A DESERT ROMANCE.

Christopher Morgan sat upon a box in the shade of some large boulders and within whip reach of the circular path about the arrastra, and at each rotation of the mule stimulated him by a touch of the whip lash. It was a pioneer occupation. The monotonous creaking of the wooden shaft, the grating of the crude wheels, and the sound of the mill, thick wash of the tailings flow kept in quality counteraction, acted as a soporific on Morgan, who had at early period these dropped asleep. He was about falling into a still deeper state, when he was made alert in a moment by the sound of voices from a trail not some above the camp. Presently, riding down the slope and almost on the beaten trail, came first a tank, after it man in faded overalls and a flannel shirt, and after him a young girl dressed in a blue denim and a sentiment of the same material, riding astride on a man's saddle. She had a pink complexion, and her face was to Morgan a revelation of prettiness, and his estimate of her attractiveness was not alloyed by a gaudy without some foundation. Her mouth was perhaps a little too large and her nose was "tip-tilted," but her eyes were laughing tears, but her gray eyes were full of life and sympathetic intelligence, and her hair, which was in a tangle and regular as a young animal's and her complexion fresh and smiling.

The elderly man hailed Morgan in a loud voice which woke the echoes from "dead horse" companion. Now goes on:

Morgan acknowledged the vociferous greeting and went to meet the newcomers. They soon up toward the arrastra. "My name's Hanson," said the man, "and this here's my daughter." Morgan's equal to the occasion. A man passing along the road right before last said as how poor's bought in this here Bullion Mountain, and Hal's and I thought it'd be the square thing to come over and get acquainted."

Meanwhile the guests had dismounted, and making their ponies fast to their bridles, sat down on a broad flat rock near the arrastra, while Morgan seated himself on the box facing them.

"You done well when you bought this here property," continued Hanson, and seeing you're a frank and interested sort of way, which somewhat embarrassed me at first, I'll just tell you how it came to be in the present and future of his book, but was lately overhooking with Mexicans who'd been working it, and thought to put over Cottonwood side of this here ridge to the other canon, he explained, "I'd got a big load there, and I'd been two days takin' I'd clear there this time. And I wondered if it hadn't been for a child's guidance of mine."

"How's that?"

"Why, this away. I'd made a stake for myself and come to the ridge, and was fixin' to follow an Indian trail, which the pothes, this 'ere tribe, Injun Moshi, was in the habit of takin' when they'd been over on mostly to big, rather sweetish, and he comes up to my place here, and I'd been a bit hard pressed, camped back over the ridge on where we had buried together. We was going to pass on with all the light there was left out mornin' I woke up to find him clean gone, along with his share of the money and mules. I tied out after 'em, and on the down down Mud Springs way, and then lost his trail altogether, and I never seen him nor half of him or heard of him from that time. Since then I've had to rustle for a livin'. Billy, too, she helps out heelin' a few cows I've got on the Cottonwood side of the rather side the ridge." Holy blushed, laughed and cast down her eyes at this history and pointed personal reflection.

When the guests had remounted and every cinched the trail again, Morgan watched them till they were out of sight, with an unmistakable mixed feeling of relief and regret. He was glad in his heart to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and it was with an effort he relinquished, which relief, with that he flicked at the mule and mulled his attention to the requirements of the arrastra.

During the next few days the image of Holy grew more and more deeply impressed on his lonely consciousness, and his hitherto supreme content in the hours. This state of mind was progressing, and when, on the third day after Holy's visit, he had made a most satisfactory test clean up, he was in a heat of spirits that he determined to knock off from work and return Hanson's visit on the morrow. He was on his way to change from his dirty state in Hanson's toward a little flat, where he lived alone, and which was over the ridge a gray nor by, which, even at a distance, he recognized as Holy's. A few days before he had carved in the shale of a great rock, he recognized the blue clad figure of Holy himself.

"I'd thought I'd be over before long," she said, with a smile; "I kind of expected you'd come in yesterday evening, and I'd been thinkin' pretty hard on you most noticed." Within a fortnight after this he had been over to see Hay Holy's folks, and when, after an hour of a week when he did not come, another him to be tied down by his side in the Hanson's cabin, which he had designed for empty convenience, had herself sore over to chit with the Hanson's for the time. It was on this occasion of this visit that Morgan declared Holy. The arrastra was "done," the mule was "done" and Holy blushed, dozed in the log pile, and Morgan, in heartsick, sat with his arm about her waist, the time being was the only waist in the world.

"Thery one thing I ought to tell you," confessed Morgan, "before ever you say yes or no. Maybe you mightn't feel not the old man he kind of jumped the claim that I was the owner of this here property. I didn't go to do that, or be to tell it that a-way, I didn't see the call to undersize him. But I ain't no owner. I'm just on hire hand."

"Oh, I'd rather of mine, on wages, and I always thought I'd marry a rancher."

"That don't make no difference to me, Chris," said Holy, with a sigh, "but I wish I'd talk with pa about consent-ing. He sets mighty store on a man's word kind." There was silence for a moment, and then Holy mutinied: "Pa been thinkin' of his away. Why don't you branch out for yourself and get some property of your own? Then I'd be eligible."

"That's easy to say about branchin' out and getting property," responded Chris, despondently, "but how? Pa's got it I don't see no openin'."

"I don't see no openin' sitting around the arrastra hangin' to another man," retorted Holy, with some spirit, "and I tell you what I'd do if I was a man and he wanted to persuade a stake. I'd quit here too quick and get away over into this here new Mud Springs department, that they're all rarin' to and stake out some place for myself. That would make him right with pa. He'd say pa's folks a man with just wages is one thing, but pa's folks' a man with some property claims is another."

"Why, said Morgan, inspirited by the idea, "I'm aware of character. Where I say he is. Hangin' in arrastra folks back home and find I'd quit work for the arrastra and pulled out with his money. He'd take a hear for me, and I couldn't go back on him."

"You get a plan about that, too," said Holy, contemplatively, drawing lines in the fallen dust with her riding switch "You start right in and clean up the dues from the drifts, and I'll come over every morning and run the arrastra for you. You're gone, with Gyp" (indicating the pony) "I'm small for the circular work, but he'll do, and you take the mule and start off for the new Mud Springs country. And I know of, where the feed's good I'll feed the mule into the ridge and they won't leave off I come for you. For pa is rompin' with road every day now, and he'll never stand a chance."

Thus it was that, on the third morning after this conversation, Morgan was on the way on the trail to Mud Springs district, with a blood-detector pulse to feel something rich and beautiful, and he did not disappoint the expectation of his heart. He rode here and there through a country, working up dry gulches in search of the prize, and picking out rocky terrace and ridges in the hope of finding the rich ledge. Presently discoveries were being constantly made by others, but his own luck was of the poorest. He had labored here and patiently day after day, and set and without his reward. The monthly mail, which he had allowed himself was already drawing a little near, the moment as far from his and as yet he had not made the "strike" he had dreamed of and discouragement long deferred, and upon his last trip into the adjacent town he had sent home.

He followed for several hours an old dingy worn Indian trail leading to and the Colorado. The trail had evidently been but little used of late years, for in many places it was quite blocked by the brush which had rolled down the hillside, and Shadow Canon, in a place where it had been completely buried by an avalanche of loose rock. Here he dismounted and tied his mule to a cleanest place, it was anxious to proceed in the direction he had been going for the rest of the day, and the sun was fast approaching the horizon. There was no trace of the Indian trail, and the pony was evidently unused to the place, and was evidently the mouth of one of those mountain caverns so frequently met with in the sides of these desert mountains. With his little difficulty he pushed away a few of the larger stones and looked into the gloom of the cavern. He had to stoop and half on hand. It advanced to the center of the cave, and by the dim match light saw that there were clear evidences of former habitation. At one side was a pile of ashes, bones, shells and other fragments of pottery.

"Gee some old Indian hiding place," thought Morgan, and looking around for an instant, he was about abandoning the place, when his attention was attracted to a small black bundle like objects at the rear of the cave. He approached them with a whipped feeling of curiosity, and distrust. He was not impressionable, but when his last year was awaked him that one was a human skull of mortality and the other a partially clothed skeleton of a man, the damp chill of the cave seemed to penetrate to the very marrow. Stung by the flame of the match which, unnoticed in his excitement, had scorched to his fingers, he dropped it and was left in darkness. It was but a moment before he lighted another, and then for a time he stood with the dead close to the blankets lay a pair of leather saddle bags.

He stooped to lift them and was surprised at their great weight. They were unwrapped, and his curiosity was overmastering all other feelings, he threw back the flap of one, and holding a freshly lighted match close to the opening was speechless with amazement at what he saw. The bag was half filled with coined gold. For the second time, in his excitement, he had neglected to shield the match to burn out. His stock was now reduced to four, and realizing that he must make haste to leave the cave, he seized the nearest bag and dragged it out into the light. He opened it and poured the gold into his hat and dragged them to the opening. In another moment he was again standing in the sunlight and blinked like a mole as his eyes took in the rocks outside. It was all so strange and passed so suddenly that he was dazed and stunned. But when he opened the mouth of the saddle bags and dipped his hands into the glinting, chinking yellow coin which both contained, there was no doubt in his mind that he had been dry washing or stumbling a lodge he exclaimed, aloud, "O Holy dingy luck, I'm eligible now. I'd give my boat."

On the side of each of the heavy calf skin bags, in Spanish, was the inscription, was the name "D. Hooks," and a date some twenty years back. "That's the name I've heard tellin' that robbed and man Bascom, and it was down in this Mud Spring country that the old man of the trail, Mexican Pete, kept mumbling in things. I seem to be mixin' up in the whole job of story," said the now exultant Morgan to himself. "Old Columbus ain't in it with me."

When he reached Mud Springs late in the afternoon he was discovered street about his discovery in the gold. He carried his saddle bags a mile or more from the town, and he prepared some of the immediate and impatient return to the Bohemian camp, were undertaken at once. The two consisted various purchases. From the proprietor of the Mercantile saloon he obtained a black mare, with a silver mounted saddle and bridle, and a pair of deep-rowelled spurs, with little jingling chains. These had been left for sale by some new comer from Rubies with bad luck and extravagant tastes. He also obtained at the same place a diamond of large size, but of doubtful purity, which he pinned in his blue flannel shirt front.

He added to this a guitar for Holy, secured at an exorbitant price from an impecunious Mexican, and having bade his friends good-by, started on his unusual homeward march just as the full moon was rising over the eastern hills.

He reduced the four days' time of his outward trip to less than three on his return, and at the Bohemian camp, after riding up the last heavy grade on the trail into the Belshazzar canon, he hastily cared for his mule and set off the arrastra, and still on the chance he gathered himself together for an interview with Hanson. The Hansons, with the previous man, thought to advance. He followed with the guitar strung by its broad ribbon across his back and held in place before him, the questionable diamond flashing conspicuously his spurs, and his moustache well back on his head.

As he neared the camp his spirits sank for the moment, as he recognized the loud voice of old Bascom raised to a higher pitch than usual. He hurried his footsteps and to another moment was in camp. Holy's pony, Gyp, was in harness in the arrastra. Bascom was sitting in a dependency on a flat rock near by with her face buried in her hands, and sobbing at short intervals, while old Bascom was solemnly unbuckling her for the infatuation which had led her to deceive her father and clandestinely operate the arrastra in her penitent lover's absence. The situation, however, was soon changed to one of glad excitement and freely greeting and congratulations when Morgan appeared, and, hotly recounted his adventures, astonished them to the sight of the coin in the saddle bags.

Two-thirds of that there coin accurately belonged to me," shouted old man Bascom, "and one-third of it" meaning Mole's part of course goes to you, but I won't stand on that. This is my day for luck, and I'm willing to give up two-half of the whole out and throw in Gyp as an extra, already, of course, as a wedding present." Holy's face fell.

"I don't see the objection to I know C." said Holy, with a pouch, as she tossed her head and stuffed her foot in her dry latigoes.

And all this comes," said Morgan to himself, "of my determination of not following your advice and rushing round and getting wealthy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE PRIDE OF JAPAN GREEN TEA.
The best and costs no more than inferior grades!

AMUSEMENTS.

Magician Kellar's engagement of eight nights at the Grand has brought another time to give the local amusement public a chance to see the wonderful performer who is now ranked by all the countries of the world and in today the greatest living exponent of the "black art." His tricks and illusions are marvelous and sometimes never seen here before. The first performance will be given tonight and the last of the engagement tomorrow evening.

On Union will open a three-night's engagement at the Grand this evening, with a matinee on Wednesday afternoon. It is a comedy entitled "The Ranch," and the balance of the week.

Uncle Tom's cabin, under the direction of Davis and Keeto, will appear at the Theater on Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee.

One by one the veteran actors of half a century ago are passing off the stage, fathers and the latest link of the telegraph tells of the passing of the well-known Chas. W. Couldock to the great beyond. Couldock was in 84 years and his moustache sphere and his life has been filled with the most varied and many successes. He was particularly known to many people in this city, who remember his appearance with the stock company in the early days of the Salt Lake Theater. He was one of the great favorites in the northern and eastern cities, and it was his engagements here that his daughter died and was buried in the city cemetery. Salt Lake has always possessed an interesting though and charm for him. The Home Dramatic club revived a play in which he took part and nothing would do but Couldock should be brought here to play the part of Duncan Kirke in the production of Rip Van Winkle. A tremendous success was recorded and Couldock received unstinted praise. The Salt Lake Herald said it considered the best ever given of the role. A short time ago he was accosted upon the street by an eastern city by an old friend with the remark that age seemed to cut no figure with him, to which he replied, "I feel as young as I ever did." "Well, said Father Time has overlooked me." But no such immunity was to be his lot, and he has simply left him for another call and today the veteran actor is numbered with the dead. The funeral of the deceased actor will be held at Long Branch, N. J., on Monday, November 28th.

Charles W. Couldock was born April 28, 1815, at Long Acre, London. He made his first appearance on the stage at the age of 15, personating Othello, as a benefit performance at Sadler Wells theater. Four years after shift he purchased $10 worth of scenery to distribute among his friends. He was billed as "the Roscius, in his first appearance," and was applauded rapturously by his clique. Afterwards, desiring to keep the stage a great secret, after a struggle he got into a stock company at Fareham, Surrey.

After four years he left the stock company and played leading parts. Subsequently he joined the Shakespearian club, which gave his first appearance at St. James, Drury Lane and other London theaters.

Couldock has played lago to Harlowe Gregory's Othello, Anthony to his Shylock, and Hotspur to his Falstaff, meeting with no little success.

In 1844 he joined the Edinburg theater company, the same year as Lester Wallack and Winston Davies became members of the organization. He played a winter and summer season PAT, Ambrose's favorite character. In the weeks the theater was closed he secured the position of leading man at Sadler's Wells theater, playing first Miles Overreach. He remained with the theater for four years, and during that time played with Macready, Charles Kean, Mme Vestris, Charlotte Cushman and others.

On November 15, 1849, Mr. Couldock arrived in this country and toured America, a member of Charlotte Cushman's company, and opened at the old Chatham theater, playing Wolsey. He played in the season in all the principal cities of this country, and when Charlotte Cushman retired from the stage he became leading man at Wallack's theater, Philadelphia. Since then he has been permanently located in the American stage, playing with Laura Keene, Jefferson, Booth and others.

In 1861 he made his first bows as Dunstan Kirke in Henry Kirke, which part he had played over 1,000 times.

Book of Mormon Class.

The Book of Mormon class, which was to have met this evening at half past seven in the lecture hall at the Tabernacle building, will be postponed for one week, on account of the Sunday school conference which is being held in the Tabernacle this day.

JOS. NELSON.

JOYOUS TIMES IN BRAZIL.

The Country Is as Happy Today as It Was Tumultuous Nine Years Ago When Dom Pedro Was Deposed.

Although Brazil is now entering upon the tenth year of its existence as a republic it has never been the scene of such a jubilant celebration as this year. The 15th was set rolling two weeks ago with the inauguration of the new president, Modesto Mr. Bryan, minister from the United States, this country was represented by the Secretaries Oregon and Iowa, which were sent to Rio Janeiro on the trip to Manila.

Dr. Salles is the fourth president the republic has had within the nine years its existence, and though the term of office of four years, as a rule, seems to have brought about vexatious. The new president is fifty-six years old. Republicans, a former governor of the state of Sao Paulo, and ex-member of the Chamber of Deputies. He played an important part in the deposition of Dom Pedro II. in the revolution of 1889, when the emperor was sent to Europe and Brazil proclaimed a republic, with Marshal de Fonseca as first president.

DR. CAMPOS SALLES.
This is Brazil's New President, at Whose Inauguration the Groups and Iowa Represented the United States.

Dent. Dr. Campos Salles. The most important of the festivities of the holidays also occurred at the opening of the congress, and the citizens have thus been afforded an opportunity for another festivity.

The Hon. Campos Salles is an able and accomplished diplomat, who has done very much toward the social, intellectual, and material development of his country. The inaugural ceremonies, which took place at the President's palace, were attended by the ministers of all the nations of the world at Brazil.

EVENTS IN THE WEST.

A Record of Occurrences in Neighboring States and Territories.

SHEEP IMPRISONED IN THE SNOW.

New Cables for San Francisco Bay—Senator Perkins Against Retention of the Philippines.

United States Senator Perkins will leave San Francisco for Washington tomorrow. In an interview he said: "Our country is now in a position to retain the Philippines, or any portion of them, or to give up any portion or all of them. The expense of retaining them is enormous, and I am inclined to be opposed to the war tax.

A series of new telegraph and telephone cables are to be laid at once in San Francisco bay, the work to be begun next month. One of the lines is to stretch from Angel Island, Tiburon, across the bay to Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley and Point Richmond. Two other cables are to be laid at once in the bay of San Francisco, one of which will be laid to Alcatraz. The Pacific Postal Telegraph company is interested in the enterprise.

Thousands of sheep are imprisoned in the mountains near Pendleton. One flock of 2,000 has fallen to the foot of a cliff, and it is thought they will be able to get to the valleys below. The sheep were driven into the canyon by the storm. The shepherds have not been able to get at the sheep on the mountains, owing to the deep snow, and it is feared that a great number have perished from exposure and lack of food and water. Unless reinforcements are sent to the rescue of the sheep it is thought they will be unable to bring their sheep out without heavy loss.

Captain Frederick Hove, company B, First North Dakota volunteers, who arrived in San Francisco on the Sherman from Manila on leave of absence, expects that the regiment will be ordered home. The feeling is strongly against the Volunteers of all the states and lack of great activity. Unless reinforcements are sent to the Philippines, it is thought the regiment will be ordered home. Captain Hove said that sleep on the ground in the rainy season had been the account of the diseases and lack of great activity. Unless reinforcements are sent to bring their sleep on without heavy loss.

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PROVO.

PROVO, UTAH, - NOV. 28, 1898.

Fourth District Court.

The following petit jurors to serve for the December term of the Fourth district court, commencing December 12th, when the jurors are required to be in attendance were drawn yesterday:

W. H. Gardner, Barney Ward, Walter Alexander, Jacob C. Banks, G. B. Harper, James H. Gibbons, Reuben Meeks, Phineas Grove, Caleb H. Davis, Jos. H. Jones, Jos. Bennion, E. Stevens, Sidney Vincent, David Stagg, Pierce A. A. Hoyle, Clinton Hodge, M. Child, Henry Lake, Jos. Lake, Jr., Jos. L. Whiting, E. P. Brinton, F. H. Roper, Bringwater, J. J. Bean, Hightower, Wolfgang Wood, Samuel Ford, Samuel Bennett, Lake View, George Cunningham, American Fork; Isaac M. Taylor, Santaquin, Samuel Stansell, Goshen.

The following orders were made:

A. Anderson vs. H. Cluff et al; hearing on motion to relax cross set for Wednesday, Nov. 30th.

Estate of G. C. C. P. Mitchell, deceased; Ephraim A. Mitchell appointed administrator under $100 bonds.

Estate of A. W. Wright, deceased; final account approved and distribution ordered. Harry Wright was appointed compensation attorney.

Estate of Wm. Finch, deceased; report of commissioners in partition confirmed.

Estate of John Daily, deceased; return of sale of real estate confirmed.

Estate of A. A. Taylor, deceased; decree that notes of evidence and inventory; personal property ordered sold and no other made than the claims to pay bill further ordered.

Estate of James Nasmen, deceased; order that notice to creditors has been given.

Estate of W. H. Hinds, deceased; hearing on petition for probate of will and appointment of executrix; decree probate of will. Wednesday, November 30th.

Nora B. Hughes vs Harry B. Hughes; order that commissioner and demurrer be filed as of August 8th.

Nora B. Hughes vs C. Frank; motion to relax costs argued and taken under advisement; the parties were given to and including the morning of the 30th, and the time of adjournment is more for a new trial.

Thos. Howard has appealed from a decision of the Justice's court at Payson wrangling Joseph Wahlquist at a judgment of $2.50 and $100 costs against plaintiff.

Notes and Personals.

The Y. M. M. I. conference held yesterday afternoon and evening was well attended. The speakers gave strong testimony to the truth of the Gospel and the benefits of mutual improvement work. Bishop H. J. Grant, of the Quorum of Apostles, urged the young men to diligently for the Mutual Improvement Era and thus encourage the spread of truth as well as benefiting themselves. He explained that it was the intention of the publication committee to send several hundred copies of the Era to the missionaries, with the intention of interesting through the publication of the Era.

Mr. Jos. C. Robbins, manager of the Robbins Creek Marble company, informs the News yesterday relatively that his company is putting up saws and other machinery for getting out the marble at the mouth of Robbins Creek canon, and that enlargement of the beautiful stone can soon be commenced. The company has already several large orders from Utah and other points waiting to be filled.

A. J. Stewart left today for his home in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico. About the first of the year some twenty prospective settlers in Mr. Stewart's Mexican colony will leave for their new home. They are mostly from Salt Lake and Payson.

The copies of the bill for "Our Boys at Manila" have about 27, which will be expended in a Christmas present to the boys in the Philippines. Six months subscription to the "News," Tribune, Herald, Enquirer and Deseret and several magazines will be made and the parcel sent out to the soldiers. The remainder of the money will be used for equal apportionment among the boys.

Rustic Scenes
On Heliotrope Ground. Cake Plate, Comports, Salad Dish Given away free with
AMERICAN'S BEST TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES
We also sell
China, Crockery, Glassware.
Cheapest Prices in America.
Great American Importing Tea Co.
MONEY SAVING STORES.
36 Main Street, Salt Lake City.
56 Twenty-fifth Street, Ogden.
Write for Catalogue.

Deadly Cancer Cured at Last!
Do Not Give Up in Despair—There is Hope!
For ages it has been thought that Cancer is incurable, and those so unfortunate as to have this dreadful affliction have considered themselves beyond hope of recovery. The doctors are absolutely unable to afford any relief, and the poor sufferer might will consider himself on the way to an early grave.
It is now easy to see why the doctors have failed to cure Cancer. Their theories have been all wrong, and hence their treatment misdirected. They have made the mistake of thinking that by cutting out the sore or ulcer, known as Cancer, the disease would be gotten rid of, and the patient restored to health. But the crust knife accomplishes nothing, for the Cancer promptly returns, and is always more virulent than before.
It has been demonstrated, beyond doubt, that Cancer is a blood disease, and can not be cured by the surgeon's knife because the blood can not be cut away.
Several years ago my wife had an ulcer on her tongue, which, though annoying, was not regarded seriously at first. It refused to heal and began to grow, giving her much pain. The doctors treated it for quite a while but were unable to do her any good, and finally pronounced it Cancer of a most malignant type. We were greatly alarmed and gave her every treatment recommended, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and it continued to spread and grow. Upon the advice of a friend she began to take S. S. S., and after a few bottles had been used a decided improvement was noticed, and continuing the remedy she was cured completely and the permanency of the cure has been proved, as no sign of the disease has returned, though ten years have elapsed.
H. L. Mustaccioli, Sparta, Ga."
The cures made by S. S. S. are permanent. It is the only blood remedy which can cure obstinate deep-seated blood diseases, because it is the only one which acts on the correct principle of forcing out the poison and ridding the system of it forever.
S. S. S. never fails to cure the worst cases of Cancer, Scrofula, Catarrh, Eczema, Contagious Blood Poison, Rheumatism, old sores, ulcers, etc., it matters not what other remedies have been used in vain. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed
Purely Vegetable
and contains not a particle of potash, mercury, arsenic or other minerals.
Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

F. Auerbach & Bro.
Remarkable selling in Fashionable
DRESS GOODS
Jet black and colored, begins here tomorrow.
DO YOUR XMAS BUYING NOW!
Magnetic prices that cannot fail to attract everyone with an eye to economy.
At 45c large assortment of handsome Wool Novelties in black and colors, all new goods, handsome, rich designs, worth up to 90c a yard, cut to
45c
At 60c thirty pieces Fancy Dress Goods, including a line of imported Silk Clay Worsted suiting, black and colors, stylish silk and Wool Mixtures, goods worth up to $1.25, cut to
60c
At $1.25 French Broad Cloths, 54 inches wide, large assortment of fashionable, including Marine, also Heavy Venetian cloths just received, excellent wearing qualities, worth $1.75, special for
$1.25
SILKS. New line of handsome Plaid Silks, choice novelties in Brocades just received. An incomparable offering of indescribably beautiful goods, cut from this week at
$1.25
UNDERWEAR.
Men's heavy fleece-lined fancy mixed jean and socks and drawers, 35 to 44, worth 75c, to clear
49c
Men's extra quality Random, extra quality, heavy fleece-lined shirts and drawers, broken sizes, worth regular 75c, to clear special
49c
Blankets and Quilts.
Our blanket and quilt stock has been greatly reduced during the past week, but we have still some very choice quilts and blankets on hand which we are bound to close out, and now is your golden opportunity. Here are a few samples:
Red wool blankets, 10-4, $3.25, $4.50, $6.75, $7.50
Grey blankets, $2.50, $2.75, $3.75.
All wool, $4.00, $4.50, $4.75, $5.50, $6.75, $7.50.
Quilts, wool filled, 75c, $1.00, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50.
White cotton, $1.75, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00.
All above are regular sizes.
Two Extra Values in this Department for the Week.
LINENS.
5 pieces Cream all Linen, Bath Bath Table Damask, heavy weight, in show designs, well worth 60c a yard, on sale this week per yard
44c
24 dozen Linen Huckaback Towels, woven from the best flax yarn, full fringed, size 18x36, value 25c, on sale this week at each
15c
DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.
A Noteworthy Occasion. Ready-made sheets for less money than you can buy the same grade of sheeting by the yard for.
300 Bleached Hed Sheets, hemmed and ready for use, size 2x2 yards, good quality sheeting, sale 75c, or $1.50 per dozen, worth 60c, on sale this week at each
39c
Three Great Surprises this Week in our
FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.
Astonishing Prices that will tell more than words.
2 cases of very best 12½c quality outing Flannel, in pink and blue striped and tinted effects, just the patterns you have been looking for; some slightly imperfect, on sale this week, at 5 cents are, per yard
8½c
40 pieces Mottled Shaker Flannel, splendid heavy fleece for winter sale, soft and weighty, in gray, brown, pink and blue, regular 12½c quality, on sale this week per yard
8½c
20 pieces Fancy French Cashmere Twilled Flannel, 36 beautiful designs, medium and dark colorings, for ladies' wrapper and fancy skirts and waistpatts, regular price 40, 45 and the a yard, all go this week per yard
49c
LADIES' FINE FOOTWEAR.
Ladies' waterproof walking lace boot, with top, common sense, worth $2.75, big special
$1.50
Ladies' Box Calf walking boot, lace or button, with top, tip stamp, worth $2.50, big special
$1.90
Curtis & Wheeler's ladies' cloth top button shoes, patent tips, narrow toe, worth $3.50, half the value
$2.39
Ladies' high-grade button shoes, Curtis & Wheeler's make, square toe, patent leather tips, worth $3.25, special price
$2.49
Misses' spring heel kid button shoes, broken sizes, good stock, and of cloth top, worth $1.85, your choice
$1.39
Youth's school shoes, lace, with heels, all sizes, great special, worth $2.25, one week only
$1.59
Little Gents spring heel shoes, 11 to 2, worth $1.85, sale price
$1.39
Ladies' croquet rubbers, 35c a pair.
Gent's storm rubbers, 45c a pair.
Misses' heeled rubbers, 15c a pair.
Ladies' heeled lined rubbers, 35c pair.

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FINER THAN EVER! The Latest Improvements. We guarantee the Improved Graphophone to reproduce music and speech with the same ease and clearness as the Phonograph. Sings, talks, whistles, plays band music, etc., so that the sound can be heard in any hall or church anywhere. Plays all kinds of records made for any other machine. Plays the famous band—Dreams, Corinne, Trombone and Silver Bell. Talks "Poor Jim," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Hold your jaw, you dog, you friends," etc., sings song to it, as mama used to do. You can make your own Records easily and quickly, and hear them at once or after any time you wish, even the next evening. Price $10, including Improved Fast Graphophone, 1 Brass Lined Aluminum Horn, 1 Reproducer, 1 Recorder, 1 Adjustable Speaking Tube, Hearing Tubes for 2 persons. (If hearing tubes for more than 2 persons are desired, we will furnish them at the rate of $0.50 each person.) Blank Records, 50 cents per dozen. Extra Large Horn, $2.50 each. Extra Reproducer (Original or Talking) $5 each, or $10 the three.
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