A Great Success!

Is our beautiful and elegant styles of Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings Habit Cloths, Cloakings, etc. In French Stripes, Plaids, Camel's Hair Stripes and Figures, the Mammoth Stock of these

New Goods is a Surprise to Everyone.

A prominent lady remarked upon entering our store last week: "Why, I cannot believe this to be the Walker Bro.'s Store, for there are so many fine and elegant

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS!

My, you will NEVER sell all these ELEGANT GOODS in Salt Lake." We have no fears, for the

Handsome Styles and Low Prices

Will move them very rapidly. The ladies will soon learn we are Headquarters for these important goods in her wardrobe.

We call particular attention to our

New Dressmaking Department.

Our MADAME NELSON is First Class in every respect. This department will be open Monday morning.

Don't fail to examine the Elegant Hosiery and Underwear Stock we now have to display.

It Pays Well to trade with

Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

—— THE SUCCESS OF ——

WALKER BRO.'S & FYLER COMPANY

Great Clearing Slaughter Sale

Clearly proves the fact that people are always ready to secure **Genuine Bargains.** Encouraged by the fine success they have had in closing out their old stock, Mr Fyler, the new Manager, visited the Eastern markets and purchased the **Finest** and **Largest** stock of Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Cloaks, Fine Shoes, Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, etc., etc., ever brought to Salt Lake. To-day the four large floors are crowded with New Goods. But they will not remain crowded long. The extremely **Low Prices** they are selling this fine stock for will move the goods rapidly. This firm will adhere to the old maxim: **Small Profits and Quick Sales.**

Therefore all Cash Close Buyers cannot afford to buy their Fall and Winter Goods until they see the **Mammoth Stock** and **Low Prices** this popular firm are offering.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Come and See, and You will Surely Buy!

No Trouble to Show Goods at

WALKER BROS. & FYLER CO.

More Success!

It is in our Fine Cloak Department where we are now displaying our handsome and Complete Stock of over $50,000 worth of the

Newest Styles and Popular Makes!

Ladies, be SURE and see the Bona Fide Bargains we offer in Cloaks before buying your Wraps.

THE BARGAIN OF BARGAINS.

Monday morning we shall offer 100 Ladies' Garments at only $5 for your Choice. The actual value is $8 to $12.50. Over fifty Styles of Handsome Cloth Jackets, in all the New Weaves and Styles. It is a wonder to everyone as to how we can sell the enormous stock of Plush Garments. Why, they are piled up like cord wood. But

Extremely Low Prices Move Them Rapidly.

Important to every lady. Read carefully. It interests you. We will, FREE OF CHARGE, alter our Garments to fit you PERFECTLY. This will be done in our New Dressmaking Department in our store. We guarantee them to be as nicely done as in New York or Chicago. This is a new feature, which the ladies will appreciate.

Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.

EMPRESS EUGENIE

The Mournful Life of the Widow of Napoleon.

HER INTIMACY WITH VICTORIA

All the Trappings of Royalty Cherished at Farnborough Despite the Fact That the Empire is No More.

FARNBOROUGH HANTS, England, Oct. 1, 1890.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—Within sound of the rumble of artillery, the clank of sabres, the gleam of bayonets and within sight of all the pomp and show of one of the great military camps of the old world, the Empress Eugenie is passing in peace the last days of her life. I speak of this remarkable woman as the Empress, because it would be considered next to sacrilege among my present surroundings to allude to her as of the past. To the gentry, peasantry, even the aristocracy of this neighborhood, and in fact of England, she is Empress still, and keeps the fiction ever in sight. In very many things she maintains about her the atmosphere of the head of a nation, and makes the fancy as near a reality as possible. There is little wanting. Here is maintained a well-equipped royal house with ladies in waiting and the other accompaniments of

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL POWER.

Secretaries, retainers and priests are always at her bidding and dignity and character are ever present to impress one with the fact that at least in name and ambition here is an imperial home.

Farnborough has no history worthy of review or preservation in song or story, though it came into international prominence as the place where the great prize fight for the championship of the world between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan "the Benicia Boy," took place April 23, 1860. It is a straggling countryside hamlet with very pleasant surroundings about two miles from Aldershot, the home rendezvous of most of the English army, where recruits are gathered and new soldiers well trained for service abroad. There are

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE

beautiful stretches of country in almost every direction. Plenty of trees and miles upon miles of well-tilled fields, but just around beyond the camp wide stretches of land that seem to be given over to the military are less rich but serving a very valuable purpose. At this season of the year they are rather attractive with the pink and purple of the heather which thrives upon every knoll, along every hillside, touching and even mingling with the greensward of the valley and making some very pretty contrasts. There are miles upon miles of this half deserted country stretching away in all directions, and every inch of it serves a good purpose because it offers splendid open fields for the movements of of troops. Here and there amidst this half desolation, there are rich patches of soil that will grow anything and pretty little homes occasionally peep out from groves of shrubbery giving rather

A PICTURESQUE APPEARANCE

to what might otherwise be known as a waste. The very use of this country for military purposes shows how careful the English are to make useful every foot of ground within their territory, even if nature has set its hand against it. But no one must imagine that Aldershot is not well situated. It is built upon a sort of broad campus which leads away until lost in a range of small hills which unite in making the landscape very interesting and at times picturesque.

While Farnborough is not a part of its makeup it is its near neighbor; near enough to enjoy its society and feel its influence in a social and military way. After all there may be much that is fitting in the Empress of the French, as these people still call her, building her castle so near this show of military power—a power she so long enjoyed in the land from which she is now an exile. The incidents of her life at this English home are at once pathetic and commanding. But as you see them they join hands in demonstrating how necessary form and show of power are to such institutions as encourage class distinction and maintain a royal family.

I first saw the Empress Eugenie this summer on the Isle of Wight. She was visiting the Queen at Osborne House, and the two were driving together. The contrast between them is almost as great as between their personal histories, which are as different as daylight and darkness. It is not often that you can find two Empresses together. But here were a pair of them, two widows with

THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR LOSS

in their dress, driving over the roads in a very unpretentious carriage with no other evidence of their position, than the crest on the wagon door, and in the livery of the coachman and footman on the box. They were chatting earnestly, as if deeply interested with the subject they were discussing. For the Queen of England and Empress of India leaves nothing undone to keep this exiled Empress, of whom she is very fond, from missing an attention she might have if she were still in power. Gratifying as all this may be, to Eugenie, the unreal features of the assumption must occasionally step in, and remind her how different it is now than before the sceptre fell from her husband's hands.

The communion and association between this pair of Queens and pair of Empresses, which may be more correct, is one of the most delightful bits of sentiment that I have ever met with between women. In 1853, while the Crimea war was yet in progress, and Eugenie a bride, she visited England as the guest of Victoria, and Victoria soon afterwards visited Paris as the guest of the Empress. This friendship began then, and has never been disturbed during all the storms that have beaten about the house of Bonaparte. Of course the visits to London and Paris were in some degree political, intended to strengthen in a conspicuous way before the people the alliance between France and England, for that war. Yet the intimacy begun in the diplomacy of conflict has been so lasting that it has never tarnished in the direst adversity to the one and the zenith of success to the other. It was quite natural then, that the Queen, when the intrigues and

MISFORTUNES OF NAPOLEON III

had undermined his throne that she should offer her old ally and his wife an asylum in the land she ruled.

Chiselhurst is a beautiful old estate a little more than ten miles from London. It is surrounded by a lovely bit of country and with as pure air as there is in England. A splendid place with large grounds and their belongings, fit for any dignitary, was loaned to the Emperor for as long as he chose to occupy it. His stay there was brief. An old disease and the gnawings of remorse and disappointments struck him in a vital spot when he died and the mantle of charity covers any criticism of his career that might naturally thrust itself into a description of those he left behind him. Chiselhurst had more sad memories to Eugenie than the loss of her husband. Her son, the Prince Imperial, tiring of study and the theoretical knowledge of war, went out to the Zulu Land with the English troops to hunt savages. He hunted one too many and paid the penalty with his life.

The other day the property associated with the last days of Napoleon III succumbed to the avarice of trade and was sold to a speculator. Within a short time what was once the home of royalty will become the adding place of the tradesman or mechanic. It is to be cut up into building lots and homes for the many erected, where once only the few were even admitted. Up to the last moment it was expected that some Frenchmen, who still clung to the Bonaparte name, would purchase the property where Napoleon III passed his last hours and present it to the Empress, but no one came forward and the money maker will now turn it to other uses. Few women of any rank

HAVE HAD MORE SORROWS

crowded into a space of a few years, than Empress Eugenie during the five years between 1869 and 1874. She saw her royal house destroyed, her husband an exile from the country he had ruled, a wanderer in a strange land, now in his grave with his son beside him.

Farnborough was a great relief from the sad memories of Chiselhurst. She had a long time before bought a strip of land along the railroad covered mostly with heavy timber. On the summit of a well wooded hill an old-fashioned house stood, which she remodelled to suit her tastes, when it was out of the artisans' hands it was a fit dwelling place for any person who wanted retirement and had the means to support an expensive establishment. The grounds are beautifully laid out with the richest flowers and shrubbery. There are plenty of pleasant strolling places and drive ways leading in and out. Seclusion is written upon every line of her immediate surroundings. The castle cannot be seen from the road, or from any point in the immediate vicinity, and yet no queen in the full possession of her political power could wish for a lovlier spot, or a more perfect equipment for the enjoyment of the good things of this life.

Yesterday I sat in the same room with her, and the presence recalled unbidden a thousand recollections of her past. She is no longer young. Sixty-four summers and winters have come and gone over her head. Yet, traces of that singular beauty both in form and feature, which once made her such a popular leader of her sex are still there.

SHE IS RATHER TALL,

and grace itself in every movement. Were she younger, she would be called lithe and willowy for one who in middle life was inclined to be stout. In other words now she is just the style of woman to give effect to the dressmaker's art. Her face which is growing rather thin, and is somewhat darwn with the harsh lines of suffering still retains that winsome expression which in the young, fresh days of her life, made her so charming. Her deep, blue eyes, still show much of their old time flash and in them and the tightly closed mouth can be seen the play of that force and determination which has always been a marked characteristic of Eugenie's life—an element of force than has kept her in touch with the world amidst sorrows and disappointments that would have destroyed an ordinary woman. Her rich brown hair, always such a conspicuous part of her beauty, is just beginning to show white marks from the frosty fingers of age. Yet, she still represents in the very fullest extent that superb and subtle dignity of manner and graceful bearing which made and makes her such a marked figure among the royalty of the old world. In her exile there is no relapse into sadness and she looks towards France, and preserves the forms of its people as far as possible about her. As I saw her in her heavy widow's weeds, she looked every inch the dignified character she is. When she speaks, her voice is low and pleasant with just enough of accent to give her words an additional attraction. It has been said by some critic "that at sixty we love only ourselves." This certainly

IS NOT TRUE OF EUGENIE,

who seems to be still in love with her people, and with the memories which her husband and son recall. To keep them alive she has expended a great deal of wealth, and continues to spend a great deal of effort. Probably one million of dollars would not repay the outlay upon Eugenie's castle and its surroundings, and they are a commanding part of the romance and reality of the remarkable exhibition of past power one sees as soon as dropped at the little railway station thirty-three miles form London.

Looking from the left from Eugenie's castle in the direction of Aldershot, can be seen just across the railroad track a grove of forest trees skirting the top of a hill and tending downwards toward an open field, on the one side, and the main wagon road on the other which leads from Farnborough to the military camp. On the brow of the hill among these trees you see a magnificent building of white stone surmounted by a tower and pinnacled with dozens of smaller shafts. The windows are large and filled with richly stained glass and everything indicates a lavish outlay. Until you go to it and are admitted to its mysteries it looks like a parish church in a rich community, and so it is, but not in the sense of belonging to the people. It is reared and kept in perfect order to perpetuate the memory of Napoleon III, the Prince Imperial, and when she goes to her final account, the Empress Eugenie. Doubtless a quarter of a million of dollars did not pay for this costly monument to the fallen Imperial family of France. The church upstairs is a model of beauty and everything that money could procure has been done

IN THE WAY OF ALTARS,

tiling and decorations to make it as perfect a chapel as the ingenuity of men could devise. Just in front of the altar of the Madonna, and above and beyond the seats reserved for other worshipers, is set a broad armchair with a *prieduex* in front for the Empress to kneel upon. The semblance of royalty is still kept up in the church as in the castle, and her chair and its accompaniment are upholstered in royal purple, and the frame work gilded according to the Imperial habit.

Catholics are exceedingly scarce in England, and especially in this part of it. Therefore, the Sunday congregation at the mausoleum of Napoleon is small, and confined almost entirely to the attaches of Eugenie's household and a very few humble residents along the highway who profess this faith. The church is kept up simply to gratify the religious penchants of the Empress and to keep prominent the memory of her family, who are buried under the altar of the church in the sarcophagi of marble presented by Queen Victoria.

The crypt where the two bodies are deposited is a model in its way, and again illustrates the vast expenditure of money that must have been made in constructing the building. It is half the size of the church above it and fitted up and finished even more richly. The floor is covered with elaborate tiling, and in the centre between four great stone columns a carpet is spread upon the marble, and upon this are about a score of velvet covered *prieduex* directly facing the altar. At the head of the two tombs which are on either side are placed

THE ROYAL PURPLE COVERED CHAIRS

for the Empress, the counterpart of the one above. On anniversary days marking the death of husband and son she has ceremonies held here. The day I was there there must have been a wagon load of wreaths and other flower pieces upon and about the tombs of the two Bonapartes mostly sent by French people when would seem to indicate that at least some of her old subjects keep the name green.

To the graves of husband and son the Empress is a daily visitor when at home. She has a rather secluded walk built from the castle to the crypt door, with a bridge over the railroad which cuts her property in twain. This permits her to walk from her home unobserved to say her prayers for the dead. To administer to her spiritual wants and say mass in the chapel the Empress keeps six priests and four monks of the regular Bremontre of the congregation of France. These white robed canons live in a splendid brick house in the grove just beyond the church, having a home that is fit for any one's residence and large enough to well accommodate double the number who occupy it. Both in architecture and environment it is a beautiful building, a very fit accompaniment to the magnificent church which rises above the remains of the last of the male line of the imperial family of France. Anything like a perfect description of the property owned by the Empress is beyond the power of words. It takes in so much that is beautiful in nature, and so much that is striking in art, and then surrounds them with so many strange and mysterious conditions that one for a time almost forgets they are in England and imagines that

THE POWER OF THE BONAPARTES

has been restored and that they are beginning a new reign in sunny France.

Is it not strange how easy it is to give the imagination its best and live upon its capricious? Here is a lady of high degree with a history that comprehends almost all the intrigues and combinations that France has known since 1833; the leader of social life in the gaycst capital in the world whose edict as to fashions was once regarded as law in every civilized nation of the globe; whose power not only with men but with her own sex has no parallel, now after twenty years of banishment from the land she once ruled is quietly living here in a country wherein she never had a place or power and still maintaining all the outward evidences of her old time political domination with every one about her to help keep up the fancy. In the little village the shop keepers put up their wagons "Purveyors to her Imperial Highness, the Empress Eugenie." Not only the gentry by the countryside, but the officers at Aldershot, the statesmen of England who occasionally drop down here make manifest their recognition of her title, just as though she were in reality the Empress and yet by no means known to law or revolution would it be possible for her to be restored to the throne of France. No one knows that better than herself, but she finds it pleasant if not necessary to keep alive past glories and live in the same atmosphere she enjoyed before her exile. Everywhere about her grounds and in her castle there are interesting evidences of her past; rich reminders of her royal home in France, which are carefully preserved

FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS;

although she has not near kindred I believe to respect them when she is gone. Even the state carriage with its gold mounted harness and gold linked whipple-trees in which she and Napoleon rode on state occasions in the heyday of their power is here kept burnished and ready for use or show in a building erected expressly to preserve it.

The wealth to keep up this style and enjoy this miniature nation in a secluded spot must be considerable, but the Empress is credited with having plenty and something to spare. The savings from the wreck of the empire are said to have been large and her possessions in the United States are set down as yielding her a considerable income. There seems no danger, whatever, that the style of this establishment will be marred in the slightest for the remaining years of Eugenie's life, if ever. It is perhaps fitting that this should be so, for besides the good she does, to the laboring people with the expensive establishment she keeps up, she gives liberally to charity and every person along Farnborough Hants blesses her every day. She goes about among them in a very friendly way without ostentation, tender but dignity itself. Her life is very secluded, the visits to Victoria being about her only mingling with the outside world.

The relations between this pair of queens is very interesting, and no one in England more carefully or more constantly endeavors to recognize the present existence of Eugenie's former position than the Queen. She treats her with all the dignity of an equal, and by every outward mark of respect teaches her people to do the same. She also intends to keep the friendship

ALIVE FOR AFTER GENERATIONS

and her youngest daughter, Beatrice, has named her girl child Victoria-Eugenie. In seeing her consideration, I have thought perhaps that the successful Queen, although nearly ten years older than the broken one, went out of her way in making her regard manifest. It is not often that a woman, especially of high degree, softens towards one of her own sex. But excepting the loss of her husband Victoria has never had any trouble of moment, and her reign has been fifty-three years of remarkable achievements. Her lines have been mostly happy ones, and at the age of seventy-four with good health and prosperity she can look upon the world through gold spectacles, and make Eugenie feel a part of her inspiration without much difficulty. So she invites her to Osborne, Windsor, and to her home in the Highlands of Scotland and gives her a practical taste of the old time days she used to enjoy in France. This is no doubt as pleasant as the balance of the fiction that is kept up to please the Empress. There is no particular reason why it should not be done, if it only pleases a pair of queens.

FRANK A. BURR.

Lets His Neighbor's Dog Alone.

Some time ago a camp meeting was begun at Hollow Rock Springs, owned by an old fellow named Mayhew. Just after the religious exercises were started one of the officers of the association went to old Mayhew and said:

"Look here, old man, there is something the matter with that spring water."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I know it. Tastes bad and smells awful."

"Wall, I won't dispute your word. Man's got a right to his opinion in this here neighborhood."

"But can't something be done?"

"I don't know but thar mout."

"What would you suggest?"

"Wall, I reckon the best thing to do as a starter would be to take the dog out."

"Take the dog out?" the officer gasped. "What do you mean?"

"Mean you had better pull out the dead dog, an' give the water a chance to prove its innocence."

"Is it possible that you knew there was a dog in there?"

"Of course I knowed it when I seed him in thar."

"Why didn't you take him out?"

"Well, it's old Andy Patterson's dog, an' me an' Andy ain't on good terms, you know. Andy is mighty funny about his property. I found the dog, the same one, in my springhouse once, an' I pulled him out, an' pulled him putty hard, too, an' Andy got mad an' chunked me round a good deal, an' since that I allus let his property alone."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sunday with the Vanderbilts.

The Vanderbilts are all religiously inclined, and early on Sunday morning the children are washed and dressed and sent to Sunday school. At church time they go to their father's pew and sit there with him and their mother during the service. In the afternoon they go to Sunday school again. They are never allowed to use horses or carriages, nor to go out, except for a short walk as a matter of exercise. The day is spent very quietly. They have an early tea, and in the twilight the children gather in the music room, while one of the ladies plays the piano or organ. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K., Elliott F. Shepard and the ladies of the families join for an hour or two in song.

The boys sometimes bring out their violins, the young girls play their harps, and there is an hour or two of the most delicious music that one could imagine. They sing hymn after hymn, and when the twilight fades the little ones are put to bed, to get up the next morning with the glow of health upon their cheeks, and begin their week of study and play that shall fit them to become strong men and women to administer wisely upon the vast fortunes that will soon be theirs.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Several Historic Fans.

A fan belonging to a New York lady was originally given by Napoleon to Josephine and then by the empress to Mme. Campan, from whom it passed to its present owner. Of other beautiful fans owned by fortunate New York ladies, one painted by Detaille is a spirited picture of horses taking the fence at Jerome park; another, by the painter Borra, minutely depicts a christening scene before a Spanish alcalde, while a third shows a charming skating scene in the Bois de Boulogne, painted by Lafitte. The fan which Mrs. Levi P. Morton carried on the night of the Centennial ball is an heirloom—exquisitely carved ivory sticks and charming water color painting on white silk.—New York World

PARK CITY PICKINGS.

Great Activity Among the Mines and Mills.

ACCIDENT NEAR THE SUMMIT.

Another One at the Alliance—The City Schools to Re-open To-morrow—Our Usual Budget of News.

Mr. L. Simons was in Salt Lake yesterday.

Policeman James Muldoon took in the fair Tuesday.

W. W. Mackintosh and wife were in Salt Lake Monday.

Lee Ransohoff is back again after his illness in Salt Lake.

The police court was quiet this week, not one arrest being made.

The drilling machine at the Anchor is getting down towards the bottom.

Hon. E. P. Ferry and A. B. Richardson were visitors to Salt Lake Saturday.

Alex. Moffat, John Judge and David Keith were in Salt Lake during the week.

Mrs. E. W. Berry and Mrs. Sylvester Johnson spent part of the week in Salt Lake.

The output of the Ontario mill for the week amounts to 35 bars of bullion, valued at $19,559.

R. C. Chambers came up Wednesday morning to settle up the month's accounts of the Ontario and Daly.

The Anchor, Crescent and Daly mines and the Marsac and Crescent mills paid off their employees this week.

Mr. James McLagor is acting secretary of the Crescent company during Mr. C. H. Withey's absence in the east.

Miss Fanny Guger arrived in the Park Thursday, from Burlington, Iowa. She is sister of Mr. J. H. Guger, Pacific express agent in the Park

Simon Bamberger was up from the metropolis Thursday. He took a look at the Dudler rock quarry, it is said, with a view of purchasing it.

The Jupiter company have filed applications for patents on the Ottumwa, Nellie Lank Fraction and United States claims belonging to their grant.

The "Queen Esther" cantata has been postponed for another month. On account of sickness among the singers the rehearsals were poorly attended, and it was decided to postpone.

John W. Young passed through the Park yesterday, bound for Denver. A four mule team will form the motive power for the trip, which will be along the line of the proposed route of the Utah Central.

Eddie Condon, an eight-year old son of David F. Condon, was kicked in the chest by a horse Tuesday. The little fellow will stay away from horses for a time; at least, until three ribs broken are mended.

Mrs. J. W. Savage, whose children were recently burned, is now in the care of the county officials and confined in the city jail. Though not insane, she acts very queerly, and will be kept in custody for some time.

The city schools will reopen Monday morning. The epidemic of scarlet fever is under control, and as no child will be allowed to go to school from an infected house until out of danger, it will be safe to re-open.

Everything is moving along smoothly at the Woodside; ore is being taken out of the old workings and work pushed in the drift from the shaft to tap the vein, which will we caught at a distance of about 100 feet more.

Woodson J. Moss, the slayer of Alex. Langton, who was released from the penitentiary Wednesday, has returned to the Park and resumed his former occupation of engineer at the Ontario No. 2 mine. His bondsmen were James Glendenning and Josiah Burnett.

The Crescent management had a fine specimin of galena ore taken out of the mine this week, weighing 640 pounds. It was intended for exhibition at the fair, but delays happened which prevented its being sent down in time. It will probably be sent to the chamber of commerce in Salt Lake.

A couple of parties who are working the Roaring Lion mine under lease, made quite a strike this week. They uncovered eight inches of first-class ore, and the vein gives every prospect of permanency. The mine adjoins the Crescent and is owned by B. Riley and M. S. Aschheim, of Salt Lake.

Out of the many cases of scarlet fever in the Park during the late epidemic, only one case proved fatal. Frankie, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cammnile, died Monday afternoon. His death was sudden and unexpected and a terrible blow to his parents. They may take comfort, though, in the fact that a host of friends share with them their sorrow. The funeral occurred Tuesday, Rev. J. T. Telfer, officiating.

A large number of Parkites visited the city during the past week, the fair being the principal attraction. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Raddon, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deming, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Sperry, Mr and Mrs. Frank Morley, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mitchell and Martin Correll.

The Anchor is being worked on the tunnel level in the west drift, and is improving every day. The low-grade ore is giving out and its place being taken by first-class high grade ore. The vein is increasing in size gradually as development progresses. The mine shipped this week nearly 360 tons of first-class ore and concentrates.

Summit county turned out a good sized delegation to the Territorial Liberal convention. The following attended as delegates: David Keith, William McLaughlin, David C. McLaughlin, S. L. Radcon, Henry Shields, Henry Newell, B. M. Sperry, John Shields, D. J. Williams, Charles A. Short, A. B. Richardson, E. P. Ferry, J. E. Bromley, E. Kimball, C. Hunt, F. J. McLaughlin, J. H. Deming, P. H. Lowry, B. McDonough, W. I. Snyder, C. D. Rockledge, T. Schenck, W. H. Dodge, W. M. Curtis, G. R. Norman, G. Snyder, J. M. Cohen, N. B. White.

The Alliance tunnel was the scene of an accident Tuesday which will lay up for a time two miners, Pat McGinn and Barney Ferron. They were working in the face of the drift when they were caught under a mass of falling rock. They were quickly extricated and brought to town, where Dr. Wilson soon had them resting easily. Their injuries were principally cuts and bruises.

Jno. McDonald returned this week from a prospecting trip in Wyoming. He states that a new district has lately been organized about eighty miles south of Fort Bridger, which bids fair to be one of the most important camps in the country. It is called Carbonate district, and the ore produced carries silver, lead and copper, one claim, the Dyer, having a ten-foot vein which averages 47 per cent. copper. Mr. McDonald expects to return in the spring and develop some claims he located for himself and other parties.

The ten-round contest for points, between Tom Whalen, of the Park, and Billy Hennesy, a coast slugger, came off in the opera house Friday night and was a tame affair. Whalen was much heavier than Hennesy, but still seemed to be afraid of him and throughout played on the defensive. Hennesy is a game little fellow and if evenly matched would make a fine fight. As to points the contestants were about even. "Australian" Kelley managed the affair, assisted by C. M. Jackson. A small house witnessed the contest.

Walter Bryant, of the firm of Sturges & Bryant, civil engineers, has been engaged by the city to make surveys and furnish estimates for a system of waterworks. Mr. Bryant came out Monday, and in company with Mayor Grégor and Alderman Williamson visited Island lake and the proposed site of the reservoir. Mr. Bryant says that the plan of the city council is a practical one, and in a couple of weeks he expects to furnish an estimate of the cost. He is now at work running a line.

The Steamboat group in Snake creek is being developed, and the owners, E. W. Berry and others, are confident of a big thing in the near future. Their tunnel is now in about 270 feet and they have eighty feet yet to run before catching the vein. They have a ledge three feet wide which carries a four-inch streak of ore, from which assays have been made running as high as 600 ounces, and which will average 100 ounces. Work will be continued until the tunnel cuts the vein.

An accident happened near the summit, on the line of the Utah Central, which nearly proved fatal. An old couple, aged seventy-six, by the name of Lee, were returning from conference, when their team became frightened at the train and ran away. The wagon was upset and when the old people were picked up Lee was found to have received serious injuries, his lower limbs being paralyzed. His wife received injuries about the head. They were put on the train and brought to the Park where they received medical care. The old gentleman will probably not recover.

The shipments from Mackintosh's sampler this week were smaller than usual, on account of lack of transportation facilities. The Union Pacific is unable to supply cars. The following lots were shipped: Ontario, 583,400 pounds; Anchor, first class, 85,540 pounds; Anchor concentrates, 291,720 pounds. Total, 1,010,470 pounds. From the Crescent concentrator, the following lots were shipped: Crescent concentrates, 181,655 pounds; Crescent, first-class, 300,000 pounds; Richardson lease-Crescent ore, 91,455 pounds. Total, 573,130. Total shipments for the week, 1,473,600 pounds.

C. A. S.

Take Simmons Liver Regulator. One dose is worth $100.

HOUTEN'S COCOA—Largest sale in the world

RICE-HINZE PIANOS.

The distinguished organist and composer, for past twenty-three years organist at tabernacle, Salt Lake, says:

"September 10, 1890.

"Rice-Hinze Piano company, Chicago, Ill.: After having tuned and examined the Rice pianos, I find that they are very solidly put together, have a full, powerful tone and I am satisfied that they will stand nice in tune. JOSEPH J. DAYNES,

Organist Tabernacle, Salt Lake city.

Rice-Hinze pianos are high grade pianos at a reasonable price.

Sohmer Pianos.

TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE ONLY.

Jo Simon has returned from his purchasing trip east, and his store on Second South is now being crowded up with the heavy stock he laid in. He asks the attention of the wholesale trade in particular, and is confident that he can satisfy the wants of dealers in all such lines as ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, clothing, ladies', misses' and children's cloaks, notions, stationery, etc., etc. Fair and conference visitors who desire to lay in fall and winter stocks should call on him before returning home.

SILVER BROS' IRON WORKS

No. 149 West North Temple.

E. F. Copeland, Brockton, Mass., manufacturer of finest grades of men's shoes. Geo. A. Alder & Son, sole agents. No. 46 E. First South street.

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pay highest price for hay, grain and produce. Goods delivered promptly at lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed. No. 50 W. First South.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1 per box.

WILLIAMS' M'F'G. CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug store.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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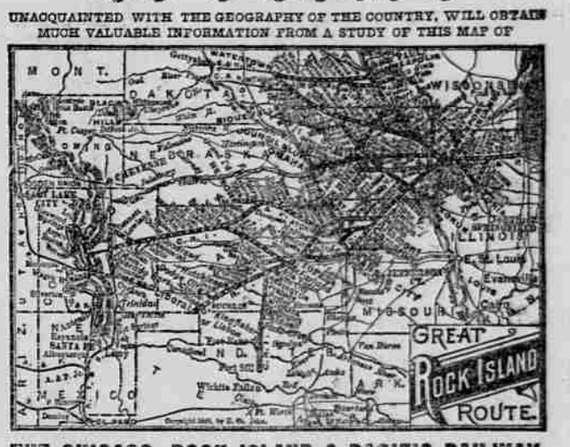
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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