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KIRK'S SOAP

SOAP FOR THE BATH — FOR THE LAUNDRY — FOR THE TOILET

CONCENTRATED ESSENCES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF — COLOGNES AND TOILET WATER

JAS. S. KIRK & COMPY. CHICAGO.

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—IS PEERLESS—

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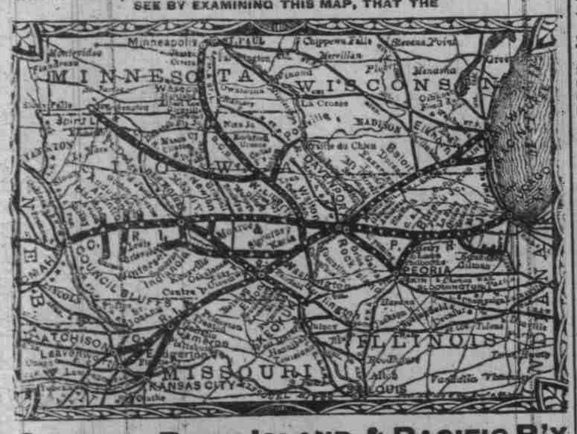
CORTICELLI

IS THE UNEQUALLED SPOOL SILK.

Ladies Should Insist on Using these Reliable Brands of Silk.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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Being the Great Central Line, affords to travelers, by reason of its unrivaled geographical position, the shortest and best route between the East, Northeast and Southeast, and the West, Northwest and Southwest.

It is literally and strictly true, that its connections are all of the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

By its main line and branches it reaches Chicago, Joliet, Peoria, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Keokuk, Knoxville, Oskaloosa, Fairfield, Des Moines, West Liberty, Iowa City, Atlantic, Avoca, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Center and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri, and Leavenworth and Atchison in Kansas, and the hundreds of cities, villages and towns intermediate. The

"GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,"

As it is familiarly called, offers to travelers all the advantages and comforts incident to a smooth track, safe bridges, Union Depots at all connecting points, Fast Express Trains, composed of COMMODIOUS, WELL VENTILATED, WELL HEATED, FINELY UPHOLSTERED and ELEGANT DAY COACHES; a line of the MOST MAGNIFICENT HORTON RECLINING CHAIR CARS ever built; PULLMAN'S latest designed and handsomest PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and DINING CARS, that are acknowledged by press and people to be the FINEST RUN UPON ANY ROAD IN THE COUNTRY, and in which superior meals are served to travelers at the low rate of SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

January 1, 1883, a new line will be opened, via Seneca and Kankakee, between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati Indianapolis and La Fayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Paul, Minneapolis and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers carried on Fast Express Trains.

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R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres't, and Gen'l Manager. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass'r Agent.

CHICAGO.

NO USE FOR THEM.

Concerning Certain Relics of the Past—Dogs that have had their Day.

George Stephenson's "Rocket," and the magnificent locomotives of to-day, are built upon the same general principle, yet the machine with which the great engineer astonished his age, is interesting now only as an illustration of the beginning of the invention. There were plasters with holes in them long before BENSON'S CAPCINE PORUS PLASTER surprised both the public and the physicians; and the triumph of the Capcine is founded upon the partial successes, or the utter failures of its predecessors. Everything of value in the old porus plaster is retained in the Capcine, but at this point all comparison ends, and contrast begins. For example:

The old plasters were slow in their action; the Capcine is quick and sure.

The old plasters lacked the power to do more than to impart slight, temporary relief in cases easy of treatment; the Capcine penetrates the system and permanently cures the troubles for which it is recommended.

The old plasters depended for any good results they might attain, upon an accident of their makers; the Benson's reaches its ends by means of the scientific combination of the rare medicinal ingredients which it contains.

In brief, the old plasters, like Stephenson's discarded engine, are switched off the track, while the Benson's goes on its way winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Yet in this very fact lies the leading danger to the people who buy and use this reliable and scientific remedy. "Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue." Imitation is the concession failure makes to success. Benson's Plasters are paroded in name and style.

Beware of swindles. The genuine have the word CAPCINE CUT in the center. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. jly Sw sd s & w

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LARD & OIL TANKS, COILERS, KETTLES, PANS, ETC.

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P. O. BOX, 525, SALT LAKE CITY.

General Repairing Done Promptly.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Refer to any Work done by us with Pleasure. oct6

GRANITE IRONWARE.

For BROILING, BAKING, BOILING, PRESERVING.

Is LIGHT, HANDSOME, WHOLESOME, DURABLE.

The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, - July 14, 1883.

BITTER WORDS:

Bitter words; how deep they rankle,
Striking like a deadly dart,
When the lips we love have hurled them
Through the armor of the heart.
Fraught with folly, soon repented
Though they may be, yet they lie
'Mid the heart's bright blooming roses,
Like a snake that will not die.

Oft their sting we strive to banish,
But, alas! it is in vain—
Bitter words when once they're spoken,
Never after lose their pain;
Never after lose their anguish;
Never after lose their power,
Just a touch, however they're hidden,
Brings again the old time power.

Many a heart has lost its treasures,
Many a heart its heaven above,
For the words of bitter meaning,
Coming from the lips we love.
Bitter words; oh, bitter, bitter—
Keep them close within the breast,
They may mar a whole life's music,
And destroy a whole life's rest.

Waiting for the Grist.

"It is strange," said a gentleman who sat next to me in the car, and with whom I had struck up quite an acquaintance, "what an influence a look, a word, or the little act of a perfect stranger will sometimes have upon a person."

"Yes," said I; "more than any of us can realize"

"It was the simple act of a stranger that changed the whole course of my life"

"Indeed! How so?"

"When I was a boy, my father moved to the then far west—Ohio. It was before the days of steam, and no great mills thundered on the river banks, but occasionally there was a little grist mill by the side of some small stream, and hither, whenever the water was up, the whole neighborhood flocked with their sacks of corn. 'First come, first served.' Sometimes we had to wait two or three days for our turn. I generally was the person sent from our house, for, while I was too small in be of much account on the farm, I was as good as a man to carry grist to the mill, So I was not at all surprised one morning when my father said, 'Henry, you can get up Old Roan and go to the mill today.'

"Saunders' mill was ten miles away; but I had made the trip so often that it did not seem far. I believe one becomes more attached to an old mill than to any other building. I can see just how it looked as it stood there under the sycamores, with its huge wheel and rough clapboard sides.

"When I arrived I found the North Branch and Rocky Fork folks there ahead of me, and I knew there was no hope of getting home that day; but I was not at all sorry, for my basket was well filled with provisions, and Mr. Saunders always opened his barn for us to sleep in; so it was no unpleasant time we had while waiting for our grist. This time there was an addition to the number that had been in the habit of gathering, from time to time, in the old Saunder's barn—a young fellow about my own age, probably a little older. His name was Charley Allen, and his father had bought a farm over on the Brush Creek road. He was sociable and friendly, but I instinctively felt that he had 'more manners' than the rest of us. The evening was spent, as usual, in relating coarse jokes and playing cards. Although I was not accustomed to such things at home, I had become so used to it at the mill that it had long since ceased to shock me, and, indeed, I was fast becoming an interested spectator.

"Well, boys, it is time for us fellers to go to roost,' said Jim Finley, one of the greatest roughs on the Rocky Fork, and he threw down his pack of cards and began to undress. We all followed his example, although it was not much undressing we did to sleep on the haymow; but we were so busy with our own affairs that we did not notice Charley Allen until Jim exclaimed:

"'Heyday! we've got a parson here; we hev!"

"Charley was kneeling by the oat-bin, praying. Jim Finley's jest met with no response. The silence was only broken by the droway cattle below, and the twittering swallows over head. More than one rough man wiped a tear from his eyes as he went silently to his bed on the hay. I had always been in the habit of praying at home, but I never thought of such a thing at Saunders' Mill. As I laid awake that night in the old barn, thinking of Charley Allen's courage, and what an effect it had upon the men, I firmly resolved that in the future I would do right. I little thought how soon my courage would be tested.

"Just after my dinner I got my grist and started for home. When I arrived at Albright's gate, where I turned off to go home, I found the old squire waiting for me. I saw in a moment that something had gone wrong. I had always stood in the greatest awe of the old gentleman, because he was the rich man of the neighborhood, and now I felt my heart beginning to beat very fast. As soon as I came near, he said:

"Did you go through this gate yesterday?"

"I could easily have denied it, as it was before daylight when I went through, and I quite as often went the other way. Charley Allen kneeling in the barn came to my mind like a flash, and before I had time to listen to the tempter I said, 'Yes, sir, I did.'

"'Are you sure you shut and pinned the gate?' he asked.

"This question staggered me. I remembered distinctly that I did not. I could pull the pin without getting off my horse, but I could not put it in again, so I carelessly rode away and left it open.

"'I—I—I.'

"'Out with it; tell us just what you did!'

"'I left it open,' I said abruptly.

"'Well, you let the cattle in, and they have destroyed all my early potatoes—a terrible piece of business!'

"'I'm verry sorry, I'd—'

"'Talking won't help matters now; but remember, boy, remember, that sorrow don't make potatoes—sorrow don't make potatoes.'

"I felt very badly about the matter, for I was really sorry that the old gentleman had lost his potatoes, and then I expected to be severely reprimanded at home; but I soon found that they knew nothing of the matter, and after several days had passed, I began to rest quite easy. Alas for human hopes! One rainy afternoon I saw the squire riding down the lane. I ran off to the barn, ashamed to face him, and afraid to meet my father. They sat on the porch and talked for a long time. At last my curiosity overcame my fear, and I stole back to the house, and went into mother's room to see if I could hear what they were talking about.

"Why, the boy could be spared well enough, but he doesn't know anything about the business," said my father.

"There is one thing he does know," said the squire, "he knows how to tell the truth."

He then related the circumstance which I so much dreaded to have my father hear. After he had gone my father called me to him, and told me that the squire was going to start a store in the village, and wanted a boy to help, and that I could go if I wanted to. I went, and remained in the village store until it blossomed out into a city store, and people say I got my start in life when I entered Albright's store, but I will always maintain that I got it while I was waiting for the grist."
—*S. S.*

Earth Tremors.

The committee which was appointed some years ago by the British Association for the purpose of determining the lunar disturbance of gravity has virtually abandoned the task as unattainable. The unexpected difficulties that presented themselves in the way of this determination were brought about by the instability of the earth's mass itself, whose movements, as stated by the Messrs. Darwin, of Cambridge, were "so incessant and so lawless that the steady march of the lunar swing was utterly overborne and lost. The earth was never really still. It quivered, and throbbed, and warped, and bent, under the pendulum night and day, and even, as it seemed, in the absence of all merely local agencies that could be detected." Nor was the situation improved when a position in a deep mine was taken. This instability of the earth or the constancy of its tremors is attributed to causes directly connected with the varying intensities of atmospheric and oceanic pressures. The placing of a great weight—as a mountain, for example—on any portion of the surface will naturally tend to produce a depression of the surface at that point, and consequently movement; but "it was probably never imagined till now that when the barometer rises an inch over a land area like that of Australia, the increased load of air sinks the entire continent two or three inches below the normal level. Over a like sea area, the water surface may be depressed a foot or more. Thus, as the mass of air creeps in wind or creeps by slower convection from place to place, the yielding earth sways up and down beneath its weight." The increased accumulation of air over a given locality was found to influence the pendulum in the manner of (although, of course, to a much less extent,) a solid mass, as a mountain. The tides exercise a disturbing power similar to that which has been shown in the case of the atmosphere; thus, the heaping waters of the flood depress the shore; whereas the ebb permits it to rise again. And here, again, like the atmosphere, the advance and retreat of the water react attractionally upon the plummet in a very marked degree.

A Monkey and a Mirror.

I witnessed the following incident in the Jardin des Plantes, now many years ago, but it struck me greatly at the time and I have narrated it repeatedly in the intervals. A large ape—I believed anthropoid, but cannot tell the species—was in the great iron cage with a number of small monkeys and was lording it over them with many wild gambols to the amusement of a crowd of spectators. Many things—fruits and the like—had been thrown between the bars into the cage, which the ape was always forward to seize. At last some one threw in a small hand looking-glass, with a strong made frame of wood. This the ape at once laid hold of and began to brandish like a hammer. Suddenly he was arrested by the reflection of himself in the glass and looked puzzled for a moment; then he darted his head beeind the glass to find the other of his kind that he evidently supposed to be there. Astonished at finding nothing, he apparently bethought himself that he had not been quick enough with his movement. He now proceeded to raise and draw the glass nearer to him with great caution, and then, with a swifter dart, looked behind. Again finding nothing, he repeated the attempt once more. He now passed from astonishment to anger, and began to beat with the frame violently on the floor of the cage. Soon the glass was shattered and pieces fell out. Continuing to beat, he was in the course of one blow again arrested by his image in the piece of glass still remaining in the frame. Then, as it seemed, he determined to make one trial more. More circumspectly than ever the whole first part of the process was gone through with, more violently than ever the final dart was made. His fury over this last failure knew no bounds. He crunched the frame and glass together with his teeth, he beat on the floor, he crunched again, till nothing but splinters were left.

He Knew Him.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic that while listening to them you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories. One day we were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club, and Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked: "Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravenous nature of them potato-bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potater-bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potaters right out of the oven. Waiting around the potater patch for the second crop!" exclaimed old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potater-bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potaters for next year. I did, by gosh!" The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally, a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer, and was not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank he exclaimed: "You are a liar!" Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand with a puzzled look: "When did you get acquainted with me?"—*Boston Herald.*

In a Whirl of Waters.

On Thursday morning a young French Canadian mill-hand named Narcisse Meunier, in Eddy's new mill at Hull, Quebec, had one of the most marvelous escapes from death on record. It seems that while attending to his duties in the lower part of the mill he slipped and fell into the water beneath. At this point the stream resembles a gigantic seething caldron, but notwithstanding the warning of the rushing waters Narcisse, who is a powerful swimmer, struck out boldly for the shore. In spite of his efforts he was hurled down the waterway toward the Devil's Hole, where the stream enters the underground passage. Nothing daunted by the tremendous strength of the current, against which he was battling, Narcisse continued to fight for his life. At length he succeeded in getting near enough to the shore to catch a projecting piece of rock. Fortunately for him some outsiders happened to see him clinging to the rock on the shore with the energy of despair, while the force of the current was almost tearing his arms out of their sockets, and came to his rescue. Had it not been for this he would inevitably have been sucked down into the Devil's Hole and probably never heard of again.

No description can give the faintest idea of the dangers of this spot, but after three glances at it it seems incomprehensible that a human being should have been there and survived.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

No Room in His Own Grave.

A novel case came before the Thames police court in London lately. An "elderly man" complained that his eldest son "who had a large family," insisted upon burying his children in a family grave which the applicant had bought in 1878 for himself and his own family, in Upton churchyard, Essex. The complainant had already buried his wife and one child in this grave, but his undutiful son, who appeared to have obtained possession of the necessary documents for opening the grave, "set him at defiance." "The consequence will be," said the latter, "that by-and-by there won't be room for me, and that is a very uncomfortable thought for a man who has taken the trouble to provide a last resting place for himself, as I have done. It's too bad, you know," he said.—*American Register, Paris.*

An Ancient Love Match.

Forty years ago a well known citizen of Raleigh, then a young merchant, was engaged to be married to a young lady in that vicinity. For some cause the young people became estranged, and the marriage was broken off. The gentleman soon after married one of Wake County's daughters, who lived but a few years. He then took a second wife, with whom he lived happily for a number of years, when she died, and he took a third wife, who died less than two years ago. A short time since the citizen referred to, now three score and ten, met by accident the object of his first love, whom he had not seen for over 40 years. Acquaintance was renewed, love revived, proposals of marriage made and accepted, and within a few days, it is said, the old gentleman of 70 will lead to the altar his flame of forty years ago. — *Troy Daily Times.*

"Contimpt av Coort."

Judge Mulcahey fined another man yesterday for skurrying across the tail end of the police courtroom with his hat on. The judge has a keen eye for contempt of court.

This reminds us of a story told of a Chicago justice of the peace. A young lawyer met this justice on the street, familiarly slapped him on the shoulder saying: "Hello, old cock, how do you do?" A few days later the limb of the law had some business before the justice, and as soon as he stuck his head inside the court room door he was fined $10 for contempt. He denied the charge vehemently, but was finally crushed by a recital of his offense and the court's assurance: "I'll tache ye, me lad, that this coort is an object of contimpt whenever and wherever ye may meet it."—*Rocky Mountain News.*

OUR RIDDLE BOX.

This department will contain once a week original puzzles for the young folks. The answers will be given the following week. Our juvenile friends are invited to send the solutions. All who forward correct answers will receive due credit and their names will be printed in the NEWS.

No. 87.—NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

As Will Robinson, a good-hearted young farmer, was riding home one moonlit evening, he was startled by a sudden rustling in the edge of the forest at the roadside. Quickly alighting, and taking his 1, 2, 3, 4 as a weapon of defence, he sought the source of the sound, and soon discovered a 5, 6, 7, 8 lame squirrel hopping through the fallen leaves. He might have easily slaughtered the little creature, but 9, 10, 11, 12, was of too sympathetic a nature to harm it, so he returned to his carriage and proceeded on his homeward journey, the silence of the forest highway being broken by no further sound save the plaintive melody of the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

CLAUDE.

No. 88.—LOGOGRAM.

A word that shows a noble thing
From which true greatness e'er must spring.
Behead, a scriptural name is found
For strength of friendship quite renowned.
If from this name the tail you take
Along your path I difficulties wake.
But had you ta'en my head and rearranged,
Into a cosy shelter I had changed.

LYDIA.

No. 89.—PROBLEM.

Divide 60 into two such numbers that by dividing the greater by 9 and multiplying the smaller by 2 2-3, the products added together will make 60. H. I.

No. 90.—RIDDLE.

Although a human shape I wear,
Yet I a mother never had;
Nor yet in life nor sense I share,
But am in finest silks oft clad.

By every miss I'm valued much,
Beloved and highly prized,
And yet—my cruel fate is such—
By boys I am despised. E. G. P.

No. 91.—ANAGRAMS.

1. "Bett, cheat no hen."—Name of poem by American author.
2. "Renoh, dance."—Name of poem by English author.
3. "Ned, do rove."—Name of novel by American author.
4. "Danner, let me vote too."—Name of novel by English author. LANA.

No. 92.—CHARADE.

A man of dignity and pride
Was stern old total Dwyer,
Who occupied in Riverside
The exalted post of "Squire."

But once, while walking up the street,
First as he turned the corner,
On slippery *last* he set his feet,
And then he was a "goner."

Spectators were to mirth inclined.
He promptly spoiled their sport;
He had them all arraigned and fined
For "gross contempt of court."

J. F. SNYDER.

PRIZE WORD HUNT.

For the largest list of words made from the letters of "hearing," and sent in before August 1st, a cash prize of two dollars will be presented. These conditions must be observed:

1. Only words found defined in the body of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—including supplement of new words—will be allowed.
2. All obsolete words, localisms, proper names, prefixes, suffixes, abbreviations and contractions will be excluded.
3. No letter not contained in "hearing" may be used, and no letter may be used more than once in any single word.
4. The words must be arranged in alphabetical order and numbered.
5. In case of a tie, preference will be given for that one of the largest lists from which fewest words are thrown out for non-observance of these conditions.

No. 93, A.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If 98 into six parts be divided,
The cube root of one be extracted,
And two, to another be added,
The square root of another is required,
From another part two be subtracted,
Another by two be multiplied,
The remaining part by two divided,
The several results will be the same
If you have this problem correctly done.

J. M. F.

No. 93, B.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters;
My 1, 4, 2, 3, 3, 2, is a lady's name.
My 6, 2, 3, 1, is what the farmers all possess.
My 6, 5, 2, 1, is a metal.
My whole is the name of an ancient Prophet of God. A. G. MCCLEVE.

No. 93, C.—CHARADE.

My first is in black but not in white;
My second is in peace but not in fight;
My third is in man but not in boy;
My fourth is in jest but not in toy;
My fifth is in ale but not in beer;
My sixth is in mourn but not in tear;
My seventh is in time but not in age;
My eighth is in wine but not in rage.
My whole is the name of an ancient king
Who trusted to God in everything.

A. G. MCCLEVE.

ANSWERS.

Following are the answers to "Riddle Box" of July 7th:

82.—The letter I.
83.—Campbell;
Osgood;
Wilde;
Poe;
English;
Ruckert.
84.—A reached his destination forty minutes sooner than B.
85.—Light-house.
86.—Day.

Correct solutions have been received to Nos. 60, 64, 65, 67, 69 and 70 from J. M. Fisher, jr., East Mill Creek; to 64, 68, 69 and 70 from L. J. Holley, Springville; to 71, 72, 74, 75 from Frank Pickering, Payson; and to 71, 73 and 74 from Lorena Larsen, 19th Ward.

For You, Madam,

Whose complexion betrays some humiliating imperfection, whose mirror tells you that you are Tanned, Sallow and disfigured in countenance, or have Eruptions, Redness, Roughness or unwholesome tints of complexion, we say use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

It is a delicate, harmless and delightful article, producing the most natural and entrancing tints, the artificiality of which no observer can detect, and which soon becomes permanent if the Magnolia Balm is judiciously used.

HITCHCOCK & STOVER,

DENTISTS.

G. W. HITCHCOCK, Wasatch Block, Salt Lake City.

W. R. STOVER, Logan, Utah. d 191

Natural Fruit Flavors.

Dr. Price's SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Prepared from the choicest Fruits, without coloring, poisonous oils, acids, or artificial Essences. Always uniform in strength, without any adulterations or impurities. Have gained their reputation from their perfect purity, superior strength and quality. Admitted by all who have used them as the most delicate, grateful and natural flavor for cakes, puddings, creams, etc.

Manufactured by

STEELE & PRICE,

Chicago, Ill., & St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, and Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes.

WE MAKE NO SECOND GRADE GOODS.

JAS. THOMSON. O. J. THOMSON

HOMES and FARMS FOR SALE!

$2500 A NEW RUSTIC HOUSE OF 4 rooms, just finished, lot 4x10 rods, half block from car line, 3 blocks east of Main street.

$1350 A NEW ADOBIE HOUSE OF 2 rooms and buttery, coal house and a good well; lot 5x8 rods on S corner, nice location on Jordan Street, 16th Ward.

$1050 A GOOD CONCRETE HOUSE of 2 rooms, high ceilings and hallway; lot 7x10 on S corner, a good well, situated in the 16th Ward.

$1600 120 ACRES OF CHOICE FARMing Land, County Canal runs through it; 10 m'les southwest of the city.

$400 HOUSE OF 2 ROOMS, LOT 2 1-2x10 rods, 3 blocks north of Brigham Street, 21st Ward.

$2500 A NICE HOUSE OF 4 ROOMS, a kitchen, all painted and papered in first class style, coal house and cellar, porches at front and back, nice shades and lawn, well and force pump, also a cistern for rain water, lot 8x8, nice location, 1 1-2 blocks from Main Street, 12th Ward.

$1550 A HOUSE OF 3 ROOMS AND kitchen, also 6 nice store near the house, well, coal house and stable, nice shade trees, lot 8x10 rods, half of it seeded to lucerne. A chance for a party wanting to open a store, 2 1-2 blocks from Main St., East.

$1150 A HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS, LOT 4x10 rods, close to car line, 9th Ward; must be sold quick, a bargain.

$2500 A NEW ADOBIE HOUSE OF 4 rooms, lot 3 1-2 x 10 rods, 2½ blocks west of Main street 7th Ward.

$80 BUILDING LOTS 4 1-2 x 6 rods, near D. & R. G. Depot.

We have some good Farms under the County Canal, 9 miles west of the city, in sizes from 40 to 160 acres each. Call at our office for terms.

Houses Rented, Loans Negotiated, and Collections Made.

THOMSON'S

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY, No. 127 Main Street, over Carter's Gun Store, up Stairs.

P. O. BOX, 981.

WALKER BROS.

Retail Dry Goods Dep't.

BARGAINS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Bargains in Fine Cloths!!

Bargains in CARPETS!!!

TO CLOSE THEM OUT WE OFFER

A Line of Tapestry Brussels		at	$1.00 yd.
"	Body "	at	1.35 yd.
"	Three Plys	at	1.05 yd.
"	Extra Supers	at	95c yd
"	Velvets	at	1.55 yd.
"	Moquettes	at	1.55 yd.

In Addition we Show all the New Styles.

BARGAINS IN BOYS' SUITS.

BOYS' FLANNEL WAISTS $1.75 each. Worth $2.50

BARGAINS IN SILK WRAPS.

BARGAINS IN CASHMERE WRAPS.

NOVELTIES IN JERSEY WRAPS

LADIES' WALKING JACKETS,

$3.75 each. Worth $7.50 each.

MISSES' GINGHAM DRESSES,

$1.25 each. Worth $2.00.

1,000 PIECES CHOICE PRINTS, 5c. PER YARD.

WALKER BROTHERS.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.,

ARE RECEIVING CONSTANT ADDITIONS OF THE

LatesT Novelties

TO THEIR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Silks, Ottomans, Satins, Rhadames, Surahs, Louisines, Black and Colored Gros-Grains, Satins, Foules, Tappettas, Brocades. Millinery Silks. All Silk Velvets in Black and latest Shades, Nonpareil Velveteens; Silk-Grenadines in latest designs, etc., etc. Ladies should not fail to inspect the many Bargains we offer in this department before sending East or making any purchases elsewhere.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is cram full of Novelties in the best makes of Paris Cashmeres, Albatross Cloths, Drap D'Alma, Melanges, Nuns Vellings, Cashmere Coupe Drap De'te, Satin Souleil, French and American, Sateens in Fancy, and Plain to match. Our Prices are always as LOW as the LOWEST.

OUR WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT

Shows an elegant line of French Nainsooks, Lawns, Organdies, Piques, Plain and Figured; Mulls, Linen Diapers, Brilliantes, Marseilles Quilts, Bridal Quilts, Cradle Quilts, etc., etc., at most Popular Prices.

OUR TABLE CLOTH, NAPKIN AND TOWEL DEP'T

Is the Headquarters for Housekeepers and Hotelkeepers, not only for this City but for surrounding Cities and Territories. We import most of the Goods for this department from the best looms in Germany, Ireland and Scotland.

OUR LADIES' CORSET AND UNDERWEAR DEP'T

Is complete in all its details. Baby and Wedding Outfits a specialty.

OUR LADIES' LACE AND EMBROIDERY DEP'T

Is doing a largely increased business. The only reason we can give is the taste and experience of our European Buyer.

MORE NOVELTIES!

Parasols, Kid Gloves, Silk Mitts and Ladies' Neckwear, just received.

OUR LADIES' SUIT DEPARTMENT

Offers special inducements in the Latest Styles of Ottomans, Gros Grain and Diagonal Dolmans, Raglans, Basques, Cloth and Cassimere Jackets and Jersey's of the Latest Spring Shades; Black Cashmere and Debege Suits, Ulsters, etc., etc. We have some Single Garments in this department, which we are offering at 50 Cents on the Dollar!

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Both Wholesale and Retail, carries a larger and choicer stock than ever before. Our styles are the most popular and our PRICES the LOWEST in the City.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

Is too well known to require self praise. None but the best makes are handled by us. We warrant every pair we sell, and our PRICES are as LOW as the LOWEST.

OUR CARPET, LINOLEUM AND CURTAIN DEPARTMENT

Is steadily increasing its sales and the number of its well-pleased patrons. We bring only the best qualities and neatest and newest patterns, preferring to pay a little more for such goods, to buying old stock at low prices. We warrant every Carpet we sell.

OUR GENTS' and BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.
OUR GENTS' and BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENT.
OUR GENTS' and BOYS' BOOT and SHOE DEP'T.
OUR GENTS' and BOYS' FURNISHING GOODS Dep't

Contain none but the best qualities and newest styles of Well Fitting Goods. Our PRICES are the LOWEST in this city. We warrant every article we sell, and make every effort to please our customers.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. WHOLESALE BUYERS will find all the above Departments fully represented in our IMMENSE JOBBING STOCK. Our Prices compete with any market. We intend to retain all our old customers and gain as many new ones as Low Prices, Liberal Terms and Honorable Treatment will bring us.

We are Never Undersold. Established 1864.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.