OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, fortune and honor on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovels and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every door.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every goal
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death, but these who dally or delay
Unheeded to failure, penury and woe.
Bow not to vice nor submit! Believe,
Laborer and thinker, I return to you.

—John J. Ingalls in New York Press.

ENGINEER BOB.

Engineer Bob had no intention of adopting the baby, or any other for that matter. To use his own graphic language, he "didn't never had no kids worth speakin of." He was considered the best evidence on that part of the road, and besides his regular trips, he was called on to take out many a special. The "main guys," as Bob called the chief dignitaries of the road, never felt so safe as when Bob was in the cab, and it began to be considered that Bob must take out every fast train if they wanted a smooth, safe run.

Bob had his home, nominally, after serving sometimes in that gritty way of his:

"It's better for me to go than any of you fellows. If you get killed there's your wives and the kids, but if—you! I go down nobody's hurt."

One day, as his train rolled in beside the depot of a Texas town, a gentleman around the corner on the platform saw a poor, little, forlorn looking woman, with a baby in her arms, and every one could see that her eyes were red with crying and that she was getting the worst of it. In her battle with the world.

"Anything the matter?" asked a newcomer, moved by curiosity and on the alert for a sensation.

"Nothin' much," was the idle reply of a man perched on the outer edge of the platform, swinging a pair of large shoes in the open below. Women wants to go to the city and ain't got money enough. You can tune such as that ever day."

"You bet. The woods is full of 'em," exclaimed the gentleman, getting down his business, with his curiosity satisfied.

The conversation had gone on with the sullen disregard for the feelings of the poor that is sometimes shown by very charitable people. Suddenly the woman beside out in a helpless way, fresh tears running down her cheeks:

"But, oh, if I could only go there, perhaps I could get work, and I can't get any home. I have tried and tried. They won't even let me cook for them unless I can give references, and dispose of the baby, and what can I do?"

A dignified and prosperous looking gentleman turned away, fingering his gold watch chain.

"The same old cry," he said; "anybody that wants work can get it in this country."

Into the little silence that felt after this speech came a clear voice, saying with some emphasis:

"Here's my pile!"

And looking up they saw the engineer in the cab just above them going down into the pockets of his greasy overalls, and bringing out what silver they contained. The next minute he had climbed down, taken the astonished and half distrusted woman by the arm and was leading her down the platform and helping her into a coach. When he had placed her in a seat, and had poured his money into her lap, his courage suddenly deserted him, and he was with quite a abashed air that he touched his cap, stammering:

"Good events', ma'am. Hope you'll have a pleasant journey."

And as the tears here them again, and they met no more.

Action like this were not so rare that Bob had any of them in special remembrance. Indeed, he had forgotten all about this event when, about three years later, a young woman, wearing a straw hat with belongings plumes, and clad in a cheap green dress, waited uneasily up to Bob as the train was about to start, leaning by the hand a tiny bit of a girl with long, fair hair.

"Are you Engineer Bob?" asked the new comer. "Because if so sir, I've brought ye this child, as was left ye by its mother, when she died at my house eight years back. That was her last will and testament, she said, that you was to have the child on accounts of your givin' her money to come home with a mother of them years ago, and mighty glad I am that she got the money 'on to you, for I've got six of my own, so that's enough to keep one woman a-hoppin'."

And having delivered this extraordinary speech, she at once took herself off.

I am sorry to say that Engineer Bob stood stiff and stared down at "the last will and testament" as disconcerted and speechless as though some concrete friend had made him a present of a white elephant, or a rat's nest, or perhaps of the rat itself. With her hands behind her, the little creature stood up at him in turn, but her survey ended sooner than his. Answering question of "what will he do with it?" disturbed her wilderness, and she held up one tiny hand toward his large and brown one, saying with a self-possession sentiment might envy:

"Howdy, Bob?"

She was in his arms next minute, accepted as a gift from the dead, and it was with a queer, sick feeling hugging at his heartstrings and making a foolish mist turn in his eyes that Bob climbed into the cab with her, and put her up on the seat beside him, thinking his state remarkable that none of the "main guys" were around.

"For they wouldn't allow it, that's a fact," he said to himself. "Ain't yet, the Lord only knows what I'm goin' to do with her. Maybe I'll think up something after a while, but I can't now, to save me."

He was very inconsiderate, this Engineer Bob. He did not stop to inquire whether this child had any clothes or not, or if she did, whether it were quite correct. He took her as she was, bringing no family record with her, and not even a name with a name. When he come to inquire he found that she was "baby," and baby she remained. The sweet diminutive falling wonderfully, if a little awkwardly, from the lips of the man, who had never felt the love of wife or child.

All alone, Bob pondered over his perplexing problem, and came no nearer a solution. He sought himself a hundred unsatisfactory lodgings in the small village, only to be met with the rules of the first three year-old philosopher, whose profession other people must retire. Between evenings she swung her little feet and swung her songs in some strange tongue Bob had never learned or had forgotten forgotten, and she made friends with the people at stations, and shouted "Bye" at them, and threw airy kisses as the train rolled away.

It would be difficult to tell how many hearts Baby made captive during the ride. As night drew cool, while the train was at a station, Bob took her in his arms and slipped around to his particular friend, the head man.

"Jim Sam, Lane," he said, with some embarrassment, "I wish you'd just take Kid in there on some of the mail cars, an' let us sleep till the train gets in. You see, I don't know just what to do with her."

"Tow 'er up, Bob," said Lane cheerily, leaning one to catch her, and Baby, being tossed up and caught, kissed her hand and called back, "Dood night, Bob."

Bob went back to his post, and having brushed the tears with his jumper, was ready to go on. It began to seem a little work like whether anything happened or not, and he never had been so wakeful or so careful to be sure that night.

When a pleasure it was, when they were in bed, and he could go and get the sleepy little creature, and carry her out of room of the boarding house. She would up and are supper with him, and was quite merry when bedtime came. Bob had just undressed her, his big, awkward fingers making slow work of it, and had tucked her under the cover, but when he was about to follow her example, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Bob," she cried imperiously, "tome say your p'ayers!"

"I don't know any prayers, Baby," said Bob, after a moment's astonished silence.

"Then tome here, and I teach you one."

He obeyed, and with a very red face, came around on the other side. She made him kneel, and saw that his hands were properly clasped and his eyes shut. She had almost left off her baby lisp, but this prayer had been learned so long ago that she said it now just as she had learned to say it.

"Now I'm my no dower s'oul," dictated the little teacher, perched up on the side of the bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," murmured the brown and bearded giant kneeling before her.

Ah, Engineer Bob, how many generations you said that last! And where is the time to answer that best over you while you said it?

When the lesson was finished and Bob had tucked the baby in again he went back to his place with the curious sensation in his eyes, and was half impatient with himself about it.

And then began a strange era in Bob's life, a time when this child was always in his thoughts and action away from his side. She grew to be the "main baby," and every man was her obedient slave. Bob was still debating with himself what he would do with her, and in the meantime he did nothing but keep her with him. It was such a strange thing to feel the tiny hand clasping one of his brown fingers, when, on his day off, he strolled about with Baby. It was such a wonderful affair altogether to be compelled to travel down every night and say the prayers dictated by the small tyrant! When an entire week had passed, and the prayer still had to be dictated, Baby expressed her sentiments with all the candor of candid babyhood.

"Bob, you is awful dull," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Torn by conflicting feelings, knowing that he was daily in danger of discharge, Bob was looking a miserable life enough; and yet the light that never was on sea or land was shining upon his life and transforming it.

One morning she set beside him in the cab when one of the "main guys" passed. Bob's heart gave a sore two triphammer throbs and then stood still. Now would come his discharge. No railroad superintendent that ever lived would stand this! But the awful dignitary, after a comprehensive glance in Bob's direction, turned his head and looked the other way, with such evident intention not to see anything that Bob understood and was ever afterward with gratitude. For did you all of the "gang" know all about Bob's indiscretion? And had not the "main guy" heard?

As for Bob, his life was changed, and the wonder was he never knew how, and never let it move. When he walked about town could he go into saloons or gambling dens with that little figure beside him? Like the angels of the old stories, she hovered about him and kept him from harm. Bob, the most profane of railroad men, could utter no oaths now, because the Baby would hear; and the one or two that made use of language more forcible than elegant in the presence of the Baby found themselves in serious trouble. The little white soul had been given over to Bob's keeping, and it made an atmosphere of purity around it. Engineer Bob began to wish that he were a different man.

A very few weeks had passed when Bob, going to the mail car one night after Baby, found her feverish and a little inclined to wander in what she said. Like one distracted, he rushed to his room with her and sent for a doctor. Wild with anguish he set books for all night and gave medicines, but the next morning she was no better.

Somebody else took out Bob's train; he neither knew nor cared who. Wholly forgetting all the rest of the world, wholly absorbed in the child, he was come to him than life itself, he sat there and watched her while her own faint little life slowly ebbed away. The railroad men came, one after another, and had their share. Baby saw present Bob's hand, telling him to cheer up, and went away wiping their eyes. The engineer boarding house could not keep by the bed, smoothing the pretty, tangled hair and reading her little hands so tenderly as a woman. These things were hard to bear, at the end, and he was too good at consolation.

But suddenly, at last, Baby clasped her tiny hands and began to murmur:

"Now, I'm my no down s'oul"—Tome say your p'ayers, Bob."

"Oh, yes, Baby. I'm here," cried Bob, falling on his knees beside the bed.

"I p'ayed Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake—
"Is you sayin' your prayers, Bob?"

"I p'ayed Lord my soul to—tate"—

"Oh, tave mine, too, Lord; take mine too!" was the helpless cry wrung from the strong heart of Engineer Bob.

And then, at night had come, and the evening prayer was said, the Baby went to sleep.

* * * * * *

A little withered old woman stepped down from the cars a month later and into the arms of a stalwart, gray man.

"Oh, Bob," she cried tremblingly, with her arms about his neck, "just to see you once more, after eighteen years! And you look sort for your poor old mother, after all!"

"Mother," said Engineer Bob, with a quivering voice, "I've got a home ready for you, or—if you can forgive what's past—I'll make you a good one yet."

And out under the shadows of lonely trees in the cemetery the little one slept, with the marble shaft above her bearing no other sentiment than "The Baby," and the simple inscription below, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."—Julia Frentz Bishop in Philadelphia Times.

A MISSIONARY EPISODE.

How the Good Work in Hilo Was Interrupted by the Queen's Sacred Hog.

Shortly after the arrival of the first missionaries at the Hawaiian Islands a small party of them landed from a schooner at Hilo on their way to visit the interior villages. At that time no missionary had been stationed at Hilo, and consequently but few of the people of the place had ever had the opportunity of hearing preaching.

As the party came demanded in the village one Sunday they appointed meeting and commenced service. It so happened that the only building large enough for the proposed meetings was a house belonging to the king. Within the congregation was composed of the upholstered thrones in the Sandwich Islands, filling the house to its utmost capacity. There were old, decrepit and feeble women who had footed it from the ends of Kamehameha, sitting on their legs Hindu, though whose stiff dignity of manner there whose a certain expression of expectancy, as if they were about to receive, to whom the conscription from the kings had more above the idle and there were younger people and children and ladies, more or less dressed according to the circumstances or whim or wealth of each individual.

The people which supported the seat of the house were appropriated by some of the outer aisle here to elevate themselves above the crowd, when, clinging on like a grasshopper, they awaited proceedings with sometimes expressive of the greatest impatience and delight. Others, with equal impatience and delight, contented themselves to the outside of the roof, and by cautiously enlarging small holes, which they found through the thatch, or making new ones, had an unobstructed view of the interior, and the enormous size of their eyes, visible from below, showed how they appreciated it. Under these favorable circumstances the meeting commenced. The preaching was listened to with great attention by the audience, and the missionaries felt that they were making an impression.

Suddenly, when the meeting was about half through, there ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. Men and women rushed out of the building through the unreserved aisles or wherever there was an aperture large enough, rolling over each other in the attempt and screaming most inconsolably. Babies screached as they were tossed around in the panic, little boys stripped down to their jackets, and rolled from the roof. In less than a minute the house was empty, excepting the missionaries and an immense hog, which quietly made its bed on the straw on the middle of the floor.

At the beginning of the disturbance the missionaries supposed that it was a sudden attack from a hostile tribe or an uprising against themselves, but they soon ascertained that the black hog which by general big in the straw—"pure aloha" is an foul hog), as the natives call them of that size—belonged to Queen Kaahumanu and was held sacred by the natives; that the canoe house was so infested insert in the heat of the day, and its abrupt entrance among the crowd, setting the sharp tusks from side to side with perfect contempt of the common people, was sufficient to cause the exodus described.

There is no suitable authority that the missionaries made any satisfactory progress at Hilo till Kaahumanu's pig died.—Paradise of the Pacific.

A Famous Spanish Foot.

The typical Spanish foot, in the common idea, is a writer whose curves flow with the traditional abundant volume of his cape, while without a high artistic finish, whose passionate sentiment is blind and jealous, in whom philosophic doubt and self-question has been small place, love, nature, legend, and national history being his favorite themes. The accomplished Sola ample justification in the records of Spanish poetry, so that it furnishes matter for suspicion that the leading poet of contemporary Spain should be distinguished by almost completely opposite qualities.

Nunez de Arce, although his poetical activity extends over many years, has published but a slender body of verse. It is verse that betrays the laborious hand of the artist, at the perfection of form. The writer's patriotism has taken the form of prophetic denunciation of national sins. Himself thoroughly penetrated with the modern spirit, he sees that the faith of his fathers has irrevocably gone, he interprets in his poetry the restless, unsatisfied, yet aspiring spirit of his day in a way that vividly reminds an English reader of Arnold and Clough. Yet, in spite of these un-Spanish and somewhat sympathetic qualities, his verse is Spanish, his life is entire harmony with his environment, and the gentleness of his lyric gift, have won for him the first place in the list of living Spanish poets.—Hubbe Ogden in Scribner's.

Not Going to Jerusalem.

A second class compartment of a Prussian railway was filled the other day by eight gentlemen whose form of features bore indisputable evidence to their oriental descent. The guard, who seems to have been a disciple of Dr. Stocker, after examining their tickets, slammed the door, and gave one look to his satisfied honor and sentiment by shouting at the top of his voice, "Express train to Jerusalem!"

The train started, and had just got up to full speed when the little company of Hebrews received to punish Gentile humor with a little taste of Jewish humor. So they sounded the alarm signal. The guard came along the footboard and stopped at the carriage in which the eight Jews were sitting. "Ah, it is you, gentlemen," said he, "is it? Well, what is wrong?" "Stop the train," cried they; "we heard you say that it was express to Jerusalem and we have only bought as far as Cottbus."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Hint for Home Decorators.

For the decoration of the panels of doles and doors and portions of wall surfaces only a simple, three stranded cord, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, gilded or bronzed, representing any fanciful form, such as spiral figures, which are just now so fashionable with decorators. Irish or Celtic interlacing work may be done by a wonderfully striking way with it. It lends itself well to the trailing of the outlines of bold designs. The cords are coated with glue, then with gold size, after which the gilding is laid on. They are fastened with short, brass headed nails.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Kept Out of Doors.

"How did you like the Storm Cliff hotel?"

"Very much indeed."

"I thought you said your wife found the rooms dreadfully small and uncomfortable."

"Well, she did. But I didn't mind 'em. I wasn't there much."—Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Note.

Cities and towns with any fashionable pretensions will continue to wear a bustle and unstylish. Small street women's is fitness are decidedly bad form.—American Grocer.

The habit of systematizing is bad every way. It does not tend to secure cheerfulness and happiness. A simple command given in gentleness and firmness, and invariably enforced, soon creates a habit of obedience without causing or contravention of useful principles.

To remove iron rust from linen, saturate the spot with a strong solution of lemon juice and salt, and hold over the nose of a kettle filled with boiling water, when the spot will almost instantly disappear.

The Tramsmigration of the Soul.

"That dog of mine sometimes makes me almost a believer in the theory of transmigration of souls."

"Yes; when one looks into the eyes of a faithful dog with their almost human expression"——

"Oh, that isn't it. But sometimes I get the idea that it must be the soul of some forgotten poet that begrudges him to get out and howl at the moon for two hours at a stretch."—In Image de Journal.

The Descent of Man.

She—How terribly shabby looking that man is! Who is he?

He—Oh! He is descended from one of the oldest families in England.

"I thought he looked rather come down."—St. Joseph News.

Spring Medicine

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained as a spring Medicine is simply wonderful. It is recognized everywhere as the leading preparation for this season, and no other article in the market begins to match the sales which this article has gained. Any druggist will receive it on statement, Hood's Sarsaparilla has reached this position at the people's favorite spring medicine, because it does all that is claimed for it. It enriches the blood, gives a healthy appetite, and imparts vigor and vitality to the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has reached this position at the people's favorite spring medicine, because it does all that is claimed for it. It enriches the blood, gives a healthy appetite, and imparts vigor and vitality to the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has reached this position at the people's favorite spring medicine, because it does all that is claimed for it. It enriches the blood, gives a healthy appetite, and imparts vigor and vitality to the whole system.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of good health. But with all the precaution we may take there are times when we are taken by surprise, and unless we are always taking some one or other of the well known and tried remedies to avoid the consequences, sickness and other misfortunes to the blood may be taken for years or even for generations, and entirely break down the constitution and destroy health and happiness. For all diseases arising from impure blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the unequalled and unquestioned remedy. It is King of blood purifiers, and it commands the confidence of the public. It holds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, strengthens, vitalizes and

Purifies the Blood

And secures health and happiness to every important organ, the kidneys and liver. If you need a good medicine you should certainly take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Only $10 — Down With High Prices. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10 — Warranted for Five Years. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Address THE CENTRAL SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Thomson & Taylor Spice Co., Importers and Manufacturers of FINEST SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS KNOWN TO THE TRADE. Proprietors of the Famous Brand of RED CROSS LYE. Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake, CHICAGO.

Star Horse Nails. Polished or Blued. Have been used by U. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a Shoe on longer than any other. MADE BY THE UNION HORSE NAIL CO., Chicago, Ill. FOR SALE BY U. C. M. I. AND DEALERS GENERALLY.

Harrison Conveyer Irrigating Pump. Operated by Horse Power. In Use Exposed. Where water is to be had from stream or well this pump is cheap and effective. Address HORSES & ALLEN CO., 14-16 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

GUNPOWDER. Let his one shot alone never shot before. And here who always shot now shot no more. HAZARD'S "Kentucky Rifle." HAZARD'S "Trap Shooting." HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting." HAZARD'S "Mining and Blasting." HAZARD'S sporting powder, the most reliable in the market. MANUFACTURED BY THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY, Hazardville, Conn. Represented in Utah by Paine & Lyne, Agents.

PLEASE REMEMBER We still Carry a Complete Line of Disston's Celebrated Saws, Consisting in Part of Cross Cut, Drag, One Man, Upright, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Texas, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, Etc., also Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Teeth And "TRIUMPH," For Felling Trees with, and are selling at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER! Also a Full Stock of their Renowned RASPS & FILES always on hand. U. C. M. I.

FRONT — Profitable Employment FOR LADIES. Instructions carefully taking in hand, Fitting Machines and Cutters, Whole Goods, Silks, Satins, Velvets and Velvets, Ribbons, Laces, Etc. Address JUNIOR CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

NOTICE. FOR SALE IN PROVO CITY, A GOOD Ice Business located right in front door. J. Street, Provo City. A wonder.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa. From which the excess of oil has been removed. It is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

WASHBURN Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers. LYON & HEALY CHICAGO.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 342 Portland, Maine.

DICKINSON BROS. & KING, Importers of the finest English and German PORTLAND - CEMENTS, Chicago, 190 to 200 Market St. | New York, 95 to 99 Cortlandt St. New Orleans, 35 Carondelet St. We refer, by permission, to this paper. Treatise on Cements mailed FREE on application.

HOGAN, EVANS & CO., Limited, Successors to Evans & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF Annealed CLIMAX Chimneys. Ring Stand and Burner Lamp Burners Reflectors, Leather Kerosene and Decorated Chimneys, Tubular Globes and Decorators of Frosted Globes. 230 & 232 Fifth Ave. and 227 and 229 Sixth Ave. PITTSBURG, PA.

A. H. DUNCAN. A. H. DUNCAN. GEO. DUNCAN & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Crystal and Colored Glass Table Ware, Bar Goods, Jars, Lamps, Etc. 10th Street, S.S. PITTSBURG, PA. For sale by Z. C. M. I. and dealers generally.

SAPONIFIER. Is the Best Household Compound. Use Instead of Soda, Lye, Ammonia, Borax, Washing Powder, Etc. Saponifier, and save one-fourth the labor. Saponifier, and save one-fourth the money. Saponifier, and have the whitest, purest, sweetest clothes. Saponifier, and make no stains. Saponifier, and make no odor. Peck's Salt Mfg'g Co., Philadelphia.

WOLFE BROS. & CO., LIMITED. Manufacturers and Importers of Brushes. 504 Wood St., - PITTSBURG PA.

THE FISCHER-LEAF COMP'Y MANUFACTURERS OF Marbelized Iron, Slate & Wood Mantels, Grates, Stoves. HOLLOW WARE, AIR GRATES, Sash Weights, Etc. Agents for American & English Tile. Office & Showroom, Louisville, Ky. SHOWS IN SALT LAKE CITY: Eliot Morris, Watson Bros., Utah Stove and Hardware Co.

Southern White Lead Co., ST. LOUIS. Manufacturers of Strictly Pure White Lead. RED LEAD. LITHARGE. SOUTHERN COMPANY WHITE LEAD OIL ST. LOUIS & CHICAGO. THE SOUTHERN WHITE LEAD IS MANUFactured entirely from the best refined Pig Lead, and is ground in Pure Linseed Oil, and as the Company manufactures only STRICTLY PURE, parties buying White Lead branded "Southern Company" are absolutely sure of obtaining A PERFECTLY PURE ARTICLE. For Sale by all Dealers in White Lead.

TEASDEL'S.

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.

NEW STOCK! NEW GOODS!

The Most Popular House in Salt Lake City.

The Largest Stock of CLOTHING And the Lowest Price.

NEWEST STYLES of LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, And an Elegant Stock to select from

—OUR— DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Has the Choicest Styles of Dresses, Shawls, Capes, and an Elegant Stock of Trimmings.

Our Motto is: GOOD GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES, at

TEASDEL'S.

Cohn Bros.

CUT PRICES IN ALL DEPARTMENTS!

We Have Marked Down Every Paris Pattern Dress One-Fourth from Former Prices.

We Still Have an Excellent Assortment of These Beautiful High Novelties.

We offer a lot of Dress Patterns in all Wool Plaids, at $5.00 a pattern, former selling price 6lc. a yard.
A line of Scotch and English All-Wool Suitings, in Plain, Stripes and Checks, at $5.50 a pattern, worth 75c. a yard.

SILKS AT SPECIAL PRICES FOR THIS WEEK.

A line of 24-in. Twills Silks at 47½c.
Black Surahs at 55c., 65c., 75c., 85c. and upwards.
Superb qualities of Black Gros Grain Silks, at 85c., $1.00, $1.45 and upwards.
Black Faille Francaise at 85c., $1.30 and $1.75c.
Black Armure, 95c., $1.05, $1.30 and $1.45.

COLORED DRAPERY NETS AND FLOUNCINGS.

In view of the coming INAUGURAL BALL, we have marked down our entire stock of Colored Drapery Nets and Flouncings, 33⅓ per cent., as a special inducement to ladies intending to participate in that event. We carry a large stock of Gloves and Fans to match.
We offer a lot of 7-button Undressed Kid Gloves, in best tan shades, at 75c., former price $1.25.
4-button stitched back Russian Kid Gloves, at $1.00, former price, $1.50.

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Offers 250 Ladies' Wrappers, all new colorings, Round Yoke and Watteau Back, at $1.50. Come and see them.
Cloth Shoulder Capes, at $2.50. Embroidered Shoulder Capes, Accordeon Pleated, at $3.00 and $4.50.
A handsome assortment of New Style Capes, in Black, Tan and Fawn Shades, beautifully embroidered, at $5.00, $6.00, $6.50 and upwards.
Ladies' Blazers in a large variety of styles, at $3.00, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.50 and upwards.
We have just opened a complete line of Summer Dusters, in Colored, Mohair, Black Alpaca and Cloth silks in both Cummerbund and Newmarkets. Price $3.00 and upwards.

LACE CURTAINS.

We have received a very handsome line of Nottingham Lace Curtains, which we offer at $1.00, $1.35, $1.75, $2.25, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 per pair.
Also a superb line of Chenille Curtains, at $5.00, $7.50, $8.50, $9.00 and $10.00. All of them extraordinary values.

Cohn Bros.

Lumber Yard 758 E. Fourth South. All Kinds of Lumber, Frames, Doors, Sash and Mouldings on Hand. Builders' Hardware.

TENTH WARD LUMBER & BUILDING ASS'N.

Telephone No. 502. Planing Mill. Buildings Erected. Contracts Given. Steam Mill Work a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH. THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.