

# GOOD-BYE SALE!

**C**HRISTMAS day we close and the following day, Wed., until 1:30 p.m. we will be closed. Reasons why: To mark down everything in the House. Wednesday the gates of the Big Store will be thrown open to the public with a grand Good-bye Sale. Good-bye to the old year. We will finish the year with the biggest business of our life. If the world only knew the low prices, the real sacrifices we are going to make in all Departments, then all the world would be here buying Wednesday. What a stir! What a rush! What a selling! Such a gobbling up of Dry Goods there will be—the king of all sales ever held in this western country. 5 days only. See dates. Wednesday, 1:30 Sharp.

Doors Open 1:30 P.M.  
**Grand Rush!**  
 SEE OUR DATES.  
 Wednesday, Dec. 26.  
 Thursday, Dec 27.  
 Friday, Dec. 28.  
 Saturday, Dec. 29.  
 Monday, Dec. 31.

What they all say, the great cry, the talk of the town; you hear it on every corner; you hear it in every home—a warm time Monday at the parcel sale. You can make a good day, it is easy. Monday is the closing day. We are going to sweeten it with 2,000 new parcels. It has been filled with good things every day, but Monday will be the grand day. All our fine, high-priced Holiday Goods left will go in—and there are many of them. We will not carry them over. They go in the parcel sale. Come and drop in a 25-cent piece, and Tuesday, Christmas day, you can make a handsome gift for a quarter. Every parcel more than guaranteed. Monday last day.

Store closed from Tuesday morning until Wednesday at 1:30 p. m., to mark down goods.

**Dress Goods.**  
 Dress goods will go a-flying, 40-inch good Storm Serges in Navys, Greens, Wings, Browns and Blacks, will be sold at.  
 40-inch good Cashmeres, in all colors and Blacks, will be sold at  
 Our entire line of those elegant all Black, with neat figures, which sold from 75c. to \$1.35, the choice will be ahead in the house of our finest 46-inch \$1.00 and \$1.25 Henriettas; no reserve; they are 18 count Wednesday, 1:30 sharp.  
 Again, every yard of our finest 75c. Henriettas, 40-inch wide, pure wool  
 Our best 40-inch 1/2 mile cloth and Serges, catalogue price, 65c., will be sold at.  
 Real good Black Brilliantine, will be sold at.  
 What do you think of these two lines of very pretty fancy wool mix plaid only, just the proper thing for the little ones.  
 Was \$1.00. Never lower. India Twills, staple colors, finest all wool, 46-inch wide, going to go at

No. 1,969, you know it well, famous \$1.75 Broad Cloths the country over, at 1:30 sharp Wednesday.  
 Cannot be repeated; all our pure wool 45-inch, 75c. Ladies Cloths, also a big line of 60c. mixed Covert Suits, will go at  
 This is the hottest number during our dress goods experience. Over 200 pieces of odds, broken lines, embracing over forty designs and weaves; the cheapest quality was \$1.00; nothing less allowed in this line. They run up to \$3.00 yd. The choice will be at 1:30 sharp.  
 All French pattern suits will be closed at 35c. on the dollar. All of those beautiful 55c. and 40c. mixtures, 40-inch, nothing but  
 Our finest imported fancy dress goods by the yard will be offered at  
 Listen to this. We have got 250 Remnants of low, medium and high-priced Dress Goods, from one yard to seven yards; any half reasonable offer will be accepted from any one; they must evaporate, every one, by January 1, 1895. Your choice.  
 This is only a few of our Dress Goods bargains. One big sale follows another. Sale Wednesday, 1:30 sharp.

**SILKS.**  
 Store closed from Tuesday morning to Wednesday at 1:30 p. m., to mark down goods.  
 We will offer Wednesday at 1:30 sharp some of our finest figured Taffetas, some of our finest Striped Fancies, some of our finest Change Effects, some of our finest Black Silks. They positively range from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per yard.  
 The entire lot will go on the counter at  
**75 cents**  
 No reserve. All Silks reduced.  
 Linen Remnant accumulation is tremendous. 375 Table Linen Remnants alone.  
 Will they go? Of course they'll go. See the price.  
 One-third value will be Linen Remnant price. 1,969 towels at 25c. on the dollar.

**Shoe Department.**  
 In this department goods will be sold at prices never before heard of in Salt Lake City. All our fresh winter stock, together with all odds and ends, will be placed upon three immense tables in front of our shoe department, and closed out at prices less than the cost of making.  
**TABLE NO. 1**  
 Two hundred and twenty-five pairs of misses lace kid shoes, in cloth or kid tops, with heavy welt soles, all sizes and widths, regular price \$3.50. They go in this sale for \$1.65. Three hundred and fifty pair of lacing soft kid shoes, with welt soles, including all our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes, in all styles. They go in this sale for  
**\$2.35**  
 One hundred and fifty pairs ladies' skating shoes, with double soles, heavy dull Dongola tops, in all sizes, regular price \$3.50. In this sale they go at  
**\$2.20**

**TABLE NO. 2**  
 Four hundred pairs ladies' fine kid button shoes, cloth tops, in all the latest styles, regular price \$2.50. They go at \$1.56  
 Three hundred and fifty pairs ladies' fine Dongola button shoes, in opera and narrow square toe, regular price \$2.50. Now  
**\$1.65**  
 Two hundred and thirty-five pairs of ladies' kid button shoes, in opera and square toe, good value and latest style, regular price \$2.00. They go in this sale at \$1.20  
**At \$1.20**  
 On this table will be placed all the odd sizes in our stock, including shoes that sold for \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00, in narrow and medium widths. We do not expect to fit everyone from this table, but those we do fit will get the greatest bargain of their life, as all on this table go at  
**98 cents**

**CLOTHING.**  
 One hundred suits that talk for themselves. Have been sold by all dealers this season for \$10.00. Price for this great clearance sale  
**\$5.00**  
 One hundred and thirty suits, all that remain of our \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 suits. We have just put them all on one table.  
**9.25**  
 Ninety beautiful tailor-made suits. Regular prices \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.50 and \$18.00. All go at  
**13.45**  
 All of our best suits, the finest tailor-made suits in the west, sold at \$19.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00. Take your pick of any suit in our stock for  
**14.75**  
 We will not carry over a single overcoat. Every \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00 overcoat goes at  
**7.50**  
 Every \$18.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 overcoat goes at  
**13.25**  
 All our coats of all our boys' long ulster overcoats  
**4.25**  
 Our entire stock of boys' and children's suits reduced regardless of cost. Every boy's and child's overcoat must be sold. The price will sell every garment.  
 Great bargains in men's underwear. Odd lots shirts, 25 cents each; marine shirts and drawers, 45 cents each; heavy wool shirts and drawers, 30 cents each; strictly all wool, worth \$2.50 a garment, \$1.45 each.  
 Our entire stock of clothing and gent's furnishing goods, less than manufacturers' cost.  
 The greatest bargain sale ever inaugurated.

## Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.

### LOOTING OF THE NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS CAR.

"I received an official notification," said Detective Lawton, "of the New England express car robbery from Boston, and, as the details had not been fully gathered owing to the dazed condition of the car messenger, I got aboard a special engine and was whisked off to Boston at a mile a minute. I found the messenger—his name was Hartwell. I think—suffering from several severe wounds on the scalp, and the doctors were of the opinion that his skull had been fractured by a heavy, blunt instrument.  
 "He was then just able to talk, not in a very connected way, but sufficient to give me an idea of how the robbery happened. It was to his credit that he did not conceal the fact that he was sleeping in the car along with several hundred thousand dollars worth of property when the thieves gained an entrance. He did not hear or see anything, therefore, until the thieves woke him with a bang on the head and then hit him before he could make any show of resistance. He did not get a good look at any of the crooks, and about all that he knew was that there were three in the party, all large and heavily built men. The men had on black masks when he first saw them, and after they had gagged and tied him a towel or bag was put over his face.  
 "An examination of the car gave me an idea as to the methods employed by the thieves to get in, and I confess that my first impression was that the work had been done by some persons familiar with the construction of cars, presumably railroad employees. The car was divided into a large and small room by a partition, and the door opened from the platform to the smaller room. The messenger was locked in the car in this city by one of the express agents, and he had to be released by an agent in Boston. This kept the messenger from getting out, and the car door was sealed, so as to show if any attempts were made by the messenger to get out by collusion. The only inside partition in the car was a heavy iron rod, which was suspended from the center of the door and the end dropped into a slot when the door was closed. A hole had been made in the door on a line with this inside bar, and all the thieves had to do after knocking off the outside lock was to lift the inner rod and walk into the little room.  
 "Hartwell confessed that he had often gone to sleep because there was no danger of the car being robbed, owing to the fact that no one knew except those directly interested in the safe carriage of the money when it was sent. In the car was a coupling-pin with blood on it, which rather confirmed the notion that railroad men were in the deal, for this is a weapon used more frequently by railroad people than a club or a revolver. Hartwell said that there was no display of the fire-proof safes and the smaller safes that professional crackmen had been with the party.

on the train, and the company had provided sufficient safeguards to prevent collusion with crooks.  
 "The case ran on for a week or ten days without any developments, and then I got a telegram to hurry to the express office. I found there a great deal of excitement over a story told by Jacob Hoffman, the assistant secretary of the company. It was in brief that he had met a man named Robert Howe in a billiard saloon, a perfect gentleman, who had saved him from being whipped by a drunken scrapper. They became good friends, and he remembered in times together, and he remembered in casual conversation telling Howe that the express car and money traffic business. He would never have thought of it again if he had not met Howe that morning. Howe told him that he had been burying his mother. I saw from the way the young man had been led along by Howe that he had been up against a clever bank artist, who got correct information about everything done in the money business, even to the time of shipping the bundles.  
 "Howe had agreed to meet Hoffman in the evening and take dinner in Broad street. I knew that if Howe really was in the robbery that his business with Hoffman was to get information about the work being done to catch the thieves. I had several men in the restaurant, and to my surprise Howe met Hoffman. Howe had a partner, and when I got the light on them I recognized them at once as old Bill Kinny, the prince of confidence men, and Solly Myers, the meanest crook I ever heard of. After the dinner I followed Myers into a house in Seventh street, Jersey City, where I arrested him and Jingo Horn. In their room I found about three-fourths of the stolen jewelry, but none of the express money.  
 "Did you ever notice," said old Bill Kinny, "how it is that one fellow gets along with his work without any fuss and feathers, while another puts on a great burst of speed and don't go half as far in a day as the quiet fellow? Some people make hard work out of very simple and easy things. Just look at Molly Matches there, a quiet, happy-go-lucky chap, who never gets excited, was never known to hurry in his life, but when it comes to getting a watch or a leather out of anybody's kick without interfering with the ordinary rules of politeness, there's nobody can give Molly my points.  
 "Then, take Molly's partner there, little Jim Brady. He's the sport to make a fuss about everything. Why, he could not get a watch without putting a hole in a guy's ribs to save his life. That's just the difference in the world between me and Solly Myers in the methods of doing our work when we were railroad-forging for safes and mail bags. Solly was a rough diamond, and he had the biggest heart of anybody I met. He loved opposition, and he would sooner win a battle roll in a fight than pick it up in the street or from a sleeping agent. He had nerve that the devil himself would have been glad to possess; but his splendid courage destroyed all his caution, and if it had not been that he was clever there would have been trouble. I guess the same thing goes in everything else, whether it's crooked or honest. Brains are what counts in everything, after all. It does not make much difference

how big and strong a fellow may be in pushing his way along, if he has not got the wit to appreciate that brute force belongs only to brutes, and ingenious crooks are safer and more profitable. He is going to have a hard time, drunk or sober; and I have raised a big smile among my partners by being so polite when I was doing the masked burglary business on the famous tour I made up the Hudson village with Denny Lyon's gang, that in some places where the people who had given up their valuables were actually sorry to have me go. Yes, my way, politeness is the great thing to give you a push along when your luck has been very bad.  
 "Solly and I had struck a lot of tame ducks, and it seemed as if there was some sort of hoodoo going along with us. We were running on a stretch for months when there was not a dollar came our way, and then all of a sudden came the boom that gave us a little side over a game of billiards. The billiard parlors in East Fourteenth street one night when there was a nice looking young fellow got into trouble with a tough young scrapper from the east side over a game of billiards. When I saw that the thug was trying to take an unfair advantage of him and was getting up a muss so that in watch, why, I interfered in my usual polite manner and dumped the sport into the soup. The young fellow whom I had stood by told me his name was Hoffman and he took a liking to me right away. I stuck to him a bit to find out whether or not he had wealthy relations, that it might pay me to get acquainted with, and I found out that he was the assistant secretary of the New England Express Company. That was good news for me, for I was an expert in the handling of express packages, and I became quite intimate with young Hoffman.  
 "I know that this company used to have the handling of about all the heavy money shipments between this city and all points east, and in my own polite way, which some people might call a cozy game, I began to pump my friend about the business. He was a very talkative chap, and when he saw that I was so deeply interested in matters pertaining to railroad transportation, he was delighted to tell me all that he knew. I led him around gradually to the handling of the money packages so as not to make him suspicious. I knew that it was equivalent to a discharge from the company to be found talking about such matters, but I had gained Hoffman's confidence and he did not hesitate for a moment to tell that he knew. He described in detail how the money was counted in the office before being put into little burglar-proof boxes. Then the seals were put on over the locks, and they were taken to the cars and put into a large fire-proof safe in the express car. There had never been a robbery on the road and for that reason only one express messenger was sent to guard the bundles in the car. The time when the valuable packages were shipped was kept a profound secret, but Hoffman knew all about it because he had to sign the receipts over the money had been counted in the office. I learned from him who the messengers were, and where the express car was kept, while lying in the

city, all of which information I gave to Solly, with instructions to find the car and look it carefully over from the outside, and inside, if possible. Solly did his part of the work in great shape and the next time it was my turn to make a complete diagram of the car. The car was provided with only ordinary outside locks and an inside bar over the rear door, and did not present the slightest obstacle to a couple of experts.  
 "I kept careful tabs on my young friend after all the preliminary work had been done, and to draw him out I said to him one evening that his fingers looked as if he had been handling a stack of the long green. To my surprise and delight he said that my guess was a day ahead, and on the next day there was going to be a heavy shipment of money and jewelry for the holiday trade. I got from him the time when the train would start, and I invited him to have supper with me the following evening. This was done so that he would not suspect that I had anything to do with the work, and to be sure that the goods had gone. We had supper down town, and he told me that the young fellow had sent out the most valuable shipment of the year. While we were eating I told him that I had received word that my mother was very ill in Baltimore. About the time I would have to start to reach the Centre street depot, a telegraph message, which I had arranged for, was delivered to me. It was to the effect that my mother was dead. I just see how his hands are clasped from the cold, poor fellow," she added, turning to her companion.  
 "Yes, I see," replied the gentleman, leaning forward and looking closely at the hand in question, "but I have transferred the dime to the pencil vendor's pocket, was again outstretched.  
 "Yes, that is what I call very good work."  
 "Good work?" repeated the lady in surprise. "What do you mean?"  
 Without replying in words her companion proceeded to give an illustration. Stripping off his glove he held his right hand cupped under a rivulet streaming from the roof and got a little pool of water in it. Then he said to the man:  
 "I'll buy one of your pencils if you have good ones. Let me see one."  
 Selecting a pencil the vendor handed it out, still keeping his eyes closed. With his left hand the gentleman seized the man's wrist, and, quickly applying the water held in his palm, rubbed the black marks vigorously while his companion gazed in amazement. Before the man could wrench himself away every mark was gone. Not a scratch or crack of the skin apparent. The skin was wrinkled a little, but coarse and sound as leather.  
 "I thought so," said the gentleman, forcing the pencil man, who had now opened his eyes and was struggling to get away, back against the wall. "Now give back that dime and get out unless you want to be arrested as an impostor. No words now," as the fellow started to remonstrate. "You can't afford to be seen in a police court. You might be recognized."  
 Dropping the dime to the ground the fellow straightened his back, shook off his palsy, and put for the corner at a speed that would have done credit to an athlete.  
 "That on earth does it all mean?" the lady asked her companion.  
 "It means that that man is a fakir, and that he has usurped one of the privileges of your sex in bringing art

**EGGARS ARE CUTE.**  
**DEVICES USED TO BLEED THE CHARITABLY-INCLINED.**  
 One of the Latest Frauds is the Chopped Hand Fake, and it is Being Worked in New York.  
 [From the New York Sun.]  
 A very pitiable object he looked as he stood in the entrance to the elevated railroad station stairs at Twenty-eighth street. His form was bent, his face pale, his eyes closed, as if in blindness, and he covered close to the wall to escape the cold rain that was driving in before the fierce wind. A box hung about his neck containing his wares, pencils, and he held a bunch of these in his hands that shook as if with palsy, and showed seams and cracks apparently bleeding from being chapped by the cold and wet.  
 "Buy a pencil, he whined. "Help a poor man with a few pennies."  
 A lady and a gentleman entered the station, and as the plea of the wretch reached her ears the lady stopped and took out her pocket book.  
 "Here, my poor man," she said, dropping a dime into his outstretched hand. "Never mind the pencil, I don't want it. Just see how his hands are chapped from the cold, poor fellow," she added, turning to her companion.  
 "Yes, I see," replied the gentleman, leaning forward and looking closely at the hand in question, "but I have transferred the dime to the pencil vendor's pocket, was again outstretched.  
 "Yes, that is what I call very good work."  
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to the aid of nature," was the reply. "But he does it to disguise instead of to beautify. I have heard of beggars who painted scars on themselves for sympathy, and when you called my attention to this chap's hands and his hands' shape, I recognized a case of it."  
 "Just before election," he continued, "some political work took me about the lodging houses on the lower east side, and I saw there an instance where the artist was more realistic than this one. Going into a 10-cent lodging house near Chatham square, I saw an apparent cripple sitting in a corner, working at a hand with a nail. As a cleaning of finger nails is not a favorite occupation for that locality, I watched the cripple and discovered that he was making long scratches on the back of his hands with a nail. In great surprise I asked another fellow sitting in the same room, "Oh, that's Tenpenny Jack," he said. "He does that every night."  
 "He does it for fun?" I inquired.  
 "He does it for the dough," he said. "He makes marks on his hands, and he takes them out 'em, an' he shakes 'em, an' the ladies gives up their good coin, see?" It's the same old story, and only they ain't many can stand it. But Tenpenny Jack's hands is so tough you can't hurt 'em, an' he has tough work, get any blood to come. Now's he's just finishing' off the job."  
 "As the man said, Tenpenny Jack was nearly through 'workin' the spike." He examined his hands critically, gave a kick here and a jab there, lengthened out a scratch a little, an' then showing the nail into his pocket, he whistled. I thought as I followed him that if any beggar earned his money he did."

**TROUBLE A DIME MADE.**  
 One Calculator's Mistake of Ten Cents Created a Lot of Trouble.  
 [From the Providence Journal.]  
 Once in a great while one of the thirty odd bank clerks who are delegated to render into the Providence clearing-house the accounts of their respective banks makes an error in his "figgers." Usually the session is over in twenty minutes, but Tuesday it required an extra hour for the finding of a 10-cent mistake in \$1,152,198. As there is a money time, which gathers double compound computed interest, so to speak, as the minutes are piled up by the clock, each young gentleman of the thirty odd is on pins and needles until the fellow who is to blame is discovered.  
 "At noon the clearing house telephone, which is that of the Roger Williams bank, began to ring, and from that time until the session was concluded bank after bank called up to know if its emissary had gone to Canada, and had left everything but a balance against the bank. Officials and clerks, who go to dinner in rotation, stood with watches in hand and saw their cars go by, and felt an increasing and aching void at the "beck." About 12:45 o'clock the \$1,152,198 had been squared up to a cent, and the 10-cent fellow who had shaken the banking community to the pit of its stomach was laden with a crop of fines as thick as the bungs of a molasses barrel.  
 "Agriculture for an honorable and high-minded man is the way of all occupations or arts by which men procure the means of living.—Xenophon.