IMPORTANT---READ CAREFULLY!

The contents will interest every visitor to Salt Lake during Conference week, also every citizen of our handsome inter-mountain city. NOTE CAREFULLY a few of the many LOW PRICES that will be offered by the

WIDE-AWAKE, CHEAP CASH, DRY GOODS and CARPET EMPORIUM of

WALKER BROS. & FYLER CO.

What We Offer for Only 5 Cents

Good Ginghams, Challies and Seersuckers,	Only 5 Cents.
Best Indigo Prints, Dress and Shirting Prints,	" 5 Cents.
Good 4-4 Bleach and Brown Sheeting,	" 5 Cents.
Good White Check and Plaid Piques, India Linons, Victoria Lawns, Dotted Swiss, Lace Scrims, Napkins, Towels and Twill Crash,	" 5 Cents.
500 doz. Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's Hose in Fast Blacks, Plain and Fancy Colors,	" 5 Cents.
50 different kinds of Notions, worth 10	" 5 Cents.

ALL THE ABOVE GOODS ARE WORTH 10 Cts.

For Only 10 Cents

We shall offer you 50 different articles, worth 15 to 18 Cents.

Our Line of Articles for Only 25 & 50 Cents

ARE THE

GREATEST :: GENUINE :: BARGAINS

Ever offered in Salt Lake. Don't miss seeing this Popular Priced Line of Goods.

Only 18 c. 50 pieces Extra Wide ¾ Wool Challies, worth 30,	Only 18 Cents.
75 pieces Fast Black Sateen, worth 25,	" 14 Cents.
50 pieces Elegant Silk Luster Mohairs, worth 50,	" 22 Cents.
Only 45 c. 50 pieces Elegant Wool Suitings, worth 75,	" 45 Cents.
Only 62 c. 50 pieces Handsome Figured Indias, worth 90,	" 62 Cents.
Only 98 c. 25 pieces Elegant Black Faille Poss D'Soie Rhadames, Bengalines and Chrystals, worth $1.35	" 98 Cents.

Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.
Cor. Main & 3rd South.

Millinery, Millinery, Cloaks and Capes.

$25,000 worth of these goods ALL NEW and LATEST STYLES. Our prices are the LOWEST. Remember we have put in an entire New Stock of Millinery this Spring and we are offering SPECIAL LOW PRICES on Millinery. It is acknowledged by all that we sell more Cloaks than all other stores in Salt Lake. Why so? Because we have much the largest, finest and most stylish stock, and our prices are at least 25 per cent cheaper.

Come and See our Fine Millinery and Cloak Dept.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO DO SO!

Clothing, Clothing and Shoes and Furnishings.

$100,000 worth of these goods in our New Store to-day, and our Prices are a surprise to all who examine this fine stock.

See our handsome Suits for Men,	Only $ 5.50.
500 elegant handsome Suits for Men,	Only $10.00.

This is the Greatest Bargain in Salt Lake.

Don't fail to take a look in our FINE SHOW WINDOW of these goods in our WEST WINDOW on 3rd SOUTH ST. After viewing the window, step inside and walk down to our fine SHOE and CLOTHING DEPARTMENT and you will see the

GREATEST BARGAINS IN SALT LAKE.

Everybody cordially invited to be sure Dry Goods Store, Corner Main and **Corner Main and Third South Street,** and walk down to our Elegant New Third South. Examine our Handsome Show Windows. Notice the VERY LOW PRICES marked on the Goods. Then step inside of our fine Salesroom, where you will see the Handsomest Store west of Chicago; also a mammoth stock of First-class Merchandise, at Prices so Low that you will at once decide that it Pays to trade with the WIDE-AWAKE, CHEAP CASH STORE of

WALKER BROS. & FYLER CO.

He Opened His Valise.

When we crossed the line at Port Huron and Sarnia things were exciting. It was 12.30 at night for one thing. Sitting opposite me, or rather reclining in a position more suggestive of comfort than of grace, was a verdant looking youth, who had for some time been making night hideous with his snores. Upon rudely being awakened by the customs officer and requested to open his valise, he replied, "There's nothin much in it," and closed his eyes again. The officer gave him no very gentle shake, saying, "Open your valise, sir." The fellow raised himself up, leaning his head on his hands, and blinking stupidly at the officer replied again that "there was nothin much in it," and prepared to close his eyes once more.

"Open your valise, sir," exclaimed the officer, out of all patience. By this time most of the passengers in the car were watching the fun. Slowly the young giant unwrapped his valise, repeating all the time that "there was nothin much in it." Slowly but surely we were crossing the ferry, where the sullen waters of the St. Clair river were gleaming darkly beneath the glare of the electric lights, and slowly but surely that young man was opening his valise beneath the wrathful gleam of that officer's eyes and the amused looks of many pairs of others. At last, after much fumbling in many different pockets, he brought forth a bunch of keys. Very deliberately he tried first one and then another in the lock, and at length remarked that he guessed none of them would fit. "I don't care whether they fit or not; open it at once or I'll force it open. I can't stand here all night," was the angry reply.

"I guess maybe it ain't locked at all, for there ain't nothin much in it," said the exasperating youth quite coolly, as he very slowly pressed the lock between his thumb and finger. The valise flew open and disclosed—one old newspaper.—Toronto Globe.

A Good Dog's Work.

"It is a well known fact among the police departments that big crocks all over the country read the papers every day," said a police lieutenant to a reporter. "They do it to see where any big conventions or gatherings are to be held, and then never fail to be on hand.

"That reminds me of the convention held here that neutralized Greeley at Ford's opera house. I was stationed outside to look out for the class of gentlemen who had made any given to wandering into another man's pockets. While standing in the middle of a surging crowd of men I felt something strike me on the foot, and not being able to see the ground or to pick it up just then, I got my foot on it. After the crowd had thinned out I looked down and saw that I was standing on a pocketbook. On stepping it I found $245 in money and more than that amount in railroad tickets for all parts of the country.

"I gave the pocketbook to the marshal, and it was advertised in all the papers, but was never called for. It evidently had been dropped by some well known crook, and he was afraid to come to the headquarters for fear we might know him. Whether it fell out of his pocket or was dropped by some of his own fraternity, who had tried to take it, I do not know. We kept it for six months, and as it was never called for the police department gave it to me, and it was a very good day's work for me, too, I thought."—Baltimore World.

Book Publishing in the Middle Ages.

When in the Middle Ages an author at any European university desired to publish his thoughts, his book was read over twice in the presence of the authorities, and, if approved, might be copied and exposed for sale—a practice in which the germs for state licensing may be readily distinguished. It was evidently necessary, however, to keep a strict watch over the persons employed in this business, and the statutes of the University of Paris show that the bookvendors were subjected to a very severe discipline. They were obliged to keep a list of the books they sold and to exhibit their scale of charges, and they were forbidden to purchase any manuscript till it had been duly approved by the authorities and to be fairly exposed to view for four days.—Quarterly Review.

A Book in Fifty Volumes.

Among Mr. Augustus Hare's many works of illustration we may mention the extension to fifty volumes of the John Dunop Bible published in Dublin in 1775. These volumes contain original drawings by Raphael, Hogarth and many more, and they are thoroughly with thousands of the choicest engravings. That example of private illustration is designated as a mammoth work.—New York Sun.

MODERN ARCADIA.

Life is Sweet in the Simple Mountain and Rural and Other Districts.

In my trampings about the island I received entrance to many peasants' and farmers' homes. From this I found that all methods of agriculture and household labor were of the most primitive sort and that there were no idle hands for Satan to find work for. Upon door lakes of some kind hung homemade the year round. All the women spin, knit or weave, and I have never entered a peasant's cabin where wives and daughters were not in some such manner employed. Hospitality bidding welcome followed which feasted with the best the country afforded, with the whole some wines of the country, are over ready for the friend or stranger's coming.

I thought I had partaken of that drink of the gods, hayhake, in Cuba. It is simply the pulverized kernels of the almond, to which water and sugar are added. Here where the almond grows in the greatest perfection every housewife preserves large jars of the finest nuts for holidays. The old mother and youth are here for their grinding. The shells and brown husks are removed and quarts of the emery powder are literally "hashed," the creamy liquid filtering slowly through. Thousands or seconds add a spice of flavor, tamarind or pomegranate, or perhaps a dash of wine, with her own fair hands. It is food and drink. And it is to wonder that in Majorca the entire peasantry live contentedly on daily wages averaging less than twenty cents for men and fifteen cents for women the year through when every number of nature's most royal food is at every door for the taking, and on such beneficences that where it Opens it is valueless and without price.

Sometime there grows upon one the winsome notion that you have known all these lovely folk before; that you have seen their footsteps and known their songs in the sunny vales of Cuba, over in the glowing valley of Guinea, that you have some upon their brightness and cleanliness among the Alps of Switzerland, that their generosity and hospitality were met in Connemara and Donegal, that their thrift and frugality have their counterpart among the Pennsylvania Dutch, and that their love of home and simple village ways carry you in the pleasant mountain vales among the shining English lakes, merely they are an idyllic people in an idyllic land.

Want is unknown, crime is unheard of. There is no jailer in Majorca, and but one religion. All this in time may change. But as I know it, and you can know it, now, little Majorca, fashioned in matchless beauty beneath a smiling sun, is the one land of plenty and content.—Majorca Cor. Chicago News.

Brief Stories from the News.

In a catalogue of Mexican antiquities prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one page is devoted to a stone which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose vertices were some miles apart and that there were no idle hands in Spain. In one of these places by a piece of stone were discovered, lying about 100 yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and calculations place the established weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "meteorites" according to M. del Castillo's paper, had been thrown down tons of rocks fell.—St. Louis Republic.

Overcoming the Shoulder.

Rhodes Tenth was an early riser. He was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool morning hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens of Chantreis, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in 'ere, yer know," said the man of war, with the Britain's suitable contempt for the fair little "mounsie."

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Monsieur, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Get a good place?"

"Very good," said Tenth, ruffledly.

"Ah, yer look like it. Bloomin' lunacy, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. Would he stand six shillings a day? What sort of fellow is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming around recognized and salted the Rhodes, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Cats Play With Mice for Practice.

Cats are often accused of being cruel animals, because of the habit they have of teasing and torturing the prey they catch before killing it. As a cat plays with a mouse "as pleases that has passed into a proverb, St. George Hivart has published his theory to this effect that, inasmuch as pussy always secures her game by pounding, she practices with the victim after she has caught it, letting it go a little way and pounding upon it again, in doing so the mode of procedure is what is commonly a different exercise, requiring much suppleness.—Interview in Washington Star.

Birds That Have an Evil Name.

The stork that is continually chattering with the evil eye, so it is held in bad repute, and as the raven commonly incommodes his sable majesty it is included in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, its appearance foretokens a death.—Irish Times.

Origin of the Roman Numerals.

Bible D. Beach, in his treatise on the alphabet, numerals and characters says: I will now give you some observations on the origin of the Roman numerals. Hold up your hands before you palms outward, thumbs at right angle. Begin on the left little finger, 1; little and ring fingers, 2; little, ring, ring finger and middle finger, III; all the fingers of the left hand, IIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V, so, if done, IIIII; the fingers of the left hand, IIIIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V, so, if done, IIIIIII; the fingers of the left, IIIIIIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V, so, if done, IIIIIIIII; the fingers of the left, IIIIIIIIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V, so, if done, IIIIIIIIIII. Now turn to the right hand. The thumb and hand held at the same angle as before gives us VI; by using the index and middle finger we get the characters VII, while the thumb and the three large fingers make a plain VIII. Now join the two Vs made by the thumbs, inverting one, and we have X or ten. Then use the X with the last little figure before it and it will give IX.

The combinations following X are obvious. The forefinger of the left hand, with the thumb at right angle makes a perfect L, the little finger of the left hand curved toward the thumb, a C, the metal of centum (one hundred), and so on with the hundreds. Now join the ten thumbs with the forefingers, or two Vs reversed (AA) and use them for the Latin mark and you have the hieroglyphics complete. I little thought that the two hands were the foundation of the Roman numerals until I had traced out three alphabets.—St. Louis Republic.

Cold Blooded.

The officious country jumper is an unmitigated nuisance, but he flourishes and multiplies nevertheless. And of all seasons of the year he is most numerous about the holidays. He or rarely gets his just deserts that it is a pleasure to record one instance where he did get it. To accommodate the holiday trade a State street firm put in a large force of extras. One day the proprietor, while discussing the quality of a piece of goods with the agent of a New York house, remarked that the easiest way to prove his point would be to get a sample of the cloth in question. Excusing himself, he walked down to a counter presided over by one of the new hands and asked to be shown a certain kind of goods. "There, that's it!" exclaimed the proprietor. "Let me have a small sample of it, if you please, right away."

"We don't do that kind of business here," rudely replied the shiftless young man.

"What kind of business don't you do?" calmly asked the unknown employer.

"We don't give any samples of our goods."

"Oh, don't you! That's too bad. Perhaps, then, you wouldn't mind giving me a sample of your hair, or your eyebrows before I ask you into the street. If you don't want to do that, go down to the cashier's desk, give him this card and ask him for a sample of your salary."—Chicago Mail.

About this time of year at least a dozen distinguished American gentlemen are wondering who will be sitting in a certain chair at Washington this time next March.

Mrs. Minnie Kesler Coad has been admitted to the bar in Memphis. But she will never succeed as a lawyer so long as she calls herself "Minnie."

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