

A WOOLING OF SWEET NATURE

Choir Director Stephens in the Clouds Tells of His Filtration With the Beautiful Goddess in California's Flower-Strewn Extravagance.

Special Correspondence.

San Francisco, Nov. 5.—Who is there, when deeply moved through the sense of sight or hearing, that doesn't instinctively yearn to say "Look!" or "Hear!" to some second party? This is my excuse for unhealing my pencil, and talking "right out in meetin'" to whomsoever listeth to read its scribbles. I am enjoying the luxury, for the twelfth time, of a brief visit to California and the charm lessens not with repetition. Deep down in my heart I am sorry for any one of my readers who has not had this feast for the senses. And though it has cost me perhaps one-fifth of my earnings for the past fifteen years to do my tramping, I feel the richer for it. Three times the amount would not buy the recollections alone of the glimpses of pure happiness in communion with nature, attired in her best to coquette with me. Usually there is some one with me to share it all whose pleasure joined to mine far more than doubled my own. Here, wreaths of the most luscious roses—twined in her evergreen robe, a robe made of grand, rugged, muscular, twisted oaks, lofty pines and leaf-pressed arbutus, intermingled with the smooth-leaved peach, glossy orange, crinkly grape and a thousand others. And all endlessly mingled in a fashion which adorns the red brown tints of earth in California. Then, if this is not enough to conquer an even half ardent wooer, nature puts wreaths of orange blossoms in her hair. And a cluster of loose drooping poppies, all her own, in her bosom. Ideal flowers, these, for a Calvo to wear in "Carmen." How easy to associate these natives of California with the Spanish Amariates of its early history. But I am giving myself up to rhapsodizing. My intention was only to say "Look!" and "Hear!" at the most strongly punctuated points of my journey.

Well, then, second to none as yet is the hundred or so of miles of scenic beauty from base to base of the Sierra mountains over which we climb. It is one undiluted charm from one end to the other. On the east side is the picturesque "Truckee river" rushing now into foam past the pine covered crags that rise into mountains on either side, then pausing itself into mirror-pools for its guardians to admire themselves in; on up to the lone winding sky-blue sheet of pine encircled water called Donner lake. This was new to me, as hitherto the long miles of snow sheds have always hidden it from view. But some inventive genius—God bless him—has thought out a way to retain the sheds without concealing the view. A constant series of lathe-like windows are inserted in the funnel-like side of the sheds, and with the constant motion of the train the laths become invisible and we constantly have a full view all the way up to the summit. I have never passed this way that I haven't peered and struggled for a peep at what I knew must be glorious and historic views, so fancy my joy this time at unexpectedly having the full benefit of it! Then like some monster bird flying close to the ground we skim along the high mountain crests, now on the very verge of deep blue ravines and canyons, then again dodging back into the forest groves of evergreens. Fancy it all in its snowy mantle and the charm of the descent is enhanced; it is a gradual passing from midwinter into midsummer in two or three hours. Nature seems to hold out to you the whole panorama day by day, only that the time is here reduced to minutes. First the hard frozen snow, now a slight melting, next a rushing streamlet of colored water, followed by half wet ground, then see the lands are farming—no! There's a tree in full bloom! Roses! Why, 'tis June! Fruit!—can it be autumn? You wonder as you see dark green branches bending earthward with their load of golden oranges. One has time to note the immense placer diggings—whole hills washed away in search of that the love of which is said to be the "Root of all evil." It must have been very deep set if it was not reached. It is not in spots and small gulches, but whole mountains are laid bare on every hand. Still it all retains its beautiful park-like appearance, for the evergreen clings to every spot

not washed away and the winding road-way turns here and yonder in graceful curves, while clean, well-painted and vine-decked cottages and palaces dot hillside and ravine. After this delirium of pleasure I pass everything unheeded, except the big oak and flaring poppy, and scarcely arouse from my dream until the bay of San Francisco, with its beautiful white winged ships, its moist air, its mute announcement of the Pacific ocean is near, steals in upon me. What a mighty pair, and grand—the mountains and the sea! One administering to the other in sublime constancy. Yes, here is scene II in my scenic drama. Once in San Francisco, to one unused to large cities, or so used to them that no other place seems homelike, Market street is not the least feature. After leaving the city, the straggling streets in any ordinary great city in the East or in Europe. But I fly to the Golden Gate park and to the music of the never ceasing song of the grand old ocean as eternally extends its reaching arms to the shore. I doubt if the human heart knows an emotion that the ocean could not, in some of its various moods, arouse, or perhaps more true to say, excite into deeper interest. What more inspiring and uplifting than its rugged foam-bedded expanse on a light, breezy day, if you are happy? What more melancholy and soul-saddening than its moan at night, or the view at twilight as your yearning heart reaches out toward the far off void after another, you may or may not ever get back from its shadowy bosom? All of it here, and this time I confess, it was too much for me to enjoy alone. And had I time I would have hastened away from it, just as I did not, having a moment to spare. It seemed like a haunted spot.

It was a great relief to find right in the path of my work some dear old friends and a merry group of Utahns as I did at the Stanford university. I reached there just in time to witness the first in my life a match football game between the Stanfords and Nevada, in which figured one of my boys, I claim all even tho' I have none. More than once was his cleverness and popularity were evident by his work and the cheers and applause of the crowd, mostly school mates. Could I have felt that his limbs were as safe as his reputation, I would have enjoyed the contest more than I did. Stanford university is certainly a most noble monument to the name it bears. If such an institution, with its endless future possibilities in modeling noble men and women for usefulness in life, will not perpetuate the memory of a name, I know not what may. It is most interesting and beautiful in design of architecture, too. The massive yellowish rough hewn stone buildings, forming great quadrangles, inside of which grow magnificent circular beds of tropical plants and flowers. The great chapel is not yet near finished, but the walls and roof already in place give a finishing touch of grandeur and dignity to the surroundings. Here is a very fine organ already in place. I felt we could not pass here on our excursion without ample time to view it; so arranged for a concert here, believing such a stopover would be equally grateful to us and the host of wide-awake students here to welcome, and a taste of good choral music may not come amiss. I would a similar arrangement could have been made at Berkeley, but that is much farther from our path and quite within reach of San Francisco, and especially if our Utah contingent choose to come and hear us. Any one will likewise have time enough there to visit the noted institution during any day.

In my limited travels I find that there is a time for everything—even to see a comparatively fadeless land. From January to July is the time I would choose in California. In summer and fall the earth has a thrifty look. Even the flowers, through ever present, seem to be weary of blooming, and they have a bedraggled look—as I fear my readers will have if I continue.

E. S. STEPHENS. P. S.—I reached San Jose, Monterey, Pacific Grove and my adorable Del Monte only by telephone, this time, serving the pleasure of paying them a visit in the flesh when my family, the choir and its friends are with me next March. E. S.

PRIZES FOR THE "CHRISTMAS NEWS."

The Desert News offers the following cash prizes for contributions to its Christmas edition to be issued Saturday, Dec. 21, 1901.

First—\$50 for the best Christmas story, not to exceed 8,500 words, (about seven columns of the "News" type).

Second—\$25 for the best Christmas poem, not to exceed 1,200 words.

All contributions to be in the "News" office not later than Dec. 3rd, 1901. Nothing received later than that date will be considered. Contestants are requested to sign their contributions with an initial letter or nom de plume, to conceal their identity, and to forward in separate envelope securely sealed, their real names and the initial or the nom de plume appended to their articles. On the outside of the envelope should be written "Proper name of——" (here indicates the initial or nom de plume used.) All members of the "News" staff will be excluded from the contest. The awards for the story and the poem will be made by competent judges to be announced later.

ARMENIAN MARRIAGE. Sweethearts Were Tied Together With Silken Cords.

To the accompaniment of weird music, rising and falling in measured cadence on incense-laden air, an Armenian man and maiden were married in the Armenian Episcopal church, Fifth and Buttonwood streets. It was the picturesque wedding service of the country, unchanged in the 1500 years since the religion was founded, and it was the first time the service in Philadelphia. Sadly, tearfully at times, the guests, who comprised almost the entire Armenian colony in the city, took part in the services. It carried them back to Armenia, recalled their sufferings at the hands of their oppressors, and by its likeness to the ceremonies of past days in their native land reminded them that they were exiles.

The bridal party sat on the front seat, directly facing the altar, the bride and bridegroom, Santur Santurian, side by side. His best man was at his right, her bridesmaid at her left. Both girls were beautiful and made an exquisite picture, the little Maritza, clinging to her bridesmaid like a child, turning back on her future husband, not even venturing to raise her eyes to the brilliant scene in front of the altar as the music began.

Yet it was a sight worth seeing. The priest, the Rev. H. Mastrotz, of New York, wore the rich vestments of the Armenian church—the red and gold brocaded stole falling over a white silk robe, both being held in place with a silver belt of rare workmanship. On his head was a mitre, this giving a commanding air, and strangely idealizing the strong, clear cut yet spiritual face of the priest. By his side an acolyte swung the incense in rhythmic measure.

One by one the singers, in churchly vestments, grouped themselves around the priest. Then the nuptial mass began, the word chanting of the choristers being more impressive than any words could be. A single voice, hesitatingly, falteringly, impressed on the bride and bridegroom in the mysterious language of music the solemnity of the step they were about to take. One by one the others joined. Slowly, sadly, solemnly, they chanted until the sorrow of the world was in their waiting tones. Suddenly they stopped and the priest passed between the rows of singers, held the crucifix over the heads of the bride and groom and bade them arise.

The frightened bride clung to her bridesmaid, her head bowed lower and lower as she listened to the marriage service. The bridegroom's response was distinct, but the bridesmaid replied for her bride when she was asked if she would "love, honor and obey." But the priest swar for herself, and faintly she gave the timid girl that she must answer her promise.

This ceremony over, the bride and bridegroom, still wearing their silken fetters, resumed their seats and communion service followed. The music was exquisite. The priest's voice, rich and vibrant, rang forth, now sad, now tender; again, low and solemn. A talk to the newly-made husband and wife followed, in which they were given much good advice.

Then followed a reception and a scramble among the young men for the bride's roses for luck. And the happy couple went home, still wearing their silken shackles.—Philadelphia, North American.

To the Public, Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I can recommend it with the utmost confidence. It has done good work for me and will do the same for others. I had a very severe cough and cold and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for little RALPH S. MEYERS, 54 Thirty-seventh St., Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by all Druggists.

In another column of this paper appears an account of a seeming miracle which would be almost beyond belief were the facts not verified by the highest authority. The case of John Hunter is certainly unique in medical history and the story, as told by the San Francisco Examiner, will be found of general interest. advt.

CONFERENCE PAMPHLET.

The issuance of the October Conference pamphlet has been deferred until after the special conference of Nov. 10th, so that the proceedings of that conference may be included, thus making a pamphlet of unusual interest. It will be ready about Nov. 15th. The price will be as usual, 15c, notwithstanding the increased size. Send your orders in at once, as the edition is limited.

Never try to coax a cold or cough, use the remedy that unfailingly conquers both. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP is the great specific for all throat and lung troubles. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

R. K. THOMAS. Big sale on Flannel, Mohair and Flannel waists, 75c each; were from \$1.75 to \$2.50.

Many people are suffering fearfully from indigestion or dyspepsia, with one single bottle of HERBINE would bring about a prompt and permanent cure. A few doses will do more for a weak stomach than a protracted course of any other medicine. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

ARTISTIC JOB WORK. And printing specially attended to at the Desert News Office. Estimates promptly furnished. Rush orders a specialty.

WALKER'S STORE.

MEN'S SUITS AT AND BELOW \$22.50 FOR—\$16.00. ALL PRICED \$16.00 AND BELOW—\$10.75.



THE SUITS at \$22.50 and downward represent several lines—likewise those at \$16.00 and below, so, although the story seems told in two little lines, the sale is of no small significance, but gives choice from about one hundred of the finest suits made. Every one is a Stein-Bloch—the world's best tailors, who carry out in beautiful workmanship all the little details of refinement necessary to the particular man's idea of a perfect suit. These of the higher prices offer you suits of black cheviot, black and dark blue worsteds, Scotch wools and fancy cheviots in different colors with tiny stripe or check patterns; frock coat styles, single and double-breasted sacks and the very popular military. The best selected stock of really swell effects that may be found hereabout and surely a wide range. Any—\$16.00.

In the lines at and below \$16.00, there is also a most satisfying variety. Fancy meltons are shown in dark and medium gray, clay worsteds and serges in dark blue and black, cheviots in tiny stripe and check patterns; single sack coats with round corners and square cuts. Choice—\$10.75.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

A Sweeping Clearance of Separate Skirt Fabrics—\$2.95 and \$4.65 for a Full Pattern.

An evidence of how a mild winter can undo all the merchantman's plans. He must, of course, prepare a stock of right goods to meet the demand for sharp, wintry winds that are expected to blow hitherward from Jack Frost land, when, lo, the old fellow all forgetful of his duty and our discomfort, is wooed away into dreamland by soft, balmy breezes of the Indian summer. Its ill luck of some, though, that brings good to others. Here is a superb stock of dress fabrics, mixture effects, plain blacks and all colors in every weave now used in the making of separate skirts, cut into five hundred lengths, enough in each for any style skirt—many with sufficient for the ordinary dress pattern—and none that sell under \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up to \$2.75 a yard—divided into two lots and your choice from any at—\$2.95 AND \$4.65 FOR THE PATTERN.

Women's \$22.50 Silk Dress Skirts—\$13.75. \$15.00 Silk Petticoats—\$9.75.

To give you a right description of the skirts is hardly possible, they are positive beauties, we know you'll agree to that when you see them, so instead of depending upon the little we can tell you here, come. They are made of first quality black taffeta silk, some trimmed to the waist line with all-over tiny cording in Vandyke fashion and between each group a narrow ruching of satin ribbon, graduated flounce; others not quite so elaborate, but each and every skirt handsome and very stylish. Fifteen, just to dispose of; reduced from \$22.50 to \$13.75.

Rich silk petticoats made of very best taffeta silk, with graduated flounce tucked bias-wise, under dust ruffle, seams all turned. Not only handsome silk petticoats, but kinds that have given most excellent wear service. Because a line of colors, only, dark and light, instead of \$15.00—\$9.75.

SHIRT WAISTS TO \$4.50 FOR—\$1.95.

Pretty Albatross shirt waists in dainty colors—pink, gray, white, blue, green, lavender and a few red, all nicely tucked front, back and sleeves, tiny buttons, all lined. The light ones are pretty as silk almost for evening wear. Sizes 32 to 40. \$3.50 and \$4.50 waists for \$1.95.

WALKING SKIRTS. We have received sixty more of the splendid \$1.95 walking skirts—like those you took away so speedily. Made of light weight melton cloth, brown mixture, seams all strapped, eight rows of stitching around bottom, 37 to 42 inch lengths. Exceptionally good skirts for—\$1.95.

Also thirty-six walking skirts made of splendid homespun in pretty red or gray mixture effects, plain or colored underside, flounce nicely tailor stitched; every length. Handsome skirts at the price—\$3.50.

Women's 35c Kitchen Aprons, 25c.

Called home made garments because of the generous width and good making. Made of excellent quality ginghams, small and large checks, wide, will cover the skirt to the back almost, deep hems, the strings. Instead of 25c—25c.

Boys' Sweaters. There isn't a better or more varied stock in the city. All the college colors are here, woven of best yarns, or silk and wool. Combination stripes of yellow and black, red and black, red and white, Yale blue and white, and plain colors—tan, gray, navy blue and white; high, double collars, close ribbed bottoms and cuffs. Sweaters for lots of two years and up to 14, priced at—\$5. \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

Tapestry Cushion Tops for—20c.

A very choice lot even though so little priced and we doubt not there will be many a pretty Christmas cushion cover made from them. Woven tapestry, 24-inch squares, floral effects on red, old blue, green and brown. Extremely cheap at—20c each.

SAPORADIX. Don't forget this most excellent cleanser of kidskin when your gloves become soiled. It is easily applied with a bit of soft flannel and the way spots disappear is magical, almost. A large box—and it is warranted not to dry up for—25c.

Elegant Dress Trimmings at a Very Little Cost.

The explanation for such a wonderful underpricing on the choicest dress trimmings brought out this season, is nothing more nor less than that we bought too many—a chain of coincidences which shouldn't have been tells us this now all too plainly. They are the very aristocratic kinds for trimming most elegant gowns—lace and gold effects, all black, all white, black with color, white with color, rich appliques, chiffons, iridescent, cut-outs and many many others sold at \$7.00 up to \$25.00 a yard. Almost one hundred pieces have been cut into 1/2 yard and 1 yard lengths—the usual amount required for trimming waists—divided into two lots for selling Monday and the week at—\$1.38 AND \$2.38 THE PIECE.

AN ANTE-HOLIDAY SALE OF RUGS.

A drastic clearance is being made in the carpet store. You know nearly half this space is given over to "Toyland" each year and as a wider field of operation is to be given Jolly Santa, than ever before there must be the space. Must means little consideration for have-been prices or present occupants. For this week:

Three solid color Smyrna rugs, 9x12 feet, \$45.00 rugs at \$35.00. One all-over pattern Smyrna rug, 9x 12 feet, \$22.50 at regular—\$17.50. Four Smyrna rugs in Oriental patterns, 7 1/2x10 feet, \$27.50 regular—\$23.50. Two Wilton rugs, one light blue, one dark red 8 feet 2 inches by 10 feet 6 inches, \$33.00 rugs—\$27.00. Four Wilton rugs in Oriental patterns, 9x12 feet, that were \$40.00 each, and very low priced at that, now—\$35.00.

Two Axminster rugs in light floral designs, appropriate kind for bed chamber, 9x12 feet, \$27.50 regular—\$23.00. A goodly lot of rugs that will contain many a bargain prize, is the one with rugs made from remnants of Brussels, Axminster and Tapestry carpet pieces in a range of sizes from 6 1/2 feet to 10 1/2 x13 feet. The smallest discount off any will be at least—A FOURTH UNDER REGULAR PRICES. Some Ingrain rugs, 9x9 feet, extra-ordinary values at \$4.00 each, reduced to—\$3.50, the \$4.50 to \$3.85, and the \$5.00 to—\$4.25.

Rope Portieres, Drapery Silk, Lace Curtains—A Clearance. You will have to come promptly for any of these—lots are not large and will probably last no longer than Monday and Tuesday.

Some one, two and three pair lots of good and pretty lace curtains—Cluny and ruffled bobinet, regularly priced \$4.50 and \$5.00 a pair two days—choice—\$3.50.

A choice lot of India Print curtains, three yards long, effective for cosy corner drapery or couch covers. Sell for \$1.75 and \$2.00 each, two days—\$1.20.

Two patterns of Rope Portieres for double door ways, \$4.00 and \$4.50 regular, two days—\$3.00. Drapery silks, 30 inches wide, plain and figured, reduced from 75c a yard to—45c. Five patterns of 50-inch tapestry for furniture covering, all good colors and pattern designs, sold regularly for \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard, Monday and Tuesday for—75c.

Many Mirrors Underpriced. A MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY SALE. Triplicate mirrors with nickel frames and fancy backs, glass a splendid top quality, three days the 20c size for 3c; the 25c for 15c; the 50c for 35c; the 10c for 5c.

Shaving mirrors with fancy frames and heavy plate glass, round or square, always 25c—23c. Hand mirrors with wooden backs, 25c kinds at—15c. Hand mirrors with French plate glass, three days instead of 6c—4c.

Women's Chatelaine Bags Half Priced. Real seal-leather bags, black only, not an old lot but a gathering of about three dozen to be closed out quickly to make room for holiday goods that must occupy their places. Different kinds and sizes, many the very handy combination of purse and bag, hat-les removable. Sell regularly at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50 each. Monday and the week any—JUST HALF PRICE.

The Best of Knit Garments for Women and Children. If we knew no other way that the best made are here than by the rapid selling, it would be an all-sufficient corroboration. Many lines which we, supposedly, bought too many of left so quickly there had to be re-ordering. All, though, are now rounded out again and these to tell of this week.

Women's white or gray wool union suits with open fronts and nicely finished with silk edges—\$2.00. Women's vests and drawers, two-thirds wool, will not shrink, cosy, warm garments, each—\$2.00. Women's gray wool vests and drawers, superior garments for price—75c. Children's natural wool flannels, pan-tlettes and drawers, well finished, nicely woven—35c to 75c. Children's gray cotton union suits, fleece lined, open fronts, splendid value for—35c. Good black wool hose for women at 25c a pair, fleeced cotton—25c and 35c. Women's gray wool ribbed hose, three pairs \$1.00, 2, 3, 5c. Women's black woolen hose, very fine and soft for—50c. Children's heavy black cotton stockings, three pairs—\$1.00. Children's black cashmere stockings—25c and 35c a pair.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.

AMERICAN DUCHESS DISAPPOINTED.



DUKE OF MANCHESTER



KIMBOLTON CASTLE

Although there is much congratulation for the Mancheters on account of the recent arrival of the stork who brought with him a dear little girl baby, at the same time it is generally known that the Duchess is much disappointed because her expectations to present her husband with an heir were not realized. The above are latest pictures of the Duke and Duchess and Kimbolton castle, their handsome residence.