DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sundays, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, payable to carriers or agents.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1; payable in advance.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page magazine, devoted and best in the country, especially calculated to the tastes of current history. Price per volume of 12 numbers, $2.00; per year, $2.00, postpaid.

AT EVENTIDE.

I know, dear love, that thou art dead,
That the sweet Face no more I see,
That the lip I press no more responds,
And yet I know thou art near to me—
Very near to me. Then sweet to me,
When evening shadows creep on glides,
When daylight's curtain is darkness fled,
Then comes to me at eventide.

I know that you are near to me,
The eye owns presence at my side,
Again the breath is on my cheek—
The kiss, as when thou wert my bride.
So long since thou hast been away,
My heart for grief can scarce abide,
Or dreary seems each endless day,
But oh! how blest the eventide.

When night her benediction sends,
And tired nature seeks her rest,
Ah, then, with mine you spirit blends,
As lands the shadows in the west.
Then comes to me. Then comes to me,
The angel hands my heavenly guide.
My soul in silence waits for thee,
It flies fair as bird, swift as dove.
—Eva Jacquot in Yankee Blade.

MARGARET OF ORLEANS.

"I wonder if it idealizes her?"

We stand beside the statue of this famous woman, Margaret of New Orleans, and, after the manner of strangers, conjecture on what we for the first time see.

"Not at all," a voice answers in the self southern tongue. "It looks just like her."

"Ah, thank you. You live here?"

"I was born here; this is my home."

"You were here during the war and yellow fever and everything! and was Sue Butler so dreadful! and have you seen Cable?"

A nod answers each one of my young companion's impetuous queries.

"How delightful!" concludes my friend, lest the lady shakes her head and lays her fan lightly on the girl's soft cheek and says smilingly: "It did not seem as if I would live through it, but I have, and now comes one who calls my trials 'delightful.' How cruel!"

"Ah, pardon! But I was thinking of that charming man who wrote the delicious 'Mme. Delphine.' I was thinking how perfectly lovely it must be to live here and know him—and then to live in a city that has had such a history—it is so romantic. And can you tell us anything about Margaret?"

"This little space—'Margaret place,' it is called—it is a pleasant spot to rest in."

With this invitation, given more in looks than in words, we seated ourselves near our new acquaintance at the settees in the little park. The perfume of March rose overhung the city; we forgot in its delicious sweetness the signs of decay that in portions of that quaint old town imparts a pensive melancholy to its beauty. Near by us in the green grass is a pool set about with a low border of cactus; a mimic fort, with all its twisting thorn guns out, and its blossom floating from the ramparts, which are guarding from such lilies as only a lazy foot of water lilies, under the shade of which there is a whirl of goldfish. A stone footbridge crosses the pool and spans the river of cactuses. It is a very old and tasteful device, this pool, and the little park in which it is placed is unique in its way. There is nothing overdone, neither neglected. It is a well kept, refreshing, simple setting for the statue itself.

"She was a working woman—a servant here. When I first remember her I was living near here, and she was taking care of the cows in a stable that stood almost on the very spot where her statue stands now. She was working then for the sisters of the asylum. She fed and milked their cows and sold milk in a cart about the city. She was a strange looking person—remarkable in her appearance. I think now as I recall her she had a broad forehead, serious eyes, a pleasant, broad smile, a rather stout, stout figure. I do not suppose she ever indoor life wore any dress better than a tattooed blue calico; she always wore heavy shoes and a black straw bonnet trimmed with a neat band of black over the top. From my residence I could see her many times a day while she was at her stable work or coming back and forth with her milk cans.

"What was her name? Her name was Margaret Haggery; she had been married, and at that time was a widow. Her husband and little child died just after she came to New Orleans; so we learned after she became famous. She was alone and poor in a strange country, and went to work in the stables for a living. Somehow, everybody liked Margaret; her smile was sweet and her words shrewd. The children called her Margaret, and she knew their names and answered their salutations along the street as she drove by in the milk cart.

"After some years Margaret had saved enough to buy a bit of ground that had on it a small bakery. The place was sold for a trifle, but now Margaret was in royal trim—a hardworker and a manufacturer; for she opened the shop and began bread and to be making for the neighbors. Presently there was a large bakery built; soon bread carts were running over the city bearing the words, 'Margaret's Bakery.' It became the fashion to buy at Margaret's place. During war, pestilence and disaster Margaret's fires were never out, and the delicious rolls kept up their weight and quality, no matter what else in life failed. Then she began running her free bread carts during the fever panic. No one went hungry who was within sound of her cart wheels. From that time on no one need go hungry in New Orleans—those too poor to buy were given a loaf fresh and white as the best, and it was given heartily, with a 'God bring times better times.' There was no distinction in Margaret's favors. She gave to white and black, of any church, or none. 'Are you hungry? that is all that was necessary. 'Here is bread; take it with God's blessing.' There have been in imagery dread days, which seemed as if God and everybody had failed us but Margaret; days when she almost literally fed the city. During the yellow fever panic Margaret began her noble work of taking the children from the houses of death and putting them into a home under good care, supporting them herself in every particular. Then the one asylum grew into many; the houses of her little charges were numbered by hundreds—and at the time of her death thousands. At the gate of every orphan asylum in the city Margaret's bread cart, with its smoking rolls, was seen daily; at every charitable institution whatsoever she took the privilege of giving her bread freely, and Margaret's name headed the list for every charity.

"Our great Charity hospital, one of the most famous in the world, was largely the gift of Margaret. You must visit that hospital. It will make you better all your life for having seen it. Right through the town there, at the right, as you see that magnificent building with its four gallows towering around the first four stories of the house? Its gate bells in golden letters that this is a children's home, given by Margaret, wife to the end of time orphans will be cared for and educated by her bequests. Many of our cemeteries contain in form of handsome tombs Margaret's simple yet munificent thoughtfulness. Here you know all are buried above ground in crypts or ovens of masonry, and when you visit our cemeteries—as stranger always do, for there are no burial places like these in America—you will see above tombs inscriptions, two or four dozen bodies maybe! inurtled: "Given to the Little Sisters of the Poor by Margaret." "The Strangers' Tomb, Given by Margaret." I suppose Margaret spent more money for the city than the richest man in the history of the state, and of the sympathy and discernment of the needs of the poor the half could never be told. She spent nothing on herself. A dress, blue calico, stout shoes, a black straw bonnet, a knitted jacket or shoulder shawl, an iron bedstead in a room without even a rocking chair, and overlooking the bakeshop. She had no time to enjoy luxuries, even had she possessed them. As long as there was a weeping child or a friendless woman in the city, what time had she to fold her arms in a rocking chair? While there were unhoused, outfitless forms, could she adorn her home of the living? And as it happened that to the end of life Margaret spent neither time, care nor money on herself. She forgot there was such a mortal as Margaret.

"And when, one day, the news went around that Margaret was dead, the great city arose and put on mourning; the business houses were closed; all the employments of the city stood still. The day of the burial thousands of her little orphans followed her bier as mourners; every church sent delegations of bearers; the public school children joined in the throng; the homes were draped along the line of march; all the bells in the city tolled; civic and military joined in the procession with enthusiasm; there never was here a funeral like Margaret's.

"Afterward it was found that her possessions had been so disposed that bad debts come at any moment the affairs of this life were well and intelligently wound up. There were no personal effects of value, but even her few garments she left to the poor, and with the proceeds of her wise investments her charities are equally endowed.

"This statue is the gift of the city, to show in this public way the esteem in which she is held. It is very like Margaret. The mother figure, seated with one arm encircling a standing child at her side; the matronly dress, comfortable shoes, the little crocheted shawl about her shoulders are homely, but who would change them for finer clothing? The smooth hair, with its old fashioned French parting; the strong chin, the pleasant mouth, the serious eyes—do these not something fascinating in the contradictions of the face?

"Did you ever see such a head on a woman's shoulders? Massive, wonderful! That is the head of a statesman and financier, while its mouth, with its pleasant smile, telling of the tact and natural sovereignty of Margaret's character, proclaim the elements of a born diplomat. Yet, look again at the broad, massive brow, and see the earnest, loving eye that speaks of a true womanhood; look once more at the coarse garments and you will see that poverty added her load to the ordinary burden of womanhood, while ignorance, bereavement, affection, sometimes join hands with poverty against this soul. But the massive brow conquered, the untaught brain triumphed, and under the leadership of the sad, gentle eyes gave to the suffering what night, had she been a man born in other circumstances, have been the gain of nations and the glitter of the trapping of a diplomat.

"When I consider what Margaret did for one city under such desperate disadvantages, I wonder what she could have done for the world if all the environments had been right. I was thinking of that as I looked, in passing for the hundredth time, at the strong, fascinating face this morning, when your question met my ear.

"Yes, it looks like her, and there will never be another in marble like it to the end of time. She was a grand character—tender, strong, original, grateful, helpful, wise."—New York Evening Sun.

Red Hair.

A well known physician, who has made human hair a study for years, in an interesting lecture on red hair said: "The great Italian painter, Titian, was so fond of red hair that he raved about it, and at one time is said to have offered to sell his soul to the devil provided his hair would turn red. This passion for red hair has raged fiercely since early times. About every sight years red hair comes in style, and the ladies try to color their hair in conformity to the prevailing style. They often use poison, and that's where we come in. At one period in history, however, red hair was the subject for universal scolding.—Philadelphia Record.

A Misleading Sign.

A sign made of cardboard letters, hung on a wire in a furnishing store, announces to the public of Boston that the establishment is "Hank's shirt store." But the art of the final word somehow slipped along toward the preceding word, and the passers by were surprised to read, "Hank's Shirts Tore."

An Egyptian family lately arrived in Chicago, the father to work at the World's fair, have a small son whom they have named Abraham Lincoln Levy. The twin boy children are named Tomah, the Egyptian for star, and Victor Hugo. The first boy was born in Paris.—Boston Transcript.

A Doctor Who Refused a Fortune.

Dr. Gower, of Brighton, carried in his pocket a competency for life when he left the house on Washington terrace with the knowledge of Parnell's death. Parnell died at midnight, and the doctor could have realized a fortune by selling the exclusive news of the event to any of the richer papers in London or New York.

It was to when Gambetta died at 8 in the morning. At midnight he was pronounced convalescent. The death watch of reporters was relieved. Yet one of them, a Frenchman, member of a small Parisian news agency, came out of a wine shop at early morning and saw a maid servant running across the close.

"The master is dead," she called to him. He stood there in great perplexity. To whom should he sell the news? He hesitated between the Paris, London and New York papers. He finally sold to Havas, Gambetta at 8 this morning. The dispatch reached a New York office at ten minutes before 8, thus being five hours difference between Paris and New York. Half a page of accompanying matter was given to the compositors, and at twenty minutes past 1 the whole story was on its way to the stereotypers.

The reporter is still living on the proceeds of his "beat," and the emotion of Gambetta's death was nothing to that of Parnell.—New York Truth.

They Eat as Dickens Told Them.

A good story is told at one of the hotels here about some of the English diners who are in the city to attend upon the Methodist ecumenical council. It was noticed that at the hour set down for dinner on the card posted in each room giving the rules of the house these English preachers would gather about the doors of the dining rooms and when they were opened would make a wild rush inside, and to seat themselves hastily at the first table they reached and to begin to eat as quickly as possible.

The hotel people were puzzled to know the cause of this strange conduct on the part of his foreign guests. Inquiry developed the fact that these reverend gentlemen had before coming over posted themselves on American customs by reading Dickens' "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The scene in the latter descriptive of the effect of the hotel dinner gong causing everybody to quit whatever he was doing and make a rush for the table, was taken literally and to get any dinner they took as gospel truth and were governing themselves accordingly.

Parnell's Brother.

According to an Atlanta paper a seedy looking man, not quite fifty and wearing a discouraged and colorless shoddy hat, with a suit to match, stood before the bulletin boards in Atlanta the other day to get a glimpse of dispatches about the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. The man was John Parnell, a brother of the Irish leader, who has spent the latter years of his life selling fruit trees on a little farm seventy-five miles from Atlanta. "Yes," said he, "I cannot believe that he is dead," said he. "The only thing that makes me believe the report is the statement that he died suddenly. Three were twelve children in our family, six of whom are dead, and every one of the six died suddenly. Our sister Fanny, who died last, was found dead in bed. Charles, and in fact all of us, are subject to attacks of nervous prostration, and if he is dead this must have caused his death. He is not well, and but a short time ago he wrote me a most affectionate letter."

Illustrated Reporting.

In connection with the suicide of General Boulanger, a feat has been accomplished by one of the Paris weekly papers which shows to what perfection of dispatch illustrated reporting has now been brought. On Wednesday, on the morrow of the news of the general's death, The Illustration sent to Brussels two members of its staff, one a draftsman, the other a photographer. On Thursday morning those artists had photographed the general lying in state, as well as the hotel in the Rue Montoyer, and had even improvised a representation of the scene in the cemetery. They then took the train, and arrived in Paris on the same day with all that was necessary for the illustration of that day's issue of the journal. An interesting detail is that the proofs of the photographs were taken and the artist's drawing executed during the railway journey back to Paris.—London News.

Reid's Forge.

From reports it would appear that the site of Reid's forge at Grand Pre is no longer a mystery. Mr. W. C. Archibald, while cutting his way a seedy knoll about two miles west of the village of Wolfville, came upon what is supposed to be the remains of the ancient blacksmith shop, under about four feet of soil. Foundation stones, charcoal and slag were discovered in large quantities, so unless the Acadian Grand Pre could boast of more than one smithy, this is in all likelihood the spot where Basil lived and worked. It looks as though Wolfville was the heart of the ancient village of Grand Pre.—Nova Scotia Bulletin.

The late Banker James H. Moss, of Sheboygan, Wis., by his will, besides a bequest of $20,000 for a public library, left $10,000 for the erection of a hall wherein the boys of Sheboygan may indulge in innocent sports and pastimes.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda if you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

"Anywhere could it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it, and the advantage is that the most irritative stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the assimilative properties of the hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your druggist's and be sure you get the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS.

TOD & CRAWFORD,

Wholesale Druggists and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, etc.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 20th, 1891.

Briggs Medicine Co.

Gents—Yours of the 10th received. I shall be glad to assist you in introducing the Leslie Special Prescription. Indeed most of mine I have bought of you in times past, but have been gone away, would bring some considerably round after a Chicago or Philadelphia, as I can easily convince myself when in town. Yours truly,

TOD & CRAWFORD.

Price 25 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Briggs Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

NORTH AND WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Ar Salt Lake	4.25 p.m.	9.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
Ar Park City	6.20 p.m.	10.45 a.m.	9.30 p.m.
Ar Salt Lake	10.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	2.45 a.m.
Ar Denver	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar Ogden	1.45 p.m.	11.40 a.m.	11.40 p.m.
Ar Pueblo	7.45 a.m.	7.45 p.m.	7.45 a.m.
Ar Grand Junction	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar Marion		1.30 p.m.	
Ar Helper		3.40 p.m.	
Ar Green River		7.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.
Ar Green River		7.00 p.m.	8.40 a.m.
Ar Grand Junction		9.00 p.m.	5.00 a.m.
Ar Grand Junction		9.00 p.m.	5.00 a.m.
Ar Glenwood		1.05 a.m.	1.20 p.m.
Ar Glenwood		1.05 a.m.	1.20 p.m.
Ar Leadville		6.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar Gunnison		7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
Ar Grand Junction		7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
Ar Ouray		7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
Ar Green River		4.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
Ar Green River		4.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.

WEST AND SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Lv Denver	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv Colorado Springs	9.00 a.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
Lv Pueblo	10.45 a.m.	10.45 p.m.	10.45 a.m.
Lv Leadville	1.40 p.m.	7.00 a.m.	1.40 p.m.
Lv Gunnison	6.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Lv Grand Junction	11.00 a.m.	1.30 a.m.	11.00 p.m.
Lv Ouray	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv Green River	4.45 p.m.	4.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
Lv Green River	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Lv Marion		9.15 a.m.	
Lv Helper		9.55 a.m.	
Lv Grand Junction	3.00 p.m.	9.00 a.m.	9.00 p.m.
Lv Glenwood	4.15 p.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.20 p.m.
Lv Glenwood	4.15 p.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.20 p.m.
Lv Grand Junction	8.00 p.m.	5.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
Lv Grand Junction	8.00 p.m.	5.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
Lv Salt Lake	12.00 a.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Ar Salt Lake	1.40 a.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
Lv Salt Lake	1.40 a.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
Ar Park City	3.00 a.m.	10.45 p.m.	10.45 a.m.
Ar Salt Lake	4.40 a.m.	2.45 p.m.	2.45 a.m.

LOCAL SERVICE.

LEAD, AMERICAN FORK, PROVO AND SPRING VALLEY.

Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m., 4.25 p.m., and 6.00 p.m.; arrive Salt Lake 10.00 a.m., and 11.30 p.m. Arrive Salt Lake from Provo and Springville, 10.00 a.m.

SUBURBAN.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Arriving arrive Salt Lake 9.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

D. C. DODGE, A. E. WELBY, J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Manager. Supt. 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 | Arrive | Leave | Arrive
Depot | Park City | Park City | Depot
7.00 a.m. | 10.45 a.m. | 2.00 p.m. | 5.45 p.m.
9.00 a.m. | 12.45 p.m. | 4.00 p.m. | 7.45 p.m.
11.00 a.m. | 2.45 p.m. | 6.00 p.m. | 9.45 p.m.
1.00 p.m. | 4.45 p.m. | 8.00 a.m. | 11.45 a.m.

PARK CITY.

Leave Park City ..... 8.30 a.m.
" " ..... 6.30 p.m.
Arrive Salt Lake ..... 11.45 a.m.
" " ..... 9.45 p.m.

Office and Depot, corner 5th South and Main Streets.

T. J. BACKINSTOSE, G. T. & F. A.

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD!

THE

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

TWO SUPERBLY EQUIPPED TRAINS DAILY

THROUGH THE

GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE ROCKIES

—TO—

Glenwood, Aspen, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.

Pullman Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars, Chair Cars, Open Observation Cars, Elegant Day Coaches.

For further information call on or address

W. A. RIDER, G.A.

General Agent, 36 W. Second South St.

J. S. HUGHES, Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo.

H. SMITH, Gen. Manager.

E. L. HOOPER, G.P.T.A.

Utah Cracker Factory,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

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.

MAX GEISLER,

—DEALER IN—

Parrots, Canaries and other Singing, Fancy and Talking

BIRDS!

And RARE ANIMALS.

BIRD CAGES, DOG COLLARS, ETC. Taxidermy in all its branches. Stuffed Bird Cases a specialty. Write for Price List.

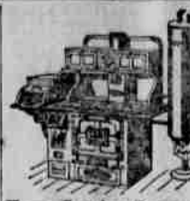
75 W. Second South St., Salt Lake City.

WASHBURN

Guitars, Mandolins, Zithers

Are universally acknowledged to be the best in the world. Warranted for five years. Sold by leading music houses. Beautifully illustrated, descriptive catalogue free. Address LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO, ILL., and mention this paper.

LYON & HEALY CHICAGO.



Home Comfort Ranges

Have No Equal for

FAMILIES, HOTELS, MINING CAMPS, Etc.

The Only Ranges Made of

MALLEABLE, IRON AND STEEL

Over 220,000 in Actual Use.

Call and Examine them at

UTAH STOVE & HARDWARE CO.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes, if one for sale in your place, take none of the other kind, but write to the address given on the bottom of the shoe you want, and I will send you the shoes, postage free.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN AND LADIES

WHY IS THE W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN THE BEST SHOE

IN THE WORLD FOR THE PRICE?

$5. [illegible]

$4. [illegible]

$3. [illegible]

$2.50 [illegible]

$2. [illegible]

Boys' [illegible]

Ladies [illegible]

JEROME HIRSCHMAN, 160 S. Main St

NOT HOW BIG? BUT HOW STRONG?

The Manhattan Life Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK.

FULLER & YOUNG, Agents, - Salt Lake City.

Graefenberg PILLS.

They cure Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. No griping or nausea. These

PILLS

Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box.

Best for Women.

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

Cures all forms of Female complaints, weakness, nervousness and general debility, sold by all druggists.

E. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Wholesale Agt.

HISTORY OF THE BANNOCK STAKE

The History of the Bannock Stake, compiled by Andrew Jenson, and lately published in the DESERET WEEKLY, has now been issued in pamphlet form, and can now be had at the DESERET NEWS office at 25 cents per copy. Also

F. AUERBACH & BRO

—OUR—

BARGAIN SALES

—STILL CONTINUE.—

Thousands of well pleased customers and no one advertisers by sending their friends to

AUERBACH'S

Every lady who has tried it will tell you that it is a waste of time shopping for better styles, choicer goods, lower prices, or more honorable treatment than you get at

AUERBACH'S

where every article is warranted as represented. Additional arrivals of New Fur-Trimmed Jackets, Fur Capes and Muffs, Misses' Cape Ulsters, Children's Stylish Coats, Infants' Long and Short Wraps at Lowest Prices in the city at

AUERBACH'S

Most lovely Infants' Dresses, Infants' Slips, Infants' Beautifully Embroidered Flannel Skirts, Jackets, etc., etc., at almost half the prices similar goods are sold elsewhere. Embroidered Flannel Sacques at 50c., 65c. and $1.00 and upwards at

AUERBACH'S

Buying the best of Shoes, made by the celebrated makers, Hart & Co., Cutler & Wheeler and others, every pair warranted at reduced prices, will save you money at

AUERBACH'S

The latest Carpets, Linoleums, Rugs, Shades, Curtains and Portieres at prices as low as the lowest at

AUERBACH'S

Elegant Fur, Rich Jet, Brilliant Tinsel, Most Stylish Braid, and the very newest in Peacock and other Feather Trimmings, Gilt Cord and Braids at a saving of 25 per cent. at

AUERBACH'S

Two lines of Genuine French Kid Gloves, warranted, reduced from $1.50 and $1.75, selling at 85c. and $1.00, at

AUERBACH'S

Buying your Boys' and Children's Suits, Stylish and Durable, at $1.50, $1.85, $2.00, $2.50 up to $10.00. Boys' Overcoats from $2.00 to $12.00. Gents' and Boys' Underwear, good and cheap. Gents' magnificent Scarfs at 25c., 35c., 50c., 65c. and 75c. Will save your dollars at

AUERBACH'S

If you want the newest in Table Linens, Towels, Tidies, Mats, Table Covers, Blankets, Quilts, Rubber Goods, at a saving in price and the satisfaction of getting good and durable goods, you are advised to go to

AUERBACH'S

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED.

All of which is affirmed as regards their Retail as well as their immense Wholesale Stock by Yours truly,

F. AUERBACH AND BRO

A Large Variety and Full Supply

—OF—

LATTER-DAY SAINT

TRACTS!

Published and for Sale at the

DESERET NEWS OFFICE.

For a few cents any person can obtain a supply to send abroad to friends, and these silent messengers frequently preach the Gospel as effectually as missionaries. Try it by buying some and mailing to your friends abroad.