PIONEER AND BEAR HUNTER.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN W. SEARLES OF SAN BERNARDINO.

Here is a Bear Story, with Bits of Jawbone and Broken Teeth to Prove the Truthfulness of the Narrator—Had Hard Luck, Too, with Mills and Ralston.

MOJAVE, Cal., May 21.—Prominent among the names of the gold hunters of California stands that of John W. Searles. It is prominent, not alone because he made a success of his prospecting, but because he was one of the most experienced hunters of the grizzly bear the State has seen. It has been some years—more than a score—since Mr. Searles hunted the king member of the bear family, for he has been too busily engaged in the borax business to spend time in the mountains. Moreover, his last encounter with one of the tribe was of a nature to cool the ardor even of such a sportsman as he.

I had heard that Mr. Searles was the hero of a terrible bear fight, and so when, in my journey over the deserts of California, I reached the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company's works, of which he is superintendent and chief owner, I took the first occasion to ask him about it. He smiled through his bushy beard and eyebrows, and turning to a desk took a two-ounce bottle from a drawer and held it up. There were twenty-one pieces of broken bones and teeth in the bottle. Then he took an old

JOHN W. SEARLES.

Spencer rifle from a corner of the office and passed that to me. There were not only a number of dents in the stock, but one plainly noticeable in the top of the barrel. The bones and teeth in the bottle had been crushed from the lower jaw of Mr. Searles by the bite of a grizzly bear, while the dents in the rifle were made by the grizzly's teeth also.

I was then asked to put my hand among the dark-brown whiskers just beginning to turn gray. There were dents in the jaw bone on both sides that seemed to half cut it off. About this time I noticed that Mr. Searles could not readily turn his head. He had plainly been pretty well chewed up.

It was on the 15th of March, 1870, in the mountains of Kern county, California. Some time before that Mr. Searles, with others, had gone off from the settlement of Visalia for a month of sport with the deer in the mountains. They were in a part of the country neither had visited, and so had taken a guide along who had professed to know the haunts of the game, but for some reason they did not have much luck at first. However, Mr. Searles eventually saw a big buck upon a ledge, and, getting a shot, knocked it over a precipice as it ran, and thus scored the first kill.

Going to the edge of the precipice to look over and see where the game had fallen, Mr. Searles saw two full-grown grizzly bears and a cub half grown in the cañon below. Thereat he managed to get around close to the animals, piled one of them dead across the dead body of its mate, and, as the third fled down a precipitous trail, threw it hand-spring fashion end over end with a bullet in the base of its head. It was this remarkable bag of game that sent Mr. Searles into the fight that so nearly took his life.

If Mr. Searles wanted grizzlies, why, another part of the mountains was the place, the guide said. There were two there that had been killing cattle for a long time, and they were not only large, but bold and ferocious.

That was the kind of bears that Searles was looking for in those days, and away the outfit went. They reached the spot and pitched camp, but because of foul weather did not see the grizzlies, nor have any fun to speak of. Meantime Searles had shot away about all of his cartridges and sent for more after the fashion of those days—by hanging his order on a bush beside the stage road. The order included an empty cartridge box, but the stage driver threw the box away and then got the wrong cartridges, but Searles found that he could hammer the cartridges through the lock after trimming the bullet carefully, though it took two blows of the hammer to fire a cartridge when in the barrel; so he kept on hunting.

Then came a day when, with four of the right or old cartridges in the magazine, and the rest of the wildfire kind, he started out on horseback, although the brush everywhere was covered with snow. Four miles from the camp he tied his horse and then went poking about afoot. So it happened that as he walked along the side of a gulch he saw through the brush a big grizzly lying in a bed. He could see no more than its nose, but aiming low he let drive and rolled the brute over, when two more bullets finished it.

Working his way down, Searles cut the beast's throat and stood beside it pressing with a foot on its breast to make the blood flow, when a noise was heard in the thicket hard by. Nothing could be seen, but Searles knew the sound, and after a time found the trail of another bear.

By this time the afternoon was wearing away, and Searles was wet to the skin from the moist snow that covered the brush, but he took after the bear with all the ardor of a youth who had never seen grizzlies. He eventually located the beast in a chaparral thicket, and worked about it for some time before getting a sight. Then, all at once, to the very great surprise of the hunter, the bear rose up on its hind legs with its nose not two feet away. It was impossible, because of brush, for Searles to back off even a step; the best he could do was to point the rifle across his body as near as he could guess toward the base of the beast's jaw and pull the trigger, hoping to send a ball into its brain. As the gun was discharged the bear pitched over on his fore feet, gasping and pawing at its eyes where the flame of the cartridge had burned the hair, but it was only a little hurt.

As quick as thought Searles threw a new cartridge into the barrel, raised the rifle, and, pointing at the base of the bear's brain, pulled the trigger. No explosion followed. It was one of the whitened cartridges and was not set home. With another wrench on the lever Searles tried again and failed. A third time he strove in vain to fire the gun, and then the beast rose up and turned on him open-jawed. Searles jammed his rifle into its jaws, but it brushed the weapon aside, threw him to the ground, and with one foot on his breast bit off his lower jaw. The next bite was in the throat, severing the wind pipe and laying bare the artery as well as the jugular vein, and then it grabbed the flesh of the shoulder, laying bare the bones and cutting a blood vessel from which the blood spurted up so that Searles, lying there, saw it stream in a curve above his face.

As the bear pulled this mouthful of flesh clear of the bones its foot slipped and Searles rolled over. His coat was all in a hump on his back, and the bear bit into that once and then went away.

"What does a man think when a bear is tearing him to pieces?" was asked as Mr. Searles paused in his narrative.

"Twenty years in California to be killed at last by a — of a — of a grizzly, is what I thought. I remember lying there and thinking so very well. I was disgusted," he replied.

He was as near dead as ever a live man was, but a part of his discomfort at this time was turning cold rapidly, and the wet clothing began to freeze, and this sealed up the torn blood vessels. Then, in spite of his horrible condition, with his lower jaw dangling about, his throat in shreds and his left arm useless—in spite of the most frightful pain—Mr. Searles managed to walk and crawl to his horse, to mount it, though it was a fractious beast, to ride four miles to camp, and to reach Los Angeles Hospital, a three days' journey away. He lived while the surgeons consulted over the best way to make him comfortable during the short time he had to live. When they talked about boring through sound upper teeth in order that they might wire the pieces of the lower jaw together and to the upper one, he even managed to kick one of them from the bedside half way to the other side of the room. Thereat they began to think he was not quite dead after all. Then one came who patched and pieced and sewed and plastered, and inspired hope, and in three weeks the old hunter was up and around, getting well in a way to astonish even the surgeon who had pulled him together.

As early as 1862 John W. and Dennis Searles, brothers, had prospected in the Slate range of mountains, the second range west of Death Valley, and with success. They had worked arastras and little mills there, Los Angeles, more than 200 miles away, being their usual place of departure. Their camp in the Slate range looked down on a wide marsh that glared in the hot summer sun like a pool of molten silver. The marsh was supposed to be a vast bed of salt and carbonate of soda. The carbonate of soda was used in working the ore in the mines, and an engineer they employed used to complain that the stuff had borax in it, which interfered with its proper influence on the ore. Some time in 1863 or 1864 John Searles heard about the borax in Clear Lake, the first borax found in America, which a company in San Francisco was exploiting. It was not until 1873 that Mr. Searles had very much to do with borax. He put in the time pretty well, however, with gold and grizzlies, and was ready to take hold of the matter independently when the time came. He had, moreover, made some borax without knowing it. While working a gold mine in the Slate range he got some solutions from the marsh and set them to crystallize in old powder cans, buckets, and kegs. From these he got a lot of crystals of carbonate of soda, supposing it to be borax, and carried it to Los Angeles, leaving behind a half inch deposit of good borax in a keg, supposing it to be useless.

At last came news of the borax finds of F. M. Smith and others in Nevada, and it made a furor. With the news came a man named McGillivray from a Nevada marsh, bringing a sample of borax as it was found there. Searles got a good look at this and then packed an outfit for a journey to the marsh west of the Slate range. His brother, Dennis, Mr. F. W. Skillings (who, by the way, had been of the party when the bear fight occurred), and J. D. Creigh were in with John, and claims of 160 acres each were preempted in April, 1874. A host of other claims were located by others, but from his knowledge of the ground Searles and his crowd got on the best of it. Then some of those interested got word from Washington that the ground must be taken up under the placer mining claim law—twenty acres to the claim. Searles heard of this by good luck while in Los Angeles, and in the procession that started out to stake off the marsh, he was well away at the lead.

The entire marsh was soon covered over with claims, and a great camp of prospectors that held meetings and agreed, or were ready to fight among themselves on various occasions, lived about the northerly side, a few miles from which was a cañon with good water in it. One night two of the crowd slipped out to jump John's claims. Everybody carried a six-shooter then, but when these two saw John with an armful of stakes on their trail, they "coyoted out of that," to use a picturesque phrase coined on the plains.

Some starved out and gave it up. A Los Angeles company spent $10,000 trying to make borax out of sulphate of soda, and were ready to lynch their expert from Nevada because the borax wouldn't come, but they found in time to save the life of the poor fellow that they had no borax on their claims. One Arthur Rodgottom, an Englishman who has written for various scientific journals, a lot of borax papers that are unconsciously comical, went to the marsh and got his fingers in the mud. He arranged to buy 1,280 acres there, and a small works managed by Mr. T. Dodge of San Francisco was started. Something like 100 tons of borax was made, but the enterprise died from natural causes, and now only the establishment of which the San Bernardino Mining Company is owner and John W. Searles superintendent is found on the marsh. The old hunter's pluck served him as well in his fight for business success as it did in his fight for life under the jaws of the grizzly.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF A ROAD ACROSS THE DESERT.

Less Than 6,000 People Along 800 Miles of Railroad—Wood Used for Fuel—The Croton Valley in Competition with a Nevada Oasis—Cars That are Used as Jails.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—The tourist who wishes to visit Death Valley and experience the hardships of a desert journey has a choice of two routes—one from the south and one from the north. In winter both are not alone practicable; for a hardy traveller accustomed to camp life in the open air they are delightful. In summer, no matter which he takes or what his experience in outdoor life may have been, the tourist will wish he had taken the other. If he lives to return to civilized homes he will wonder how in the world he ever happened to take either. But there is one reason if no more why he should take the northern route at any season, and that is that he may see the Carson and Colorado Railroad.

In a journey made among the borax deposits of the Pacific coast I first entered the great desert region in which all but one of these beds are found in a car of the Carson and Colorado Railroad. The tourist who travels that way is not unlikely to wonder which is the more interesting, the road or the desert region. He is not unlikely to wonder, too, what the road was built for until he is told somewhat of the ways of Nevada legislators and lobbyists, when he will conclude that it was built for the subsidy. It is said that the road cost $8,000 per mile to build and that the subsidies much more than paid the cost.

The Carson and Colorado is in one respect unique and in several respects remarkable. It does not start at Carson, neither does it terminate in Colorado or at the Colorado River. Its initial point is an arid mountain side, so arid, indeed, that water for use in the little settlement there has to be imported in big tank cars built for the purpose; the road runs thence 300 miles to terminate at a sal-soda lake in California. The settlement at one end is known as Mound House, Ormsby county, Nevada. That at the other is Keeler, on Owen's Lake, Inyo county, and it is in Inyo county that Death Valley lies.

A passenger train, a freight train, and a milk train run each way over the northern division (from Mound House to Candelaria) of this road every day, but in order to economize one engine is made to pull all three trains. The passenger train includes one coach and a combined smoker, mail, milk, baggage, and express car. The freight train is not unlike other freight trains, save in length; it is a short train. I left Mound House in a coach one bright morning in November. There were five passengers in all besides a newsboy whom the conductor called Peanuts. Peanuts carried a bundle of San Francisco newspapers one day old, a basket of fine red apples, and a box of Chinatown cigars. By the time he had reached Cleaver, where we met the train bound north, he had sold two papers and one apple on the train and had smoked one of his own cigars. At Cleaver he boarded the other train and found not a single passenger on it.

The train stopped for dinner at Wabuska, and Wabuska is a station located on an oasis. It is in a valley that is novel in the topography of Nevada, for it is well irrigated. Here we annexed the milk train—perhaps it would be more accurate to say annexed the milk outfit. The ranchers in Wabuska run somewhat to the dairy business, and supply the villages and camps along the railroad as far as Candelaria, about 100 miles away, with fresh milk. Milk cans are a familiar sight in the East, and particularly to the people of the metropolis. The tourist from the East has, therefore, no difficulty in recognizing the milk cans on the Carson and Colorado Railroad as milk cans, particularly if his eyesight is good. The milk cans of the East hold from ten to thirty gallons. Those on the Carson and Colorado Railroad are exactly of the same shape, and hold from one pint to four gallons each.

MILK CANS AT HAWTHORNE.

After dinner at Wabuska a score or more of these cans were put upon the train, and away it went. As the little stations down the road were reached the milk was unloaded, a pint here, a quart there. At Hawthorne, which is the county seat of Esmeralda county and the home of some of the most important of the railroad officials, as many as nine of these milk cans, including some that held four gallons, were put off the train. While the train tarried a young man sauntered up to the platform, chatted awhile with the trainmen, turned over the wooden labels on two or three cans with the toe of his boot, found one with his name on it, and carried the can away. A big black dog, that all the habitués recognized and spoke to, smelled of various cans and eventually took the ball of one in his mouth and walked away with it. Each can was for a different family or for a hotel or a restaurant. The railroad company is the sole dealer in milk along its route, and takes this method of supplying customers who will take certain quantities regularly every day. People who do not want to buy milk in this way get their supplies from the Croton Valley above New York city. It comes condensed in one pound cans from the factories of a company well known there, and well known throughout the great American desert as well.

Save for an oasis here an there, such as Wabuska and the Owens River Valley, the route of the Carson and Colorado Railroad is through a treeless desert. Sage brush and grease bushes are the only wood producers to be seen on this desert, and, as the reader knows, the trunks of these bushes will average scarce an inch in diameter. One travels the length of this road without seeing a tree fit for fuel even on the oasis, and yet the locomotives burn wood for fuel. The explanation of this apparent paradox is found in the fact that many mountain tops along the route have a scattered growth of the nut pine at an elevation of 9,000 or more feet above the sea level. It is this growth that supplies the locomotives. The wood is cut many miles from the road and hauled down to the most convenient stations in wagons that carry five or six cords and more each—say half a narrow-gauge car load to the wagon.

One station on the road is on the Walker Lake Reservation of the Piute (or Pah Ute) Indians. These Indians ride free on the Carson and Colorado, but must ride on the freight cars only. At the reservation station my attention was called by a passenger to what was considered a novel spectacle. Three buck Indians were at work. They were carrying sacks of grain from a wagon to a freight car. They embraced the sacks as a country lad embraces his sweetheart at a corn husking—by clasping them to their breasts—and so carried them, with many grunts and much perspiration, to the car. A bevy of Piute belles, gorgeous in calico, and with faces striped and painted in barber-pole hues, looked on idly. Things are not as they used to be among the Piutes.

Quite as interesting a view of modern Piute life as this was had at Rhodes Marsh, further along the road. Rhodes Marsh has one of the borax deposits of the desert. The borax is found here in little globules called cotton balls, nested in beds of clay. The proprietors employ more than 100 Piutes to dig these cotton balls from the clay, and a regular Indian settlement has been formed near the railroad station. Bucks and squaws, old and young, work together in the clay, and in consequence when pay day comes the bucks draw considerable sums of coin.

Somehow, though contrary to law, these bucks are sometimes enabled to exchange coin for firewater. Probably they get it from Chinamen. Once a lot of them got fighting drunk. A fight in that country, unless quickly quelled by sober heads, means murder. In self-defence, if not from motives of humanity, the white men at the marsh were obliged to look after the drunken bucks. They did this by putting the cars that can always be found on the switch there to a novel use. They nailed gates of the cars. Then followed a novel railroad wreck. Six bucks and two squaws, all half drunk, were incautiously locked in one car. After they had been in the car an hour or so they suddenly stopped yelling. A moment later the pine boards enclosing one side of the car burst out with a great crash, and the prisoners fell in a heap by the track. They had united in one grand assault on the car with success.

RHODES STATION.

Rhodes station is interesting in other ways. The main building there is a combined passenger waiting room, freight depot, salt mill, and borax factory. The boilers and machinery used in making borax from the crude material and in grinding for table use the salt, also found on this marsh, are in the building used for railroad purposes.

There is a novelty about the locomotives on this road not readily noticed by the tourist. It is a spout with a hand valve on one side of the tender. The tourist will surely see it at Rhodes, however, for as the train rolls into the station a lot of Indians will be seen running from the wickeups, all carrying pails or big square cans. Even before the engine stops they reach the spout, and, trotting along beside it, begin to draw water from the tender. A flowing well supplies water good for some purposes at Rhodes Marsh, but it is not good to drink. The Indians want water to drink. The water on the locomotive is taken from very good springs.

Another interesting sight at Rhodes, though one in no way connected with the Carson and Colorado Railroad, is an almond-eyed Piute baby. A number of Chinamen are employed about the station. The whites expect that baby to develop into a very tough citizen.

Among the natural features of interest along this road is Walker's Lake. It is a picturesque body of water, full of the salts that make Rhodes and Teel's and the Columbus marshes in the same county interesting. The geology sharps say that these marshes were once lakes like Walker's, but the sun and the sand got the best of them because they had no stream like Walker's River to back them in their struggle for existence. The lake is especially interesting to a tourist who knows sport when he sees it, for thousands of wild fowl may be found there in the migrating seasons. It has plenty of fish, too, including salmon of large size, it is said. A number of precipitous mountains rise along the west side—mountains that are full of gold and silver which the white men cannot and the red men will not get, for they are in the reservation. If the tourist is lucky he will pass this lake seen a sudden squall comes out of the mountains. The way the wind pounces down on the water and whirls it aloft in eddies hundreds of feet high is a sight that alone counterbalances even the discomforts of a day's ride on the Carson and Colorado.

PIUTES ON THE MARSH.

Moreover, the proximity of the lake to th track enables the train man and the old traveller to impose on the credulous tourist later on. After leaving Belleville bound over the southern division (here the trains run every other day) the traveller skirts along the brim of a bowl-shaped valley, in the bottom of which lies Teel's Marsh. Summer or winter, unless the sunlight falls on it exactly at the right angle, this marsh looks precisely like a lake of water, although its surface is one great stretch of white salts of various kinds. As the train rolls along the conductor says to the tenderfoot:

"Pretty lake, that?"

The tenderfoot admits that it is.

"Yes, sir," continues the conductor, "and it's deep enough for navigation, too. Lots of business done on that lake. See the steamer?"

Sure enough there were two black smokestacks rising from a frame structure that looks like a Mississippi freight boat right at the edge of the lake. Black smoke is rising from the smoke-stacks and good eyes can see a collection of houses near by on the shore. The tenderfoot is likely to see, too, smoke rising from single stacks scattered at intervals about the lake shore. He asks about them.

"Yep, they're little freight boats," says the conductor. "Mighty lively mining camps about that lake. That on this side is Teel's. Over beyond is Marietta. You'd be astonished if you could drop over there, just now."

Then the conductor goes out and leans across the car brake and snorts. The smoke stacks belong to borax works.

So far as traffic is concerned, the Carson and Colorado may be said to depend wholly on mining camps. It is a curious fact that as soon as this road had reached a camp, in the course of its construction, a large part of the life and activity of the camp fled forever. The explanation of this is in the fact that the freighters, with their teams, who had carried supplies to the camps found their occupation gone, and, on leaving, took away a very lively and picturesque part of the community—the teamsters and their assistants.

There are, very likely, other interesting features of this road, but I have only two left to mention. Both are remarkable.

The Carson and Colorado has throughout its entire length of 300 miles a population all told of less than 6,000 people to draw traffic from.

The Carson and Colorado managers are able to pay running expenses.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

Mining Precious Stones in New Mexico.

SILVER CITY, N. M., June 4.—Until recently New Mexico has not figured very extensively in the production of precious stones. Although nearly all kinds of precious stones, including diamonds, have been found in the Territory, and the evidences are unmistakable that mining for precious stones had been carried on very extensively many years ago in different parts of the Territory, no attempt has been made until a year or more ago to interest capital and commence mining for gems in a systematic way. Heretofore Indians have had a monopoly of the business, and they have found it very lucrative. For many years curiosity hunters have known that inferior specimens of turquoise could be found in the Burro Mountains, about twenty miles from this place. They were the rejected stones that had been thrown away with the waste material from a mine which had been worked, probably, hundreds of years ago. Last year a company was formed in New York to work the turquoise mines there. The turquoise is found in seams and also in the form of geodes. Occasionally enough is found in what is termed a "nest" to pay for three months' labor. Several gem experts have visited the Territory in the past year and a number of sales are now pending.

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON.

Preliminary Midsummer Bargain Sale in all Departments---of Special Interest to those Preparing for Country, Seaside, Mountain or Ocean Travel.

Ladies' Outing and Blazer Suits.

We invite examination of our superb assortment of Ladies' Outing and Blazer Suits, and call particular attention to the very low prices at which we offer them.

Our "special" Blazer and Outing Suits which we are selling at

$9.75

are well worth $16.50, and beyond all question the greatest bargains of the season. They are made from fine English Serges, thoroughly shrunk, and are in every respect as well finished and pressed as the most expensive Suits. Sizes from 32 to 48 inch bust measure.

Paris and Berlin Costumes.

To close out the remainder of our Paris and Berlin Costumes we have marked them for sale at much less than half original prices, making them unapproachable bargains.

Travelling and Shower-Proof GARMENTS.

In Ladies' Travelling and Shower-Proof Garments we are offering, at very moderate prices, the largest and most complete collection ever shown by any one establishment. They are in Surahs, Brilliantines, Glorias, a great variety of Woollen Fabrics, and the always popular Bannockburn Cheviots, which are so very desirable for steamer wear.

We make no charge for altering either Ladies' or Misses' cloaks or suits.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Clearing sale of all-silk Black Trimming Laces, including all broken assortments sold heretofore up to 18c. per yard, finest French makes, in desirable widths, small and large designs: all at 12½c. yard.

All-silk Black Chantilly Laces, Barbe and Tinsel Laces, 3 to 6 inches wide, 25c. yard; worth 50c.

Closing out balance of Ecru Point Guipure Laces, English manufacture, 9 to 12 inches wide, 15c. yard; were 40c.

Fine Point Gaze, Point Alencon and Point de Paris Laces, 25c. yard; below value.

Valenciennes Laces and Point Guipure Laces, trimming widths, 11c. yard.

Point Guipure Laces of French and German manufacture, comprising all widths, in both white and ecru (the popular trimming laces of the day) at the following prices——5 inches wide, 60c. yard; 7 inches wide, 79c. yard; 9 and 12 inches wide, 98c. yard; 25 per cent. under market values.

CHIFFON EDGINGS, &c.

Embroidered Chiffon Edgings, imported goods only, in handsome shadings, all widths, largely used for trimming commencement dresses.

Chiffon Bandings, 9 to 13 inches wide, plain, moire, and striped effects, in all colors.

Silk Gauze and Grenadine all overs and flouncings, 45 inches wide, for summer dresses, at closing out price, 48c. yard; were 98c.

LACE and SILK NECKWEAR.

The largest assortment of Silk and Lace Vests in this city; exclusive designs from our own workrooms.

Figured Wash Silk Blazer Vests, with muslin backs, latest designs, $1.83 each.

Changeable Silk Striped Blazer Vests, with muslin backs, entirely new, $2.50.

PERCALE CHEMISETTES.

Choice assortment of Percale and Chambray Chemisettes, in the correct London shapes and colors, 68c. each.

Ladies' white linen Rolling Collars, perfect fitting shape, 22c. each.

Ladies' double-row hemstitched silk Scarfs, extra length, 6 inches wide, 45c.

HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES.

Closing-out sale of fine Embroidered Flouncings, 45 inches wide (Black India Linen Fabric, embroidered in colors), wide hemstitched border, finest grade imported, 69c. yard, were $1.75; and 98c. yard, were $2.48.

Colored Zephyr Flouncings, 45 inches wide, embroidered in a variety of colorings, with waist trimming to match, $1.35 yard (4½ yards make a complete dress).

Embroidered Cotton Chiffon Edgings, in desirable colorings, 6 inches wide, 20c. yard; plain material to match.

Extra value in White India Linen Flouncings, 45 inches wide, fine embroidery, 59c. and 69c. yard; specially desirable for commencement dresses.

27-inch White Embroidered Flouncings, Hemstitched Border 39c. yard; also scalloped edge borders, finest goods imported, 98c. yard, were $1.75.

Cambric and India Linen Edgings, 3 to 6 inches wide, 12½c. yard, worth 20c.

Fine qualities of India Linen Embroideries, 7 to 10 inches wide, neat and effective patterns, 25c. yard, worth 40c.

Art Embroidery Department.

Stamped Momie Damask and Hemstitched Linen Tray Cloths, 19c. each, worth 30c.

Bureau Scarfs, 18x50 inches, fine Momie Cloth, fringed each end, stamped in new and pretty designs, 25c. each: worth 85c.

Sheer All-linen Hemstitched Scarfs, 18x50, 39c. each.

Also a complete assortment of Stamped Linens of every description.

6th Avenue, 19th to 20th Street.

MILLINERY DEPT.

Midsummer Styles At Bargain Prices.

Dress, Carriage, and Garden Hats.

We have just opened a large shipment of Dress, Carriage and Garden Hats, the choicest lot received this season. All marked at extremely low prices.

SPECIAL VALUES:

150 very choice Imported Round Hats and Toques, costing $25 to $35 each, reduced to $12.50.

500 Trimmed Leghorn Hats (no two alike) at $2.95 each; worth $5.

Straw Goods.

Just received 800 dozen fine Leghorn Hats, short at back (the shape now being used by Paris modistes). We have them in several grades.

1,000 dozen Misses' and Children's Leghorn Hats, in a variety of shapes exclusive with us. Also a large assortment of very small sizes for infants' wear. All marked at bargain prices.

850 dozen fine Imported Hats, in a variety of shapes and styles, at 98c. each; reduced from $2, $3, and $4.

250 dozen fine French Hats, in black and combinations, at $1.98 each; reduced from $4.50 and $5.

600 dozen Ladies' Garden Hats, made expressly for us to sell at 75c. each, will be placed on sale Monday at 25c. each.

Sailor Hats.

10,000 dozen Ladies' Sailor Hats, perfectly straight brims, trimmed with silk ribbon, leather sweat bands, &c., at 75c. each, upward. Sizes, 6¼ to 7⅛.

Special attention called to our "S., C. & S." Sailor Hats, made by regular men's hatters, which we sell for $2.98 each; same quality as sold by all the leading Gentlemen's Hatters at $5 each.

PARASOLS

At $1.75 each; regular value $2.50——Fine quality Plain Surah Silk Parasols, all colors.

At $1.98 each; regular value $2.75—Extra fine quality Plain and Striped Surah Silk Parasols, all colors.

At $2.25 each; regular value $2.98—Superior quality close rolled Gros Grain Silk Coaching Parasols, all colors.

At $2.48 each; regular value $3.50—Best quality Surah Silk Parasols, with ruffles.

Ladies' Hosiery and Underwear.

At 25c. pair, actual value 39c.——95 dozen Ladies' fine quality plain fast black Lisle Thread Hose; also plain colored Richelieu Ribbed Lisle Thread Hose.

At 35c. pair, actual value 50c.——Ladies' extra fine quality fast black plain Lisle Thread Hose, high spliced heels and double soles.

At 48c. each; actual value, 65c.——Ladies' very fine quality Swiss Ribbed, low-neck Lisle Thread Vests, in all colors and white.

At 50c. each; actual value, 89c.——Ladies' extra fine quality English Gauze Merino Vests, low neck, full fashioned.

At $1.69 each; actual value, $2——Ladies' genuine Swiss Ribbed Lisle Thread Tights, open and closed; colors, sky, pink, and white.

RUG DEPARTMENT.

The pronounced success attending the recent opening of our new Rug Department is evidence that our efforts in this direction have been fully appreciated. We continue our bargain offerings, as follows:

Antique and Modern Daghestan Rugs

At	$6.00	$9.75	$12.75	$14.75
Were	$9.00	$13.75	$16.00	$20.00

About 500 Japanese Rugs (in two sizes only) will be closed out as follows:

30x60 inch, $1.85; were $2.90.
36x72 inch, $2.85; were $3.75.

5,000 Smyrna Rugs, the productions of the best manufacturers in America, will be offered as follows:

16x32 inch	39c.
Single door size, value $1.10	75c.
Bureau size, value $2	$1.35
26x54 inches, value $3	$1.98
30x60 inches, value $3.45	$2.35
36x72 inches, value $5.50	$3.75
4x7 feet, value $7.25	$5.98

Ingrain Art Squares (the best floor covering for summer wear), as follows:

2x3 yds.	2½x3 yds.	3x4 yds.
$3.88.	$4.88.	$7.83.

Japan and China Mattings.

The largest exhibit of Mattings to be found in the city. An entire room devoted to their sale. Over 2,500 pieces from $3.98 per piece of 40 yards upward. Cut lengths at lowest prices.

Japanese Fire Screens in large variety.

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

3,500 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, in fine Brussels Point, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. effects, at $1.55, $1.75 and $2.25 per pair; fully 35 per cent. below regular prices.

A manufacturer's stock of Twilled Cretonnes, in a large variety of patterns and colors, will be closed out at 10c. per yard (colors warranted fast).

5,000 yards Silkoline at 8c. per yard.

Suites of Slip Covers, made of handsome quality Striped Damask, cut and finished in best manner, for $9.98. The material in these covers guaranteed to wash.

Holland Shades, 37 inches wide, 2 yards long, fringed, including spring rollers, 48c. each.

Awnings, 3 feet wide, 2½ yards long, hung complete, for $3.50.

6th Avenue, 19th to 20th Street.

DRESS GOODS DEPT.

Unprecedented Bargains in Cheviot Suitings, Fine French Dress Fabrics, Black Goods and Ginghams.

One Lot
Cheviot Suitings
at **29c.** per yard; Sold all season at 75c.

100 Pieces
Fancy Imported Dress Goods
at **39c.** per yard; Former price $1.

200 Pieces
French Dress Goods,
comprising Serges, Poplins, Armures, and Crocodile weaves,
at **69c.** per yard; Cost $1 to import.

25 Pieces
Black French Batiste
at **45c.** per yard; Worth 75c.

1,000 Pieces
Extra quality Scotch Ginghams
at **17c.** per yard; Worth 89c.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

In this Department we shall offer **Four Lots** of Silks which will be found to surpass anything ever sold in seasonable goods at same prices.

800 Pieces 27-inch
Printed Japanese Silks
at **59c.** per yard; Sold all season at $1.25.

100 Pieces 23-inch
All-Silk Black Surah
at **49c.** per yard; Actual value 75c.

200 Pieces
Real Japanese Wash Silks
at **59c.** per yard;
Never before sold for less than 75c.

75 Pieces
Changeable Stripe Taffeta Glace
at **69c.** per yard; Worth $1.

SUMMER CLOTHING.

Men's fine quality Mohair Office Coats, in gray and tan, $1.75 and $1.98.

Men's extra fine quality Serge Coats and Vests, colors navy, black, gray, and brown, $5.75, $6.48, and $7.25.

Men's best quality Tennis Suits, $6.75 and $8.98.

Men's extra fine quality Fancy White Vests in single and double-breasted, fancy and self-figured.

OUTING and TENNIS SHIRTS.

At 98c. each; regular value, $1.50——Men's extra fine quality Cheviot Outing Shirts, in checks and stripes, sizes 14 to 20 inches.

At $1.50 each; regular value, $1.98——Men's extra fine quality Madras Tennis Shirts, our own exclusive designs and colorings, sizes 14½ to 19 inches.

At $1.75 each; regular value, $2.25——Men's extra fine quality Botany Cloth Tennis Shirts, sizes 14½ to 20 inches.

UNDERWEAR.

At 49c. each; regular value 85c.——Men's fine quality Brown Lisle Thread Shirts and Drawers (Drawers with pearl buttons and double stitched).

At 69c. each; regular value $1.10——Men's fine quality genuine French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers.

At 85c. each; regular value $1.25——Men's very best quality genuine French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers.

HALF HOSE.

At 25c. pair; regular value 39c.——Men's, fine quality French Colored Cotton Half Hose in tan, gray, mode, fancy stripes, also fast black; all sizes.

At 35c. pair; regular value 50c.——Men's extra fine quality French Lisle Thread Hose (plain and drop stitched), colors mode, tan, and gray; all sizes.

At 48c. pair; regular value 98c.——Men's best quality English Colored Cotton Half Hose, newest colorings.

For particulars of our Great Summer Bargain Sale of Ladies' Underwear, Wrappers and Tea Gowns, see special advertisement on page opposite Editorial page.

6th Avenue, 19th to 20th Street.

Travelling Bags and Trunks.

ALLIGATOR CABIN BAGS.

These Bags are made of the finest selected Alligator skins; lined with hog skin; patent snap spring catches; brass trimmings and locks; hand-sewed English frames, covered with genuine alligator skin; two pockets inside, and toilet loops in top; best workmanship and finish:

13 inch, $6.98	16 inch, $8.48
15 inch, 7.98	17 inch, 8.98

DRESS SUIT CASES.

Made of heavy Bridle Leather, linen lined, hand sewed, double straps top and bottom inside, brass spring locks and buckles, two and three brass hinges, lapped ends and capped corners, copper riveted throughout, 20, 22 and 24 inch, at the uniform price of $4.95 each.

"S. C. & S." DRESS TRUNKS.

These Trunks are strongly made and covered with heavy duck canvas; bound with ash slats; heavy iron corners and clamps; No. 4 bolts and brass Excelsior locks; sheet iron bottoms; three cleats on bottom; three and four 10-inch hinges; sliding loop handles; muslin lined, with covered compartment tray; best workmanship and finest finish (an all-round favorite trunk, and best value in the market)—

28 inch, $4.69	36 inch, $6.49
32 inch, 5.48	40 inch, 7.48

CABIN TRUNKS.

Strongly made, covered with duck canvas, bound with iron, hardwood slats and cleats, iron corners and clamps, strong No. 4 bolts, and brass Excelsior locks, sheet-iron bottoms, 10-inch hinges, leather sliding handles, muslin lined:

28 inch, $2.98	34 inch, $4.48
30 inch, 3.48	36 inch, 4.98
32 inch, 3.98	38 inch, 5.48

HOUSEKEEPING LINENS.

(BASEMENT).

Bargains of Special Interest to Housekeepers and Hotel-Keepers.

Bleached Satin Damask, pure linen, 49c. yard; regular price 60c.

Bleached German Damask, extra heavy, 58c. yard; regular price 75c.

Bleached Double Damask, extra width, 68c. yard; regular price 85c.

One lot Huck Towels, fine make, 15c. each; worth 20c.

One lot Huck Towels, Knotted Fringe, 19c. each; reduced from 25c.

200 dozen medium size Napkins at $1.25 dozen; worth $1.60.

250 dozen Double Damask Napkins, medium size, $1.69 dozen; worth $2.

225 dozen Dinner size Napkins at $1.79 dozen; reduced from $2.25.

175 dozen Double Damask Napkins, dinner size, $2.69 dozen; worth $3.25.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

Notion Department.

DRESS SHIELDS.

A manufacturer's surplus stock of Dress Shields at great reductions from usual prices.

Lot 1—Rubber lined and light weight Dress Shields, sizes 1, 2, and 3, 10c. pair; 98c. dozen.

Lot 2—New Protection Dress Shield, improved shape, and made from best rubber. No. 2, 12½c. pair; $1.38 dozen. No. 3, 15c. pair; $1.54 dozen. No. 4, 17c. pair; $1.68 dozen; usually 25c., 27c., and 30c.

Lot 3—Silk Serge and Fancy Silk rubber-lined Dress Shields. No. 2, 17c. pair; $1.85 dozen. No. 3, 19c. pair; $2.10 dozen. No. 4, 21c. pair; $2.35 dozen; usual prices 25c. to 35c.

Lot 4—Extra Seamless Stockinet Dress Shields. No. 1, 10c. pair; $1.08 dozen. No. 2, 12c. pair; $1.34 dozen. No. 3, 14c. pair; $1.58 dozen.

WHALEBONE.

Best Selected Stock at Lowest Prices in the City.

24 inch	6c. piece; 68c. dozen.
30 inch	10c. piece; $1.15 dozen.
33 inch	15c. piece; $1.54 dozen.
36 inch	19c. piece; $2.00 dozen.

PINS, HOOKS AND EYES, &c.

English Pins, assorted sizes, 8 sheets for 15c. Turney's Mourning Pins, 3 boxes for 15c. Stewart's Safety Pins, 3 sheets assorted sizes for 15c.

Best French Thread, 500 yards, 10c. each; $1.15 dozen.

P. D. Corset Steels, 6c. pair; usually