WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Robin Hood's Land.

I had tramped from Newstead Abbey from the drear region of Robin Hood's Hills, to Arnold, on my return way to Nottingham. It was late at night and no conveyance or train could be had to the ancient city. The big, face-like manufacturing hamlet possessed but two inns. These were "publiehouses," roaddside drtaselnpe, rather than hotelirks. At one I had been refused entertainment for the night and warned away, because the old lady who kept it took a good English oath I was a play-actor or other mountebank, and would, somehow, depart too early in the morning with more than my reckoning. At the other, "The Lone Tree Inn," the modesty of the two maiden ladies in charge forbade the housing of an unvouched man. I could sit in the tap-room parlor on the high leather-covered settles until the closing, at midnight. Then I must go

Utterly fatigued from a long day's wandering in Robin Hood's Land, and desperate at the prospect of an all-night's tramp into Nottingham, how I hoped for the welcome of some helpfulgipsy camp! Expressing this in humble protest only further outlawed me at the "Lone Tree Inn" as A Rascal. Then, as I was being invited to take the road, like a gipsy indeed, a portly, kindly-faced man came in. He no sooner had heard my tale than he was a more powerful man than the lord of the manor; and my fate was in abeyance while he drank his nightly glass of ale and talk, and I, sitting at ease, so mingled emotions of suspicion, perplexity and hospitality played over his good English face. The spinster lamentable, the rough farmer-grandsire, and all the tap-room hangers-on of a mill town, awaited the great man's dictum, regarding the intruder with respectful silence. This was that it never, never should be said that Harwood-by-Nottingham refused the wayfarer, "Eat-an'-drink-an'-be-merry-an'-sleep-an'-be-thankful." "Eat-an'-drink" roared the audience all, so, as some of the great man's friends, some honest Nottingham butchers, would be (jocularly returning home this way, by grace and shift I was to be got into one of their carts, and thence to old Nottingham and an inn. Charging the driver thus, and the score to myself, which was gratefully expunged from the records of "Lone Tree Inn," the great man of Arnold went his way, while I went to sleep.

How long I had been dozing I know not, but when I awakened it was with a sense of being shot through the earth's circumambient blue. Four huge fellows encased in woolen sacks to their feet had tossed me into one of their carts like a quarter of beef, I struck upon a pile of freshly-slaughtered pork in a comfortable position at the edge of the cart-box, while "O-w-ee! yo-ee, ee! ouchee!" "Why, the wakes-week weight!" "The gaoler's cold stiff with chee!" and like suggestive challnge were mingled with cattings from the crowd at the "Lone Tree Inn." There were half a score of carts; a score of butchers. Huge, awful-sized, kindly men they were, with wonderful halloings and sayings as they pushed their stout horses at terrific speed down that broad street road through the glittering, crispy night. Cottage and castle dimly appeared and as instantly vanished. Copse and hedge seemed set in a mad race the other way. On we swept to old Nottingham, frightening belated cottagers with the rushing clamor and song. There were some superb voices among these Robin Hood's Nottingham butchers as you will everywhere find among the lowly of all the midland and northern English shires. But more impressive than the song, with my head full of Robin Hood, than my perilous seat on the edge of a bounding cart-tow, was the character of the songs they sang. Every one was called the butcher's, or "dresher's," vocation with lurkdents in the life of Robin Hood.

One of these songs told how Robin himself was a butcher's prentice, and became an outlaw on account of a miserly master beating him solely on lights and liver and vore the flesh from his bones with the unmerciful address with which he was forced to scrape the fat from the bones of animals. Another related the marvelous escape from death of a Nottingham butcher in the year 1323, when King Edward II. made his "progress" into the north country. Enraged at the dearth of meat in Nottingham, the king called the chief butcher of the city before him, and ordered him, on his life, to provide forty-score goodly kine, dressed for the turnspit to be made ready before the dawn of the following day. This was an impossible task. Passing from the king's presence the doomed butcher encountered a beggar, who as "a boon" asked only to share the name of his misfortune, and immediately disappeared. The butcher passed that day and night repenting for eternity, and, like a loyal subject, with his head on the block, to get his head chopped off, when he found "four score and more" beautifully dressed carcasses of King Edward's own fallow deer hanging in the market-place. Each had an arrow wound in the side; and so it was known that Robin Hood and his men had saved the butcher's life, and by the same token cleverly challenged a bout with the officers of King Edward himself. Another, the most rollicking of all, went so far as to assert that these noblemen, the red faces, the huge paunches, the general good cheer, as well as some other marked characteristic of the Nottingham butchers, are hereditarily due to the progenitor of these all. Him the ballad asserts to have been a lusty abbot, noted in the 14th century for both piety and wealth. Robin Hood and his men had captured the abbot and his money-bags. To return the outlaw so royally entertained, him that the abbot fell from grace. The love for flesh and ale grew so strong upon him that he renounced his orders, and became butcher and vintner in Nottingham. The outlaws, now his friends, supplied his stalls with meat from the king's forest of Sherwood and his butts with wine of which the neighboring monasteries and priories had been despoiled. Hence the clerical mold of form, face and character, as the butchers say in raillery, and certainly as tradition has transmitted, of the jolly butchers of Nottingham.

Soon the spires and chimneys of the ancient city pushed through the line of sallowy night-light as above it. Then the strange cavalcade thundered along the cobbled streets, and, after traversing several narrow close, drew up with a crash at front of a curious old structure near the market-place. After much shouting, pounding and singing, an old servant appeared. Then the butchers hoisted me from the cart, much the same as they had shot me into it. Despite my protests that I was detained at an inn in Fox Lane, I was under their charge. To an inn of their choosing I must go; and with terrible threats of reprisal to the little old man to whom I was given in charge, should sight be put on me, or nothing be wrong, they departed with a rush and a rattle, the huge mansion was locked and bolted, as if against siege, and we climbed the stone stairs to a quaint old chamber, into whose diamond gable window the first feeble light of day was faintly trembling from the east.

Wholly in the spirit of the oddity of the night's adventure, I related the pretensions of the butchers' ballads, and asked the old servant if everybody in Nottingham was descended from Robin Hood, or some one of his noble victims. The old man's pride was touched.

"Indeed, no, sir!" he answered indignantly. "None come to that stock, save him as serves in public 'ouses!"

Then he stood there, candle in hand, his gourd-like nose flaming and paling with awakening spirit, while he reeled off sundry other ballads of interminable length, and, as he ended, asserted with unlocated latitude accuracy and outlawed rhymes and tythes pretty nearly the entire collection of incidents in Robin Hood's career, concluding for the prestige, rights and properties of serving men in English inns, as were vouchsafed by the butchers' galaxy of song. All of which is related, because it suggested to me a new line of inquiry in the identification of Robin Hood, and the Robin Hood Land, and hinted a universality of traditional linking of the actual personage of the famous outlaw to our own time, of which literature gives but the faintest insight.

As is well understood, all the legends, tales and ballads known to literature as of ancient origin are founded on suppositionally authentic incidents in the life of Robin Hood, were collected and published in 1795, by Joseph Ritson, High Bailiff of the Liberties of Savoy, of whom it was said: "He never appeared human except when he was poring over clothbinds." He was undoubtedly one of the most critical and painstaking antiquarians of his time. The entire collection numbers scarcely more than 50 pieces. These were republished from ancient black-letter copies, absolutely authenticated. Yet, in this one night I had listened to one-third as many as the famous Ritsonian collection contained. If those, the work of writers from the 14th to the 17th centuries, could be regarded as possessing many intrinsic evidences of having been based on actualities, why should not those lingering among the masses be regarded with at least that strong presumption of an original source in fact, attributed to most of the traditionary lore handed down from father to son through many generations? And if but two chapters, the archers and the servers, were so fruitful in this sort of lore, why could not similar discoveries be made among savagery, Berlin? As I pushed the investigation in Nottingham and shire with extraordinary results. Briefly, the members of every craft and vocation whose origin antedates, or is contemporaneous with, Robin Hood's time, possess, and retain with secret treasuring and pride, very many of these ballads. Each builds, in a warm and loving way, a relationship with the outlaw himself, with his deeds of cunning, valor or chivalry, or with the unfortunate subjects of his mad and merry pranks. I have certainly counted different ballads of this class to above 100 in number. I believe in Nottinghamshire alone fully 1000 distinct Robin Hood ballads could be secured among the lowly for printing. Nor do they comprise modern ideas and situations clad in ancient garb. In vertal garniture, simile, connection, incidental and to what may be termed their indestructible wholeness, they possess every echelons of great antiquity.

But this is by no means the most interesting identification of actual or legendary lore with his ballads afforded the patient pilgrim in Nottingham. In the ancient books of the old city and the ancient nooks of the old shire is much curious information to be dug up regarding Sherwood Forest, and abundant folk-lore, legends and superstitions, pointing as unerringly as the flight of an arrow from the town lent low to the one-time existence of the unrenounceable archer herself. The forest of Sherwood was first mentioned by writers during the reign of Henry II., between 1154 and 1189; and was then a place of great resort for royal hunting. In that time the archbishop of York also claimed the right of hunting in Sherwood three days at Christmas, three at Easter, and three at Whitsuntide, and kept in the Forest his foresters "serjeles of hawks and pauage." John, before ascending the throne in 1199, while still Earl of Montegu, executed a charter of all the liberties and free customs of the forests of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, specifically including Sherwood. But it was not until 1233, in the reign of Henry III., that the exact limits of Sherwood Forest were fixed. The "perambulation" under royal with their held gave Sherwood Forest proper a length of nearly 30 miles, extending due north from a short distance below Nottingham to just above Worksop, with a mean breadth of nine miles. These boundaries were refixed in 1372, and as late as 80 years since gave opportunity for continuing a horde of titled "Forest Officers." The chief of these were a "Lord Warden," a "Bow-Bearer and Ranger," four "Verdurers," a "Steward" and nine "Keepers" and it is an interesting fact that Lord Byron, the poet, held office as one of the last "Bow-Bearers and Rangers" of this historic forest. It has been frequently stated that all traces of Sherwood Forest had entirely disappeared. This is not true. I found near Newstead Abbey several groups of its original oaks. In the district comprising its former southern reach, about Bramcote, and to the east, near Sutton and Carlton, are a number of the gnarled old Sherwood patriarchs. The entire district is now dotted with towns and villages, interspersed with farms, gentlemen's seats and demesnes of the nobility. In the parks, and frequently in the beech and fir plantations of the demesnes, especially in the northern district between Newstead Abbey and Worksop, that portion of Sherwood in ancient times known as High Forest, are a very great number, no doubt from 600 to 800 trees. These are generally unknown, because shut from public gaze by park and demesne walls. Upon the friendship of gamekeepers or gamekeepers' sons I made, I think, I found nearly 300 of the ancient oaks in Welbeck Park. There are fully that number in Sumber Park, near Worksop. Some of these oaks are supposed to be more than 1000 years old. I found some to be more than twenty-five feet in circumference, and quite a number in extent thirty-five feet. Notes are of great height but all are remarkable in trunk and overstanding limb. Their stark, knots and gnarled growth are familiar with the most ancient written descriptions of the forest.

As with the Nottingham body of all ancient relics, the same is true of the entire district are saturated with Robin Hood legends and superstitions. There is not a forester, gamekeeper or poacher within the ancient boundaries but has his ballad, tradition, or superstitious practice based on the existence and customs of the olden outlaw tenantry. Wayside inns are named in honor of the outlaw, of some of his followers, or in commemoration of some one of the bold archer's deeds. Every simple farmer has customs or half-superstitious practices originating in some reputed thing Robin Hood did, or would and did. Hinds, harvesters and cottars preserve his memory in tradition, custom and song. And there is not a hunter in the country side in all the west of Nottinghamshire who has not some reward or punishment for doiful or fractious child, in proverb or bagpipe from this active, athletic man, who hence may fill you with wise doubts that ever a real Robin Hood played mad pranks in Sherwood Forest. If you will get close to the lives and hearts of the Nottinghamshire lowly, your own conviction that he once resided will strengthen, through innumerable evidences of spoken memorial relics in custom, tradition and character, until you realize how loyal to the truth was Forrest having poet Drayton, when he sang nearly 300 years ago:

> In the one spacious isle I think there is not one
> Shire
> But hath of Robin Hood such noised and famous
> deeds
> And to the east of none the rates could never be
> close
> Or Barnsdale, George a Green, and Much the
> Miller's son,
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a merriest
> made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his out-lawes, and
> their trade.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

In Darkest Africa.

With one exception the sessions of the various ministerial unions yesterday possessed simply a denominational interest. The Baptist conference had under consideration matters relating to revival interest. The Methodist preachers discussed the work of a social union. The Presbyterian Ministerial Union listened to an able address on prayer meeting plans. At the meeting of the Congregational Club in the afternoon Captain G. E. Pike, the African explorer and missionary, gave and instructive outline of his labors in the dark continent.

"In darkest England," he said, "there is as much if not more moral darkness than in so-called darkest Africa. That part of Africa, the interior, usually regarded as the lowest in worthy elements, is to my mind the most advanced. There is no such thing as savagery, brutality and immorality and more Christian enterprises. The book 'In Darkest Africa' needs much criticism. Its statements require me to defend the natives, whose friend I am, to place in proper light many of the Orientals in Africa and also the noble men and women of Christian missions, scientists and political agents.

"Christian missionaries have penetrated to Central Africa. I was a resident there for over seven years, and during part of that time my wife and child were with me. The difficulties of African missionary work are not the dangers of the jungle or of nature, but those of language and climate. California presented to the early missionaries greater obstacles than does Africa today. My field has been in one of the great lakes of Central Africa. The Africans there represented ten distinct tribes, each with a peculiar dialect often unknown to the others. We have established posts, have a steamer which affords rapid communication in the 1000 miles of territory included in our work, and are striving to extend the bond of sympathy among the natives by the use of a common language.

"These natives have a strong spiritual instinct, but no formal religion. Their beliefs are in no way fundamentally opposed to Christianity. As we leave the coast line toward the interior the evidences of cannibalism, fetichism, the slave trade and immorality gradually disappear. In Central Africa most of the natives were engaged in agricultural and occasionally in pastoral pursuits. Polygamy is generally practiced, and we find no great effort to attempt to stop it. It is a necessity in the existing system of society, where there is no other than the polygamous relation for women. You ask a man, 'What is your occupation?' You ask a woman, 'Whose wife are you?' Polygamy or celibacy must be one or the other. Domestic slavery is a firmly fixed institution. The slaves are known as members of the household and may be bought and sold as other goods. Our first step in its destruction must be in the abolition of the slave trade, in which natives are employed as well as white men, but which is virtually a different institution. It is a crime which must cease, and very is an element of society which is upon some walk destroy it."

The gentleman's remarks covered a wide range of investigation. He referred to the importance of a American cloth in African commerce, and detailed the causes of English pre-eminence in the good will of the natives. He outlined the habits of life and institutions among the Africans. He gave reminiscences of Emin Pasha. He was asked many questions regarding his labors, and at the close of his address was voted unanimously the thanks of the club.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Missionaries Released.

The following is reproduced from the *Millennial Star* of January 19: Elder Francis A. Brown is honorably released from his duties as President of the Holland Mission, to return home.

Elder Thomas Spencham, President of the Manchester Conference, is also honorably released from that position, to return to Utah.

Owing to the continued ill health of Elder Charles W. Mann, Traveling Elder in the Birmingham Conference, he is honorably released to return to his home in Utah.

CONSUL-GENERAL NEW

Denies all Knowledge of the Reports Connecting Him with the Treasury Portfolio.

TERRIBLE BLIZZARD RAGING IN WYOMING.

Gould Has Not Heard of any Plan to Consolidate the Transcontinental Roads.

By Telegraph to the News.

THE TREASURY PORTFOLIO.

New Knows Nothing about it and has not Been Seen at Home.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—John C. New, United States consul here, was asked by an Associated Press representative if there were any truth in the statement that President Harrison had called New to return immediately to the United States with a view of conferring the Treasury portfolio upon him. New said, "I have not received any message from President Harrison and I know nothing about any proposition to offer me the Treasury portfolio."

Rescued Alive.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 8.—A telegram just received from Smithfield, Pennsylvania, says that the entombed miners in the grand tunnel of the colliery were rescued alive this morning.

CATHOLIC LIBERTY.

Archbishop O'Brien Claims the Right to Make Known His Views.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 9.—Thirteen well known Catholics have written to Archbishop O'Brien, protesting against his taking sides with the conservative party against reciprocity with the United States. They denote that no archbishop, not even the pope, has a right to give command to such matters. The archbishop in reply wrote the writers for presumption and in diplomatic language reserves his right to make known his views.

Pioneer Dead.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 9.—Theodore F. Warner, a pioneer of Northern Missouri, who started in business with the famous Ben Holliday of the Great Overland Stage System, died last night. He was the great-grandson of Daniel Boone.

Weather Reports.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The storm last night over the Mississippi Valley, from Iowa southward, developed into a divided storm with the centre near Lake Michigan. Thence are gales on the lakes, blizzards in the Northwest and northeast on the plains, reaching Texas. The new prevailing gales may be expected on the Atlantic coast, and a cold wave over the States east of the Mississippi River. On the Gulf coast the weather is likely to be very severe with heavy snows causing blockades in the lake regions and the Atlantic states, north of Maryland.

Blizzard in Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 9.—A terrible blizzard has been raging throughout this territory. The storm is apparently severe on account of cattle.

No west-bound trains reached Cheyenne yesterday over the Union Pacific or Burlington; a relief train with provisions, sent out in the fast mail and the overland flyer, stuck in the snow forty miles east of here.

Collision Between Steamers.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Several collisions between steamers occurred last night at Gravesend. Two are sinking and others are badly damaged.

The Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The stock market showed some animation today. Union Pacific, Atchison, North American were the most active of the list. At noon the market was firm at slight fractions above the opening.

LACONIC GOULD.

"It's New to Me," He Says in Reply to a Question.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 9.—When asked concerning the report that he, Huntington and others, were considering the Consolidation of the transcontinental roads, west of Mississippi, Gould said: "It's new to me."

Calling a Meeting.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Arnoux, the chairman of the American congress, has issued a call for a meeting of the general committee, to take place at Washington April 15th, next.

Severe Cold.

OMAHA, Feb. 9.—The storm ceased last night in Nebraska and was succeeded by severe cold.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Newfoundland is in danger of becoming a rebel to England.

Major Wissman is fighting natives at Kilimanjaro, in Africa.

Allen Vetter was buried in a snowslide, last Saturday, near St. Elmo, Colorado.

John McKeown, a Pennsylvania oilman, died, aged 75. He leaves $6,000,000.

Robert Stanley was found in the streets of Butte, Mont., with his clothes saturated with oil, and burning fiercely.

A Chicago barber caused Osborn, yesterday, shot a woman, blebtrutbed, then shot himself.

In Pennsylvania a lady aged sixty, sues a man aged seventy for $10,000 for breach of promise of marriage.

The play, "Thermidor," is making trouble in France. Its name is suggestive of heat. It will be played in this country next winter.

The fight for prohibition goes on in North Dakota. An immense corruption fund has been raised to forward the cause of free whisky.

In a Massachusetts return school a number of convicts drank wood alcohol. Two are dead, others badly burned.

A man in Chillicothe, O., has a cow which gives black milk. Chemists say the milk is natural in every respect except in color.

Ireland without a national letter, and South America without a revolution would mean the coming of the millennium.

New York has two birds, golden pheasants, worth $140. They were presented to Julian Russell, and will be eaten today. The wish bones will be preserved and mounted in gold.

Don Pedro is now in Cannes. He is in very bad health. He says he was too democratic for the people of Brazil, who are the wildest kind of aristocrats. He has bright hopes for Brazil still.

Russian authorities in Finland resort to torture, to obtain information from suspects. Forty-six persons in Warsaw were tried and convicted without hearing any evidence for the defence.

In Blois, France, a woman named Sidonie Bazi, murdered her father aged 78. The old man caused his daughter's children to be taken from her and put in a convent. This was the cause of the murder.

INTERESTING FROM IDAHO.

The Senatorial Imbroglio.—Dubois Dubious.—The Three Chief Bills, Etc.

Great excitement prevails here over the senatorial election. Claggett had a majority yesterday, but Dubois' friends win in a backfiehc back to the fold and the case will hang until a majority in the House is obtained. The Senate is pretty solid for Claggett. The "election bill," embracing the Australian system, is ready to be introduced.

Only sixteen more days of the session and very little social legislation passed so far. The majority of the members favor adjournment on the 20th. The minority held out this is an extra session and not limited to sixty days. It will be decided by the Supreme Court on this point.

Three bills are to be pushed in preference to all others—"the alien bill," "the irrigation bill" and "the revenue bill." Should the senatorial election be sprung it will block all further legislation, and the fight promises to be a very lively one. Feeling is intense, and has send some imploring telegrams to his friends both democratic and republican, "For God's sake stand by me and don't desert me now."

The Salt Lake "Home Domestic Club" are filled to play to fidse on the 17th, 18th and 19th of February. They will meet a hearty reception from the citizens of Boise and the Legislature.

The weather is fine, scarcely any snow. W.

BOISE CITY, Feb. 5, 1891.

Children's Slads, in great variety, at the H. Dinwoodey Furn. Co.

JOHN M. CANNON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, 40 MAIN STREET
Hooper & Emerson Block.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

William Worsley, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary Ann Worsley, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Mary Ann Worsley, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days after the service on you of this summons (if served within this county), or if served out of this county, but in this district, then within twenty days, or else judgment will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to have a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony between the plaintiff and defendant, plaintiff praying the court for the custody of the minor children, and for the care and custody of Jane Worsley, the adopted child of said parties, and for such other and further relief as may be meet and proper in the premises, and for costs herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to answer said complaint the said complainant will take judgment against you for the relief demanded in the complaint herein.

Witness, the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge, and the seal of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, this 9th day of Jan., A. D. 1891.

HENRY G. McMILLAN, Clerk.
By ——, Deputy Clerk.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE HEREBY GIVE NOTICE TO THE World, that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Henry Coon, Frederick H. Lawrence and Samuel A. Ackerman, under the firm name of Henry Coon & Co., and carrying on a saloon business at No. 12 Main street, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. Henry Coon, aforesaid, is alone entitled to the business at the old stand under the name and style of Henry Coon & Co., and to receive all debts owing to said late firm, and he will collect all accounts due the firm, and pay and adjust all claims against said late firm.

This 6th day of January, A. D. 1891.

HENRY COON,
FREDERICK H. LAWRENCE,
SAMUEL A. ACKERMAN.

WANTED.

A WOMAN TO WASH DISHES AND IRON—Big for a family every Monday and Wednesday. Apply at 53 E. South Temple Street.

READY REFERENCES.

The Second Edition,

Enlarged and Improved, of this most excellent work, has lately been published and is now For

—Sale at the—

DESERET NEWS OFFICE.

It is Almost Indispensable in Every

Home and Foreign Missionary,

And is a favorable acquisition also to every Student of Theology and other persons who wished the means of edificating and defending scriptually and Historically the Principles of the Gospel.

The wishes of the compilers, that this work be published without profit so as to be within the reach of every person desiring it, have been studied in this as well as the first edition, and the author accordingly accept for cost of postage in advance to desirers.

The book is bound in four different styles and sent postpaid to any address at the following

PRICES: 45 cents, 55 cents, 85 cents, and $1.50.

R. K. THOMAS.

26, 28, 30, 32 E. First South St. R. R. K. T. T. 26, 28, 30, 32 E. First South St.

DRESS GOODS.

EVERY DRY GOODS HOUSE KEEPS DRESS GOODS, BUT scarcely a house in America can show the collection of superb things we are prepared to offer this Spring. They are strung along from New York to Salt Lake, and SOMETHING NEW IS ARRIVING DAILY. The purchases of six past seasons would not equal the selections of this season's line, and Ladies cannot form the faintest idea of how elegantly and tastefully they can dress, except by calling and examining our choice stock of French Novelties and the other artistic effects in our Dress Goods Department.

We shall show a line of French Challies, the patterns and colorings of which are pronounced works of art.

Our Combination Plaid Robes are the most tasteful, at a moderate price, ever produced; and about two hundred patterns of European Novelties, of which no two dress patterns are alike, are something to be proud of.

The Wool Plaids embrace colors never before attempted, and, together with the patterns, are simply immense, and in styles suitable to all ages.

Our Black Goods stock is very complete, in which we are showing many novelties that are offered at the very low prices we place on Henriettas, Serges, Cords, Diagonals and Twills.

WASH DRESS GOODS.

THE TERMS APPLICABLE TO OUR WASH DRESS GOODS are handsome, pretty, sweet. These three styles of beauty are all embraced in the choicest line ever offered in any one house. The cream of all importers and manufacturers are collected in this one grand display.

We lead with the great European Novelty, Korah Moire, in printed goods, a new weave made from Egyptian Cotton and Combed Yarns combined with the Moire effect, producing a richness only to be found in the highest class silks. Every house advertises Scotch Ginghams and Zephyrs, and show more ugly than pretty patterns, but with us it is different; we have an immense assortment, and every pattern is a beauty, the colors rare and rich, producing effects never before witnessed in this class of goods, and are perfectly fast.

We are also showing stylish patterns in American Ginghams.

The old stand-by, Printed Sateens is largely represented in all qualities, and the new Canton Cloth, made by Simpson & Sons, deserve special mention for its richness of design.

The patterns in Prints this season are so very pretty we must speak of them.

WHITE GOODS and EMBROIDERIES.

WHITE BLACK GOODS IS THE ONE NEW THING UNDER the sun: you want to see them: they are in Embroidered Flouncings, India Linens, Nainsook Checks, Lace Effects, Cords and Stripes. Ladies of more advanced years can have all the comfort there is in wearing a white muslin dress and yet be dressed in black. You should buy them early, the novelty being so great, there are doubts of there being enough to supply the demand.

We have a more extensive line than ever in White Embroidered Flouncings in forty-five-inch goods for Ladies, and twenty-seven inches for children. You will, of course, see Flouncings in other stores, but if you want style combined with cheapness, you will buy them of us.

26, 28, 30, 32 E. First South St. R. R. K. T. T. 26, 28, 30, 32 E. First South St.

R. K. THOMAS.