

Servia, Peter Karageorgievitch. They say King Peter is a splendid, all-round athlete and add that should another revolution deprive him of the blood-stained crown he wears, King Peter could readily earn his living as a boxer or teacher of fencing. "He is so clever with a walking stick," said M. Vigny, "that I would back him against any 12 men, armed with sticks, swords or daggers—anything, in fact, but fire arms. If the late king had but known the system there would have been a different tale to tell. He is a fine fencer, low is King Peter, unassuming, bold, frank, with eyes that pierce you through and through—the eyes of a swordsmanship."

STAGE FRIGHT ANTIDOTE.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylvia) is another royalty who has been taught fencing by Madame Vigny. Her majesty learned this art because she declared it gave her so much confidence in herself, especially when she was about to lecture. She is so confident that she has no fear of any of her subjects, and she has declared that the self-possession which the knowledge of fencing has given her, has proved to be an excellent antidote to the stage fright and nervousness from which she used to suffer whenever she lectured.

An English society lady who is famous as a fencer, is Miss Toppie Lowther, who could probably hold her own against any champion of the small sword or rapier on the Continent of Europe.

Miss Baden-Powell, the sister of the famous general, impressed by her brother's adage that "a smile and a stout stick will carry one through any difficulty," has become proficient in self-defense with a rapier and walking cane. Lady Florence Dixie, who was attacked by "Invincibles" soon after the Phoenix Park murders in 1882, has since learned fencing.

LEARNED IN THREE MONTHS.

But fencing must not be confounded with the method of self-defense with an umbrella or walking stick. This system does not take long to acquire. After three months' tuition, an average young girl would be equal to almost any emergency. No matter how well a rough night box, he would have no chance to get in a blow, and he would be powerless to protect himself from terrible punishment in the shape of thrusts or prods, and while staggering from the effects of these, he would receive blows on the head and face that would speedily dispose of him. Furthermore, the pupils are taught how to trip an adversary up and throw him with the handle of the umbrella, and how to throw him, should he close, after the manner of the Japanese. A combined knowledge of the laws of dynamics and anatomy can always defeat mere strength and in a street fight where the Queensberry rules of the ring are not observed, the skilled pugilist would be at the mercy of the child who understands these arts, and possesses the nerve to put them to practical account.

In proof of this, is a little affair that M. Vigny had on hand when he was master of arms to the Second regiment of artillery, a post he occupied for three years in the French army. He was attacked by eleven roughs, armed with knives and belts, in the slums of Mar-seilles. He was provided only with a walking stick and yet emerged from the fray as triumphant as Cyrano de Bergerac after his fight on the bridge. The memory of this exploit is preserved in the regimental records, so there is no doubt as to its authenticity.

SOURS ON ENGLAND.

Boss Croker is Giving Up His Racing Stables at Wantage.

Special Correspondence. London, Oct. 20.—Richard Croker has become as weary of England as he did of the United States, and is planning now to move on to Ireland. He has had almost continuous bad luck at racing in the last two seasons, and has at last figured it out that the Irish soil and climate are better for race horses. An Irish member of the parliament, who is closely associated with the ex-boss of Tammany, informed me today that Croker is giving up his racing stables at Wantage, Newmarket, and in a few weeks will transfer all his races to the Curragh of Kildare, where they will be under the charge of Tom Parkin. The "boss" has observed that for the last two or three years Irish-bred horses have been most successful in classic events, and he is therefore going to try his luck at breeding as well as racing.

He has also made up his mind to live in Ireland during a large portion of the year, and for that purpose he is looking out for a suitable residence. He has been offered one or two mansions in the most fashionable quarters of Dublin, but he says he prefers some place in the country away from the bustle and excitement of city life. It is understood among his friends that he will eventually make his permanent home in Ireland, and that the mansion on the Berkshire Downs will be left to his son Bertie.

Discussing the prospects of Ireland with an ex-member of the Irish party a short time ago, Croker said: "How can Ireland expect anything from England when your own people refuse to speculate a penny in developing her resources. There is plenty of money in the Irish banks, but Irishmen at home lack enterprise."

AMERICAN MACHINERY.

Emperor Lebaudy Preparing to Raise Crops in the Sahara.

Special Correspondence. London, Oct. 20.—Jacques I, emperor of Sahara, has been making use of his London sojourn to arrange for putting into American pockets some of the vast wealth accruing to him from his fath-

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er's sugar refinery. He has been getting estimates from the McCormick Harvesting company, and the Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing company of Akron, Ohio, and from other American firms for quantities of agricultural machinery, and apparently being satisfied with the estimates gathered by his agent has been conducting negotiations in his own august person, by means of telephone.

The London representative of one of these American houses admits that his self-styled majesty has been talking serious business, with a clear head for a bargain, but refuses to go into details on the subject. If any difficulty should arise it will be on the subject of shipment. Jacques I insists upon the firm's undertaking to deliver the goods at their own risk, just as he insisted on an English firm's delivering a cargo of beds and bedding which he purchased last week.

Emperor Lebaudy's agent is a French Canadian who knows the American market well, and it is expected that he will sail for America in about ten days to superintend the selection of the machinery required.

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HUMOROUS.

Park—I wish you would drop in to dinner on us any night.
Lan—But how do I know your wife would like to have me?
Park—But she would feel exactly the same about it if it was anyone else.—Brooklyn Life.

Jennie—Come and sit in my pew this morning.
Anna—I can't. My hat isn't trimmed for the day of the church.—Life.

As Cardinal Gibbons was preparing to leave the Kaiser Wilhelm last Tuesday, a reporter pressed eagerly to his side and asked:

"Cardinal, have you any recent photographs of the pope that you could let me have?"

The cardinal replied with gentle and impressive dignity:

"I have a photograph of the pope. It is framed in my heart. It will ever be recent, but I never can part with it, young man."—New York Times.

A Wamego girl was spending a couple of weeks with friends on a Wabaunsee county farm. She arose early the first morning and walked down to the pasture gate, where the farmer was milking his cows. Several calves that were there gamboling upon the green attracted her attention and she exclaimed: "Then ain't calves, miss?"

replied the farmer, "they're bullets."—Kansas City Star.

"I want to get a muzzle," said the crabbed man, entering the ironmonger's shop.

"Like this one, sir?" said the clerk, exhibiting a certain pattern.

"Oh, my, no! That would hold the mouth tightly shut."

"I just sold one of them to a woman, sir."

"Well, it would be all right for a woman, young man; but I want mine for a dog."—Stray Stories.

He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and of course her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life saver. "I am already married."—New York Sun.

Rodrick—Some girls like to be called "bachelor girls."

Van Albert—Yes, but we've yet to see the chance who would like to be called "old maid men."—Chicago News.

A Nottinghamshire ceryman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of his service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound and courteous, replied:

"Shady," sir, if you please.

"Shady," replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrach, eh?"

"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?"

"The lady," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."—New York Tribune.

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Miss Jennie Hawley Goes Abroad Next Week to Study
—James Ferguson Quite Ill—Missionaries En Route to Europe.

New York, Oct. 20.—On Tuesday, Nov. 3, Miss Jennie Hawley will sail on the Kronprinz for Cherbourg, France, on her way to Paris, where she will remain until next summer, studying voice culture with one of the great teachers. Miss Hawley has in mind Bouhary, the well known professor of voice culture, and it is safe to say she will become a pupil of his. It has long been a dream of hers to go to Paris or Berlin for a year's study, and on the advice of friends the former city has been decided upon. She will also take up a course in the French language as well as music, and put in a year's hard work at these two studies. Miss Hawley has always been a pupil of Oscar Sanger's on East Sixtieth street, and it is on his recommendation that she goes to Bouhary, Mr. Sanger having studied under him for several years before opening a studio in New York. Several managers have made good offers for the seasons of '04 and '05 to Miss Hawley in new productions that will be put on a year from now, and the experience she will gain in her year abroad will add materially to the knowledge she has of music, and to her repertoire in operatic work, which is quite extensive.

Since the return of Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson and family from the Catskills, Mr. Ferguson's health has been very poor, and for two weeks he has been unable to leave his bed. His heart being weak, the high altitude of the mountains had a bad effect upon him. Always of a genial and happy temperament, his friends are welcomed whenever they call, and reminiscences of his old Salt Lake days when he was manager of the Theater there, never fail to bring a smile to his suffering face. Mr. Ferguson (Jimmy Harris) has written many an interesting episode of that period, which will some day see the light of print, and very familiar will it be to the older population of Utah. He is now, and has been for many years, private secretary to his brother-in-law, John Mathews (Mathews of soda water fame), holding a trusted position in that great business, and making himself an indispensable member to the Mathews Bros.

M. M. Young, who arrived from Salt Lake last Monday, will sail Tuesday, Oct. 27, on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse for France, and will pursue his studies in art for the winter, making his home in the Latin quarter of Paris. While here he has made several sketches of the harbor from Battery Park, which are worthy of older and more experienced artists, his talent in this direction being of a high order. While in New York he is the guest of his uncle, Hon. J. W. Young.

Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cummings the monthly meeting of the Relief society was held. Miss Ada Seymour, who was ill, had a paper the month before, but was prevented from doing so by sickness, and was present and gave her topic, "Degeneration, and her ideas upon the subject, in a clear and forcible style. It will be remembered by those present as among the best papers that have been written and given in our society here, shined the hour thoroughly. It had been thought out and weighed before being given publicly.

Your readers have been treated to a description of the three or four new theaters that New York is to have this autumn from your theatrical correspondent, but at least one will be excused for mentioning the New Hudson,

THE ERUDITE PRISONER.

"The charge, again ye," the police justice said, "is burglary. What have ye got to say?"

"As to that," replied the prisoner, a seedy-looking man who appeared to have seen better days, "if, by the term 'burglary,' you mean the offense which, according to English law and practice for centuries has been clearly defined as housebreaking by night, the charge is palpably ridiculous. The policeman alleges that he detected me in the act of breaking into a house yesterday afternoon in broad daylight. If, on the other hand, the term is made to cover the same offense when committed by day, which, I believe, is your absurd American understanding of the word, in a legal sense, I shall have to concede the correctness of the charge, your honor, reserving, however, the right to regard with a species of contempt the crude jurisprudence of this country."

"Take 'im back to ye cell," gasped the police justice, "an' let 'im sober up!"—Chicago Tribune.

LEARNED OF THE PREACHER.

A Pasadena reader of the Times Magazine contributes the following:

Little "Dunnie," Junior Scoville lives in Pasadena, and sometimes when his father and mother go away on a trip he is left with his grandmother. "Dunnie" likes to play with the garden hose, which causes the grandmother no little worry, no little proves disastrous to his clothes.

On his last visit he was told to leave the "black snake" alone, but an hour later he was found a perfect charmer with it, wound around his legs and a fine stream playing in the direction of the

on West Forty-fourth street. It is so luxurious and dainty, too, the coloring of pale green and gold, and what is most important the seating; that certainly deserves special mention. It is true, enjoyment to sit through a performance and one might even enjoy "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in one of its comfortable chairs. Ethel Barrymore here and there opening this delightful playhouse, in another of her unique comedies, where her charming personality pervades every scene and makes of the short but interesting piece a lasting triumph for the New York social favorite.

Tomorrow night the great and only Sir Henry Irving, makes another of his farewell bows to the American public. The grim and ghastly face of "Dante" is to be seen on every poster up and down Broadway. Only three weeks can he have at the Broadway, and then he begins his long tramp across the country. Miss Blanche Thomas, has been selected by the manager as one of the three girls chosen in New York to make up the minut dance which consists of eight young ladies (five coming over with Sir Henry's company from England) in the court scene—now being rehearsed on the Broadway stage by Miss Brandon, the English dancer. Miss Thomas only accepted the engagement for the three weeks in the city, as she will begin rehearsing in November for one of La Shelle's productions. It is a neat little compliment to Miss Thomas' ability as a danseuse, to be called out from among so many young ladies, who stood expectantly on the big stage of the theater Wednesday morning, and her friends are congratulating her on the event.

There was a small host of missionaries at chapel services Sunday; all were on their way to Europe, and had stopped off to visit New York for a few days before sailing from Boston Wednesday. Two ladies accompanied the Elders, Mrs. Isabella A. Parker and Ellen Parker, who go to their home in England on account of ill health, the climate of Utah not agreeing with them. Elders Elmer Johnson, Ira J. Boyce, and M. Peterson, Joseph A. Jaggard, G. Roberts, C. J. Lundgren, Harmon Grier, J. S. Colbert and W. C. Randall are sent to different fields in Europe to labor. Today another party is expected, on the way to Great Britain, Miss Bertha Crawford, Cecil Gates and his cousin Irving Snow, accompanying them to New York. Miss Emma Lacey has taken a flat on Eleventh and Sixth avenue, in what is known as the aristocratic quarter of the Ninth ward, and a very clean and residential part of the city. It is within five minutes' walk of her vocal teacher, Mrs. Ashforth; her brother and cousin and Miss Crawford will share the flat with her.

Mrs. John Sharp has put on the harness and is again hard at work at her vocal, French and Italian studies. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp have a charming flat in Harlem where their friends are always welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sprace attended services today at Hawthorne hall. They have been seen very little by their friends here since they became Gothamites, and it is hoped they will mingle more freely with the colony in the future than they have done in the past.

Two of Oregon's prominent citizens have been visitors to the metropolis this week. Joseph Scoville is on his way to England to visit with relatives and friends there, sailing Tuesday on the William der Grosse. Mr. M. T. Brown, vice president of the Automatic Arms company, is here in the interest of his business, and will remain several weeks. JANET.

feeling cat. His grandmother wished to frighten him, and making a wry face, said: "Oh, Dunnie, what have you got to say? What have you done?" So well did she portray her apparent terror that the little fellow, who was frightened and began to cry, "God-a-mighty, God-a-mighty; what have I done? What have I done?" Instead of taking him across her knee, she took him on her knee.

"Dunnie, when you hear those words you said just now? Tell me Dunnie." They were naughty words.

"Dunnie," Mr. McLeod saved those words; I heard him last Sunday."

Mr. McLeod is the Presbyterian minister who lives next to his father. Could his grandmother spank him?

A Very Remarkable Remedy. "It is with a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction that I recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Druggist A. W. Sawtelle, of Hartford, Conn. "Recently a gentleman came into my store and at once to the floor. I gave him a dose of this remedy which helped him. I repeated the dose and in fifteen minutes he left my store smilingly so overcome with colic pains that he informed me that he felt as well as ever." For sale by all druggists.

THE SOUP AND WATER.

The Countess of Shaftesbury, who was Sir Thomas Lipton's guest at the yacht races, is a descendant of a noted English clergyman. Lady Shaftesbury told an interesting story of this clergyman to a woman reporter one afternoon in New York.

"My great-uncle," she said, "had two peculiarities. One was an ungovernable temper; the other a curiously rational habit of mind, manifested by a trick he had of beginning everything with a word, with the words, 'Here there is a distinction.'"

"At a dinner party one evening my great-uncle overheard his host telling a beautiful young lady of his trick of saying always, 'Here I make a distinction.' The host said he would amuse the young lady by making my great-uncle say, 'Here I make a distinction,' all through the evening."

"Of course at this my great-uncle's blood boiled. His naturally violent temper was roused. He got ready for his host. The latter, as soon as the soup came, winked at the young girl. Then he said to my great-uncle: 'You are a clergyman; tell me if it is lawful to baptize with soup.'"

"My great-uncle smiled grimly. 'Here,' he said, 'I make a distinction. At that everybody roared. He paused till they were quiet. Then he went on:

"You ask me if it is lawful to baptize with soup. I answer, in soup in general, no; but in soup like yours, yes, for between this soup and water there is not the slightest difference."

"Then my great-uncle winked at the pretty young girl, and she smiled at him with approbation. That night he was teased no more."

ADE'S PARLOR TRICK.

George Ade attended recently a dinner of theatrical people in Boston. The stage folks sang songs and told stories, but Mr. Ade, who is very quiet and retiring, would neither sing nor speak. He was, he said, no good at anything of that kind. Finally, though, the calls for Mr. Ade became so vehement, that the young man had to yield. He rose and said:

"You take an excellent trick in the parlor magic. You take a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of filtered water. Then you pour in the water a lump of sugar and a spoon and you begin to stir. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible."

Greenewald's.

WE WANT everybody to visit our new establishment, and as premiums for the coming week, have arranged the following price reductions. Avail yourself of this opportunity to add some valuable pieces to your home furnishings, and at the same time see the Finest Furniture Store in the West.



Chiffoniers for \$5.65.

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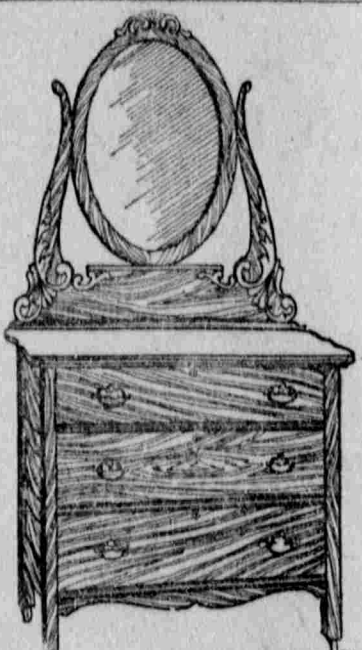
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Dresser, like cut, hand polished select Oak with French Plate Mirror, 70 in. high and 20x40 top surface. Three large drawers. Made and finished throughout in a very substantial manner.

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