# TELEGRAPHIC.

## MOST FOUL MURDER.

### Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago Assassinated.

THE MURDERER GIVES HIMSELF UP.

The Country Plunged in Grief.—The Matter Discussed Everywhere.—No Public Man Safe.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter A. Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the West, lies dead at his home, 231 South Ashland boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, two making wounds sufficient to cause death.

The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier, who declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel and has not kept his word.

Shortly before 9 o'clock the door bell rang, and when Mary Hansen, a domestic, opened the door, she was confronted by a man about five feet, five inches high.

"Is Mr. Harrison in?" asked the man, in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl as she threw open the door to admit his entrance.

"I would like to see him, please," said the man, as he walked toward the end of the hall.

Harrison was in the dining room, which opened into the rear of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he stepped into the hall and walked toward Prendergast.

Without saying a word Prendergast drew a revolver and commenced to fire. He pulled the trigger but three times, and every bullet hit the mark.

One bullet shattered Harrison's left hand. Another passed into the lower right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been mortal within a few days. The third bullet entered the chest slightly above the heart. This wound was the immediate cause of death.

As soon as Prendergast began to fire Harrison turned and walked rapidly toward the dining room. He passed through the room into the butler's pantry, where, weakened by loss of blood he fell to the floor.

The cries of Mary Hansen attracted the son to where his father lay. The coachman had a revolver, and as quickly as he realized what had occurred he sent a bullet after the retreating form of the murderer. A second time he fired, but both bullets went wild.

Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the Harrison residence, is the home of W. J. Chalmers, a wealthy owner of mining machinery. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He dashed across the street.

"Are you hurt?" asked Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to take him.

"I have got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. "I am shot in the heart and am a dead man."

A moment later Harrison said, with voice rapidly losing strength. "Unclose my vest; there's where the trouble is." By this time the stricken man was borne to a couch in an adjoining room, as he spoke Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his shirt was soaked in blood, which welled rapidly from the wound. "It's through the heart," said the mayor again, his voice scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness and twenty minutes after receiving the wound Mr. Harrison was dead.

When young Harrison came down stairs to learn the cause of the shooting, he turned in the burglar alarm and even before he reached his father's side a patrol wagon filled with officers from the Lake street station came rushing towards the mayor's house. By the time the officers arrived all trace of the murderer was lost, and even before the mayor breathed his last officers from every station in the city were on the outlook for the murderer.

About twenty-five minutes after the shooting, Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office at the Desplaines street police station. Every available officer had already hurried out to work on the case and McDonald was preparing to follow. The door was pushed gently open, and in walked a small, smooth-shaven, poorly dressed man carrying a revolver in his hand. He stuck like a man with the pales. His face was white and drawn, great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face and his battering knees seemed scarcely to hold him up.

Looking McDonald straight in the eyes, he said: "I did it."

"Do what?" said the officer, as he laid one hand on the fellow's shoulder, and with the other took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that is what I shot him with," was the reply.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald.

"He said he would make me corporation counsel and he did not; that is what I shot him for."

"The car did not go very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner."

The cell door had barely closed behind the murderer when an excited crowd began gathering about the police station. Patrol wagons rattled up to the place, cabs and carriages came by the score and the corridors were crowded and pushed their way into the office. Personal friends of the dead mayor, city officials and the curious crowded against each other in a will endeavor to hear if the story, which had spread like wild fire through the city, was true. An immense throng gathered and listening men were stopped on their way home added their voices to the ever-swelling threats of vengeance for Mr. Harrison was popular with the masses.

For a time the man refused to answer any questions, and then, in a scarcely audible voice, said: "I'm sick; I'm sick."

Chief Shea told him that he was a doctor, and asked: "Why did you kill the mayor?"

"Well," the man responded hotly, "he told me he would make me corporation counsel, and did not do it, so I shot him. That's why I shot him."

"What is your name?" asked the detective.

"Prendergast; Patrick Eugene, or Eugene Patrick; it makes no difference which."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know; around here somewhere, I guess. I shot two on the railroad tracks, I'd tell you that," he said emphatically.

The officer experienced great difficulty in further examination, but at last were convinced that the murderer had been a newspaper carrier, whose route was in the vicinity of the mayor's home. For several hours the examination was continued, but little of importance was developed. Other witnesses were examined and the prisoner was finally placed in a cell in the city hall, and additional policemen stationed about the building for the night's vigil.

Mr. Chalmers said late tonight, regarding the shooting: "I expected to receive a hope that he was not badly wounded, but he said, 'I'm a dead man.' He repeated the several times and sank so rapidly that we knew there was no hope for him.

"After we carried Harrison to the couch," continued Chalmers, "he said it was useless to try to do anything for him, and he lay quiet as nearly as I can remember, until I gave him water, and he asking, gave me water."

"Prendergast is crazy," said Corporation Counsel Kraus, who was, perhaps, the closest friend Mayor Harrison had. "I know him well, and he called at my office and told me he was going to be appointed my successor. The man was in palpable out of his mind. I did not consider it worth while to talk seriously with him."

Miss Annie Howard, niece of Mr. Harrison, was in the house at the time the fatal shot was fired. In conversation with the reporter this afternoon she said: "I was in the house when the shooting took place, and was at once summoned, and was present when the end came. Miss Howard's grief was painful. She was completely overcome and was taken to the home of Walter Harrison, Jr. He was at Jackson Park when the news of his father's death reached him, and hastened home.

Mrs. Hesten Oasley, the mayor's daughter, who lives nearly five miles from her father's residence, received the news by telephone and hastened to Ashland boulevard, but her father was dead only twenty minutes before she arrived.

CHICAGO IN MOURNING.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Chicago is today overwhelmed with sorrow and shame. Her citizens mourn for a man who stood closer to the people's hearts than any other who has lived or died within her boundary lines, or been in any way connected with the city's growth and progress.

The feeling of shame is that just at the close of the greatest and most glorious period of her prosperity, just at the dawn of a brighter future that she has ever before expected, where, weakened by loss of blood he fell to the floor.

The cries of Mary Hansen attracted the son to where his father lay. The coachman had a revolver, and as quickly as he realized what had occurred he sent a bullet after the retreating form of the murderer. A second time he fired, but both bullets went wild.

Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the Harrison residence, is the home of W. J. Chalmers, a wealthy owner of mining machinery. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He dashed across the street.

"Are you hurt?" asked Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to take him.

"I have got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. "I am shot in the heart and am a dead man."

A moment later Harrison said, with voice rapidly losing strength. "Unclose my vest; there's where the trouble is." By this time the stricken man was borne to a couch in an adjoining room, as he spoke Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his shirt was soaked in blood, which welled rapidly from the wound. "It's through the heart," said the mayor again, his voice scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness and twenty minutes after receiving the wound Mr. Harrison was dead.

When young Harrison came down stairs to learn the cause of the shooting, he turned in the burglar alarm and even before he reached his father's side a patrol wagon filled with officers from the Lake street station came rushing towards the mayor's house. By the time the officers arrived all trace of the murderer was lost, and even before the mayor breathed his last officers from every station in the city were on the outlook for the murderer.

About twenty-five minutes after the shooting, Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office at the Desplaines street police station. Every available officer had already hurried out to work on the case and McDonald was preparing to follow. The door was pushed gently open, and in walked a small, smooth-shaven, poorly dressed man carrying a revolver in his hand. He stuck like a man with the pales. His face was white and drawn, great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face and his battering knees seemed scarcely to hold him up.

Looking McDonald straight in the eyes, he said: "I did it."

"Do what?" said the officer, as he laid one hand on the fellow's shoulder, and with the other took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that is what I shot him with," was the reply.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald.

"He said he would make me corporation counsel and he did not; that is what I shot him for."

"The car did not go very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner."

The cell door had barely closed behind the murderer when an excited crowd began gathering about the police station. Patrol wagons rattled up to the place, cabs and carriages came by the score and the corridors were crowded and pushed their way into the office. Personal friends of the dead mayor, city officials and the curious crowded against each other in a will endeavor to hear if the story, which had spread like wild fire through the city, was true. An immense throng gathered and listening men were stopped on their way home added their voices to the ever-swelling threats of vengeance for Mr. Harrison was popular with the masses.

For a time the man refused to answer any questions, and then, in a scarcely audible voice, said: "I'm sick; I'm sick."

Chief Shea told him that he was a doctor, and asked: "Why did you kill the mayor?"

"Well," the man responded hotly, "he told me he would make me corporation counsel, and did not do it, so I shot him. That's why I shot him."

"What is your name?" asked the detective.

"Prendergast; Patrick Eugene, or

asked for an expression relative to the tragedy of which Mayor Harrison was the unfortunate victim. He said:

"It was a cowardly and unprovoked assault upon a man in an official position."

"What was the relation between yourself and the dead mayor?"

"Well, I can hardly say. We were distant relatives, I don't believe I ever knew the exact relationship."

"What do you think will be the effect of the killing of a citizen now in prominent public position?"

"The effect upon a individual petit in prominent public stations, especially at this time. There is always a risk in a public officer now, but with the magnitude of the country so large the risk is increased. When in Washington I frequently had to meet lettre mins, and had some disturbance upon it. All men must take the chances, and the entire world is transacting business. I felt that this sacrifice this I would rather to be killed."

SHOT FOR TEN DAYS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 28.—The businessmen of the town of Hinckley are to be broken, there is two big meetings today denounced the street railway company.

Another Admiral Detached.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 28.—It has been learned that Admiral Kimball, of the Kearsarge, which has been at Honolulu, has been detached.

Brazil Says a Torpedo.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—A morning paper has the following: Brazil's warship torpedo boat Iacaripe, the most recent engine of warfare of all, is the latest acquisition of the Brazilian government. It is also the most formidable yet made or likely to be made. Like the other purchases, it was ordered through Charles H. Flint & Co.

After the Chinese.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 28.—More Chinese fleeing was reported last night in the Chinatown called a vegetable gardening district between the city and the ocean. Some the hearty law lapsed into hostilities the white vegetable growers have seemed to interest and demonstrative that nearly all of the Chinese have left of their own accord.

# GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

## The Visiting Sailors Leave France and Italy Tired of Amusements.

### A Desperate Battle Between Spaniards and Moors—Mitchelle Recovers His Costs.

PARIS, Oct. 29.—(Copyrighted by the Associated Press.) The Russian fetes, which kept all the main thoroughfares in the city congested and the people who thronged them wildly jovial, have been prolonged from Lyons to Toulon. Before starting for Toulon, President Carnot was visited by the czar's brothers, the Grand Duke Sergius, governor of Moscow, and Paul. The grand duke were instructed by telegraph from the czar to come to Paris and express to the president, the heartfelt thanks of the czar and czarina at the magnificent and cordial reception given the Russian squadron and its officers.

Grand Duke Sergius, in thanking President Carnot, said Russia and France were now indissolubly in sympathy—the strongest two great nations ever known.

President Carnot responded and called on the grand duke, directly after they returned to their hotels, and then started for Toulon, taking with him the foreign, home and navy ministers, with M. Hanotaux, president of the municipal council, who twenty years ago was in the Toulon jail on a convicted communist, with that country revoked on his legs. But Hanotaux is now president of the town council of Paris, aware of his very importance, and has lost no chance to serve himself a countess of the potentate of Siberia. The most of Hanotaux's fellow town councilors keep pace with him and poured out the public money like water on the civic festivities, made at the cost of the taxpayers. Handsome gifts were made to Admiral Avelan and his officers.

The indiscretion of Emperor William helped to swell the Russian triumph. He says and does foolish things. Having expostulated the prince of Italy at the Metz review, made the French back rise and the blood of Francomanfort, the mob is not to be blamed for crying, "Vive le Czar." The French want an ally against Germany, and wish to wreak Alsace and Lorraine, but their sentiment pay more than a cangerous game.

A gala representation was organized at the opera. All the theatrical dealmonde were invited. The absence of the Duke of Orleans was invited to participate. The Princess De Chartres, whose theater name is Mme. Melba, was also invited and came. Yvette Guilbert, famous for smutty songs; Mme. Judic, noted for immoral; Irma Perlet, noted for her nasalite singing; Emilie Nilsson, reputed for her pagan views were present, and exhibited in the highest degree. The state box at the opera were filled with princesses and other grand ladies to keep the baroness Von Mohrenheim and Madame Carnot, the wife of the President, in countenance.

What power can a nation showing such scandalous incongruity exert in controlling forces which it has been lately unknowing? It has an enormous military strength, but wants moral backbone. Liberty may profesess to want peace, but with popular emotion so high, the knaves wanting great military contracts may easily be helped by irresponsible politicians in parliament to land France in war. In any case, Russia will be the ruling and directing party. The Germans claim to believe that France has not yet been allowed to see her ally's strift, which is that of Ignatieff in 1870. I guess whether the French understand what they are doing in case Russia exhibits into a new phase of blood and civilization.

EMILY CRANWORTH.

THE SAILORS LEAVE.

MARSEILLE, Oct. 29.—The British squadron left today for Gibraltar. Courteous and enthusiastic crowds take farewell to the British sailors.

TOULON, Oct. 29.—The Russian squadron left 2 p. m. today. The departure was witnessed by immense crowds of people. The French warships manned their yards and exchanged salutes with the visitors.

A CHINESE IN BONDS.

LIMA, Oct. 28.—There is no disturbance here, though some trouble anticipated exists and the prospects of the contest is regarded as serious.

THE MOORS AND SPANIARDS.

The Fiercest Fight with Unknown Results.

MELILLA, Oct. 28.—The battle raged fiercely and fiercely night long, the Spaniards before Melilla, and which, as previously stated to the Associated Press, resulted in the death of General Margallo, was commenced by Spanish troops, caused a prolonged resistance took. The Moslemites were masters of the vantage ground by the Moors. In the case a terrible fire the Moors charged resolutely, driving the Moslemite bands thrill, and coming into close and telegraph with.

The Moors again attacked, with the intention of cutting off the forces of the Moslemites. The northern Moors unfortunately have been prominent had it not been for the prominent manner in which the guns of the Spanish warship Venadite were fire on. The Spaniards retreated under the fire.

The Moors, regardless of danger, succeeded in entering the Spanish trenches and capturing two modern field pieces and a supply of ammunition. The Moors were driven to a blockhouse in back of and in the rear of the Spanish solidiers and began to retreat. The Spaniards directed their artillery against the Moors who captured the two guns, and who had been using them freely against the forts and warships.

Nothing seemed to avail before the charges of the Extremadura regiment and a battalion of military sharpshooters punishment for branches of military war. They passed onward, capturing the Moors who made another stand, and managed to recover the two field pieces.

During the pursuit which followed the death of General Margallo the Moors succeeded in carrying off the body of the Spanish commander, and it was this more than anything else which avoided the Spanish officers to rally their forces and make the charge which drove the Moors from the trenches.

During the rush onward of the Spanish troops a detachment of them pursued the Moors who were carrying away the general's body, and after a desperate hand to hand conflict the Spaniards succeeded in recovering the body of their late commander and eventually sacrificed it into Melilla. No systematic pursuit of the Moors was attempted, owing to the insufficient force of soldiers at Fort Camera, but it is intended that General Orozco is making preparations to take terrible vengeance upon the Moors for the death of General Margallo when he has enough men under his command to be able to make a movement in force enough to chastise the Moors.

BERLIN SIGN.

An Alleged Plot to Assassinate the Emperor.

BERLIN, Oct. 28.—(Copyrighted by the Associated Press.)—On occasion of the recent visit of Emperor William's to Berlin, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Coburg (Duke of Coburg), chief a grand dinner in connection in the Palace. The reception took place at Potsdam and was on the occasion of the first visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha to the Imperial court since his accession to the duchies of Coburg.

The oldest son of Prince Albrecht of Prussia is now nineteen years of age and is spoken of as the future husband of the Queen of Holland.

The arrest of a workman named Pikeski, for so-doing an informal invitation to his former employer, a locksmith named Schwarzt, which contained a plot to assassinate the Emperor William during the recent visit of the latter to Spandau. Pikeski declared that he was offered three hundred marks if he would throw the infernal machine into the emperor's carriage. The police are investigating the story. Pikeski was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The Austrian Parliament to Adjourn.

VIENNA, Oct. 28.—A rumor was being the meeting and Emperor Francis Joseph gave sanction to the immediate adjournment of the Reichsrath.

Election of Bredner.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—Tuesday the election of the "Wahlmanner" takes place, who elect deputies to the new lower house of the Prussian diet.

The social democratic party has decided, as usual, upon taking no part in the elections, in view of the present "revised electoral system," as they describe it.

A Cardinal Disgraced.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The correspondent of the Standard in Rome says: Cardinal Rampolla, having warned that several influential cardinals have signed an address to Pope Leo the expediency of a change in the policy of the Vatican to one less hostile to the Italian government, requested leave to resign his office as secretary of state to the Pontiff.


Bald Heads!

Skookum Root Hair Grower

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.

17 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

GO TO

Hackmeier's Hotel,

121 to 129 EDDY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

RATES: $1, $1.50 & $1.00 PER DAY.



Only 1 Day More

In Which to Take Advantage of the Five Dollar a Month Rate for Treatment and Medicine for all Diseases at the Zion Medical Institute.

All Who Wish to Avail Themselves of This Extremely Low Rate Should Come Before Nov. 1st.—Convenient Rooms are Furnished at Points of Remarkable Scenic Attractions.

I'M A WELL MAN,

Are the startling lies you read regarding Dr. Hock, who was suffering from Consumption of the lungs, throat and stomach.

Mr. Elias Cook, Cedar West, Cherry Lane

67½ yd.

Zion Medical Institute

Located permanently at Rooms 302, 303, 304, Deseret (Z.C.M.I.) Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

T. B. Mansfield, M.D.
J. A. Steele, M.D.
Consulting Physicians.

Consultation All Services of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs, at Office Hours. Office hours: 10 to 4 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m. Consultation Strictly Free.

$5.00 PER MONTH.

All patients under treatment or placing themselves under treatment before November 1st will be treated until cured at the uniform rate of $5.00 a month. Medicines furnished free. This applies to all diseases.

F. S. RICHARDS, Pres. THOS. G. WEBBER, Vice President.
H. B. SCAMMON, Sec'y and Treas.

THE

SECURITY ABSTRACT CO.

Office in Deseret National Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Telephone, 1425.

DIRECTORS: F. S. Richards, Thos. G. Webber, S. W. Stacey, Hugh J. Smith, M. E. Cherrington, James H. Rahn, Chas. S. Zerkel, A. W. Ockey, J. C. Cohn.



Retrenchment.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

It is demanded of officials, of citizens and of purchasers. In nothing left more essential than in patronizing our

HOME INDUSTRIES.

Don't forget that we manufacture Footwear for all. Best School Shoes made, and greatest variety of goods! Those! Only the best of material used and all work warranted.

Silver, Though Humbled, is Welcomed by Us.

SOLOMON BROS., No 70 S. Main Street.



Browning Bros.

159 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
1524 Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah.

Wholesale and Retail

Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Tents, Hammocks, Etc. Base Ball, Lawn Tennis, Cricket Supplies, Athletic Goods, Etc., Etc. Agents for Sporting, Blasting and Mine Powders. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue.



JAMES-SPENCER-BATEMAN CO.

Successors to David James & Co. and Spencer-Bywater Co.

PLUMBERS, TINNERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters.

We carry a Complete Line of

GEM AND PENINSULAR STOVES AND RANGES,

Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Tinware, Granite Ironware and House Furnishing Goods.

No. 67 MAIN STREET.



AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK,

OF SALT LAKE CITY.

Capital $250,000. Surplus $50,000. Organized October, 1890.

INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS AND TIME DEPOSITS.

DIRECTORS.—James H. Rahn, President; H. S. Davis, Vice President; F. L. Holland, Cashier; W. S. Hilliard, Assistant Cashier; A. W. Ockey, M. J. Grow, S. M. Jarvis, Z. W. Jaques, J. Leatherwood, F. W. Mott, John Reis, D. C. Dunfield, E. A. Davis.



F. Auerbach & Bro.

SILKS—

Our sale of Silks this week will be the sensation of the city. Our elegant stock of Cloaks, displayed in the largest and finest department in the city, and which is daily being replenished by the very latest novelties of the Eastern Market, is conceded by all to be the very largest and choicest selection shown this season, at prices—as every body says—away below all competition. Come and see our stock is all we ask.

CLOAKS.

Silk and Dress Goods dept.

The success of our last week's Silk combination sale at $1.00 yard has proved that Salt Lake appreciates good values. This week we offer a sale which will eclipse all previous efforts.

Black Silk Surahs, our $1.25 quality, down to 87½c yd.

Black Satin Duchesse, our $1.50 quality, down to 75c yd.

Black Satin Duchesse, our $1.50 quality, down to 60c yd.

Colored Silk Satin Duchesse, our $1.50 quality, down to 87½c yd.

An assortment of black and colored Brocades, in exceedingly rich and choice patterns, also Colored Glacés, our regular $1.00 to $1.25 yd. goods at

67½c yd.

CLOAK DEPT.

CUT PRICES ON CLOAKS.

25 Ladies' and Misses' heavy winter Jackets for $3.50.

100 Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, not necessarily worth $7 to $10, for $3.50.

Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, for wraps, for $1.75.

225 elegant fur trimmed Jackets, worth $15, for $6.00.

One magnificent stock of winter Jackets and Capes made to sell to appreciate the greatest values to be seen in Salt Lake. Special to Wraparts

$1.35, Flannelette Wrapper.

$1.95, Heavy Satin Dress, worth $3.50.

Ladies' Waists.

100 each, Flannelette Waists, 35c to each, Plaid Challenge Waists, $1.50, All-wool Ladies Cloth Waists, plaited style.

Knit Skirts for 50c. In Domet Flannel Satin Quality Quilted.

Just received an elegant line of new and up to date Ready-Made Dresses.

Millinery Department.

GRAND REVOLUTION IN THE MILLINERY BUSINESS.

High class Millinery sold six saving of from 50 to 40 per cent. 200 new styles trimmed Hats at a saving of from $1.00 to $2.50 each. Hat 11

SATIN RIBBONS.

No. 5 - 8c yd.
7 - 7½c yd.
9 - 10c yd.
12 - 12½c yd.
16 - 15c yd.

These are jack rabbit former price.

All Silk Gros Grain RIBBONS, Satin Edge.

No. 5 - 6½c yd.
7 - 8½c yd.
9 - 10c yd.
12 - 12c yd.
16 - 17½c yd.

OSTRICH TIPS

Colors, in bunches of 5, for 35c, 50c and 75c.

Wings for the and the sold as high as 75c.

Feb Hats for Ladies and Misses for 75c, sold as high as $1.00.

Underwear for Ladies, Misses and Children at prices that are never equalled.