75 Cents.

OUR REAL SHANGHAI

Black Grounds, with Pretty Red, Wild Flower and Scroll Patterns.

THE LATEST.

These Goods are worth $1.25. We have put them in the

75c. Line for this Week

75 Cents.

500 PIECES ASSORTED SILKS

—IN—

Plain & Fancy Surah.

Plaid and Striped Satins, Moire, Brocades, Two Tones, Black and White

PLAIDS & STRIPES.

ALL AT 75 CENTS.

LADIES!

THOSE HANDSOME REAL INDIA SILKS

YOU WERE LOOKING AT LAST WEEK.

Those Black and Cream Grounds With Wild Autumn Leaf

—AND—

FLORAL DESIGNS, WILL BE SOLD

This Week at 95c. per Yard by the Pattern.

THIS SALE COMMENCES

TO-DAY

—AND—

CONTINUES ONE WEEK!

R. K. THOMAS

29 Cents.

PRINTED CHINA worth 45c.,

New Designs and Colorings.

This Week 29c.

25 Cents.

Our Entire Line of 50c. Surahs

ALL COLORS and SHADES.

This Week only 25cts.

44 Cents.

Our 60c. Line of China Silks

Elegant Patterns, New Goods.

FOR ONE WEEK, 44 Cents.

52 Cents

24 INCH CHINAS IN BLACK,

Grey and Tan Grounds.

SOLD EVERYWHERE FOR 75c.

We offer them at 52cts

$25,000 STOCK

—OF—

SILKS

—AT A—

GREAT SACRIFICE

This Week.

NOTE THE PRICES.

We have taken from our Shelves Every Piece of Silk that sells for $1.25 to $1.50 and placed them on our front counter at 75 cents.

FOR

75

CENTS.

There are about 500 pieces of them, a grand assortment, an immense display, and only 75 cents.

Never in the history of this or any other city has there been a Silk Sale to equal this one. Will there ever be another? Never in a thousand years!

TO-DAY IS THE DAY THE SALE COMMENCES,

AND THE PLACE IS

R. K. THOMAS',

26, 28, 30 and 31 East First South St.

75 Cents.

We also Place in the 75c Line

COLORED RHADAMES

$1.25 Grade.

Brown, New Grey, Garnet, Green, Navy, Bronze, Tans, and Copper.

75cts. Buys them this Week.

5 Pcs. Colored Brocade Silks.

Worth $2.25.

This week $1.45

75 Cents.

You will be Surprised when you see the Display of

SILKS

We place before you

At 75 Cents.

Not a Visitor to our City this week will have an excuse for going home without a Silk Dress.

LADIES!

THIS - IS - AN - OPPORTUNITY

You Never Had Before,

PROFIT BY IT!

R. K. THOMAS

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE.

$4.75 Grade for $2.25.
2.00 " " 1.35.
2.25 " " 1.45.

SWIVEL DE ARMUERS

From $2.00 to $1.35.

NOTE THESE REDUCTIONS.

From $2.25 and $2.50

Down to $1.45

BLACK BROCADES,
PAILLE FRANCAISE, ENGENIE,
OTTOMANS,
RHADAMES AND GROS GRAINS.

SEE THIS LINE, SURE

Colored Satins.

OUR 75c. GRADE

THIS WEEK

At 55 Cents.

BLACK GROS GRAIN

$7.00 Quality for $1.25
2.25 " " 1.65
2.65 " " 1.65
5.00 " " 2.05

LIKE VALUES HAVE NEVER BEEN OFFERED BEFORE.

LOVE'S PLEASURE HOUSE.

Less Infill for Lovers of a Pleasure House—A Thunder Power Can Do Much.

The last weapon, and the wife thought it was decisive here.

Vista upon the windows note.
All Cheering and fair to view—
Flower of rare dazzled scarlet upon
The house where one hours be.

Vista, gilt and white our row,
Bit single to sit, of they gave love thanks
For what of pain suffering.

Love raised away to a little Pleasure House
And stood to the lady, view
Be locked therein, and to bring Hands
Of his pleasure on one lot.

Nor carry a may fill true to form
Their Pleasure House face to see
Well fit with house and accessories
Or wished to be locked blue.

Philip Decker Bierce in New York Times.

A City of Homes.

I cannot love Minneapolis so dearly as I do the world to produce her equal, but it seems to me that it will be difficult to find another influential trading and manufacturing city that is so peculiarly a city of homes. It was after riding over mile after mile of her streets and boulevards, and noting the thousands of separated cottages, each in its little garden, that I came to a locality where no three were a few—a very few—spare mansions. They were not what we in New York call "tenement houses." For the poor seemed superior to the evil, and lived in their own tiny homes; they were flat houses for families few in members and in means by nature.

There was so very few that the array of dwellings took an extraordinary importance. Try, then, to fancy the pleasure and surprise with which I read in the city directory afterward a statement that the city's 164,738 inhabitants occupy 32,868 dwellings. If there were 32,868 dwellings there would be one to every five persons, that is to say, one to each family.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Perfect Beauty Is Rare.

The other day chance brought me in a public electric car beside a girl whose profile was the most beautiful example of piquant delicacy and regularity possible to concerts. Glances were stolen at her from time to time, and the artistic spirit which animates even the average Bostonian had begun to boil with admiration when just at that moment she turned her front face, and the ideal vision sunk into thin air. She was actually ordinary. A sculptor could have told what was the matter with the proportions, but it only proved to the layman's mind that this thing we call beauty exists merely in fractions, and the perfect whole is but a dream of genius after copying full on many models.—Boston Herald.

The Indian Likes "Canned Truck."

The California Indian is as a rule an epicure. True his forefathers feasted on acorn bread, dried grasshoppers, roasted angleworms and even on occasion browsed on the succulent alfalfa, like their long headed kinsmen. But the modern Indian is not built that way. He has an keen appreciation of the good things of the little as his white acquaintances. Like the old Arizona miner, his idea of heaven is a place where one can live on "canned truck" for an indefinite period, and wherever he wanders the fastidiousness with which he does calls for this food is every possible way. "Canned truck" of every kind is eaten in quantity, and the gourmet who labels the better the wiser.—San Francisco Chronicle.

When Death Was Sweet.

A story is told of Dundas, who, when being alarmed at Edinburgh, suddenly left the same drawn across his throat, while the barber rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Take that, traitor!" Dundas put up his hand to feel for blood, but the razor had been substituted with the back of the razor. On his appearance in the cabinet, after this story had doubtless reached his colleagues, Mr. Pitt inquired, "Are you quite sure your head is on your shoulders?"—Nineteenth Century.

The Etymology of "Cupids."

When we have found out a new etymology, what is it but a new instance of the recovery of an old and forgotten predilection? When, for example, we learned that "angels" has dropped an initial *n*, and that the word represents not the "wind, breath," we find that the fact of his standing between two discordant parties as a single arbitrator was the production of which the nomenclatory was the subject.—Professor John Earle in Fortnightly.

A Hint for the Flatterer.

"She rejected him, Bess?"

"Yes."

"He used to praise her beauty in glowing terms. I should think that would have made her fall in love with him."

"It made her fall in love with herself, and she hadn't had room for a thought about anybody else."—New York Press.

Heating by Electricity.

Electricians assert confidently that before long houses, offices and stores, street cars and railroad cars will be heated as well as lighted by electricity.—New York Journal.

The Civil English Judge's Salary.

The first record of a judge's salary gives £152 18s. 4d. as the stipend of Thomas Lyttleton, judge of the king's bench, 1466.—Notes and Queries.

A recent English invention is a screw propeller to which the blades can be adjusted for measuring water sail.

In the Florence oil field of Colorado there was produced last year 100,000 barrels of illuminating and 8,000 barrels of lubricating oil.

THE SEALS' CRYSTAL PALACE.

Twenty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Seal Skins in Sight, but Not of Sheen.

Once it happened that one of the polar icebergs was so ingeniously shaped by the warm waves that, when it stopped in the middle and fell over on its side, some species of it rose with the hemispherical part toward the water, thus making the interior as its palace filled with many a crystal grotto which, rising story upon story, stage upon stage, contained the transparent in contrast with a floating crystal palace with transparent walls.

It would have been a pity if such a gorgeous palace had passed away, with never an inhabitant to profit by its existence, and so it was fortunate that it was discovered by a troop of seals migrating southward.

The seals might just as well have swarmed over the outside of the iceberg, as they had often done in previous years, but possibly they recognized the advantages of having a roof over their heads and consequently dived down and came up inside of the crystal palace. Anyhow, whatever their reasons, that is what they did.

By hundreds and by thousands they clambered up the irregular inner walls, scrapping the grottoes and ledges till the palace was crowded to its full capacity with the noisy, active creatures.

They might easily have been uncomfortable in their splendid palace had not accident come to their relief. The warm air from their bodies and their warm breath rose to the top of the iceberg and fortunately found thin spots in the roof and melted holes, so that places of escape for the bad air were made.

Of course, this air being warm, no sooner reached the colder atmosphere outside than it condensed like steam and rose a white column above the palace, looking very much like smoke.

Indeed, a sailing vessel passing that way thought it was smoke, and the captain changed his course to go nearer the iceberg, hoping to save the lives of some shipwrecked sailors, who he supposed, had built a fire on the berg.

Fancy your own astonishment at coming upon a crystal palace in which was inhabited by thousands of seals, and you may then understand how the captain and his crew felt when, looking through the clear walls of the stately structure, they saw the countless animals in conscious security playing or sleeping in the fairy-like chambers.

The captain beguiled his lot that there were $20,000 worth of sealskins in sight, but out of reach.

It was disappointing for the captain, but it was tolerably comfortable for the seals, who take more interest in seclusion when they wear them than when human beings make coats of them.—John R. Coryell in St. Louis.

Pearls Are Perishable.

Pearls are very perishable. They cannot be considered a first rate investment, like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its luster and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate.

After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless. Those which are dug out of Indian graves—some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they were new—are entirely valueless, even when they are not pierced. Nevertheless, there is a pure and evanescent beauty about them which seems fitter to become the matter than any other sort of jewel.—Kansas City Times.

A Poor Judge of Tobacco.

Khedive Tewfik, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably loaded cigars with coffee—were numerously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard around his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Women Are Not Inconsistent.

The authors of the just seem to have thought that they could not make a tale in verse at present, or even interesting unless they should introduce incontinent heroines to their readers, and for this purpose they were ready to defame the whole sex, at least to implication. Woman is constant in nothing, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self interest, she is ward prompting and outward advantage compete to the same end. She is doubly guarded. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady, and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous, man act in fact made animals generally are polygamous. Monogamy is not another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy.

Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and course confined toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a contract for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are flirtous. But it always seems to surprise him, it is different from our expectation, otherwise he would not take such a chance about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a commonplace and shallow pretext, more so by far than even. Nature, society, science, law, man, all demand the same verdict, and with thousand to fifty not.—Jessie Benton Brewer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Indians Going to Market.

A remarkable sight is a band of Canadian Indians going to a post with furs for barter. Through the talk of these hunters from their quarry in the spring and early summer, some may come at any time. The processes may be only that of a family or of the two or more families who live together or as neighbors. The men, if there is but one group, is certain to be stalking about carrying rifles and bags for game. Then come the women, laden like pack animals. They may have a sled packed with the furs and drawn by a dog or two, and an extra dog may bear a tethered load on his back but the squaw is certain to have a spare weaving bundle of wood and a tethered kettle and a papoose, and whatever personal property of any and every sort she and her lege feel own. Children who can walk have to do so, but it sometimes happens that a baby is born and a half or two years old is on her back, with a newborn infant, swaddled in blanket stuff and lapped and tied like a Bologna sausage, surmounts the load on the sled.

A mere barter sometimes outfit than a band of these purposeful savages turns it would be difficult to imagine. On the plains they will have horse dragging travoises, dogs with travoises, women and children loaded with impedimenta, a colt or two running loose, the lordly man riding free, smoking cigarettes, bribes in arm, bolster swaddled, and toddlers about, and the whole battalion presenting at to expend points candidate of two Kaskias, raw meat, a sled, dogs and pans, bed, pans and rusty traps, in all conjunctly suggestive of an eviction in the shape of a great city.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Ownership of the Future.

As to the size of the ownership of the future, financial considerations must determine it. Any addition to size means greater displacement and greater power to get a high rate of speed. A small craft, similar perhaps to a torpedo boat of the Thunderbolt or Narrow Shift, would give results satisfactory at least on the debit side of the ledger, but what of the credit side, which, after all, is the more important to a merchant ship of the Atlantic greyhound type?

In the case of British ships there are only two sources of revenue—from passengers and for the transport of cargo and mails. In a vessel of the torpedo type there is not room for either. Ships with high speed engines, where a very large proportion of the length, in some cases 40 per cent, is given up for machinery. Indeed, only in exceptional cases could a vessel carry food to cross the Atlantic at full speed, and certainly no torpedo boat would carry to do so.

In the modern high speed passenger steamer the cargo capacity of the vessel is limited, and so valuable that only a precious cargo is carried, and that at a pretty high rate. The cause of the limitation is the weight of machinery and the need for economy and the necessity for minimizing the displacement.

As to speed, there is really no more essential difference in sailing forty knots, but this would require something like 10,000 indicated horse power, and many believe to generate the steam for the engines, and there would then consistently more than 1,000 tons of coal per day.—Engineering.

Philology and Grammar.

There is a notion abroad that philology is superior to grammar; that it is to a commanding position over grammar, and that it has a natural right to supervise the attainments and terrific lory of grammar. The consequence has been that if the poor abused every author who has come forward as a grammarian has done so, more or less, in the guise of a philologist, or if the character is treated him with higher authority, and give him power to supersede even the case honored authority of grammar. By the severe some confused, and hybrid doctrines have found their way into current schoolbooks.—Professor John Earle in Forum.

No Danger of Shock.

An isolated boiler for the base has been invented to obviate any danger that might arise to firemen in case a stream of water struck a heavily charged wire.—New York Journal.

The Growth of Two Cities.

Just as Chicago, Atlanta, cities were surprised when Chicago distanced all but two of them in population and distinguished all of them by her enterprise, so will they be astonished again and from another quarter if they refuse to study the forces that are operating to build up new capitals in the west. 15 another ten years there will be another state, of a million population, and the counting of heads will not make someone of it. The new and wonderful aggregation of metropolitan importance will be that of the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul. They may not be joined under one name and give counsel—opinions differ about that—but all agree that they will justly be now a million of population. The last census credited Minneapolis with 164,738 population and St. Paul with 133,000, or, jointly, 297,000. At the time of the preceding census (1890) the two cities reached about 90,000 souls. At that rate of increase their will begin to rise a population of 400,000 and more.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Thoroughly Alive.

Young Jonathan is in thorough touch with the times. As he hows up of school, regaling to a little grinding gone, he sees displayed a Bethlehem newspaper of which he was to be editor and proprietor. "And Hollo," he said, referring to a nine-year-old sister, "every in the woman's page."—New York Times.

Bowing to a Baby Boss.

A humorous incident has been invented which causes laughter in those on the blackboard when the music is distributed for use of the lantern.—New York Journal.

AN ALLIANCE IN LOVE.

Scheming Maidens Plan to Get Even with a Fickle Young Fellow.

Pauline—So we are both engaged to him!

Penelope—Apparently. I know that I am.

Pauline—And I know that I am. Why, our rings are just alike.

Penelope—He must buy them by the dozen.

Pauline—Why, even the dates on them are the same.

Penelope—That's true. He proposed to me just before the german began.

Pauline—And to me just after. What a wretch!

Penelope—It's too bad. He was the only man I was engaged to had sense that I cared to invite to call on me or to talk to.

Pauline—He used to say terribly disagreeable things about you.

Penelope—They were nothing to the things he used to say about you. I hope, though, that this won't make us friends to any less degree.

Pauline—By no means. I wouldn't have him now if he were free.

Penelope—For I, I. And yet it would be foolish for us to give him up. He was fun of fun.

Pauline sighing—True. How handsome he used to look when he would look down into my eyes and swear that I was the only woman in the whole wide world he ever loved.

Penelope—Yes, he was handsome when he did that. Pauline, we must punish him.

Pauline—But how can we?

Penelope with an air of confident impertinence—I'll manage that. You don't suppose that I've managed mamma and papa all my life for nothing, do you?

Pauline—Well, how shall we do it?

Penelope—We will both continue to be engaged to him.

Pauline—Very well.

Penelope—We will inform each other when he is expected to call. On days when he has an engagement to call on you I will send him a note asking him to call on me. He can't call on both, and, of course, he will have to lie to the other. When a man lies to a girl he wants her somehow by making her either furious or comfy. One of us will get the call and the other will get the comfy. When he has an engagement to call on me you will do the same thing. Pauline, I can't imagine of anything dear we are such comfy this winter. What do you think about it?

Pauline—Yes, I think that you are the dearest, sweetest, most lovable girl in all New York.

Penelope—Yes, I think I am—but I do hope he gets a good salary.—Life.

A Person's Shoulder.

Dapper Dan, who in his youth was for some time an army surgeon, one day dined rich wealty, but too well, with his friend Rumbo at the Cafe de Paris. Afterward, as they sauntered on the Boulevards, Rumbo fell and injured his leg. He got a cab, put his friend in and drove home where he speedily dressed the wound and then retired to bed. Next morning he hobbled in to assure his wounds, and to answer that he had treated the wrong leg.—London Public Opinion.