

parade. Meanwhile attendants light lamps and torches around the square. Now comes another procession, but this time all the figures in it are clad in white. Following the banners are two superb white horses of pure Arabian breed, each led by two men. Two crossed swords adorn the shoulders of each horse. Behind the swords are perched a pair of white doves. The long white trappings of the horses are smeared with blood, which affords a sinister hint as to the purpose of the 200 men who follow behind them, armed with yataghans, which gleam in the light of torch and lamp as they whirl them around their heads, wailing as they advance. "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!"

One sees at a glance that these are men of a different type from those who formed the first procession. They are grave, their eyes are ablaze with frenzy; their strong features are distorted with the fierce fervor of fanaticism. As I glance around the square I note that it is now lined with Turkish troops, with backs to the wall, bayonets fixed. Their business is to prevent any of the fanatics from running amok.

#### A MERE ACCIDENT.

Headed by some dozen men who carry aloft gigantic flaming torches, the procession slowly moves around the square. Before it has made the circuit once, to the oft-repeated cries of "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" an old white bearded priest receives an ugly slash in the throat from one of those whirling, gleaming yataghans. As he is hurled away my Turkish friend assures me that it was "a mere accident"—that there was no intention of offering him up as a vicarious atonement

for the 1320 years old crime of the Persians. The cries of "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" grow fiercer. A note of denunciation appears in the wailing tone in which they are rendered. The murderous yataghans cleave the air more viciously as the second circuit nears completion. And then, suddenly, by what preconcerted signal I could not discern, a delivery with redoubled volume and energy, and immediately, so quickly was it done, that I did not see one of the sin-flicted blows delivered, each face of those 200 fanatics was drenched with blood, and their white robes were dyed red.

Still they pursued their course around the square, slashing and hacking at their shaven crowns with their razored weapons, with each utterance of the sacred names and each flourish of their features undisturbed, their drenched garments leaving a track of blood behind them, most of the der-vishes succeeded in making that horrible third march around the square. A few reeled and fell and as a special honor were carried to where the ambassador sat, and laid at his feet, to die perhaps in the blessed assurance of being immediately transported to Paradise, for such is the reward promised those who perish of these self-inflicted wounds.

Six hundred more fanatics in batches of 200 went through the same ghastly ceremony. Long before they had finished the square looked like a chamber, and the air reeked with the odor of blood.

My friends had spoken truly. It was a sight that I shall always remember and the like of which I have no wish to see again.

### A LOVE LETTER OF AN INDIAN SWAIN.

ONE of the most remarkable love letters ever written is a part of the archives of the Indian bureau in Washington. It is penned by an Indian brave when he was a student in one of the government schools:

"My Dearest, Great, Genuine Darling: I am taking the excursion pleasure of replying to your most kind and welcome love letter. Also, I was well gratified to hear for you that you are in good health—it gives me a more consolation to know that you are in a sweet paradise of a good cheer, comfort, and it leaves me the same too. And here I am taking the greatest joy I have hitherto which will express to you it fails. And, also I find my indifference toward you increases daily. The more will meet in the mission of a love there more you will appear in my heart, and object of contemplation. You remember, dear love, that day I succeeded from — to —, on the twenty of November, I feel my way disposed

and determined to meet you again, but I did not. Well, my dearest, darling wife, I do wish that you could leave me, that I never had any intention yet to offer you from my right hand.

"Perhaps you remember that your letters are full of pertinences and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense, and believe me so adverse to you that it is impossible for me even to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant. Oh, my dearest darling, I love you with all my heart, soul, and my soul and with all my mind, and what more could I do after I love so well is that every time I come to think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn dasher. My great misfortune is no matter what trouble we had we be friends for ever and ever, for I been acknowledge you originally to be my authentic friend and I shall try to succeed all the words that I been could say to you and I hope you will do me the same two. Remember that I would not sacrifice you for anything. I love you so well that I always dream about you."—New York World.

### STRANGE PARADE OF ALL NATIONS.

St. Louis.—The wonderful parade of peoples and beasts, on Pike Day at the world's fair, June 4th, will be the greatest of modern world spectacles. Its barbaric magnificence and human interest far overshadow the Queen's Jubilee, triumphs of Rome conquerors or the visit of Sheba to Solomon.

Amid a babel of untamed music, the murmurs of thirty-five different tongues and the shimmer of myriad colors, a huge caravan, the like of which has never been seen in all the history of the centuries, will drag its serpentine length through the city of palaces.

Six thousand natives from climes, far and near, and two thousand animals of nearly every known species will move in the strangest procession since the one that sought refuge in the Ark.

It will be a living color page of story, land, of nursery rhyme and the days when tales were young. The Arabian Nights will flash in the noonday sun. Ancient religions with all their glamour of mystery and heathen splendor give the solemn note to the pageant. We will behold types of these different peoples:

Chinese, Japanese, Russians, Tyrolese, Irish, French, Italians, Persians, Turks, Burmese, Singalese, Filipinos, Esquimaux, Spaniards, Egyptians, Indians, Hindus, Boers, Zulus, Kafirs, Jews, Bohemians, Assyrians, Bedouins, Hawaiian Islanders, Kanakas, head hunters of Borneo, Grecians, Negroes, Arabians, Germans, Patagonian Giants, African pigmies, hairy Alutians, and several Americans.

Curious conveyances will be employed in this march of nations. Some will ride in Irish jaunting cars, in the jinkieshaw, the Persian kajakak, golden cars of the Indian rajahs, Alaskan dog sledges, sulkes drawn by ostriches

and giraffes, stylish modern traps hauled by zebras and fat-tailed African sheep. Lavishly caparisoned elephants, camels and dromedaries bear and their backs hows with lofty pinnacles. Arabian steeds carry turbaned children of the desert, the American bronchos support famous Indian chiefs and the Rough Riders of the world. Bragmen of Cairo ride the historic donkey.

Dancers of all nations reflect the Schubbliatter, the real, the fling, the Nauteh, the Jar, the Castenet, the sword, and the devil dance, and behold those who whirl as do the der-vishes, those who do the fandango and the gelsa dance, the flite, the snake, and the Kachina or the dance of masks, the Buffalo, and the Manitou dance, and the cannibalistic revels of the far South Sea Islands.

Industries of the earth will be portrayed in the procession by the polyglot population of Jerusalem, the thrifty natives of the Alps, the weavers of Ireland, the wood and ivory carvers, the gold brocade weavers and Ennawies brass makers and the jewelers of Hindostan; the tea pickers and rollers of Ceylon, the brass chisellers, candy makers, fortune tellers and fakers of Persia; Japanese who carve images from single grains of rice and the tawmakin girl of Japan. Romanyas from Spain; street vendors, from the bazars of Stamboul; old-time plantation dandies of the South, expert fire fighters of the modern city; Russian serfs and deep sea divers; the potters, basket makers and blinnet makers of the Zuni and Mohi tribes; Chinese silk weavers playing ancient looms, the Boer housewife fresh from her hager, and many other types. Wedding ceremonies and local ritual native festivals and annual sacrificial feasts have their vivid portrayal in this streaming pulsation of life as it moves over a mile along the hard smooth boulevards of the exposition. It is estimated that the pageant will represent

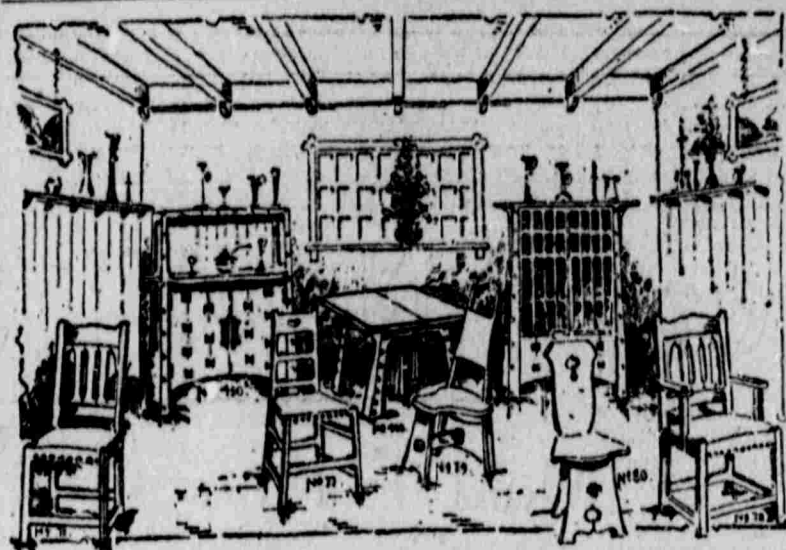
#### SECOND PLACE POSSIBILITIES FOR DEMOCRATS.



Here are the most authoritative photographs of two leading Democrats of the country who are possibilities for the Democratic nomination for the vice presidency. Senator William A. Harris appears upon the right and Representative John S. Williams upon the left. Both have made enviable records from a Democratic standpoint, and the political world will eagerly await the verdict of the country upon the question of the vice presidency.

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IS MADE for people who admire artistic, simple, home-like, comfortable furnishings. It is made from selected figured woods peculiarly adapted to special treatment by the use of preservative stains, which produce a remarkable rich effect, showing the natural grain of the wood cunningly brought out in rare variegated shades, producing a rich sheen, which in certain lights gives an effective glow to the surface.

The upholstery and cushion work is of the very highest order, none but the best materials procurable being used.

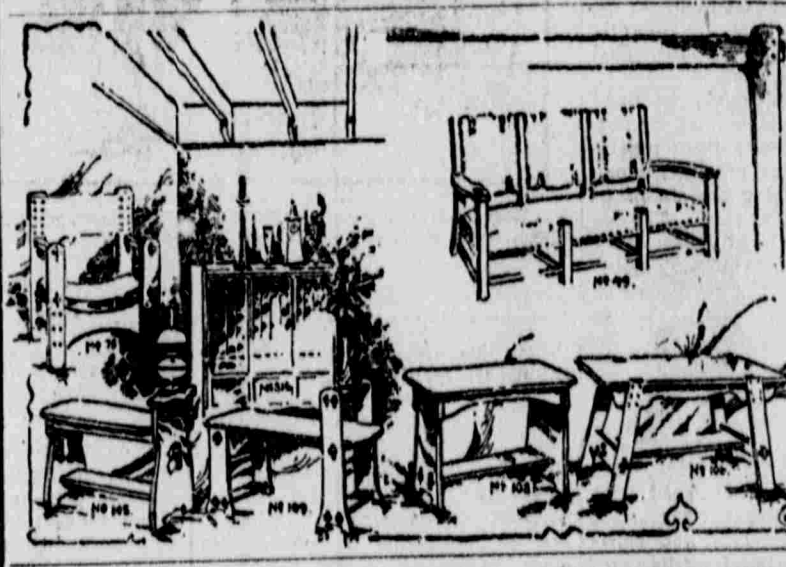
The outside covering of the upholstered pieces and pillows are made of various materials. That mostly used is a high grade of Spanish steer hide and Roan skin leather, as treated in the Arts and Crafts workshop this special leather is soft and pliable, and is especially colored and finished to make it adapted to this class of work.

There is no more appropriate furniture for the city and country home, clubs and hotels, none that has the stamp of art and good taste more deeply imprinted upon it than Limbert's Arts and Crafts.

At this particular season, it will be well worth your time and attention to give us a call and examine this line.

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an outlay of thirty thousand dollars and it is intended to make of it one of the greatest educational and amusement features of the world's fair.

#### Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its best on earth. 25c. at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

#### THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Grand industrial expositions in the United States are changing somewhat their character. The industrial feature becomes no less, but the social feature becomes more and more with each succeeding show. By this time a majority of the grooved people of the land have seen world's fairs. They have looked upon machinery, textile fabrics, millinery, patent churns, windmills and leather goods. Until since the Chicago World's fair, however, the idea of giving to exposition visitors social pleasure was little entertained. But now we have learned. At St. Louis the social feature will be one of the most prominent. Sociability promotes trade, trade promotes wealth; consequence, everybody satisfied.

With the increasing prominence of the

social side of expositions, woman comes to play a more and more important part in their arrangements. Then, too, at St. Louis traditional southern hospitality will invest this entertaining of visitors with special graciousness and liberality.

Mrs. Rolla Wells, wife of the mayor of St. Louis, has had her house enlarged and remodeled for the accommodation of guests. Not many days will pass without ladies' luncheons or teas or a reception, formal or informal, there. For large exceptions the rooms on the lower floor of the spacious Wells mansion have been so arranged that they may be thrown into one. Mrs. Wells is fond of society and will carry out gracefully and lightly the heavy social duties that will rest upon her shoulders. She will be assisted in dispensing hospitality by her daughter, Mrs. Clark Street.

No less hospitable and gracious will be Mrs. David Rowland Francis, wife of the president of the Louisiana Purchase exposition board. The Francis residence is one of the show places of St. Louis, and its mistress herself, while not exactly a show woman, is handsome, dignified and kindly enough to be the gem of so noble a setting. Two pretty young daughters-in-law will assist Mrs. Francis in receiving, although to look at her one would not suspect her of being old enough to have daughters-in-law.

Perhaps because Mrs. Francis is a club woman—vice president of the newly formed Women's club of St. Louis—the ladies' organizations of the city will exert themselves actively to honor and give pleasure to feminine visitors to the exposition. The Wednesday club offers the hospitality of its rooms to the wives and other ladies in the suits of foreign commissioners and to stranger ladies entitled to consideration. The Artists' guild has made the like offer. All that seems necessary to be recipient of these gracious and kindly attentions is that one should be somebody, and it is possible for everybody to be somebody these days.

Miss Florence Hayward, the famous foreign commissioner for the fair, is at home and in her hours of duty will fulfill social obligations with the best. Mrs. Hayward was the only woman officially sent abroad to drum up interest in the St. Louis fair among foreign merchants and manufacturers and obtain exhibits from them. By her peculiar power of mingled tact, intelligence and good temper she secured favorable results where men commissioners failed altogether.

Mrs. Russell Harding, wife of the president of one of the leading railroads entering St. Louis, will also look after social entertainments for railroad dignitaries. Mrs. Harding will adapt the salon idea to her entertainments; so also will Mrs. David Randolph Calhoun, a brilliant, charming young St. Louis matron whose easy cordial manner makes a guest feel at home at once. The residence of Mrs. Louis Marion McCall will be the rallying place for municipal league and city improvement ladies.

The ladies named are St. Louis residents. To assist them in this social field though the act of congress of March 3, 1901, did not say so specially, the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase exposition was created. It has no executive power except that of appointing a woman as a member of any jury awarding prizes in departments of woman's work. The ladies constituting this board have been chosen from different states of the Union. A number of them will reside in St. Louis during the fair and, like the ladies who live here, will practically keep open house.

The president of this board of lady managers is Mrs. Daniel Manning, widow of President Cleveland's first secretary of the treasury. Socially, Mrs. Manning is one of the most experienced and accomplished women in America. Beautiful, tactful, refined and kindly, she will recall at St. Louis the regard of Mrs. Potter Palmer at the Chicago fair. Mrs. Manning belongs to what we now call in America an "old family." Her grandfather was Robert Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of In-

dependence and American minister to France under the first empire at the time the Louisiana Purchase treaty was negotiated. Mrs. Manning is president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a member of the Holland Dames' and of the Colonial Dames' associations.

President McKinley appointed her commissioner to the Paris exposition of 1900, and the French government bestowed on her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The secretary of the board of lady managers of the St. Louis fair is Miss Lavinia Egan of Shreveport, La. Miss Egan is one of the most enthusiastic club women of the south, being vice president of the Louisiana Federated Woman's clubs. Miss Egan has the uncommon record of attendance at every grand exposition in her own country, beginning with the Centennial one of 1876 at Philadelphia.

The first vice president is Mrs. Edward Buchwalter of Springfield, O. Mrs. Buchwalter worked till she succeeded in establishing traveling libraries in Ohio. It was also owing to her that the State Federation of Ohio Woman's clubs was organized. Club women come out with shining prominence in public affairs. Their parliamentary training, knowledge of business and of public speaking make them eminently desirable on public boards.

The second vice president is Mrs. F. P. Ernest, and influential lady of Denver. Mrs. Helen Boice-Hunsicker of Pennsylvania is third vice president, and Miss Anna Laurens Daves, daughter of the late Senator Daves of Massachusetts, fourth. Mrs. Belle Everest of Kansas, fifth. The sixth vice president, Mrs. M. H. de Young of San Francisco, has had ample experience in the social duties of expositions, including that of Paris in 1900.

Mrs. Fannie L. Porter is a member of the board from Georgia. Mrs. Helen Gould is a welcome and most active member also. She is greatly interested in the establishment of creches on the fair grounds where women visitors may check their babies for the time being and feel sure the little ones are safe.

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The afflictions which are sent of God or permitted by Him are never intended for His children's destruction, but for their discipline. The shepherd casts his flock into deep waters to wash them, not to drown them. "You will kill that hush if you put that knife into it so deep," said a gentleman to his gardener. "No, sir; I do this every year to keep it from running all to leaves, pruning brings the fruit." Pastors often find God's faithful ones bleeding under the knife, but afterward they "hold the peaceful and precious fruits of righteousness and triumphant trust. Affliction is the costly school in which great graces are often acquired and from which grand characters are graduated. —Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

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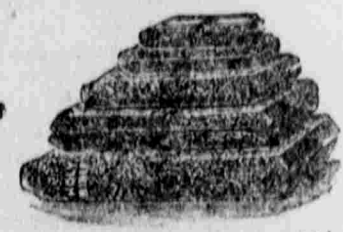
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