DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, delivered, $6.00 per year, $3.00 for six months, $1.00 per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.50; three months, $1; payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page magazine, for general and local interest, containing valuable or a variety of current matter. Price per copy, 50 cents; per year, $2.00; six months, $1.00, mailed.

Literary Notes.

"Toys, New and Old, with some Notes on Christmas Shopping" and "The Selection of Gifts for Young Children," and among the sensational subjects discussed in the December number of *Babyhood*. In addition, there are medical articles, by well-known authorities, on "Diphtheria in Children," "Nursery Ventilation and Warming," and "The Care of Delicate Children." Young mothers will be particularly interested in "A Novel Infant Dress," described by the inventor, Dr. F. B. Parsons, while an authority is consulted on "The Little Folk in the White House," which accompanies the picture of the McKee children, will appeal to an even larger audience than that which thinks in *Babyhood* every month. The "Nursery table" presents a profusion of desserts, and the "Mother's Parlimentary," a number of useful hints as to the rather dreary "Day after Christmas," the proper choice of books for children, etc. The medical editor gives advice concerning "Protracted Pain," "The Pain-Cry in cases of Persistent Crying," "The Most Rational Drink," etc. Twenty cents a number, $2 per year. Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beekman St., New York.

The December number of *Babyland* is already here, and it is quite as enchanting to the little people as previous numbers have been. It is full of pretty pictures, and with its merry jingles and little stories *Babyland* is sure to delight every boy. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Our Little Men and Women for December is a charming number, full of delightful pictures and pretty stories and verses. The little folks will be sure to feel it with joy. It is printed on fine paper, in large type. This magazine is both entertaining and instructive, and is suitable for children whose ages range from five to nine. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Publishers.

The Pansy for December contains many short and elevating stories. It is also full of beautiful illustrations, and the young folks who read it should feel better and wiser for their association with such wise and entertaining friends as Pansy, Margaret Sidney and the other favorite authors. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

Two stirring stories for boys, "Syd Belton" and the "The Crystal Hunters," by the popular writer George Manville Fenn, are to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. The first is a most entertaining tale of "the boy who would not go to sea," and the second is a thrilling story of adventure in the highest kind. Both books are elaborately illustrated, and bound in specially designed covers.

CLEAN THE POULTRY HOUSE.

Give It a Good Going Over Before Winter Sets In.

Before going into their winter quarters the chickens should all be turned out of the poultry house, and a thorough cleaning and renovation of the place should be attempted. It is in the winter time that eggs bring their high prices, and the fowls that can be induced to lay heavily then will be most profitable. This can only be this, however, when clean, sanitary poultry houses are fitted up for their comfort. Fall cleaning of the house is more essential than the spring, for the filth and dirt that are left in the house in the winter must be shut up in tight places so that it will tend to breed disease. Worms, maggots and lice will thrive in this filth, which is kept warmer than the outside air. They will soon worm about the interior in great numbers, and naturally worry the life out of the chickens. In addition to this, the chickens will have to breathe the foul air that emanates from the piles of this filth. This alone is sufficient to cause sickness and death.

A thorough renovation of the house, outside and inside, should be made. Everything should be taken out and the roof, ceiling, sides and floor should be swept and then washed and scrubbed. There is nothing like thorough scrubbing with soap and water to make the boards clean and healthful. Then let the place be aired for a day, and meanwhile wash and scrub the feed boxes, dirtiest boxes, the roosting sticks and everything that was taken out. After this go into the house again and whitewash all of the woodwork. Do not be afraid of the whitewash, but throw it on thickly, especially in the cracks and nooks where lice and insects may be hiding. In fact all the woodwork is thus washed, except the roosting poles, which are scrubbed with boiling water, and then treated with kerosene oil. These should be dressed with oil afterward about once a month, and no disease can then very well attack the chickens. The top boxes are often troublesome in the winter, for the treatment will keep them away. The house outside should be inspected carefully, and every crack through which snow or wind would come in must be stopped up. Have no wind drafts blowing on the chickens, but have good ventilation. If such a house cleaning is given every fall, one may depend upon it that he will have more eggs and healthier fowls in the winter.—Annie C. Webster in American Cultivator.

Weevil in Grain.

Where a building can be closed air-tight, weevils infesting it can be destroyed by using bisulphide of carbon, but as farmers' extensive grain collections contracted this penalty will be found impracticable. On account of its inflammability, it must always be handled with great caution. Weevil in grain may be destroyed by putting it into air-tight bins or cases that can be slowly opened and setting a saucer containing a little bisulphide of carbon on top of the grain. The vapor, if confined, will descend through the grain to the bottom of the bin or case and be fatal to the insects. Exposed to the atmosphere it soon dissipates, but it must not be used in the vicinity of fire. The best preventives against the insect are clean bins of the storage room, light and air.

TEARLESS GRIEF.

At last it is the comfort night, and I,
Weary and tearless sits by some flag
Of Lee's unknown dead, thinking of those
Who gave their lives for peace. The sensitive
And mother cradled Earth are cold. Never
Of peace are broken hearts—the fever
Innocence calms and though the long year
Left me a life's regret, my eyes are dry.

For tears are sought but remorse's bitterness
Has
Thus, falling from those cicatrix, leaves for
Sorrow
A silent loss. I have a dearer pain
Than ever had sorrow, and I can hear loud
Forgiveness without pride. Passage you across
My heart's impulsive consciousness
Rolled forward on a tumultuous deluge.

TALL JANE.

"You don't mean that's Jane's skirt, Mr. Ward?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why, it's large five yards."

"I know it. She's taller than I be. She's grown all out of everything lately. I've let down tucks an hour, so passed at the top, so now her pink gingham is most up to her knees. I had to rip her this new so she'd look decent to go to school. Jane, come here a minute."

Then Jane came in hesitatingly. Her small head, with its mat of fair braids, dropped forlornly, her slender shoulders were very high. Her pink dress, her pride, sat unevenly, trying to make a hunger.

"Stand up here side of me," ordered her mother. "I want Mrs. Mason to see how much taller you be."

Jane's pretty pansy face flushed pink. She raised wistful eyes to her mother, and the tears started in her eyes, although she tried to smile.

"You can't pass through the door if you don't stop pretty soon, Jane," laughed Mrs. Mason, who was visiting the Wards. "I never see such a sight. An she isn't over fourteen!"

"She isn't fifteen till next month," replied Mrs. Ward. As if she didn't get her growth till she's eighteen. I don't know where she'll go. Her father tells her he's gole to kim her out by an by for a telegraph pole."

Jane laughed feebly when her mother and Mrs. Ward did. Then she slide back to the doorstep, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was nearly time for her to start to school. Presently her mother came with her dinner pail. "Here's your dinner," said she. "You'd better start before long, so as not to hurry. It's a pretty warm noon's."

"Yes'm," said Jane. She kept her face turned away from her mother so her tear stained eyes should not be noticed.

"You shall have your new dress to wear tomorrow," said her mother as she finally started with her school books under her arm and the dinner pail swinging. "You shan't wear that short thing again."

Jane tugged at her pink dress skirt as she went out of the yard; she even stooped a little to make it look longer. Nobody knew how sore Jane's heart was over her height. She had a mile to walk to school, and she never thought of anything else all the way.

Presently she came to a large white house, with a cracker box in the front yard. Mary Etta and Maria Starr lived there, and she saw the flutter of their blue dresses at the gate. They were waiting for her.

"Hullo!" said Mary Etta as Jane drew near.

"Hullo!" responded Jane, trying to make her voice cheerful.

Maria was eating a crabapple and did not say "Hullo!" but presently both she and her sister stared wonderingly at Jane.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary Etta finally.

"Nothin's the matter."

"Yes there is. You've been cryin."

Jane said nothing.

"She's mad," said Maria.

Mary Etta frowned. "What's the matter?" she asked again, quite savagely.

"Nothin's the matter. I wish you'd let me alone," cried Jane, with a burst of tears. That was enough. Mary Etta and Maria hurried up the road, with curiosities of their blue starched skirts, and Jane plodded sorrowfully on behind.

Poor Jane was the tallest girl in school, and not only that, but the tallest scholar, and not only that, but she was taller than the teacher. It did seem to Jane that the common sense ought to have chosen a teacher who was taller, just out of regard to the becoming and suitable appearance of the school. A stranger might almost have taken her for the teacher, especially since her hair was done up.

When the bell had rung, Jane sat at her desk, her pink shoulders and her pretty, pink face above all the classes. She looked like a tall, pink hollyhock in a bed of daisies. This was a trying moment for her. The committee came to visit the school, and a strange gentleman and his wife came with them.

Jane distinctly saw the strange lady turn a white pinched head toward her, then whisper to her husband. Then she saw him look at her and ask one of the committeemen who that tall girl was. She could tell what he said by the motion of his lips. Then he took his wife, and a little smile stole over her serious face between the soft curls of black hair.

Jane thought she was laughing at her. She did not guess that the lady had noticed her because her face was so pretty, and not because she was so tall.

The geography class came and the visitors went still there. Jane Gilbert with the red, Kansas complexion, failed in the 60th. She thought she had her lesson perfectly, but she missed in bounding Uruguay, and had to go down. A little bit of a girl in a long sleeved apron went above her. She had a correction (but the visitors were going, "Washington guard, grown up god with her hair done up, manage)"

However, the change brought her next to Robert Carson to shuffle his best foot towards on the line, so he bounded Venezuela in a high, sweet voice that he not a smile, disapproved, but wholly sympathetic glance at Jane, which she felt rather than saw, for it comforted her. Her and Robert were near neighbors, and when they were children had played together a great deal.

But the worst came when one of the committeemen addressed the school, and in the course of his remarks said that nearly that intellect was not to be measured by size, and he then noticed that the smallest scholars had their lessons much better than those who were taller and older. Jane felt that he referred to her and Billie Harris Baker and the bounding of Uruguay.

His words turned hearer and hotter. Maria state, who was three desks off in the same row, leaned forward until she could see her, and whispered. Mary Etta, in the next tallest, pulled her sister's arm to make her stop, but she did not heed.

Jane saw the committee and the strange lady and gentleman go out, while the teacher stood courtesying at the door, and all through a roaring cloud of mortification. The cloud cleared after the company she hoped her arms around her face, and held it down on the desk. The teacher came and stood beside her, and asked her what the matter was. Jane only shook her head and wept.

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher, leaning low over her.

"No, ma'am," sobbed Jane. She would not say another word, and the teacher concluded that she had called a chase.

"Jane," she said presently, in a clear, authoritative voice, "You may go out and get a pail of water."

The teacher meant it very kindly; it was considered quite a privilege to get a pail of water, and then Jane escaped in a big dipper; she thought it would serve to discover Jane's mind from her grief, whatever it might be.

But it was doubtful for poor Jane to pull herself up to her full height and march slowly down the aisle, with her arms crossed in a pink sing around her face, and all the school leaning the stricken over a pulverizing coil, and everybody whispering, and the teacher calling out, "Hands" sharply.

Jane went out with the water pail, but instead of filling it from the pump near the school house she sat it down on the pump stone, and desperately drew the road to a little bridge over a brook.

Her mind was made up, she would not go back to school, she had never been so miserable in her life, and the shame was too much for her. She was ashamed of it and ashamed to confess it. She did not want to tell even her mother that she blushed so much because she was tall, she crouched low down in the bushes and wept.

Presently she heard a quick patter of bare feet on the bridge, then a break in the bushes.

"Hullo!" called a hesitating voice. Jane made no answer.

"I know you're there, you couldn't play you ain't there," said the voice. "I saw you come in here. I was looking out of the window. I raised my head when teacher asked where you was, and she noticed you had gone to the water, and to kill you to mess in."

Jane looked up and saw a boy's face peering down at her from the top of the bank, his brown cheeks flushing, his red mouth parted in a bashful laugh.

"I don't over young back to school, Robert," said Jane with a sob. "All the old schoolboy commodesy seemed to come back to her, for she had not seen much of him since she was so tall. He had been a playmate with girls.

"I don't care, you're the prettiest girl in school anyhow," said Robert in a shamefaced way.

"Why, Robert Carson! I ain't."

"Yes, you are."

"Oh, Robbie—maybe I should be—taller than I am now."

"I don't care if you are, you'll always be the prettiest. Come along."

"I can't, I'm going home to school."

"Teacher won't take in."

"I can't help it."

"Oh, come along."

"I won't." The girl's pink face turned up to him, and the tears shone in the sunlight. There was a look in it that the boy knew well. He knew that he was in the pleasant mood "I won't" in a low, she didn't.

Robert seated himself on the bank and began to whistle. Jane looked at him; she could see his slender shoulders in his little homemade blue and white shirt, and his bare—his face gazing absent-mindedly at the sky. Presently he said:

"Why! you go back to school!" she asked simply.

"Oh, I am going back if you aren't."

"Why so?" I'd like to know?"

"Cause sick, by, Mary Etta has got her bag. Guess we had drea crying cause you don't come in, and I saw Maria passing along some crab apples to put in your dinner."

Jane said nothing. Robert whistled again.

Jane waited a minute. "Well, I'll come," said she. "You go about and get the water."

There was a leap of hare feet over the bridge, and Jane came out from the swarm of flower bumblebee, with confident conviction that brought comfort in her children heart, that however tall she grew, although she might outgrow all her dresses, she would never outgrow love.—Mary E. Wilkins in Boston Globe.

Very Willing.

He (fervently)—Oh, my darling, let me say the ring!

She—That is very sudden, Charlie.

He—Oh, but you will let me?

She—Why, if you will, you will.

He—Then, dear love, lose no fifty dollars.—Jewelers' Circular.

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RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

Depart.	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 5.
Salt Lake City	4.40 p.m.	9.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake City	10.45 a.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.45 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	1.45 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.
Ar. Denver	7.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	10.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Ar. Pueblo	7.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar. Colorado Springs	10.30 a.m.	1.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Ar. Denver	1.45 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.
Ar. Pueblo	4.45 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
Ar. Colorado Springs	1.30 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
Ar. Denver	4.45 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	10.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	8.20 a.m.	1.20 a.m.	8.20 a.m.
Ar. Green River	11.20 a.m.	4.45 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
Ar. Rock Springs	2.30 p.m.	7.30 a.m.	2.30 p.m.
Ar. Evanston	5.40 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	5.40 p.m.
Ar. Ogden	8.45 p.m.	1.45 a.m.	8.45 p.m.

Arrive.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Lv. Ogden	7.00 a.m.	2.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake City	11.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	11.00 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	4.45 p.m.	1.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.05 p.m.	5.05 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
Lv. Rock Springs	11.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	11.00 p.m.
Lv. Evanston	2.20 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	2.20 a.m.
Lv. Ogden	6.00 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	6.00 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake City	9.35 a.m.	4.35 p.m.	9.35 a.m.
Lv. Denver	7.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.
Lv. Chicago	10.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Lv. Denver	1.45 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	4.45 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
Lv. Colorado Springs	1.30 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
Lv. Denver	4.45 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	7.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv. Colorado Springs	10.30 a.m.	1.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Lv. Denver	1.45 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.
Lv. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.
Lv. Chicago	10.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	8.20 a.m.	1.20 a.m.	8.20 a.m.
Lv. Green River	11.20 a.m.	4.45 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
Lv. Rock Springs	2.30 p.m.	7.30 a.m.	2.30 p.m.
Lv. Evanston	5.40 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	5.40 p.m.
Lv. Ogden	8.45 p.m.	1.45 a.m.	8.45 p.m.

LOCAL SPLITS.

GEN. ANDERSON, PARK CITY, AND SPRING VALLEY.

Leave Salt Lake City 8.00 a.m. and 3.45 p.m., arrive Salt Lake 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Leave Salt Lake from Ogden and Spring Valley, 10.00 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Salt Lake 8 a.m. and returning arrive Salt Lake 5 p.m.

H. D. PENROSE, A. G. WILBY, J. H. BENNETT, Asst. Gen. Manager. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Leave Depot on Regular Mixed No. 40	8.00 a.m.
" " " " " " 42	4.00 p.m.
" " " " " " 44	5.00 p.m.
" " " " " " 46	6.00 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Leave Depot on Regular Mixed No. 41	8.30 a.m.
" " " " " " 43	4.30 p.m.
" " " " " " 45	5.30 p.m.
" " " " " " 47	6.30 p.m.

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Utah Cracker Factory.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE —AND— DEALERS IN

SILVER BRAND of SNOWFLAKE SODAS

—AND—

FINE CAKES.

Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Picnic Parties, Travelers and Families.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Ladies suffering from any form of Female Weakness, will find a sure cure in "Orange Blossom." For full particulars call on the General Agent, 19 W. Second South St.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Catchy Ads. may Deceive the Few!

The Lowest Prices and Best Goods attract the many!! Our constantly crowded Store proves it.

This Week's Bargains in SILKS, VELVETS, AND VELVETS. Defy Competition.

Special Bargains in Black Gros Grain Silks, at 50c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.85.

Gentlemen, buy your Christmas Presents early and save money!

24-inch Pure Silk Black Satins, at 50c., regular price $1.00.

22-inch real China Silk, in lovely shades, at 62½c., regular price $1.10.

Genuine Crepes de Chine, rich evening shades, at 95c., regular price $1.75.

50 other Bargains and a lot of Silk Remnants, at half price, juicy enough that to buy a Silk Dress and not have some, our store is the largest and fullest in the city, is to have visiter Home and not seen the Pops.

Among our many Dress Goods Bargains we can mention only the Finest Bedford Cords in the city at $1.00.

All Novelty Dress Goods and French Embroidered Robes at cost!

5 lengths in finest imported Black Surahs, at 97½c., 62½c., 75c., 90c., and $1.10. Cheap at double these higher prices.

52-inch Ladies' Cloth, at 75c., reduced from 50c.

54-inch pure wool Ladies' Cloth, at 62½c., reduced from 85c.

50-inch imported Broad Cloth, at 95c., regular price $1.85.

8 yards double-width Plaid Dress Goods Patterns for $1.00, worth $7.00.

8 yards double-width Fancy Dress Goods Patterns for $1.00, worth $7.00.

8 yards English Cashmere Patterns in black and colors, at $2.50 and $3.75, worth $5.75 and $8.75.

OUR FLANNEL AND DOMESTIC DEPARTMENTS

Are offering special drives, in pieces like Japanese, unexcelled White Flannels, at 15c.

Our Shoe Department is attracting the best trade in the city.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!! CLOAKS!!!

To suit every taste and purse from $1.75 to $100 each.

100 Ladies' Heavy Winter Jackets, at $5.75. Only a few of these $8.00 Wholesale Jackets left.

Full Fur-Trimmed Jackets for Misses, at $11.00, regular price $16.00.

Ladies' Astrakhan and Plush Shoulder Capes, at $3.75, cheap at $5.00.

Misses' Gretchen Cloaks, from 4 to 12, at $1.75, $2.00, $3.00 and upwards.

We have marked down several lines of Ladies' and Misses' Jackets to cost. Ladies' Plush Coats at $14.25, worth $25.00. Ladies' Fleece Jackets at $6.00, worth $15.00.

For $5.00 you can take your choice of a broken lot of Ladies' Ulsters, Worth from $10.00 to $20.00.

Ladies' Matinee Wools, very latest style, at $5.00, worth $7.50.

Tea Gowns and Wrappers at lowest prices in the city.

Tremendous slaughter in Dress Trimming, 50c qualities at 5c per yard; $1.00 qualities at 10c per yard; $2.00 qualities at 25c per yard, etc., etc., on our counter.

Ladies' Choice Silk Hose in black and beautiful colors, at 35c, $1.00, $2.00, $2.50, up to $5.00 a pair.

These prices are not exaggerated even by Eastern Houses.

The weather compels us to put the knife into Knit Woolen Goods, Flannelettes, Jerseys, Jackets; Ladies', Children's, and Misses' Hosiery, Mittens, etc. Our loss is your gain.

Hundreds of Dozens of Ladies' Fine Silk Ties, with double, A lot of Purses, most of them worth from 50c to 75c each, at 25c.

Linen Napkins, Linen Tray Cloths, Chenille Covers, Damask Table Sets, Napkins, etc., marked down for the sale.

The attraction in our Children's Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Departments are too numerous to mention.

Gents' Night Robes, embroidered fronts, at 50c, others silk embroidered, at 75c and $1.00.

Gents' English Flannel Night Gowns at $2.75, worth $4.00.

Gents' Underwear from 50c to $7.00. A suit selling of 25 per cent.

Gents' Imported Half Hose at 15c, 20c, and 25c a pair.

Gents' Outing Flannel Overshirts at 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.35, and upwards.

Gents' most beautiful Satin Scarfs at 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 65c, and 75c. Come and look at them.

Mothers buying Overcoats and Suits for their Boys can save from $1.00 to $5.00 on our selection, ranging from $4.50 to $10.00.

Dutchbound Stylish Boys' Suits at $3.25, $4.50, $5.75, and upwards.

Our Blankets and Quilts have been marked down! DOWN!! DOWN!!!

California Gray Blankets at $7.50, reduced from $11.00.

California White Gray Blankets at $10.00.

California Gray Blankets at $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, and $5.00, Real Bargains.

Unclaimed Hands Sateen Umbrellas at 65c, cheap at $1.50.

A Special Bargain in Misses' Cloth Suits at $1.25, worth $2.00.

NEVER FORGET "WE ARE NEVER UNDERSOLD. NEVER!!"

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

KEEP WARM!

Stoves, Ranges, Mattresses, Comfortables, Pillows, etc., on sale in large quantities. Also a full line of Carpets, Furniture, Upholstery, etc., etc., at

23 W. FIRST SOUTH STREET JENNINGS BLOCK.

PILES

DR. WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT

Will cure blind, bleeding and itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. Dealers may refund the money if they prefer it. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment sent on after receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Sent by druggists and by mail on receipt of price. Or one box and $5 for $5.00.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. DRUG DEPT.

Ely's Cream Balm for

CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 Cts.