

who advertises about twice a year, sits back with his hands in his pockets and says, "I've put an ad. in the paper, now let the people rush in and take my goods and pay me the money." Then there's the last fellow. Ah! he's the daisy! He advertises every day. Has something to advertise. Has the goods shown, explained, displayed, sold. Always at work; early and late tending his crop-killing weeds, but advertising! advertising! advertising! He may throw away some money occasionally, but he laughs at that and goes in further and bolder than ever.

Don't plant a crop unless you expect to cultivate it. Don't advertise unless you intend to work it for all it is worth.

How many goods do you suppose this ad. would sell? "John Smith, dealer in hats, caps, boots and shoes, dry goods and notions. We defy competition. J. J. Smith." How would this work? "I'm going to sell a bargain to-morrow. Listen. Twenty cases men's winter boots on sale to-morrow at \$2 a pair, regular value \$2.50. Bought 'em low, sell 'em low. John Smith."

Don't advertise a lie; tell the truth and prove it.

A CUSTOMER LOST.

A LONG counter in the middle of a store was covered with dress goods. The theory, down either side, showed that it was a "bargain sale." It was in fact, the annual after-holiday, marked-down affair, now a regularly appointed period in big establishments in cities.

A lady—not an eager seeker—strolled by, merely glancing over some of the goods outspread. One pattern caught her eye. There was a very willing salesman at hand to tell her its price—"but, find me something either in brown or dark blue," she said.

"There is one," he said, presently, "and it is good measure, too—five yards."

The light was poor, but she liked the color. It was a dark brown with a small stripe of old blue.

"Can you find me another piece, something like this?" she asked. "Remember I want only brown or dark blue." Nothing more of that quality could be found. She took the first piece selected and ordered it sent home. When her purchase arrived she opened the package to look at it. She unfolded it from around the board, and, behold as she spread it out, she found that she had seen only the wrong side, and that upon the right side there was an inch-broad, bright yellow stripe.

Can anyone blame her for being vexed? She was more than that, she was thoroughly indignant. She had so expressly stated what color she desired, and only that color. Now she must be to the trouble of carrying the goods back. This she did with no great sweetness of temper. She hunted up her salesman.

"I have returned the goods you sold me yesterday!" she said.

"But, madame, the goods bought at this sale are not returnable."

"I return the goods!" she replied. "It makes no difference, to me, whether they are returnable or not!—I return them, just the same."

Further protest, that it was against the rule, furthered the decision upon the lady's part.

"I told you, explicitly, that I wanted only brown or blue. I find, upon opening this pattern a flaming yellow stripe. You must have known it, all the time!"

He grinned impertinently.

"You would have seen the yellow, if you had looked on the right side," he said. "We do not take back remnants."

A floor-walker was called. A conference was inaugurated. But the lady was so evidently in the right, and made her statement in the hearing of so many shoppers, that they were glad to take back her goods and let her go.

The result was she went elsewhere to buy her dress.

"I'll never buy another yard in that store!" she averred.

The mean trick of one salesman lost a customer.