Miller, McFarlane & Co.

Great Clearing Sale

From Aug. 1st To Aug. 31st.

Everything in our Summer Stock Must Go to make room for the Fall Stock.

25 pieces of dress Ginghams regular 12½ for **10c** a yd.
30 pieces of dress Prints regular 12½ for **10c** a yd.
20 pieces of dress Prints regular 10 for **8c** a yd.
20 pieces of dress Ducks regular 15 for **11c** a yd.
300 yards Embroidery regular 10, 12½ and 15c for **8½c** a yd.
400 yards of Lace Insertion regular 7, 8 and 10c for **5c** a yd.
40 Jabots, regular 25c for **10c** each.
25 Waists in black and white, regular 50c for **40c** each.
20 Waisits, in white Embroidery regular 50c for **40c** each.
5 Waists, in White Mull Lace Insertion, regular 1 00 for **69c.**
10 " " " " " " 1 50 for **$1.00**
3 " " " " " " 2 00 for **$1.37½.**
3 pieces tan, blue and brown stripe, a Mull, regular 25c for **19c** a yd.
10 pieces tan, blue, mauve and brown Irish Linen regular 25 for **19c** a yd.
3 " " " " " " " " " " 35 for **25c** a yd.
15 Bolts of Ribbon, all shades, regular 20c for **11c** a yd.
20 pairs of Corsets (B. & I.) regular $1 00, 1.50 and 2.00 for **75c** a pair.

Men's Department Specials

25 pair Men's Summer Drawers regular 25c for **19c.**
70 Suits of Men's Summer Under Wear, regular $1.00 for **69c** a suit.
10 Men's Tweed Suits regular $10 00 for **$8 00**
6 " " " " 8 50 for **7 00**
10 " " " " 7 50 for **6 00**
25 " Straw Hats " 2 00 for **1 50**
20 " " " " 1 50 for **1 00**
15 " " " " 1 25 for **79c**
25 " " " " 1 00 for **69c**
20 " " " " 50 for **30c**
15 Men's Fancy Vests regular $1.25 for **98c.**

Everybody should take advantage of this Sale these opportunities only come once in awhile.

MILLER, MACFARLANE & CO.,

The Cash Store. You always find our prices close.

NEW STYLES & SPECIAL PRICES

The Correct & Comfortable Boots & Shoes For All

Comfortable footwear is a necessity, and in our new stock of Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children, we have combined combined comfort with correct style. We sell

Dr. Vernon's Cushion Sole Shoes

for women, and can conscientiously recommend them to ladies who desire a comfortable easy shoe. Come in and see them. It is a pleasure to show our goods.

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DRAGONS IN AFRICA.

Possibility That Fabled Monsters Yet Live In Dark Continent.

Once again the report comes from Africa that terrible monsters hitherto unknown to naturalists inhabit the hot swamps and jungles of the unexplored interior.

This time it is in the form of a letter from Charles Brooks, explorer, scientist and hunter, of Johannesburg, to Capt. John Cutting, of the New York Maritime Exchange. Mr. Brooks writes that natives of the swamps of northern Rhodesia along the southern borders of the Sahara Desert have told him of creatures so big that beside them "elephants look like small cats."

It is less than a year since Carl Hagenbeck, the famous animal trainer and merchant, astonished the scientific world by asserting in his book, Beasts and Men, that the natives had described to him a "huge monster, half beast, half dragon," which inhabited these very swamps.

Would it not seem strange if some such brute should be discovered alive to-day and thus lend corroboration to the mediaeval stories of dragons? For centuries the world has believed that those tales of monsters were fables and that dragons existed only in the imagination of poets. Yet there is no doubt that the people of the Middle Ages really believed in dragons. And the belief was not confined to any one land. From time immemorial the dragon has been the heraldic symbol of China. The ancient Greek heroes slew dragons—did not Perseus rescue Andromeda from the jaws of a dragon by holding up the head of Medusa the Gorgon before it and turning it into stone? The hoary sagas of the Norsemen tell of dragons—did not Siefried challenge Fafner to mortal combat and slay him? The legends of the Christian saints are full of stories of dragons; that of St. George has been painted by many an artist and is perpetuated to this very day on the gold coinage of Great Britain.

There was a day when the earth was populated with dragons. Their bones have been dug up all over the world and may be seen by anyone in any museum. But geologists say that the last of them perished at least 4,000,000 years ago. In their day the earth was hot and moist; the land was covered with a vast tropical jungle and, so far as science has been able to discover, man had not yet made his appearance.

And yet—the Chinese, the Greeks, the Jews, the Norsemen, the Gauls and Britons and Romans and Persians of the dark ages knew nothing of the bones of extinct monsters lying buried under the earth. Whence then their conceptions of dragons? May it not be that these beasts and reptiles of millions of years gone by survived to a later day than the geologists are willing to confess and that men actually fought and slew them? If such be the case the memory or the tradition of such fearsome combats would linger in the mouths of men and be transmitted from father to son in story and song, generation after generation. How else account for the almost universal belief in dragons that prevailed down to comparatively modern days?

And would it be so very strange if in the hot swamps of Central Africa some descendants of these primeval monsters had survived throughout the ages? For these are regions which still resemble the world-wide forests of millions of years ago. They are almost impenetrable, even to the natives, by reason of the heat, the moisture and the mephitic vapors that rise from those immemorial marshes. White men have never yet ventured to explore them. They are too remote and the dangers are to great. These dangers are from reptiles, insects and disease. Surely such regions might very well serve to harbor alive through the ages the dragons that roamed the world millions of years ago.

He Knew His Business.

A good story of the "borrowing habit" comes from abroad. A lady who had gone to live in Shanghai was compelled soon after her arrival to entertain some important business friends of her husband. Her finest china, glass and so forth had not yet arrived from England. Nevertheless she determined to give a dinner, and called in her "No. 1 boy." "Now, boy," she said impressively, "I entertain three gentlemen. You make it all best possible. Must be nice everything." Bowing and scraping, he went off to inform the other seven servants. The next evening as she ushered her guests into the dining room she gasped in amazement. Before her was a table spread with the most exquisite linen, cut glass, silver and delicate china. Over it all hung a gorgeous cut-glass chandelier. Course after course was served as if by magic. The instant she could leave her guests she sought her "No. 1 boy." "Fine boy!" she exclaimed, "where you get such beautiful things?" The boy beamed with satisfaction. "Everything very nice, best possible! Me very good friend Russian ambassador's 'No. 1 boy'; Russian ambassador go out to dinner. Me borrow. Very nice, very nice!"

Didn't Like Canadian Wine.

"I have never met a kindlier old gentleman, or one I like more, than that Notaire," writes a representative of London Bystander of his trip through Canada, "though he did give me Canadian wine to drink. It was a sort of port or sherry, or both mixed, and it had the genuine oily taste. But it also seemed to have some vinegar in it, and some fruit salts. I like trying things, however."

Had Yachts of Their Own.

McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages.

"But there were no McCarthys in Noah's ark," said O'Brien.

"No," said McCarthy. "Our family was very exclusive in those days and had yachts of their own."

At Vesuvius.

Samantha—Oh, Zeke, ain't that marvelous?

Zeke—Oh, I dun'no. Reckon we've got somethin' what kin pull it out. Ain't never been to Niagara, have ye?

CAMELS IN A RAGE.

When Stirred Their Wrath Knows No Bounds—Attacks Right and Left.

The docility patient and submissive camel, like the proverbial worm, will sometimes resent an overdose of abuse. Too dense to think of a way in which he can outwit his driver and so take him unawares, when roused to the pitch of fury he rushes at the tyrant open mouthed, and his formidable teeth and powerful jaws do serious damage.

Of this vindictiveness the camel driver is aware and of the certainty that sooner or later the camel will exact revenge. Accordingly it is customary for the person who fears his malice to throw his clothes before the camel, meanwhile hiding himself until the animal's fury has been expended in tossing and tramping on them, when the injury, real or supposed, is at once forgotten.

The camel will not identify himself with his driver or rider in the smallest way whatever. He steadily declines all advances. His eye never lights up with love or even interest at the approach of his master. Should you attempt to pat or caress him he will object in a very decided manner.

Good treatment or bad makes no difference to the camel. Life and its hard conditions are taken for granted. His view of things is far too serious. He is so absorbed and preoccupied that he has no time to waste in the gambols indulged in by all other young animals.—Harper's Weekly.

A PLEASANT MEETING.

It Is Nice to Find a Friend Who Scatters Sunshine.

"I don't like people who are always coming to me for sympathy."

"They do get tiresome, but I prefer them to the ones who come boasting of their successes and trying to make me dissatisfied with my lot."

"Oh, I don't mind that kind. They never worry me any. I am always so successful myself that I never have cause to envy them. And, speaking of success, I made $500 last week in a little real estate deal, and my boy has been making a great record in school. He's away ahead of all the other boys of his age, and my wife has a maid now who is the best girl we have ever been able to find—the best one in our neighborhood, in fact. How is your boy doing now? I heard some time ago that he was inclined to be rather wild."

"Please don't mention him. I'm afraid he is going to bring sorrow upon us. You always were lucky. I guess I'll have to lose the little home I've been paying on during the past eight years, all on the boy's account. My wife has had to quit keeping help, although her health is very poor and"—

"Well, goodby. I've got to be going. Cheer up. What's the use of being grumpy? Look at me. You'll find, if you try it, that it pays to scatter sunshine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Story of a Nail Keg.

A hundred years ago Jeremiah Atwater was a leading New Haven merchant, buying his supplies in Boston and receiving them by vessel. Among other goods received were several casks of nails, one of which on opening it under a layer of nails at each end was found to be filled with silver dollars. Mr. Atwater, who was a conscientious man, immediately wrote to the Boston merchant that there must be some mistake in the invoice of nails, as one of the casks contained other articles besides nails. He was promptly informed that the nails were bought for nails, sold for nails and nails they must be. Forthwith Mr. Atwater had a basin made of the silver and presented it to the Center church, where it has been used in the baptismal service from that time to the present.

Art and Nature.

Art is the revelation of man, and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of nature speaking through man. Art pre-exists in nature, and nature is reproduced in art. As vapors from the ocean floating landward and dissolved in rain are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts and the semblances of things that fall upon the soul of man in showers flow out again in living streams of art and lose themselves in the great ocean, which is nature. Art and nature are not then, discordant, but ever harmoniously working in each other.—Longfellow's "Hyperion."

Illuminating.

While touring abroad a certain citizen of New York found this item in a list of police regulations posted up on a highway in Ireland:

"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Family Orchard.

"Could I interest you in our orange grove proposition?"

"Nope; I have already put all my money into a fruit orchard.

"Where?"

"On my wife's hat."—Houston Post.

Next Best Thing.

"Yes; I have just done Europe."

"Can you give me a list of hotels to go to?"

"No; the best I can do is to give you a list of hotels to keep away from."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hardness of heart is a dreadful quality, but it is doubtful whether in the long run it works more damage than softness of head.—Spectator.

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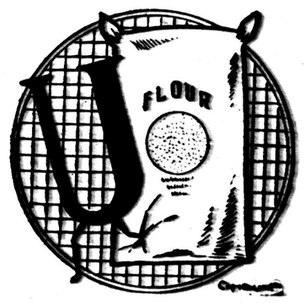

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