DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sundays at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 85 cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $4.00; six months $2.25; three months, $1.00, payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially suitable as a whole of school history. Price, per volume of 24 numbers, $1.50, payable in advance.

THE EVENING COMETH.

The daylight fades upon the hilltop
Soft are the shades that follow,
Kissing into shadowing the long wood,
Filling the lonely hollow;
Brooding o'er earth with silence blind,
Peace and rest, O peace and rest!

The white, white light, the far flung light
That filled my lifted vision,
That lay upon the sudden land,
That lit the hills Eternal,
O morning glorious! O sweetest glow!
The sun is set, the day is low.

Hush heart and long rest! Rest thee, rest thee,
What matter if the evening, while reaching day
Be long or short? The evening comes at last!
The evening hushed and cool and black,
Be still, O heart, be still, O heart and rest.

—Aurelia Forrer in Washington Post.

THE LINEN CLOSET.

"But surely there are more rooms?"

The young widow who had come down to Garland to hire a little house for the summer had followed the agent into the two-story cottage and was scanning about her.

"Only four rooms!" she said. "Surely there must be—I mean that the house looks larger on the outside."

"Oh, there were two originally, ma'am," the agent replied. "There was two, but the rest are boarded up. This is simply the wing, but you have a parlor, a dining room and two bedrooms, besides the little sub-side kitchen, which is a building by itself, and the rent is actually nominal."

"But the folly of boarding up six good rooms," said the lady. "The parlor with the walnut and the black marble mantel-piece."

"You know the house?" cried the agent.

"Oh, its house of this sort you always find a black marble mantel and a walnut," said the lady. "And on the other side of the hall the sitting room and spare bedroom, and three bedrooms upstairs, and the linen closet and bathroom—the long, dark linen closet."

"The ghost always comes out of that," said the agent.

"Oh, he!" cried the lady. "The cat is out of the bag. The house is haunted!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the agent. "It has that reputation among ignorant people. But since the man building has been boarded in the figure has never been seen by any one."

"The figure!" asked the lady. "All in white like an insane woman?"

"All in white, but like a pretty girl of sixteen," replied the agent. "I remember the murder myself. My father was in the real estate business in those I am now. I was a school boy. I remember how the news ran through the village that Martha Penny had been killed by her wild Jack Parker, and how I rushed up with the crowd to see her. Yes, ma'am, I saw her lying weltering in her blood across the threshold of the linen closet."

The lady shuddered and sat down in the large, shiny covered armchair of the room they had entered.

"You can go and play in the garden," she said to the little boy whom she led by the hand. "Don't go out of sight. Now tell me the story, Mr. Brick."

"Very sensible to send the child away," the agent said. "Well, the facts were these: Martha Penny lived in seasonable with Mrs. Parker. They made her one of the family. Jack fell in love with her. The story goes that she refused him, and that he said that she should never money nor other man. Then she declared that she meant to go home, and she was getting ready to go when she saw him with blazing eyes coming down the passage, and ran into the linen closet. A black servant watched it all. As he passed the door he shut her. They arrested him and took him off in prison. But while the body was waiting for the coroner it disappeared, no one ever knew how. Mrs. Parker had taken to her bed. Black Ann had been afraid to sit in the room with the murdered girl. In the night Martha Penny's corpse vanished.

"The jury made up their minds that Jack was crazy, and he was locked up awhile, though he swore that the plead was off by accident. When he was let out again his mother was dead. He is quite a rich man, but he never could bear to live on his property. He has a room at the hotel and has let all the land. At first he let the house also, but the tenants were all scared away by the ghost, they said, so for years ago he boarded up the main building and only lets the wing. Every summer people live in. It is pretty furnished, you see, with new things. The old stuff is all in the old rooms. They do say that they hear noises in the big building, but probably rats make them. And, Mrs. Smith, you don't look like a lady who would be afraid of—"

"Martha Penny's ghost!" interrupted the lady. "Indeed I am not. Poor little Martha would do no one any harm. I should be much more afraid of wild Jack Parker, though he is alive."

"He's as quiet as a lamb, ma'am," said the agent; "quite broken, though he is going round to town."

"I'll take the house, Mr. Brick," said the widow, rising and beckoning through the open window to her little boy. "And my servant and I and little Tom will move in on Monday."

They did so, and soon flowers bloomed in the garden and a little boy rolled in a pretty child swung under the elm trees or tossed his ball on the lawn. The mother, nothing if her Maltese kittens, read or crocheted, or walked with her boy when the day grew cool. The maid was pretty and civil. No house in the country seemed less likely to attract ghosts to resort, and Mrs. Smith, when questioned, always said that she had never caught a glimpse of Martha Penny's spectre.

But though Mrs. Smith told the truth, she did not tell the whole truth. Sometimes at night—yes, at midnight—when little Tom was in his deep sleep and the maid was asleep, the lady, wrapped in a double gown and with woolen slippers on her feet, would glide out into the hall, and there, with her ear to the light partition that divided the wing from the main building, would listen to her feet ran to and fro, to walk out tiptoes, to stay second to her prayers and to many repetitions of the name "Martha Penny—Martha Penny," but chiefly "Martha" alone. Sometimes spoke of this to my one, and it was plain that she felt no terror, but sometimes she was utterly, as if she was very sorry for the poor, wandering ghost.

This went on for months, until one night Mrs. Smith did a startling thing. She arose in the middle of the night and set down the great roll of her brown hair, and braided it in one broad and tied it with white ribbon. She dressed herself all in white and over her head threw a square of tulle. Then she left her house, taking a lantern with her, and stole toward a side door of the main building and tried a key in the lock and opened it.

The place was dry with dust, and dust rolled beneath her feet as she ascended the stairs, and spiders crawled along the cornices and up the walls. She passed the big chamber and the little closet and stopped at the dark closet. Opening the door she saw piles of clothes and sheets and towels and pillow cases, once white, but now powdered gray, as though a snow of dust had had fallen on them.

She lowered her lantern and looked across the still a stain of blood, and within, on the floor, a dower one. The she did not shudder, indeed, a smile crossed her face—a pitiful, tender smile.

"Poor little Martha Penny!" she said, and without a quiver or a cry she relaxed in and shut the door behind her. A small, round window, high up in the wall, let in a little gleam of moonlight, a little pure air admitted a breath of air, but and the woolen blankets at the further end unfolded. She could see their tracks, and a cautious smell that frames in moth eaten wool made the air heavy. Already her lantern's light attracted insects that came through the broken pane above to feed on what it. She closed the slide, and now looked like a very ghost herself—all white in the faint moonlight.

She listened intently. Soon she heard the sound of a door closed carefully, feet upon the stairs, feet in the passage without the door. Some one began to pace slowly up and down.

"Martha," said a voice, "Martha!" Then there was silence. Then again, "Martha! Martha!"

It was a man's voice which spoke. Now it went on:

"They say your ghost haunts this house. I have come here so often and heard nothing, seen nothing. Martha, give me some sign that you hear me."

The widow lifted her hand and tapped lightly on the door.

"There was a little cry without, then "Martha" came again, and now the widow spoke:

"You call Martha. She is here. For once, and once only, she is permitted to listen to you. Why are you?"

"The man who loved you—Jack Parker," replied the voice. "May I see you, Martha—angel Martha—see I see you?"

"If you swear not to move—not to try to touch me," said the widow.

"I swear," replied Jack, in a choking voice.

The door of the linen closet moved slowly. The man on his knees in the passage without saw a white draped figure with long braids of hair hanging below its waist.

"My God!" he panted. "Do I see you again, Martha?"

"I am Martha Penny," replied the widow, in a soft whisper. "Why have you called me?"

"To ask your forgiveness," the man replied. "Without it I can not in this world and the next. Speak to me, sweet angel, tell me that you know that I did not kill you with hatred to do so. Let the world think what it will. Tell me you know it was not so—that you know it even when you fell there, where you stand now—tell me so and save my soul."

"When I fell," the faint voice whispered, "when the blood gushed from the wound you gave me I believed that you had shot me purposely. In this belief I lost my consciousness. Yes, when I seemed to die I thought you had killed me."

"But now?" asked Jack.

"Oh, unhappy man," replied the spirit, "light after night I have found your mouse; night after night I have heard you weep for all that is lost to your innocence. I do not doubt you now. I forgive you."

"With a cry the man flung himself upon the floor, and great sobs burst from his bosom.

"At last!" he gasped, "at last. Oh, dear angel, at last. Oh, God be praised!"

The white figure came nearer to the fallen man; it bent over him.

"Jack," it said in more earthly tones, "I am so glad that you did not mean to kill me. Poor boy, you were always handling that revolver recklessly, but you know you threatened me. I loved you, Jack, but I could not marry you your mother was so proud, and yet she had been so good to me, a poor little orphan. So I swore to myself that I would go away and never see you again unless she called me back. That is why I refused you, Jack; that is why."

Trembling and shiking, Jack lifted himself on his elbow and stared into the veiled face.

"Certainly I am really mad at last," he said.

But the voice, now even more distinct and full of earthly tenderness, went on.

"No, Jack, no, I'm are quite sane, quite sane. Remember how the body of poor Martha Penny was spirited away. Have you never thought that perhaps she was not dead, though that stupid old doctor, in his dotage, declared her so? Jack, poor Jack, she was alive. But when she came to herself the horror she felt that you should murder her was very great. And she did not wish to give any evidence that would send you to prison. She received to fly. The old negress helped her away, and, lest to cover the act, Jack, I am no ghost, I am alive, I am fresh and blood. Touch my hand, I give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellow, how you have suffered all these years."

"As they suffer in Hades," he said, and humbly put his lips to the hem of her robe.

"I worked hard for awhile, then a good old man married me," she went on. "He was kind as a father, and I have a little boy. I am a widow now, and I come back to see the old place. I live in the wing that the agent had to let, and night after night I heard you through the partition, weeping and praying forgiveness of my ghost, wearying God and my mom to learn me. And I meant that you should only think my ghost forgave you. But I—I could not help telling the truth, dear Jack, now I saw you so near me and so broken hearted."

Then indeed Jack grew bolder and dared to touch her hands and to lift them to his lips. He was thanked, indeed humble, as though heaven had vouchsafed him a vision of angels, and he left her as her door as he might have parted from one. But after all one was a living woman, he a man who loved her, and ere the autumn leaves fell they were wed.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Flowery Country.

Sublime Confidence in the Waiter.

In these days of popular cynicism as to the reliability of popular nature an incident that occurred at a down town hotel a few days ago cannot be too widely disseminated.

A gentleman in the breakfast room, who had just finished the extended perusal of all the morning papers, was startled by the unexpected reappearance of the waiter with his meal.

Warmly grasping the book binder's disengaged hand he said in a voice choked by emotion:

"I knew you would return. They started a rumor a couple of hours ago that you had eloped with the cook or something, but I said: 'No, give him time, gentlemen—give him a chance. It will all come out right in the end.' I knew you would turn up again, if only to hang on the oil cloth with a fly in it."

And the startled guests gave the lightning waiter an enthusiastic send off as he left again in haste for an involve of buckwheat cakes.—San Francisco Examiner.

PERISHED IN THE QUICKSAND.

Terrible Fate of a Sailor Before the Eyes of His Helpless Companions.

There was a number of persons telling some of their experiences at an uptown hotel. Many stories of more or less interest had been related, when one of the party turned to a friend and said:

"The most thrilling experience that I ever had occurred about seven years ago. I had just recovered from a severe illness and my doctor wished me to go to southern California and get completely rested before I took up my trades again for the week. I accordingly found place to place, and getting tired of each. I was getting my strength so nicely that I was annoyed and worried so much that my full recovery was kept back.

"What you want," a friend said, "is to get on one of the coasting schooners and make Pacific coast cruise while you enjoy the quiet home away. Acting upon this hint I found, after some search, a vessel that pleased me. I had heard of my trade aboard and for several days I led a life of ease and quiet.

"One day we lay beneath off a long shelving beach, which was covered with half a mile in width, and then high bluffs, which rose almost straight up, carved the program inland. It was a beautiful place to lay upon, and as our drinking water was not of the freshest the captain thought it would be a good idea to send ashore and see if some fresh water could be obtained. The little duty was lowered and two sailors started for the land with a water barrel. It appears from the story afterward told that one of the sailors suggested that he go ahead and prospect while his companion attended the boat and kept it away from the beach, which at that point was quite rocky.

The sailor walked slowly inland, picking up a shell or some rock and then, entirely oblivious of the great cliffs which surrounded him. The scene appeared the same over the entire beach, but it was soon observed that something was wrong. The sailor crept out for help in a manner which there was no mistaking—the man was in desperate trouble. His companion rushed forward to help the man who was floundering about, every nerve strained to its utmost. He was in a shifting sand and there was no help for him. He realized his great danger now, and with prayers and entreaties he called on his comrade for the aid which could not be given, for the companion of the doomed man had stopped at a safe distance, afraid to advance and shocked with the horror of the situation.

We on the vessel could plainly see and hear all that transpired. I can truthfully say that I never wish to have another such experience. The poor fellow sank lower and lower, but so slowly that I was tempted to try and put an end to his suffering with a bullet from the captain's rifle. His sinking, his wild clutching at the air, his piteous appeals to heaven and man for help are still fresh in my mind.

He sank lower and lower. Not his body only he sinked the soul that terrible hour, but only can now be seen; now all but his eyes and wildly clutching hands are left, and finally a hand raised above the sand, and this disappointing the tragedy ended. This awful overwhelming of a man, slowly but not the less surely, was the most horrible experience that I have ever had, and I have been in a hotel fire and a railroad smash up. What those shifting sands contains known alone known, for whatever sinks there is irrevocably closed.—Dry Goods Retailer and Jobber.

Ants as Big as Foxes.

Herodotus, the father of history, writing in the fifth century before Christ, tells a very remarkable yarn about certain ants in the country of Persia which were bigger than foxes, though somewhat less in size than wolves. These extraordinary insects lived under ground, heaping up the sand into hills. In this sand gold was mingled, being brought up from the depths, and the natives were accustomed to go with sacks to collect it, choosing for the work the hot, sultry noon, when the insects are in the sacks, which were frightfully fierce, were hidden in their holes. Upon arriving at the place where the plunder was to be obtained the men were wont to fill their sacks as quickly as possible and get away with the utmost expediting, for the ants, upon finding out that their dwellings had been disturbed, would pursue them, and, inasmuch as they were unequaled in swiftness by any other animal, not one of the robbers could escape unless being born to please had they not had a long start.

A number of other chroniclers of the same period make similar statements regarding these insects—among them Nearchus, who speaks of having seen several of their skins, which were as large as those of Indian dogs, and he was assured that the ants in question were, in reality, the small bears of India, which may have been represented by travelers and yet have they lived in holes in the ground.—Interview in Washington Star.

A Medical Reference.

A friend of ours was on the lookout for a soubrette. A candidate applied for the situation.

"Who was your last employer?"

"Dr. ——." (Perhaps we had better say press the gentleman's name.) "Monsieur one of the inspectors. The doctor will give you a good character, I know."

Our friend started off to Row X——, No. 2, and, after waiting his turn in the anteroom, was at length admitted into the inner sanctuary. Here he explained the object of his visit, after which the doctor took up his pen and jotted down in the hasty and illegible scrawl peculiar to medical practitioners:

"The man Lorain has driven me for the last seven years with a single medicine. He is honest, civil and punctual in the discharge of his duties." Our friend tendered his thanks for the big testimonial in his pocket, bowed and was about to leave the room, when the modern Esculapius remarked in a freezing tone:

"Stop a moment, sir. I have the honor to inform you that my consultations are forty francs."—Agenda Pittsburgh.

Music from Afar.

Frank White, a clerk-tender for the South Tyler company, who makes his headquarters at Crystal Springs, is handy with the violin. Yesterday he made the rounds the people at the various stations among the five get him to rock his bow and fiddle a few tunes for them. They were the music twenty or more miles away as plainly as though they were at the player's side.—Dallas Times-Herald.

Mrs. L. W. H. Myers, sister of Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, is an amateur photographer, and the only one in London entitled to use a camera in the vicinity of professionals for beauty of pose and finish.

HOUSE MOVERS AND RAISERS.

EXCLUSIVE, PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC HOUSE MOVERS. Houses moved, raised and moved any distance, old houses lengthened and made wide, wide houses made narrow, or any part of the Territory. Correspondence solicited. P. O. Box 1,

CLARK HOUSE MOVING COMPANY,
OGDEN, UTAH.
Manager. Salt Lake Office, 240 East First South.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Salt Lake Canal Company will be held at the office of said company, Room 15, Herald Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Saturday, the 4th day of May, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

J. A. CATTON, Secretary.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Do you know that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all modern Remedies. It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to E. G. WEST & CO., 162 Pearl St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

A Charter Oak feast I'm having today
Such a jolly crowd n'er came before;
The sisters, cousins, and aunts are here,
The grand-sires, and uncles too appear
And all shout for "that wire gauze door."

FOR SALE BY
Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

FRASER & CHALMERS,
CHICAGO.
L. C. TRENT, General Western Manager. Salt Lake City, Utah, Helena, Montana
MINING MACHINERY,
IDGERWOOD HOISTING ENGINES,
ELECTRIC MOTORS
Electric Light Plants,
ENGINES, BOILERS, ELEVATORS, SAW MILLS,
LOCOMOTIVES, STEAM MOTORS.

F. AUERBACH AND BRO

WE ARE OVERSTOCKED IN

SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!

And FINE DRESS GOODS. Has can we Reduce them During this week to the tune of $15,000 IN CASH!

The answer comes! A Slaughter Sale, cutting prices below all competition will do it. Our loss is your gain!
Read and Profit!! For Cash Only!!!

Our best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, warranted pure dye, for $1.87½.
Best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, for $1.25.
Best $1.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, for 75c.
Seven other grades in same proportion.
Best $3.25 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.67½.
Best $1.75 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.50.
Best $1.50 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.05.
Four other grades Satin Rhadames reduced in same proportion.
Best $1.50 Black India Silk for $1.10.
" $1.25 " " " " 95c.
" 90c. " " " " 70c.
" $1.50 Colored Gros Grain silks for 90c.
Best Black and Latest Shades 85c. Surahs for 65c.
Choicest Polka Dot $1.50 Silk Sergee, high novelties, $1.15.
Choicest $1.50 genuine China Crepes, lovelliest shades, at $1.07½.
Sole Agents for Plain and Brocades, reduced to $3.00, $2.00, $1.25 and 85c.
Lovely Crepe de Chine, worth $1.50, for $1.05.
A lot of pure China Silks, in newest shades, at 47½.
$1.00 Pure Silk Faille Francaise for 85c.
Our 65c. Printed Foulard, in very latest designs, for 62½c.
Our 75c. Printed Foulard, in very latest designs, for 67½c.
Our 85c. Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 70c.
Our $1.15 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 90c.
Our $1.25 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for $1.10.

Every piece of our India and China Silks are genuine Bombay and Canton manufacture, sent to France to be printed and finished, most of them, in excellent patterns.
Lots of Remnants, odds and ends, in our Silk stock, Reduced 50 per cent.
Pure Silk Grenadines, in Plain Polka Dot and other choice designs at ASTONISHING REDUCTIONS!
French Dress Patterns in Camel's Hair or Plaid and Stripe, with disc or combinations.
Last week's price $27.50, this week only $19.50.
Last week's price, $25.00, this week only $17.50.
Last week's price, $20.00, this week only $13.50.
Last week's price, $18.50, this week only $15.00.
Last week's price, $17.50, this week only $14.25.
Last week's price, $16.00, this week only $12.50.
Last week's price, $15.00, this week only $11.75.
Last week's price, $12.50, this week only $10.25.
800 Black and Colored Embroidered Brilliantine and Cashmere Dress Patterns, last week $6.00, this week $4.15.
All of our last week's prices on Priestly's celebrated black goods are cut for this week only.
They consist of choicest Melrose, Camel's Hair, Mourning Brocades, Crape Cloth, Crepe Veilings, Wool Grenadines, Silk Warp Henriettas, Silk Warp Brilliantines, Trimmings, Albatrosses, Serges, etc., etc.

DRESS GOODS BARGAINS.

No. 1.—Last week's prices on colored Brilliantines, 55c., this week 39c.
" " " " " " 37½c. " " 29c.
" " " " " French Serges, 50c., " " 42½c.
No. 2.—25 pieces Choice Plaid Dress Goods, last week 25c., this week 19c.
20 " " " " and Stripe Cheviots, last week 50c., this week 39c.
19 pieces Assorted styles and qualities, last week's prices ranging from 50c. to 75c., this week at 45c.
No. 3.—One lot of various lines of Novelty Dress Goods, last week's price from 60c. to 90c., this week at 45c.

WE INTEND THIS SALE TO BE A SUCCESS.

Our cut prices shall compel every intelligent lady to admit that this sale was all we promised.

Our Cloak and Shoe, Children's Clothing, Carpet and Curtain Departments are bristling sharpness with genuine bargains.

Mail orders during this week filled at advertised prices. We warrant every article as represented.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

WHAT IS A GUARANTEE?

Many merchants and salesmen are in the habit of indiscriminately "guaranteeing" their wares with no thought of being called upon to make the "guarantee" good. It is a pernicious and foolish custom more respected in the breach than in the observance.

A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On fine tools the makers instruct us to warrant, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

We have used our best judgment, acquired by a considerable experience, in selecting the following items for our stock and sell them to our customers with an absolute guarantee that if they do not prove to be all that we represent them, we will refund the purchase money in full.

"Jewel" Steel Range. A finished article, perfectly proportioned, made of the best material. Don't fail to see it. It will pay you.

"Quick Meal" No Generator, Evaporating. Light it as you do your gas burner. No smell. No danger. No complication. Every objection to the use of a Gasoline Stove done away with. Think of the discomfort missed in Summer by avoiding the heat of a big Kitchen Range.

"Superior" Cooks and Ranges. Superior as bakers. Superior in economy of fuel. Superior in design. Superior in construction. Superior in everything that goes to make a perfect cooking apparatus.

The "Foote Refrigerators." An Ice saver. A Health promoter. Cellular stone lined. What is that? Investigate it. It will more than repay you.

Our stock of Builders' Hardware, House Furnishings, Garden Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Lawn Mowers, etc., is complete in every detail.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE CO.,
Progress Building.

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT
One can have is
GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES!!
Call in and see how it works, at
BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.
They are
HEADQUARTERS FOR FAMILY SUPPLIES,
And are
NEVER UNDERSOLD!
Quality Considered.
MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.

DINWOODEY'S

1,000 BABY CARRIAGES!

We must Sell Cheap to Reduce our Immense Stock. Our prices are positively

THE LOWEST!

Wall Paper!

The rush in this Department is unprecedented. New Designs ARRIVING DAILY, and all who see them are delighted with their beauty and

LOW PRICES!

H. DINWOODEY FURN. CO.