DESERET EVENING NEWS.

PUBLISHED every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, by mail, $10.00 per year, $5.00 for six months, $2.50 for three months, $2.00 per month, payable or delivered by carrier.

WEEKLY DESERET NEWS.

PUBLISHED every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, by mail, per year, $5.00; six months $2.50; three months, $1.00; payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page magazine, for literature and home the country, specially valuable as a medium for advertising. Price, per volume of six months, $1.00; per year, $2.00, cash.

A TENDER HEART.

I met an old and withered man,
With beard as white as snow;
Adown his cheeks the tear drops ran,
Fresh as the rain and slow.
As with his face, so marred his mien,
I offered him a crown;
Never such humour had I seen
As then the stranger bore down.

"I beg you not a bit of this,"
I said in pleading tones,
"Would a place I know not suit you,
And you are weight'ed too heavy."
"I cannot back," he said, "at head
That you have parted with lately,
Since they rec ed Queen Mary's head
In Fifteen eighty-seven."

"At least," I urged, "an easier seat,
"With comfy cushions,
Or like a frame meet to make
Young eyes for the best,"
"To offer opinion is an error
I cannot set them down,
Though grief that Caesar should be slain
In B. C. Forty-four."

"Hit man," I cried, "at least be cured
A cup of tea or tasty;
Given in vessels have been proved
Where strength has run to waste,"
"No more I mistake take," he said,
"In milk, imported late,
Since I was sent Elizabeth
Died thirteen hundred three."

I heard a sigh, I wiped a tear,
I took him to the hall,
"You need some wine," I urged, to fear
They be was quite exhausted,
"Do as you know, lad," answered he,
"I cannot leave of wine,
For Cardinalse de Rohan
Died Fifteen eighty-nine."

Desperate, I tried one vast plan
"There is ice cream," I said,
"It nourishes as well as warms,
And means harm the dead,"
"I cannot eat ice cream," he sighed,
"For in my throat it sticks
Since I gave Internal Carbonate dead
In Fifteen hundred six."

"My heart so tender is," he said,
"It narrows through and through
To think Mahomet should be dead
The sainted three-and-
Then Sebastian Sebastian Sebastian
Marcus Eight B. C.,
And more than Sphinx I have seen,
What's eating now to me?"

I left him then and went my way,
Weighs still musing sorely,
It really did so feed to stay
Through so very hard the track,
But as I mount my battered hack
Or set out serious sore,
He bumps across me like a ghost
Blazing to and fro!
—Jane Shaw in Youth's Companion.

A REFUGEE'S STORY.

Hank Owings had in war times been a Union refugee.

I was on his circuit, and had gone to his house for the night, where, after the supper things had been put away, he told his story of the days when that part of the country was common foraging ground for all the outlaws and guerillas of East Tennessee.

"East Tennessee was Union, and mostly mountains. There weren't many slaveholders hereabouts, so the folks didn't care to fight, and kept out of it as best they could.

"I had just turned nineteen, and was a strapping fellow, tall like I am now—I hain't shortened up much," with a soft laugh.

"Father and I had started for the corndield, just afraid that Reel ever there in the meadow, when a troop of guerillas rode down the road to a halt in the old door yard. They wanted to know where the men folks were, when they'd be back, how many boys belonged to the place, how old they were, and all that. Then, with most of the poultry shewed in their saddlebags, they rode away laughing, saying as how they'd be back after the boys some day.

"After that it was settled I'd better get to Nashville than to conscripted by the rebs. I reckon there were a dozen boys that were Union in the neighborhood. We had agreed upon the night, for all there weren't one of us who had been any way from home, but we got a map from one of our old school books, and, after studying it a bit, 'twoud we could get there.

"The old church at the mouth of the Post Oak road was the rendezvous. When the night came around the boys were on the ground and impatient to be off. Crossing the valley single file we crept up the side of Walden Ridge, to throw ourselves on the grass at its top just at the edge of Lookout Rock. With one long, lingering look we plunged into the wilderness that makes the great Cumberland plateau, and that serves a barrier almost of the state of Tennessee.

"A wild, mountainous region now, it was wilder then, and whitever way one might turn might be into a guerilla camp or against one of their pickets.

"The third night out we came down Daddy's creek. The trail westward, dealing sharply into a deep ravine, bright as to a break, shallow stream. T re was an opening in the woods so w could see the sharp roof of a building against the sky. Along the edge of this stream was a jungle of laurel, into which the boys crept, while I went forward to reconnoiter. Keeping in the shadow of the bushes I forded the creek to find myself inside a broad, level stretch of highway. The fresh hoof marks in it startled me, and made me more careful in my movements. The building was an old deserted sawmill. There were holes in its roof through which the moon shone, which, by the way, was in its second quarter. I approached the mill over the logs which once supported its chute frame. Nearer and nearer I crept, testing each piece of timber that was likely to feel a pound of my weight—

"'Hank'—

"'Who goes there?'

"A half hasty time to free among the foundations of the frame when the fright of a man was finely outlined in bayonets of the mill. Breathing then more time to afterward withdraw, reluctantly, it seemed to me, into the deeper shadow yet I felt his eye was still on the broken frame.

"I moved over the log, and to the gable again, found the grey, ghostly vision I had before seen. It was motionless, yet I detected no move, for I saw the glint of a rifle against the black timber.

"'It was a sentry—a guerilla no doubt.

"'There was little chance of getting out of those logs without discovery, with the sentry within pistol shot. How long I by there I do not know. It must have been an hour. It seemed much longer. Across the creek came the cry of a night hawk. It was our signal—one that we had chosen for safety. I heard it but once; then there was a tramp of horses' feet, a grinding of heavy hoofs in the gravel, in if on a descending road, a splash in the stream, a spurt along the road and a halt at the old mill. There would have been a half dozen troopers in the party.

"We were inside their lines, for those horsemen came from the same direction as ourselves.

"'Stand! Stand' in a low, penetrating voice.

"'They were about trotting the sentry.

"'The man in the gable has dropped paced.

"I heard indistinctly from my hiding place into the deeper shadows under the mill. I heard the cry of the night hawk again. I could not answer. The night was a perfect one. I could distinguish the low hum of their conversation which was carried on in the mill above. It was concerning the acts in the old house. There was a general dismount. The tramp of feet and the rattle of spurs toward the open gable were easily distinguished. I can just down upon the action timbers and crept out into the moonlight.

"'There's nobody out here, I bet! kin say in a low voice.

"'Must have been some sort'n'n sort he—couldn't her been a man.'

"'Bloke,' was the equally low reply, 'but, Pete, keep a sharp eye out for those boys from Post Oak—they'll be like a comet out here!'

"'Pete was the new guard.

"'How many be they?'

"'I how there's ye'n a dozen. Of Ow'n's boys a long 'n 'em.'

"'How d'ye get thro?'

"'I hard 'e—they jit out two nights ago. They hain't for off.'

"The cry of the night hawk came again.

"'What's that?' asked a new voice.

"'Thet—that's a night hawk.'

"'Tonight maybe 't weren't he a signal. Y ration—they're dared think 'round here, seems I' me.'

"A low, curt, my heart come into my mouth, to fill it completely. I wondered who had played the spy.

"Nothing more was said. The exchange of sentries made, the guerillas crossed the stream and rode up the hill into the thick woods.

"A spell of weird silence followed. I could see quite plainly the big timbers here and there. A lit away a square shaft of light dropped through the opening to the floor where the saw frame played up and down.

"I crept stealthily toward the old frame, which was still in its place. I heard the sentry pat above. Then I saw the shadow of his head felt hat to the timbers in the wheelpit, as if its owner were trying to solve the secret of its darkness.

"If the fellow would only go to sleep, I thought; but, instead, he began a tuneless patrol up and down the floor of the old mill. I could easily locate him, for his tread was heavy. He evidently felt a deal of curiosity in the old house, for once at that end of the mill he would repeat there quietly for minutes, doubtless filled with that nameless sense that betrays the nearness of humanity oftentimes without revealing it. I have no doubt he felt uneasy, and rightly, for my every sense was so alert, and my mental determination so complete, that this particular individual must be disposed of in some way. So intense were my feelings, and so predominant my mental action, I found myself wondering if I had not made my thoughts audible.

"The sentry again began pacing, slowly but steadily, across the plank floor above. His footsteps, with the smash and ripple of the stream against the laurel bushes, were the only sounds, unless now and then I caught the cry of the night hawk and always from the same direction.

"I kept note of the time by the moon, and I remember I sat it about two hours after midnight.

"In that time the sentinel had humanized into its during mass. I started forward upon the narrow saw frame, and just at that moment got the great set fright of my life.

"I felt the touch of an invisible hand, and just then a voice blew would have sent me into the water.

"'Hank!'

"I knew the voice.

"'Hank!'

"'Yes!'

"'Unreliline!'

"The sentry stopped just above. Looking across the opening I saw him, and with the moonlight at his back he seemed a huge fellow. He carried his rifle on his shoulder, and I could see the smooth of a big knife in his belt along with the butt of a 'navy.'

"He started on his patrol.

"'Hank, we must kill that fellow.'

"I had not thought of that. I said, tersely, the back. Bring the boys over here at once—

"'The sentry was returning. I waited for him to get to the end of his beat.

"'The slightest noise will betray us—they know we are in the woods—they are watching for us'—

"'The sentry was again in the open gable.

"'Bring the boys across the ford, in the shadow—there may be a sentinelage. Signal back across the ford.'

"'After that I waited for the signal.

"'It came. The footfall of the sentry stopped suddenly, as if he had noted the cry.

"'I crept out upon the old saw frame. I could see well enough. I had been so long in obscurity. Feeling my way along the timbers I found one that was rotted, so of it had been some time fixed as a tablet. Clinging to the post of the door above I looked out under the low eave at the sky. It was clear. There were no clouds to throw their shadows about us.

"'You good will pound up and down.

"'At last, tables loaded the hole just I had mounted. I could survey as well the entire interior. The sentry kept to his patrolling. I could have touched him as he passed, but alas, my sharp eyes almost knowing his blood chilled.

"'I had to do everything so slowly, but I assure you I felt the sweat on in my pores.

"'My pains were complete. No trace of the sentry must be left. He remember my right hand he had drawing home, but he knew.

"'At last the fellow stopped, leaning his rifle against the post was contained. He finished his pacing for the to home.

"'Pete!' I whispered.

"'He turned. He's a mountain cat to meet a death, shooting now. Before he could move he was gripped and dragged.

"'With the cry of the night hawk among the rafters, a swift rush of feet and the boys had gathered about us.

"'What par gun 'tin with 'im, Hank?'

"'Make him sleep as the way out of this haven't not.'

"'Where's your camp, dangerr' I asked.

"'The guerilla pointed directly opposite the way the troopers came to relieve the guard.

"'I drew the back of my trowle hands across his bare throat as a warning, if he did not kill the trick.

"'We are leaving Oak here, and you are going with us a bit. I reckon you'll show us the way—at the hazard to find a good breakfast in the morning. Where's your camp, stranger?' a second trooper.

"'He saw as little money in my face as in the cold grain of his tally weapon.

"'He noted the way the guerillas went.

"'Knoxville, is it?'

"'Down the road? I interrupted his look in that direction.

"'Any sentries down there?'

"'He nodded a second time.

"'Well, go ahead. If you get to late trouble—

"'He shrunk from the touch of the cold, little with a shiver.

"'Then we began our tramp, the path growing narrower and the distance deeper.

"'Suddenly the guerilla stopped.

"'I secured the gag.

"'Her sought to a point kyartents, eg'n.'

"'What's your commands?'

"'Put Oak,' was the answer.

"'Down the road I were with the lad who found me under the old mill, silently, to come into an opening in the woods, flooded with the clear, white moonlight. At its farther edge, in the deeper shadow, stood the motionless pickets.

"'We had agreed there should be no noise, no challenge.

"'Then we cupped out to meet the challenge.

"'For all right, I reckin,' the guerilla replied familiarly as we gave the countersigns.

"'The butt of his rifle dropped to the ground.

"'Hole close, stranger?' I asked.

"'I reckin,' reaching deep down into his trousers pocket for his tobacco plug.

"'Then came the struggle. I meant to deal all blows with the knife, but I had his throat to both my hands. He was my counterpoise. Part of the time I was in the air, then my feet would touch the ground, but I kept my grip on his throat. Somehow he had loosened Pete's revolver from my belt—he was in my face—I heard the click of the trigger—the sharp flare on the cupped sight gile.

"'There was no report—no smoke.

"'Then I saw the shadow of a falling riflestock, and the guerilla fell away from me dead.

"'Had to do it, Hank,' my comrade said apologetically. 'He's got fit for research sport, holding himself to the weapons of the prodrate sorry. 'Spose we'll her to tote 'im along?'

"'I repeated the signal twice, and a moment later the boys came up with us.

"'Before them we had found Daddy's crack for the last time, where two lads found a table ready laid for them at daybreak, for we had no time to waste on the dead picket. Two weeks later we reached Knoxville without further incident with Pete a prisoner of war, our first but not last capture."—H. M. Sylvester in St. Louis Republic.

Shakespeare Revised.

First Theatergoer—How was the new play last night?

Second Theatergoer—Oh, it's grand! Most realistic dramatic version of the age. They've got a real kyloson on the stage, and a real wet wash. Twight Cwee is.—Good News.

It is a great deal easier to see alternatives and to apply philosophical consolations in the case of a friend's trouble than in one's own. There is only four of consolation which is universally true and applicable is that "it might be worse." There is no conceivable case so bad that this may not truly be said of it.

Aluminum has been suggested as a material for coins, but there are objections to it. It has always a greasy feel, due to the presence of a slight but unavoidable film of oxide of aluminum over its surface.

To temper earthenware which is to be used for baking, put the dishes in cold water over the fire and bring them gradually to the boiling point. When the water boils around them remove them from the fire and let them remain in the water till it becomes cold.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Gates's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the choice is yours and until you are willing to believe, and spend the cent for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age, and of a naturally robust constitution. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it and no for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Vomit

Every Meal.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS.

TOD & CRAWFORD, Commission Merchants and Dealers in Produce, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Feb. 19th, 1891.

Bishop Mathews Co. Gentlemen: Your agent called here and left a sample box of your Sick Headache Powders. We tried them and they proved to be just what they claim to be. We have sold a few boxes since then, and have had no complaints. Please send us a gross at your lowest price. Yours truly, TOD & CRAWFORD.

Price 25 Cents. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Bishop Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

BANKS.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, President. E. R. SCATTERS, Asst. Cashier.

Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company, Nos. 1 and 3 East Temple Street. Established 1873. Incorporated 1889.

DIRECTORS: WILFORD WOODRUFF, Prest., GEORGE Q. CANNON, Vice-Prest., JOSEPH F. SMITH, ANTON H. LAGERS, LORENZO SNOW, JOHN JAQUES, ANDREW JENSON, T. G. WEBBER, Cashier, H. B. CLAWSON.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Pays 5 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.

Deseret National Bank, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. Paid Up Capital, $500,000.00. Surplus, $500,000.00.

DIRECTORS: JOHN HENRY SMITH, President. MOSES THATCHER, Vice-President. W. H. REES, J. R. MERRIAM, J. R. WINDER, J. T. LITTLE, J. C. CULLEN, JAMES SEARS, HENRY DINWOODEY, H. S. TOBEY, F. M. LYMAN, GEORGE EBERSON, J. R. WINDER, Jr., L. S. HILLIARD. H. S. TOBEY, Asst. Cashier.

Receives Deposits Payable on Demand. Buys and Sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, London and all the Principal Continental Cities. State Deposits Yields absolutely burglar and fire proof. Rents, $5 to $50 per year.

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH, SALT LAKE CITY. Capital, $200,000. HENRY J. GRANT, President. WM. G. MCMILLAN, First Vice-President. SAMUEL W. NEAL, Second Vice-President. DIRECTORS: Joseph F. Smith, Geo. Q. Cannon, Wm. B. Ross, Henry W. Lawrence, Abram H. Cannon, Frank I. Taylor, Spencer Clawson, Thos. R. Cutler, Edward Maw, Edward W. Tangye, Henry A. Woods. Business transacted on the most favorable terms consistent with safety. Interest allowed on deposits. Exchange on principal cities bought and sold. Interest paid on savings deposits. Deposits received daily and interest allowed quarterly. Also safe deposit boxes for rent.

RICHARDS & MOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Offices Commercial Building, 214 S. Main Street, Salt Lake City.

DANIEL HARRINGTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 21 and 22 Commercial Building, Salt Lake City.

SHEPARD, CHERRY & SHEPARD, LAWYERS, Rooms 17, 18 and 19 Commercial Block, SALT LAKE CITY.

S. W. DARKE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR, Hooper Block, - - Salt Lake City.

T. D. LEWIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 232-233, Constitution Building.

JOHN M. CANNON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 257-8-9, Third Floor, Constitution Building.

RICHARD W. YOUNG, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Third Floor, Constitution Building, Opposite P. O. U. S.

W. CAMERON, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Dr. Cameron has made a Specialty of Chronic Diseases for over Twenty Years. All Proper Business a Specialty. Rooms 10 and 11 Central Block, 40 W. Second South Street, Salt Lake City.

DR. E. S. WRIGHT, OFFICE: Constitution Building. RESIDENCE: 402 E. First South. Telephone 40.

CHARLES M. CANNON, SURGEON-DENTIST, Rooms 256 and 257 Constitution Building.

MRS. M. E. VAN, M. D., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Third Floor, Constitution Building. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m.

WILCKEN & SHEETS, LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES, AND FARMERS', CAMPING, YARDS, Old Tithing Office Premises, Opposite Tribune Office. Terms Reasonable. Property Safe. SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND SURREYS FOR HIRE AT LOWEST RATES.

PIONEER PATENT ROLLER MILL CO. MILLS: 68 North Temple St., East. OFFICE: 21 South Temple St., West. BRANDS: High Patent, Baker's No. 1, Superfine Whole Wheat Flour. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT. Telephone 873. Office Telephone 887. ELIAS MORRIS, Proprietor.

SALT LAKE NURSERY. HAVING BECOME SOLE PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to furnish Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, at very greatly reduced prices. Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State road. MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

Utah Cracker Factory, MANUFACTURERS OF THE Silver Brand of Snow Flake Sodas, AND FINE CAKES. Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Tea-Side Parties, Travelers and Families. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

THE UTAH ASPHALT AND VARNISH COMPANY, NOW PREPARED TO LAY BITUMINOUS, ROCK, PAVEMENT (Smooth and Sheet). With the Best Goods in the World. All Work Guaranteed. Home Company. Home Production. Orders Solicited. Estimates Furnished Free of Charge. Office Room 235 Constitution Building, SALT LAKE CITY. JOHN BECK, President. AURELIUS MINER, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED, 1869. Joseph E. Taylor, Pioneer Undertaker of Utah.

Manufacturer and Dealer in All Kinds of Furniture, Wood and Cloth Covered. COFFINS AND CASKETS. Full Line of Coffin Furnishings Kept constantly on hand. Telephone & Telegraph Orders Promptly Filled. Embalming Prepared in Best Natural Condition, without extra charge. OPEN DAY & NIGHT. Factory and Warerooms No. 323 S. First South. One and a Half Blocks South of Tribune. TELEPHONE No. 10.

Jos. William Taylor, SON OF JOSEPH, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

Every Eye Lacquer and Gilt Chocolate Finish of COFFINS, CASKETS And Undertakers' Goods in Stock. Wholesale Dealer in Undertakers' Material. Lowest Prices ever offered in Utah. LOTS AND GRAVES in Deseret Cemetery in the City. All Orders Filled Day or Night in the Most Satisfactory Manner. TELEPHONE AND WAREROOMS OPEN CLOSED 24 AND 26 WEST TEMPLE STREET. P. O. Box 858. Established 1869.

ECLIPSE! ★ 52 E. FIRST SOUTH ★ ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business to trade. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. BARLOW. TELEPHONE No. 496. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

For Broiling, Baking, Boiling, Preserving. GRANITE IRONWARE is more than a luxury—it is a necessity. It is clean, healthy, handy and neat; there is as much difference between it and tinware, as between a china and a tin cup. It is cheap, because it lasts, and it is always nice. Every good housewife should use it, and those who once try it won't have anything else. It is the best ware made for the kitchen. Cook Book and Price List Free on application. We care to mention this paper. Manufactured only by ST. LOUIS STAMPING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

We are now showing our Advance Consignment of

NEW FALL GOODS!

We are invited to examine our EARLY FALL STYLES and FASHION ABLE NOVELTIES. We are delighted to interest you, and have made our prices the "proper thing."

SILK AND DRESS GOODS DEPARTM'TS

Grand Opening of Fall Purchases in NEW SILKS and DRESS GOODS.

25 different shades of Faille Francaise, worth $1.50, at $1.00.
52 pieces of Changeable Satins, worth $1.00, at 75c.
35 pieces of Polka Dots and Two-Toned Brocades, worth $1.75, only $1.25.

Dress Goods at 10c. per yard, mentioned cheap at 25c.
50 pieces 27 inch Black Cashmere, at 12½c., well worth 25c.
47 pieces 38 inch All Wool Plaid, at 35c., sells regularly at 60c.
35 pieces of 32 inch Novelty Plaids, at 12½c., usual price 20c.
33 pieces double width Tricots, at 37½c., worth 60c.
10 pieces 40 inch plain Mohair, in all the new fall colorings, at 35c.
These goods are worth 60c.
30 pieces of 52 inch Ladies' Cloth, at 35c.
50 pieces of 54 inch All Wool Ladies' Cloth, to make shelf room, will be sold at 45c.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

8½c. French Flannel at 50c. 8½c. French Flannel at 45c.
15c. Shaker Flannel, 15 yds. for $1.00. $1.50 Honeycomb Quilts, at $1.00.
$1.75 Damask Quilts, 11 yds. at $1.25. $4.75 extra Marseilles Spreads, Large Satine Comforters, $1.65. at $2.50.

TO OPEN OUR BLANKET SEASON

We will sell $13.00 White California Blankets at $7.50. $5.00 All Wool Filled Blankets at $3.50. $5.00 Scarlet Blankets, $3.75. $2.00 Gray Blankets, $1.25.

A SPECIAL CHANCE! 1 lot of Sample Blankets, slightly soiled, carried over from last season, to close at Less THAN COST.

LACES! LACES!

THE SALE OF LACES DAILY GROWS DARKER.

8½c. Chantilly Lace at 4½c. $1.00 Chantilly Lace, at 50c.
$1.25 " " 65c. $1.50 " " 75c.
$2.00 " " 1.00c. $2.50 " " $1.25.

55c. It is really surprising that 55c. will buy such exquisite Drapery Net. Also $1.75 Drapery Net, 75c.

95c. Over 100 Dress Patterns in all Silk Drapery Net, some of them worth $5.00 per yard, for 95c. per yard.

We extend all a Cordial Welcome to our establishment.

F. Auerbach & Bro

DAVID JAMES & CO.

TINNERS

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

DEALERS IN Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.

GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS

No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.

PILES DR. WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT will cure Piles, Blind and Bleeding Piles. Makes the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. Sent by mail for 50 cents and $1.00 per box. DR. WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT will cure Itching Piles in 6 to 14 days. Sold by druggists and by mail on receipt of price. 50 cents and $1.00 per box. FOR SALE BY G. C. M. G. DRUG CO.

Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH. THE POSITIVE CURE. Not a Snuff. Not Injurious. No Mercury. Not a Liquid. Not Painful. Not Offensive. Not Drying. Not Irritating. Not Contagious. Not Dangerous. Not Disagreeable. Not Sickening. Not Nauseous. Not Bad Smelling. Not Bad Tasting. Not Bad Looking. Not Bad Acting. Not Bad Anything. Not Bad Enough to Hurt Anybody. Not Bad Enough to Do Good. Not Bad Enough to Do Anything. Not Bad Enough to Do Nothing. Not Bad Enough to Do Anything Else. Not Bad Enough to Do Anything Else. Not Bad Enough to Do Anything Else