

F. C. FRIEDGEN & CO.

ING OUT SALE!

OF HIGH GRADE and OVERCOATS

ness and will handle in its stead a full line of high class, our Gents' Furnishings. But we must close out our on sale, beginning

DECEMBER 17th, '08,

ry overcoat, all this season's winter styles, including Beck & Co. and Schafer Bros. The entire stock must go, known to Richmond and vicinity.

E SOLD IN THIRTY DAYS

can readily see the radical reductions that will follow.

DOUBLE PAGE AD

heard of. Don't neglect. See our great window display, got in Richmond. We will assure you that you will



Men's \$24 and \$25 Winter Suits

All our new winter heavy weight Suits, in Plain Blacks, Worsted, or Novelties, the latest styles, your choice of any of these high class Suits for only

\$13.43

Men's \$21.50 & \$22.50 Winter Suits

Here is your chance to get a Bargain, at unheard of prices; all high class, high grade suits, in novelties, or plain black, all the latest fabrics, closing out prices are.....

\$12.87

Men's \$20 and \$18 Winter Suits

This Sale includes the most staple lines of our stock, new, up-to-date and honest merchandise, the latest styles and patterns. Plain or novelties at only

\$11.83

Men's \$15 and \$16.50 Winter Suits

These \$15 and \$16.50 Suits are all this season's styles and fabrics, the latest out, made by one of the best suit houses in the country. Closing Out price

\$9.67

Men's \$12.50 and \$10 Winter Suits

A great Big Bargain in Men's Ready-to-wear Clothing, come in Black or Novelties, your choice of any of the lot at Closing Out prices.....

\$7.87

Men's \$8 and \$7 Winter Suits

Good, honest, reliable Suits, all this winter's styles; you can't get a Suit like these for the first price quoted; our price will be only

\$4.93

Men's \$6 and \$7 Winter Suits

Serviceable in every way, come in Blacks, Cheviots, in plain or fancy fabrics, your choice of the lot at the following price

\$3.93

THE NEW STORE

F. C. FRIEDGEN & CO.

918 Main Street

QUEEN OF RIDERS WILL TELL STORY

Woman Deposed and Beaten
By Tennessee Band to
Get Revenge.

KNOWS EVERY MEMBER.

EXPECTS TO CONVICT SLAYERS
OF CAPTAIN RANKIN WHO WAS
HANGED—AN INTERESTING
STORY TOLD.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 12.—Mrs. Ella Pride, who will be one of the chief witnesses against the Night Riders who killed Captain Quentin Rankin, at Walnut Log, tells a remarkable story of how she joined the riders, how she was whipped as a spy, and how she got away from the dangerous neighborhood. She says:

"It is my ambition to be the chief witness in bringing to justice the leaders of the Night Riders and breaking up that murderous organization.

"I was a night rider myself. I know the names of many leaders. I know their oaths and passwords and signs. I with a few other women admitted to the order, rode with the men dressed in men's clothes.

"At first nobody was hurt, and I did not suspect the real nature of the organization I had joined. I was so active in these early exploits which I believed were only for the fun of the thing, that before I realized the truth I began to be called 'Queen of the Night Riders,' though I knew nothing of this.

"Suddenly something happened that left me no longer in ignorance of the true character of the organization I had joined. The fishhooks at Reelfoot lake were burned and names of persons in our organization were mentioned as those of the perpetrators. Somebody has to suffer for this. I being a woman and the secretary, therefore considered the most likely to gossip, as well as having better information than other members, was accused of revealing the secrets of the order.

"I was bound to a post, my shoulders were bared, and I was beaten mercilessly with a thorn bush. I felt so angry and outraged that though strips of skin were torn from my shoulders, I did not faint. I defied them.

"When I had been whipped to their satisfaction, they burned my house to the ground and rode away.

"Now, I had no home, and I knew that I could make no move against my

enemies while in their midst. So I fled toward the north.

"While perfecting my plans for revenge something happened near my old home which I knew would make the authorities there especially welcome the knowledge I possessed. This was the murder by Night riders of Captain Quentin Rankin and the narrow escape of Colonel B. Z. Taylor, at Walnut Log. Captain Rankin was hanged and his body riddled with bullets. On my return I found that militia was encamped on Reelfoot lake.

"I succeeded in getting to Judge Harris at Tiptonville, without being recognized. As he knew of all that I had suffered, I had no difficulty in convincing him of my ability and eagerness to give valuable assistance."

HORRIBLY TORN BY CIRCUS LEOPARD

Boy Stood Too Near Cage
After Animal Was Teased.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 12.—With his left arm being mangled and lacerated by the claws and cruel teeth of a fierce Indian leopard, little Ernest Lass, the twelve-year-old son of Joseph Lass, the huckster who lives at 1919 Hardy street in the Fifth ward, was held a prisoner for several minutes in the grasp of the beast against its cage while a circus was being unloaded from the train. He was taken to an infirmary, where his arm was dressed, and the surgeons attending states that he will undoubtedly lose the member.

The boy stood manfully against the side of the cage while the torture that will result in the loss of his arm was going on. The animal keepers ran for bars of iron with which to pry loose the leopard's hold, and it was several minutes before the white faced lad could be released. He was taken to the infirmary in an ambulance and placed under chloroform until the member was dressed.

A Chinese Story.
"Come home to dinner," cried a good housewife to her husband at work in a field.

"All right," he shouted, "as soon as I have hid my hoe."

At dinner his wife remonstrated with him for shouting so loudly about hiding his hoe. "I am certain," said she, "that the neighbors have heard you and that some one has already stolen it."

Struck with the remark, the man returned to the field, and, sure enough, the hoe was gone. On returning to his house, impressed with the wisdom of her previous precaution, he whispered into his wife's ear, "The hoe is stolen!" —Scrap Book.

GIRL WITH HATPIN ROUTS ASSAILANT

White Man Sieses Her But
Jabs Awe Him.

Mount Holly, N. J., Dec. 12.—Mounted farmers have been searching the countryside near Stanwick today for a white man who attacked Catherine Dudley, 19 years old, daughter of Robert Dudley, of Borton's Landing road, this morning, while she was walking home after having alighted from a trolley car at Stanwick.

With a hat pin as her weapon the girl fought off her assailant. When she reached home she fainted and is now in a serious condition.

Shortly after Miss Dudley had left the trolley car she noticed a white man, who had been a passenger, following her. She let him pass, but had not gone far before the stranger sprang from the woods. She seized her hat pin and began a series of stabs in the man's body, and finally he was forced to relax his hold. After that she ran away from him.

Two Narrow Escapes.

A Swiss workman was busy repairing the roof of a small railroad station, says the Strand Magazine, when the cleat against which he was resting gave way and he began to slide over the edge of the roof. To avoid a spiking iron railing below he made a desperate jump into space. An express train was rushing by, and the man landed on the roof of a car. His outstretched hands found and clutched a ventilator chimney. He was carried four miles to the next station and descended unhurt.

More tragic was the occurrence on a Rocky mountain railroad. Four employees of the Great Northern were speeding down a precipitous grade on a hand car at thirty miles an hour when a special train confronted them around a curve. There was no avoidance of a collision. Two of the men jumped to death on the rocks below. The others stuck to the car, and one was crushed by the wheels of the advancing engine, but the other man was tossed uninjured into a clump of bushes which grew on a projecting rock twenty feet below the edge of the cliff. It was the only safe place where he could have fallen.

Sarcasm of the Road.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "dat ferocious bulldog o' yer's mighty near caught me!"

"He did!" exclaimed the woman, with a firmly set jaw. "I'll give him the worst beating he ever had!" "Lady, be merciful. If dat dog finds it as hard to get anything to eat around here as I do I don't blame him fur reachin' fur anything dat comes along." —Washington Star.

NEWSGIRL DOES NOT MISS AN HOUR

Has Passed Papers for Seven
Years.

Boston, Dec. 12.—Mary Catherine Joyce, of No. 89 Gold street, South Boston, venter of papers for seven years, has a record as a "newsy." In all of the seven years selling papers, she has never missed a single day in delivering them to her customers regularly at 5 o'clock every morning all the year around and has never known a day's sickness in all her seventeen years of life.

She is a graduate of the high school this year and has just gone to work in a bookbinder, but still continues to sell newspapers.

SENATOR LOSES PLAYING POKER

"Second-Elective-Term Man"
Is Hit Hard.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 12.—Jonathan Bourne, Jr., junior republican senator from Oregon, who achieved fame by advocating a "second elective term" for President Roosevelt, is shy a large sum of money as the result of a \$40 limit six handed poker game in which he "sat" at the Portland hotel recently.

One of the players says that the senator lost \$5,000, but his friends insist that his losses will not be more than one-fifth that sum.

At the conclusion of the game, in order to recoup his losses, Senator Bourne offered to play pinochle at \$150 a game, but everybody was looking out of the window. It has often been said by those who know him intimately that Senator Bourne will play two pairs higher than any other player in the west.

Writing and Playwriting.

Just note in passing the advantages of the novelist. A fiction writer can have as beautiful a heroine in his book as he likes, and she can't get out. She can be more beautiful than any heroine ever was before. If you don't believe it he will tell you so again for several pages, along with what she is thinking and what she did and where she was day before yesterday, for he is under no necessity to finish in three hours to enable the commuters to catch their trains—they can read his story on the train. And in addition to all her other qualities described she can have an indescribable something. Now, no leading lady can have that. If she had the press agent would lose his job. —Collier's Weekly.