MISCELLANEOUS.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

1888----FIRST | THE EARLY WORM CATCHES The Bird! | BARGAIN SALE!

Stocktaking completed, and having too many Winter Goods left, we offer them at "CUT PRICES" which are sure to attract crowds of buyers.

COME EARLY AND SAVE MONEY!

5 Lots of White Blankets, slightly soiled, at $3.35, $3.60, $3.90, $4.35 and $5.25; worth 60 per cent. more.
2 Lots of Ladies' Hose, 25c. and 50c.; worth 40c and 75c. a pair.
5 Lots Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats, 10c., 25c, 50c., 75c. and $1. Mostly new and stylish.
3 Lots of Bustles, 10c., 25c. and 35c. each.
1 Lot of Ladies' Gossamers, slightly damaged, 50c. each.
500 Pieces White and Colored Embroideries, 3c., 5c., 7c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. a yard. New Goods. To see them is to buy them.
4 Lots of Ladies' Jersey and Cashmere Gloves, 10c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. a pair.
1 Lot of Dress Buttons, 10c. a card. New lot.
1 Lot Children's Fur Sets, 25c.: used to sell for $1.
1 Lot Skating Caps, 25c. each. You can skate on your head in them without bumps.
1 Lot Children's Beautiful Plush Bonnets at closing out prices.
2 Lots Ladies' and Misses' Jerseys, assorted, at $1 and $1.50 each.; positively worth double.
5 Lots Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks and Ulsters, $2.50, $3.50, $4, $5 and $6. These prices will move the last one of them.
2 Lots Ladies' Satin and Cashmere Ties, 15c. each.
1 Lot Ladies' Scarlet All-Wool Underwear, $1 each; reduced from $1.75 on account of having only sizes 28, 30 and 32 left.
5 Lots Damask and Turkish Towels, rare bargains.
3 Lots Gents' Colored Shirts, 50c., 75c. and $1; cost double.
2 Lots Gents' Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts, 45c. and 65c.
2 Lots Boys' Hats and Caps, assorted lots, 25c. and 50c. each.
3 Lots Boys' and Youths' Scarlet Wool Drawers, offered at 50c., 75c. and $1 on account of Undershirts being all sold out.
2 Lots Gents' Satin Scarfs, 15c. and 25c. each.
Remnants of Dress Goods, Flannels and Table Damasks at half price.
1 Lot each of Dress Patterns, $1.25, $1.85, $2.65 and $2.75. They are all desirable and at less than value.
The balance of our High Colored Plushes at 90c.
The balance of our Silk Velvets, 75c.
The balance of our High-Quality Velveteens and Corduroys at 75c.; worth double.
A Lot of Boys' Overcoats, from 3 to 12 years, $2.50 and upwards. We don't want to keep them till '89.
Many other Bargains make it worth your while to come.

SNOW OR SUNSHINE, ONE PRICE TO ALL!

We Never Misrepresent. We Are Never Undersold.

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Worthington Steam Pumps, Hooker Pumps, Howe Scales, Crescent Extra Steel, Eureka Fire & Garden Hose, Etc.

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HIGH LIFE MORALS.

Grace Greenwood Tells of English Court Morality.

THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

The Prince of Wales' Love of Amusement and Admiration for Pretty Women.

During a golden autumn day, spent with some friends at Highgate, that most charming suburb of London, we were taken to see the quaint old place bestowed by Charles II. on his favorite of favorites, Nell Gwynn. It has suffered strange mutations since Nell's time, not the least strange being that it now has for a mistress a fair American, the young wife of Sir Sidney Waterlow. But Lady Waterlow does not dwell in the halls or wander through the grounds which once rang with the light laughter and lighter songs of the ex-orange-girl, ex-actress, her royal lover, and his roystering companions. Ah, no! for the house has fallen into dismal decay, while the grounds have, through years of neglect, become a tangle and labyrinth of shrubs and vines, like to the magic-guarded gardens of the Sleeping Beauty. Indeed, so rank is the growth of untended flowers, fast relapsing into primitive barbarism, so insolent the spread of weeds, so still and slumberous the atmosphere of this enchanted bit of the past, standing at bay against the mighty roar of the fast-advancing town, that one could easily fancy Nell yet in her quaint bedchamber, sunk in her prolonged beauty-sleep, but, perhaps just ready to wake, take a bath in her shallow marble tub, array herself in rich stuffs and colors, just come again into fashion after two centuries, and start out on a new career of conquest. The court proper, or the proper court, would not receive her, nor even the demi-court of the heir-apparent, openly; but the stage would be ever open to her. She would probably come to

"the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest,"

revel in republican homage, and roll in "greenbacks," like to other pretty favorites of princes.

The Merry Monarch was very fond of this Highgate place—pleasant and cozy, but never luxurious—and with it is connected a significant little story. One morning, as Charles was strolling up and down the brick-paved terrace, with his usual bodyguard of little long-eared spaniels, Mistress Eleanor Gwynn appeared at her chamber window, holding in her white, dimpled arms a pretty baby, who much resembled the King—

"With the self-same eyes and hair."

More than once the proud mother had solicited for him a ducal title, and estates to support it; but her liege had put her off, fearful of establishing a precedent which might strain the royal prerogative and exhaust the royal treasury. Now, looking down from the window and holding forward the child, she cried, "A title, your Majesty, or out goes the brat!"

The indolent King was alarmed for his beautiful boy, and instantly exclaimed "Save the Duke of St. Albans!"

Some of England's noblest titles and estates have had their origin in some such ignoble way, date directly back to loans and rewards bestowed by profligate kings and princes on low born courtesans and their "brats." The blue blood of Britain is not altogether cerulean, but has now and then a very earthly tinge. The scandals which so frequently disgrace the highest English society, and shock the world, are outbreaks of the cancerous corruption of past generations. Yet the royalty of to-day, not only of England, but of continental kingdoms, is certainly more decent and decorous than that of less than a century ago—if it is not absolutely more virtuous. In England this improvement is, of course, largely due to the example of the "virtuousest, discreetest, best" of queens. Her uncle William had his palace well-stocked with and his civil list well-burdened, for his natural children; her uncle George was, as all the world knows, the greatest of royal voluptuaries and libertines, and even her venerable grandpapa had in his youth his princely peccadillos. It is, perhaps, an open question whether the royal and ducal folk of old times, who handsomely provided for their mistresses and boldly acknowledged and ennobled their illegitimate children, were more immoral than those of our day, who conceal irregular relations and ignore their unhappy consequences; but about the honesty and manliness of the two courses there can be no question. It may be that the growing restiveness of that once stupid animal, the tax-payer, has something to do with the decrease of royal profligacy.

Seen under the white light of absolute morality, I cannot claim that the daily walk and conversation of the popular Prince of Wales presents a lofty example to high English society, yet I do not believe him the Don Giovanni or Sardanapalus he has been represented. He possesses too genial, kindly, and frank a nature and too much good sense to attempt a Prince Regent *rôle*; that is played out. And then he is too busy with bridge and park openings, and exhibition inaugurations; he is whirled from banquet to banquet; from chair to chair; he is waltzed through galleries, is called to wrestle with Albert monuments and statues and multitudinous busts. It seems to be the policy of the Queen and her advisors to keep the royal family "to the fore," to have not only the Prince of Wales, but all his brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, act up to the *Ich dien* motto—serving the people in all proper ceremonial ways—and the people work them well. Last summer the 3-year-old Duke of Albany actually laid the foundation of a public building, and did his "level best" with his little trowel to prove to British taxpayers that they were getting their money's worth out of the Guelphs.

Unquestionably the English royal family of to-day is an improvement on that with which the century opened. On the morals of the sons and daughters of George III. history is reticent, and will be during the life of the good Queen; but I am afraid that there was scarce a man or woman of the whole big family whose character should be discussed except *in camera*. Albert Edward is like to the long run of princes of Wales since Edward, born at Carnarvon; there has probably not been a Joseph among them; but no great scandal has attached to the lives of the Queen's other sons. The Duke of Edinburgh is said to be too parsimonious to be profligate, while the Duke of Connaught is too domestic—too like his father. Oddly enough, the only exception I remember was in the case of the late Duke of Albany—reverenced by loyal English people as a saint and by his elder brother's gay associates pronounced "a muff." It was whispered that he had in the sunny south a questionable and sad little romance, and that it had to do with his untimely and sudden death. But I don't believe it. No Guelph ever committed suicide.

Leaving aside the deeper question of personal morality, the most serious lacking in the character of the Prince of Wales is the lack of seriousness. He is a man who, of all things, loves to be amused, and who is not over-scrupulous as to who or what amuses him. In his visits to Paris he frequents the Palais Royal and Opera Bouffe, and between the acts drops into the *loges* of the prettiest and gayest of the *artistes*. This habit is so notorious that Zola did not hesitate to put him into the dressing-room of his beautiful and terrible "Nana." In London, comic actors, singers, and personators, all sorts of "funny men," and bright original, witty women are sure of his gracious patronage. He finds high tragedy, even when superbly presented, as at the Lyceum, "slow," and classical German music—even the compositions of his lamented father—a bore, while when he goes to a grand opera, he generally goes to sleep. He is royally fond of good living, the turf, and all sorts of sport; is a great slaughterer of pigeons, and once shot a corralled elephant. He has a quick eye and a passionate admiration for beauty. He entertains munificently, but his guests, even when foreign princes, are generally respectable people. The clever men and pretty women of inferior station, or no station at all, whose acquaintance he wishes to make, he manages to have invited to the house of some obliging friend where he meets them. One of the best things I know of him is his hearty liking—something as near friendship as a prince is capable of—for certain beautiful countrywomen of ours, whom he has felt compelled to respect. I will instance Miss Anderson, Mrs. Potter—yes, and lovely Miss Jenny Chamberlain. To none of these has the flattering regard of this middle-aged, "Prince Charming," been a real benefit, perhaps, but I believe it was an honest and loyal tribute to beauty and genius. The Prince is beyond question kindly and generous; men of his set pronounce him "a capital good fellow;" but, republican as I am, it seems to me that the heir to the proudest and noblest crown in the world should not be any fellow's "good fellow." If anything could sober the man, even after a wild youth, it would seem that a time like this were enough—a time when the rising tide of popular disaffection, the sullen, miry tide of desperate want, is lapping against the steps of the throne—when the political sky of all Europe is black with threatening and lurid with portents.

In his marriage the Prince of Wales has no advantage over his brothers, except in the popularity and beauty of his wife. The Duchess of Edinburgh, though little liked in England, is a women of strong character, rare intelligence, and dignity of demeanor; the Duchess of Connaught, an excellent little creature, and no fool, holds her husband's heart in spite of her exceeding plainness, while the Princess of Wales, amiable, graceful, and gracious, is rather negative in character. She is preternaturally young, with no trace of sorrow or trial, or even thought, in her pretty placid face; fond of amusement, frankly frivolous, and not too jealous of her dignity. In fact, the charming royal matron yet retains all a pretty girl's love of admiration, dress, and adornment.

It is little wonder if in these critical times serious English people look forward with some apprehension to the coming to the throne of this pair of perennially youthful pleasure-lovers. They may love and admire, but they do not wholly trust them. They fear that the court of the future reign will be rather a mercantile than a moral advantage to London; that in it science, literature and art of the highest character, great public enterprises, and schemes of education and benevolence will find even less aid and comfort than in the present melancholy, migratory, and miserly court; while through its favor will flourish mightily costumers, milliners, and tailors, funny men and horsey men, French *comediennes* and singers, and American champion shots, showmen, swimmers, and pugilists.

On the second Sunday in December good English churchmen must have prayed with unusual fervor for the Queen long to reign over them, steady and stolid, proper and pious as she is, for the mischievous little bird of the telegraph must have carried to the remotest parts of the kingdom news of the interview between the British Heir-Apparent and a notorious American prize-fighter. The account of the courtesies exchanged between these two powerful personages, in which the Irish-American did not by any means take a secondary position—the report of the conversation, liberally spiced on both sides with the slang of the Ring, and preceded and followed by "hearty handshakes," must have been tough reading for aristocratic and refined conservatives. Yet I am afraid there is not among the entire English aristocracy a peer or a prelate too proud to kiss the hand of his Royal Highness after the grip of Sullivan the slugger.

But we republicans should not be troubled. The less the Prince realizes the mighty responsibilities and magnificent opportunities of his own position, the more he cheapens royalty through such unworthy association, the better for the principles of democracy and equality. Let him continue to make light of his dignity and his destiny a few years longer, and a great change must come either in him or the entire English sovereignty. This is an age of miracles; the saving change may come in him, and he may yet show himself as moral and as mean as "Prince Hal," who as Henry V. publicly cut poor old Jack Falstaff, and, "unkindest cut of all," preached to him like a Salvation Army exhorter. But that Prince of Wales was still young when he turned over a new leaf in history; this one has passed the age at which his father ceased from his virtuous labors, so is little likely to pose for posterity as Albert the Good II.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by A. C. Smith & Co.

A Chestnut.

ST LOUIS, January 13.—A dispatch from Kansas City says: "The papers in a suit involving the title to eighty acres of land in the heart of Salt Lake City are now being drawn in this city, and will be filed in the United States Territorial Court at Salt Lake in a few days. The plaintiff is Captain John Tobin, an old time scout and guide, the sole survivor of two Mormon massacres, a noted man on the frontier thirty years ago, now a resident of the city. The defendants are a large number of persons now holding and claiming to own the house and land adjourning what is known as the Warm Spring, in Salt Lake. Congressman Warner and other eminent counsel are engaged to prosecute the suit. The land claimed by Captain Tobin is valued at $1,000,000 and the improvements are very valuable.

After Many Days.

NEW YORK, January 13.—After eluding detectives for a year, the man who so successfully swindled residents of the City of Mexico out of nearly $30,000 by a spurious advance sale of tickets for a series of concerts by Mme. Patti has been arrested. He has been suspected as Charles Bourson, who lived here for a short time, and claimed to be a representative of the London *Referee* and of *Blas* of Paris. The swindle in the City of Mexico is not the only crime for which he is wanted. He is one of the most successful and dangerous of confidence men, and has operated successfully all over Europe, and if the Mexican authorities do not want him, he will be held to answer some other of his many offenses.

A Good Idea.

CHICAGO, January 13.—Directors of Waldheim Cemetery, in which the Anarchists are buried, insist on the defense committee signing an iron-clad agreement, promising to have no demonstrations over the graves and are with holding the lease. Members of the committee now favor disinterring the bodies and having them cremated, so that the annual demonstration can be held over the ashes in some hall.

Obituary.

SALEM, Ogn., January 13.—Frederick Gustav Schwatka, father of Lieutenant Schwatka, of Arctic fame, died this evening of general debility, aged 78. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1810, and was one of the founders of Odd Fellowship in the United States. He came to Oregon in 1850.

The Fog Cleared.

LIVERPOOL, January 13.—The fog here has cleared away, but has been succeeded by cimmerian darkness, which envelops the city. Shipping on the Mersey is still at a standstill.

Victoria.

LONDON, January 13.—Queen Victoria will go to San Remo by way of Switzerland.

The Babies Cry for It

And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by A. C. Smith & Co., Druggists. †

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

A Scaly, Itching, Skin Disease with Endless Suffering Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have the disease again. I am a poor man but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ring-worm, psoriasis, etc. I took . . . and . . . Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200 you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING,
WATERBURY, VT., January 20th, 1887.

soriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barber's, Bakers' Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp and Blood, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Free! Free From Pain!

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp, and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster. 25 cents.

Beck's Hot Springs.

Thoroughly Cleansed, Renovated and Under New Management.

BOARD AND LODGINGS,
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Luxury and Health Combined!

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Weber	Price per ton, delivered, $6.00	at Yard,	$5 50
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