, Pocket Companions, Toilet Cases.

We are still in the lead as regards Umbrella values, and propose to stay there. We have the word of customers that our inducements are the most attractive of all.

## HENRY LIKLY & CO.,

No. 155 Main Street, East.

## Holiday Sale Now On

Our stores are filled with a very complete stock of goods suitable for Xmas gifts. Never before have we carried so large and varied an assortment. To enable us to move the goods rapidly, we have decided to offer a special Christmas discount on all presents and we shall be glad to store your purchases until time for delivery.

The following is a list of the articles that we are anxious to close out before taking out January inventory.

- |                    |                      |                        |
|--------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| Morris Chairs      | India Seats          | Parlor Cabinets        |
| Students Rockers   | Parlor Tables        | China Closets          |
| Gold Chairs        | Ladies' Desks        | Baby Robes             |
| Odd Uph. Pieces    | Book Cases           | Foot Rests             |
| Library Tables     | Carpet Sweepers      | Oak and Mng. Pedestals |
| Combination Cases  | Shaving Stands       | Ornaments for Dens     |
| Jard. Stands       | Pictures             | Artificial Flowers     |
| Rugs               | Jard. Bowles         | Cake Plates            |
| Esale              | Albums               | Plated Ware            |
| Palms              | Lamps                | Cuckoo Clocks          |
| Carving Sets       | Dinner Sets          | Wall Pockets           |
| Tea Sets           | Fancy Vases          | Cut Glass              |
| Salsds             | Chikis Morris Chairs | Oil Heaters            |
| Morris Rockers     | Turkish Rockers      | Mirrors                |
| Children's Rockers | iced Rockers         | Music Cabinets         |
| Reception Chairs   | Hall Furniture       | Clocks                 |
|                    |                      | Bust Figures           |

## Weis & Fisher Co.

TWO STORES

116-118 State St.

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## Security Trust Company,

CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$75,000 DEPOSITS, \$4,000,000.

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- |                      |                    |                 |                  |
|----------------------|--------------------|-----------------|------------------|
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| Alexander M. Lindsay | Granger A. Hollies | George Eastman  | Thos. W. Finucan |
| Lee Jackson          | Chas. E. Hoyles    | Rufus K. Dryer  | Joseph T. Alling |
| Albert H. Harris     | E. S. Ettenberst   | Rufus A. Sibley | Julius M. Wile   |
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#### Rights of Chinese Parents.

The law and custom of China still give the parents supreme control over their children. As far as it is possible for an outsider to get to know this people, whose ways are dark, it does appear that this power of life and death is not often exercised unless in the case of infants. Now and again, however, instances occur which prove that this barbarous right is still claimed and exercised.

A man in the Nam Ho district has just put his son to death in a most cruel fashion, and the law takes no cognizance of the murder, for surely it cannot be called by any other name. The boy had been often reproved for associating with gamblers and robbers, and his record was a bad one. This much may be said in extenuation of the father's diabolical act. For a long time the father was unable to lay hands on his son. This he succeeded in doing by offering a reward to any one who could bring him home. During the day of his return the father gave no evidence of his wicked designs. This put the lad off his guard. But when night came the father threw off his mask, seized his son, bound him hand and foot and then proceeded leisurely to strangle him. —China Mail.

#### The Nose Indicates Character.

A large nose is always an unfailing sign of a decided character. It belongs to the man of action, quick to see and to seize opportunity. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one less apt to act, although he may feel as deeply. He will have many theories, while the possessor of a large nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathetic, but their friendship is not the active kind.

A nose with the tip slightly tilted is the sign of the heartless flirt. A long nose shows dignity and repose, a short nose pugnacity and a love of gapey. An arched nose—one projecting at the bridge—shows thought. A straight nose shows an inclination to ward serious subjects. A nose turning up slightly indicates eloquence, wit and imagination. If turned up much it shows egotism and love of luxury. A nose that slopes out directly from the forehead, that shows no indenting between the eyes, indicates power. If the nose is indented deeply at the root the subject will be weak and vacillating. A nose that turns down signifies that the possessor is miserly and sarcastic. —Ladies' Home Journal.

MISS ELIZABETH MCCARTHY  
TEACHER OF  
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO  
STUDIO 678 Powers Bldg

#### TWO EXTREMES OF LIFE.

Some find work where some find rest. And so the weary world goes on. I sometimes wonder which is best. The answer comes when life is gone. Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And so the dreary night hours go. Some hearts beat where others break. I often wonder why 'tis so. Some will faint where some will fight; Some love the tent and some the field. I often wonder who are right— The ones who strive or those who yield. Some hands fold where other hands are lifted bravely in the strife. And so through ages and through lands Move on the two extremes of life. Some feet halt where some feet tread, In tireless march, a thorny way. Some struggle on where some have fled; Some seek where others shun the fray. Some swords rust where others clash; Some fall back where some move on; Some flags fall where others stand fast. Until the battle has been won. Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave. They will not rest till roses creep Around their name above a grave. —Father Ryan

#### SISTER CALLINE'S CHILDREN.

The train ran into a little station on the heart of the pine woods, and the conductor sprang to the platform. "Hurry up there!" he called, running forward to the negro coach. The steps were overflowing with pickaninnies, so black that at first sight their small features would have been indistinguishable but for the wide crease on each face, filled with even rows of teeth, startlingly white in contrast with their sooty environment. A fat, good-looking negress, holding an oval bundle, wrapped in an old snawl, close to her breast, seemed to be the centre of the crowd, and an old, old negro man, grizzled and wrinkled, was hovering around its margin. "Is you got um, Sister Calline?" he asked anxiously. "Clar of I know!" said the woman, running her eye over the company. "Pears lak dere's one on um missin'!" "An' about!" shouted the conductor, and the man moved. "Hyar, mistah!" shrieked Sister Calline, "you se calin' on one o' my chill'en!" The conductor laughed good-naturedly, and was gone. "On, Lawd!" moaned the woman. "He's done ca'ed off one on um, suah!" The station agent sauntered near. He wore an intensely bored expression only possible to a man who spends his life in a piney woods clearing, seeing four trains a day go in and out and playing checkers on a barrel head in the intervals. "One wonders if the lunatic asylums are not largely recruited from this class." "Orter have tied 'em along a rope, so's they couldn't get away," he said. Sister Calline turned her black velvet orbs in his direction. "You call dat train back, I say," she cried. "He's done ca'ed off one o' my chill'en." "S'pose I can call the train back?" said the man contemptuously. "If you're sure one of 'em is missin' you'll have to set down and wait here till the train comes back. They'll bring it, I reckon." "Oh, my pore lil' chile!" Tears began to stream down the black face. The wrinkled old uncle looked deeply distressed. "Is you pint blank suah one on um's missin', Sister Calline?" he asked, sympathetically. Her eyes wandered, vague and troubled, over the dusky, shifting crowd of faces. "I se mos' puffedly suah," she said. "Better count 'em," suggested the agent. "How many are there anyhow?" "Dere's Lu Roxy Adline, Lucyaller—" "I se here, mammy!" interrupted a long-limbed girl of fourteen. "I told you to count 'em!" said the agent impatiently. "I cayn't coun', Mas'r! I se bawn afore de wah. But anyhow dey say dere's leben ob um." "Sister Calline," said the old man, tenderly, "I se set right down hyar an' I'll coun' 'um fer ye. I se a scholar—" "You sholy is kind, Mistah," said Sister Calline, gratefully, sitting down on the edge of the platform. The agent laughed shortly and turned away. The grizzled old uncle took a red and yellow handkerchief from his pocket and carefully dusted the end of the planks before he took his seat. He wore a threadbare black suit which had undoubtedly once moved in high society. Sister Calline looked at him with interest. "I reckon dat you mus' be a preacher, sah," she said, deferentially. "Madam, I is I se been preachin' de Word dese nine year, eber sence my pore old lady died. I was a power 'til sinner afore dat." Sister Calline looked awed. "I was, suah!" said the old man, respectfully. "But I se come inter de kingdom now suah 'nuff, bress de Lord. Is you got a husband, Sister Calline?" "I se a pore widdler, Mistah, wid all dese chill'en ter souffe fer, an' de Lawd knows what I se gwine ter do." Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms. It had begun to move and whimper. "Dat your baby, chile?" asked Uncle, innocently. "Dis my baby," replied Sister Calline, looking down at the sooty mite in her arms with maternal pride. "My po' ole man never see dis baby. He was blowed up by de bil' bustin' in de mill where he waked. I was done killed when dey bring 'ome. De doctors tried an' tried to pump some life inter him, but he never spok' no mo'." "For de lan's sake!" ejaculated the old man. Compassion was written all over his kind old face. He had been a good ducky for his youth up, and his sinful past was purely fictitious. "What de matter wid you ole lady, you done los'?" asked Sister Calline. "Consumption!" replied the old man

solemnly. "It runs in our family. Ole Cunnel Kent's ma died ob it, an' de Cunnel's first wife died ob it, an' lil' mists died, too. An' den my ole lady took it an' she died. It's a terrible disease." "Dat sholy is so!" concided Sister Calline. "Souse my insurance axin' you, Mistah. Does you git you libin' preachin'?" "De folks pays me some, an' den I se got a nice piece o' lan' an' a lil' house. My ole Mas'r give um ter me," said the old man, with modest pride. "Sho! Ain't you too old ter wuk?" "I wuks some, an' de ars helps me. I se de onliest one ob de ole sarven's left. I se ninety-five year ole!" "Sho, now!" said Sister Calline, much impressed. "How ole you is, Sister Calline?—hopin' you'll excuse me fer axin'!" "I dunno 'zactly," said Calline, studying a little. "I spect I se sixty-gwine years." They had become so interested in their humble annals that the pickaninnies had been lost sight of. They were scattered along the railroad, some gambolling like a menagerie turned loose. "Does you wan' me tu coun' you chill'en, Sister Calline?" "Co'se I does. Hyar! You-all. Come hyar." The children paid no attention. "Dey needs disserplainin', Sister Calline." He rose. "Chil'en, chil'en!" he called in a voice of authority. The black crowd drew together and bore down on the station house. "Now you-all stan' still ontwel dis genelman couns' you," commanded the mother "Lu Roxy mih yerself. Abe Linkum, stan' up. Don' scrouge so! How he gwine coun' you, ef you dodges roum' dat away?" A mild degree of order at last prevailed and the old man began. "One, two, thee, fo', five, six, seven, nine, eight, ten! Dere ain't only ten." "Dawter be leben, suah," said Sister Calline. "Oh, what I gwine ter do?" "I'll coun' 'um ober agin'," said the old man, kindly. Sister Calline wiped away her tears. "You am so kind, mistah! I knowed you was a good man when Brer Martin tole me ter keep long er you on der train." "An' I knowed you was a good woman when Brer Martin tole me 'You take good ca' o' Sister Calline,' says he. Now I'll coun' 'um agin'." "One, two, thee," and so on. They went over and over this, but by no legerdemain of counting could ten be made eleven. Sister Calline grew more and more distressed and was just breaking into hysterical sobs when the train whistled at the next station below. They both sprang up and Calline screamed to the children, who came flying across the track like a flock of wild blackbirds. When the train drew up and the conductor stepped off, there was Calline to meet him. "Please, mistah; has you bring back my chile?" she tearfully pleaded. He looked at her. "Donner and blixen! What do you mean, woman?" "I se got 'leben chill'en," groaned Sister Calline, "and dis genelman has coun'd um ober an' ober, um dere ain't only ten." The conductor ran his eye over the group. A score of heads were thrust out of the coach, and a murmur of amused sympathy stirred along the line. "H'm!" He pulled forth his book hurriedly and turned over the pages. "Pass Calline Jackson and eleven children." He glanced over the huddle of black, bobbing heads and back at the woman. His eye fell on the bundle in her arms. "Great Jove! What's the matter with the baby making eleven?" There were roars of laughter and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the train moved out. "You done coun'd um wrong, Mistah," said Sister Calline, looking up reproachfully at the old man. "Is dey all hyar?" he asked with dignity. "Co'se dey's all hyar." "Den don't dat pinterly show dat I coun'd um right?" Sister Calline's dark countenance wore a troubled expression, but as they went along the piney woods road toward Kentville it gradually cleared up, and when they came in sight of Kent Hall it was beaming. "Dere's de Cunnel!" said Uncle, pointing to a gentleman dressed in a white duck suit, who sat comfortably in a big armchair on the gallery. "He's one o' de ars. You jes' wait here a spell ontell I go an' tell him." "Well," said Col. Kent, good-naturedly, laying down his newspaper. "What is it, Uncle Dick?" "I se jes' come ter tell you, Cunnel, dat I se foun' a good woman dat I laks de bes' in de world, an' we se fixed our mih's dat we'll marry fore long. We reckons ter-night is de bes' time." "Marry! Good Lord!" said the Colonel, astonished. "Such an old fellow as you are!" "I is ole, for a fac', Mas'r, but I se lived alone nine years an' it's mighty lonesome—" "That's so," said the Colonel, kindly. "An' pears like I can't st. n' it no longer. An' Sister Jackson needs a husband t' help her raise her chill'en. Dere's leben chill'en an' none ob em missin', coun'din' um right." "Eleven! How in de name of Gen. Jackson are you going to take care of eleven children?" "Dey's gwine take ca' o' me, Mas'r." "Dis my ole man, mighty peart, and dey c'n pick a heap ob cotton an' he c'n an' taters an' weed in de garden an' do a power ob oder turns." The curiously wizened old face shone as if he had just come into a fortune. "An', Cunnel," he went on, "I se gittin' too ole ter wuk much, an' I tinks my meetin' up wid Sister Calline is a special providence. I wants ter git de oration roum' soon dat dere's gwine ter be a weddin' down ter my lil' house ter-night." "Go ahead, then," laughed the Colonel. "The Mists will have a cake baked for you, and, by George, it'll have to be a big one to go round." The cake was baked in the big iron bake-kettle of ante-bellum associations and there was a festival in the cabin down by the creek, which lasted into the small hours. —New York Tribune.

#### BEWARE OF CLOTHERS.

They are More Dangerous Than Their Absence Would Be.

YOU might think that the lack of sufficient clothing would be a serious matter. And yet, if the doctors are to be believed, the wearing of clothes is more dangerous to human life than their utter absence would be.

A coterie of British doctors have recently announced that the wearing of clothes is one of the chief causes of disease.

The breathing of the human body, they point out, is conducted not only by the lungs, but through every pore of the skin. A proof of this is that if you furnish a man he's soon dies, as the pores of his skin are closed to respiration. Clothes have the same effect in a lesser degree. The only clothes we ought to wear, these doctors declare, should be of a porous character; and the lighter they are the better for the general health. Non-porous clothing is disastrous. The worst offenders in this direction are cotton and linen. The cotton shirt is a peculiarly repulsive murderer. We cherish it, we wash and mend it, and wear it next to our hearts, and how does it repay us? By acting as a sort of cold storage depot for the perspiration of our bodies, which woolen shirts absorb and annihilate, and by pressing its clammy surface against our bodies it imparts any variety of cord, up to and including pneumonia.

Waistcoats attempt murder in a front of you they are all that could be desired, but behind your back they are different, and are a permanent menace to life and health. While the chest is covered by wollen material, the back is left to the tender mercies of much thinner substances, alpaca, silk, satin and such like.

As the lungs are exposed more directly at the back than in front, this treatment on the part of the waistcoat is directly murderous. Every waistcoat should be the same behind your back as in front of you, and only those that are should be worn. Shoes, the doctors say, are also a great agency for cold. They prevent the necessary respiration for the foot. Colds are almost unknown among street urchins who go about without socks or shoes.

Socks go in for poisoning in a quiet sort of way: A man recently went to a doctor complaining of intense irritation of his foot. The doctor divined the symptoms of scarlet fever from the very red rash disclosed there, but further examination put this idea out of court, and it was found that he was suffering from blood poisoning caused by the coloring matter given forth from cheap socks.

Garters are entirely vicious, and have a preference in the disease line for varicose veins. By violently squeezing the veins above the knee they prevent the free upward flow of the blood from the feet to the heart, causing it to congeal in the limbs, with often fatal results. Constant wearing of garters must sooner or later bring this about, and stockinged folks would do well to favor the suspender instead of the homicidal garter.

#### A Costly Jacket.

Mlle. Fagette, who lately made her debut in Paris, a few days ago received a present of a bewitching bo-toro jacket, which it is said cost 1,500-



000 francs, about \$300,000. It is covered with diamonds and pearls, emeralds and sapphires, rubies and turquoise.

It was placed on exhibition in the window of a jeweler in the Avenue de l'Opera, where it attracted crowds.

#### Their Own Dressmakers.

Here is a delightful extract from Mrs. Gilbert's "Reminiscences" which ought to be interesting reading for the actresses who make successes in these later days: "We had to supply our own costumes, and we often made the greater part of them. For a long time I made mine altogether. You can fancy how much time we had for sewing with all the other work. I remember Mr. Gilbert saying so often: 'Do you intend to get to bed to-night at all?' Whenever I bought a dress, it was with an eye to some particular part; but beyond that part lay many another to which the gown could be adapted. We were always on the outlook for things, bits of chints, laces and what not. Our only guide was the list of costumes printed in the front of the little books of the play. I always liked to follow these lists. I knew Mr. Gilbert used to laugh at me and say that, if the directions said I was to black the soles of my boots for a certain part, I would do it. And so I would!"

#### HOMESPUN REFLECTIONS.

A woman believes that she is "liberal" in her religious views if she makes a cake for a social at the outer church.

Because a man's wife is jealous of him it doesn't follow that he is a favorite with the women.

When a little girl gives a concert she says to you "Why, I'm surprised that you didn't attend; they say you are fond of music."