75 Cents.

OUR REAL SHANGHAI

Black Grounds, with Polka Dot, 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 Surah, Moire, Brocades, Two Tone, 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

—OF—

COLORED RHADAMES

$1.25 Grade,

Bronze, New Grey, Garnet, Green, Navy, Brown, Tan, 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.

$1.75 Grade for $1.25.
2.00 " " 1.35
2.25 " " 1.45.

SWIVEL DE ARNUERS

From $2.00 to $1.25.

NOTE THESE REDUCTIONS.

From $2.25 and $2.50

Down to $1.45

BLACK BROCADES,
PAILLE FRANCAISE, REGENCE,
OTTOMANE,
RHADAMES AND GROS GRAINS

SEE THIS LINE, SURE

Colored Satins.

OUR 75c. GRADE

THIS WEEK

At 55 Cents.

BLACK GROS GRAIN

$2.00 Quality for $1.25
2.25 " " 1.55
2.65 " " 1.65
3.00 " " 2.05

LIKE VALUES HAVE NEVER BEEN OFFERED BEFORE.

THE DOINGS OF A DRUNKARD.

Pitiful Tale of the Misery Liquor Brought to J. M. Wood.

J. M. Wood is an alcoholic convert of Jerry McAuley's mission in New York city. He has reformed and obtained a good position. He told the gods of the misery and degradation drink brought to him, to a New York Herald reporter, as follows:

I had the benefit of Christian parentage. My mother was an earthly saint, my father a deacon in the church, and it was the hope of their lives that I might be a minister. But while yet in my teens a lucrative position in a Chicago house lured me and I became a citizen of that restless city. It was my misfortune to engage lodgings at a hotel, the guests of which were gamblers and sporting people generally. Without the restraining Christian influences of home I plunged readily into sin, and in three years became a confirmed drunkard.

After losing situation after situation I enlisted in the army, being sent to the Fourth United States cavalry at the time of General McKenzie's famous raid into Mexico after Indians. I deserted while on a debauch, and traveled 300 miles on foot through a country infested with hostile Indians and ravenous beasts, only to be apprehended at Austin. While awaiting trial I carried a forty pound ball attached to my left leg by a chain eight feet long, and was compelled to labor around the garrison at menial work from daylight until dark for a period of seven months. The court sentenced me to two years' confinement in the military prison at Leavenworth, Kan., where I lost my identity as a man and was known as "No. 249."

Serving my term I again enlisted in the army, and being considered an excellent clerk I attracted the notice of General Sheridan, then occupying the headquarters military division of the Missouri at Chicago, and was detailed in his office, only to be discharged after a few months for dissipation. During these intervals I obtained excellent situations in civil life, but could not hold them.

For the third time I enlisted, being sent to the Eighteenth United States infantry at Columbia, S. C., where I was made regimental clerk, but being constantly intoxicated was again discharged at Atlanta. From there I tramped every foot of the way to Washington, and shipped in the United States navy, where I served continuously for thirteen years, most of that time constantly under the influence of strong drink.

In those years I often faced death in storms and pestilence, but the dear Lord saw fit to spare my wretched life, until on Aug. 16, 1890, I was discharged from the United States navy for chronic alcoholism, spending my pay day in wild debauch in New York. After being drunk night and day for over two months, several days of that time suffering with delirium tremens, surrounded with the fiends of hell, I found myself on the night of Oct. 21, 1890, a homeless tramp, bereft of every friend on earth, and on my way down Water street to end a life of remorse, wretchedness and utter despair by a plunge into the East river; but God in his infinite mercy led me by the McAuley mission. (God bless every brick in its walls!) The devil having finished his work whispered: "You are no good. Go and throw yourself overboard."

It was the first time I had been in the house of God for twenty years, but as I listened to the wonderful testimonies of the redeemed men, God's love and mercy pierced my heart, and when the invitation was given to sinners my trembling arm was uplifted, and there I met Jesus of Nazareth, who has been my refuge and guide ever since.

The rays have disappeared, the chains that bound me have been broken, the remorse, the awful thirst for liquor and all the vile, sinful passions of my nature have been buried in the sea of God's forgetfulness. I have not wanted a drink since that night, and there is not money enough in America to induce me to take one or forfeit my assurance of sins forgiven. Why should I not fight the accursed stuff that robbed me of a home of luxury and a son's patrimony, drove my poor old gray haired mother in sorrow to the grave, made me a homeless outcast, a bundle of rags and vermin, a bloated, sin-disfigured humanity, not only once, but twenty times?

Dangers in Fermented Liquors.

Dr. N. S. Davis says of ales and beers: "A popular error is the opinion that the substitution of the different varieties of beer and wine in the place of distilled liquors promotes temperance and lessens the evil effects of alcohol on the health and morals of those who use them. Accurate investigations show that beer and wine drinkers generally consume more alcohol per man than the spirit drinkers; and while they are not as often intoxicated, they suffer fully as much from disease and premature death as do those who use distilled spirits. The beer drinker drinks more nearly every day, and thereby keeps alcohol in his blood constantly; while a large percentage of spirit drinkers drink only periodically, leaving considerable intervals of abstinence, during which the forces regain nearly their natural condition. The more constant and persistent is the presence of alcohol in the blood and the tissues even in moderate quantity, the more certainly does it tend to perverted and degenerative changes in the tissues, ending in renal and hepatic diseases, cardiac failures, gout, apoplexy and paralysis."

Lobster Story from Maine.

Lobsters are going into the freak business quite largely this winter. An Eastport fisherman secured a white one the other day and now a man at Peak's island has found an even greater curiosity—a veritable blue lobster.

It is a beautiful specimen of the crustacean, and the bright cerulean hue extended even to the ends of its long feelers.

The lobsters have evidently been attending a fancy dress party.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

It is said that many of the Germans colonists on the Volga river who are suffering from the Russian famine, in order to save fuel, have dug holes in the ground, subterranean shelters in which they burrow like foxes.

There is a lad in Whitingham, Vt., eighteen years old, who is 6 feet 10 inches tall and still growing. He weighs 300 pounds.

Some Alleged Big Salaries.

The story is being told in New York that the proprietor of a certain well known morning newspaper has made an offer to a successful publisher of Chicago to come to New York for five years at an annual salary of $100,000. Whether this report be true or not, it has occasioned a good deal of gossip.

Perhaps in nothing more than in the question of salaries is there so much said that is untrue. I have no doubt there are a small number of gentlemen who are paid from $50,000 to $100,000 a year for their services, but whether they are worth it or not is another question. The tendency is always to exaggerate on the salary question anyhow, and it is more than likely that not half the sum mentioned is actually paid to any man.

It is the same way with the authors of books. A little while ago it was said that Ward McAllister had received fifty for his published volume on "Society as I Have Found It." Mr. McAllister now comes forward and spoils this pretty fiction by stating positively that he received only about $1,500, and that is why he hesitates about accepting an offer made to him by a Chicago firm of publishers. He says there is no money in books.

The men who are paid $100,000 a year in New York for any services whatever are so few as to be lonesome. Those who receive $50,000 a year are of course more numerous, but there are enough of them to cause any very general disturbance in financial centers. And I am quite inclined to the belief that any man who receives from $10,000 to $20,000 a year as salary is like the famous Holly when he kicked the bucket, doing exceedingly well.—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

A Dog's Fidelity.

A fitting example of a dog's fidelity is presented by that noble Newfoundland owned by the late Oscar C. McCulloch. He is a large dark brown fellow and is well known to the congregation of the Plymouth church. He was generally permitted to attend church services during the life of his master, and in fact was considered a privileged character about the institute. On rare occasions he was seen dignified with a place at the Rev. McCulloch's feet in the pulpit. At the meeting of the National Association of Charities last year at Plymouth church the dog appeared regularly every morning and afternoon upon the returns with his master.

The dog still goes to church and walks about the room as though he were looking for somebody—no doubt he is. Frequently he curls up under a seat in the auditorium at the beginning of services, and if anybody attempts to take the seat over him he offers a prompt protest that settles matters. This dog is very popular about the church and is as dignified as any potentate under the sun, but when it comes to a question of personal rights the handsome canine is decidedly patriotic.—Indianapolis Journal.

Carried a Rock on His Back.

Matthew La Page, of Woodhaven, had a small farm he wished to move to another site. He told Orrin E. Smith, superintendent of the Brooklyn parks, of his plans, and explained that it would cost him considerable to get the building on a new foundation. Smith knowingly offered to move the barn for nothing. La Page ridiculed the idea, when Smith asked to be shown the spot to which the building was to be moved. Upon heeding this he asked the barn, which is a small, weighing about 300 pounds. He rigged a number of supports that he could take the weight across his shoulders. Harnessed in this fashion, the man of muscle lifted the little barn, and, carried it twenty-five feet and left it resting on the new foundation.—New York World.

A New Musical Instrument.

The "petit clarinet," as it is not very happily called, stands an octave below the bass clarinet, and is one of its two smaller predecessors the lowest note for attained by any instrument, with the one exception of the organ. Its tone is wonderfully clarinet, even in its deepest notes, and it is far more agreeable than that of the double bassoon, with which it is most closely allied in compass. It has a range of three octaves. Its quality was elaborately exhibited by Mr. Bravmann, of the Paris opera.—Boston Courier.

The Green Carnation in London.

The credit of introducing the new flower, the green carnation, to English society has been given to Oscar Wilde. While it is true that he wore one in his buttonhole the evening on which his play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was first publicly enacted, it was already known to a few leaders of fashion in Great Britain and was becoming popular there without waiting for his sanction. The green carnation had been worn for weeks before that time on the Paris boulevards.—New York Tribune.

Critical Statues.

Boston has a new fad. At the Museum of Arts two statues, one the Hermes of Praxiteles the other Venus Genetrix, both colored in the manner of the ancient Greek sculptors, are displayed. The statues are in the colors of nature, and the copies are extraordinary as to their beauty. The artist is Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith.—Boston Letter.

Advance Information.

The crack hat, with one of those white wide, whipped-cream-weight enlisted suits, and a sunbrowned schooled to compare favorably is an accomplishment that typifies the correct ensemble of the summer young man either in town or doing the season of the summer resort hotel.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Mr. Bissel's Conference Mole.

Mr. J. B. Bissel, of Frederick, Md., owns a mole that caught a mill in its teeth the other day and dragged it procession.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Dreary Eagle.

One day last week Mr. P. C. Thompson saw a bald eagle in the harbor of Southport, N. C., but before the bird could be secured a large bald eagle, hitherto unnoticed, swooped down and carried off the gull, soon disappearing with it in the direction of Fort Caswell.

ELIASON'S

AUCTION SALE

ELIASON'S AUCTION SALE!

Having decided to retire from the Jewelry Business, will Close Out my entire Stock of DIAMONDS WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE at AUCTION. The Sale to take place on MONDAY, APRIL 4th, 1892, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock p.m., and continue until entirely Closed Out. Ladies particularly invited to attend afternoon sales at 2 o'clock, with the assurance that the utmost decorum will be enforced. Quality of each article guaranteed as represented by the auctioneer.

O. L. ELIASON,

220 South, Main Street, - - - - SALT LAKE CITY

H. C. O'NEAL of Chicago, Conducting the Sale.