HOW A TOWN SAVED HEARTACHES.

THIS is the fifth year of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin's life in a San Francisco jail on the charge of poisoning Mrs. John P. Dunning and her sister, Mrs. Deane, both of Delaware, says Nettie Thompson Grove in Kansas City Star.

This year, however, brings the news that her case will come to a final trial, as ordered by the courts in Washington, this month.

The prosecution announces that it has no new evidence, but considers the evidence produced at former trials ample to secure a conviction again. Its chief witness, Mr. Pennington, however, has died. Mr. Heggerty, for the defense, not only has his old evidence in shape to reproduce, but announces that he has fresh evidence, and he is again confident that "no fair-minded jury will convict his client in the face of the evidence" to be produced by both sides.

The prosecution and defense will both import witnesses from Delaware. Notably, for the defense, it is reported, will appear a physician from that state to testify that neither woman died of arsenical poisoning.

Judge Carroll Cook, who pronounced a life sentence over Mrs. Botkin at her last trial, will again preside.

There will also be reproduced at the coming trial a drug clerk and a professional nurse. The clerk will again testify that he sold a woman, whom he, of course, identifies as Mrs. Botkin, arsenic for the alleged purpose of cleaning a hat; that he insisted that he had other drugs better adapted for her purpose than arsenic, but Mrs. Botkin, assuming his identification to be correct, insisted on buying the arsenic, which was in the powdered form. The arsenic found in Mrs. Dunning's box of candy was in the crystal form, and had been forced into the bonbons. Expert chemists will again testify that powdered arsenic cannot be transformed into the crystal form, and the defense will again establish the fact that it has not been able to find a drug store in San Francisco—remarkable exception in thus losing a chance of a connection with this most notorious crime—that had sold any arsenic in this particular form.

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The prosecution will also reintroduce one Mrs. Raouf, nurse, who most opportunely recalls "several very singular questions" asked her by Mrs. Botkin shortly before the crime. Singular are they indeed to have come from a woman of Mrs. Botkin's age and worldly experience. They speak for themselves.

"Does one have to tell a doctor or a lawyer the truth when he is engaged professionally?"

The second question is worthy of a Mojave squaw:

"When a parcel is sent by registered mail does the sender have to sign his name?"

The third question is also indicative of a high order of intelligence:

"How much arsenic does it take to kill a person?"

It may be pertinent to recall here the fact that at the time of the first trial an obscure little weekly paper published an account of the cross-questioning of women witnesses by Mr. Heggerty. They were severely handled. The question of money being introduced, one admitted having received "forty pieces of silver, ten more than her illustrious predecessor received"—to quote Mrs. Botkin.

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County jail No. 3, the jail provided for the women prisoners in San Francisco, is well out on the old San Jose road. It is a solitary location cut off from a view of the ocean or of the city by high ranges of foothills. The building is not jail-like in appearance, in fact, was once a school building. It sits high in terraced grounds that are as carefully kept as though surrounding a private residence. Mrs. Botkin occupies a large square room on the first floor in one corner of the building, formerly a lumber room. It is reached only through one of the wards usually well filled with prisoners of the drug fiend type. It is finely lighted, having large windows on two sides.

Mrs. Botkin has transformed the bare room into the appearance of a luxurious living room. A closer inspection, however, reveals that that which seems to be luxury is simply comfort idealized by exquisite cleanliness and the utilization of inexpensive materials. The draperies are kept freshly laundered and when put up are put up firmly with no flimsy bows of ribbon in impossible places. The windows are unshaded save by simple white lace curtains.

The writers for housekeeping journals on the pet themes of "how to furnish an eight-room flat on $89," or "how to evolve an easy chair from a flour barrel and two yards of cretonne," could gain in practical knowledge by an inspection of Mrs. Botkin's quarters in county jail No. 3. They would find there a practical adaptation of economy which insures solid comfort without sacrificing the artistic.

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The apartment certainly deserves the title, living room, for within its compass are found the means for satisfying the conditions of daily existence. The corner to the left as the room is entered is filled by a tiny stove serving the two-fold purpose of heating and cooking. The dressing table is across the second corner and the dining table graces the third, while against the wall space between the two, flanked on either side by a window, is placed the bed. The sink and china closet occupy the fourth corner, before which is placed a tall screen of Japanese matting, a specimen of Mrs. Botkin's work. In fact, in this work of transformation she has in turn been seamstress, painter and carpenter.

The floor is entirely bare save for a couple of small rugs. The walls, painted by Mrs. Botkin, are in a rather strong yellow. The drop ceiling is of a paler tint of the same color, while at the juncture of the two shades is built around the room a plate shelf—a specimen of the occupant's carpentry.

The furnishings, which were all purchased by Mrs. Botkin, are accordingly simple and were procured second hand. The dressing table and chest were first sandpapered and then painted pale yellow with deeper trimmings. The iron bedstead was similarly renovated and treated to a color scheme of white and yellow. The draperies to the dressing table and canopied bed are of sheer yellow and white printed muslin, inexpensive yet dainty and artistic.

Among the familiar reproductions which break the monotony of the plain yellow walls may be noted "Napoleon at St. Helena," several of the Madonnas, the "Flight Into Egypt," the "Battle of Marston Moor" and the "Choristers."

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The center of the room is library and reception room combined. The books and magazines lying about are of the more solid type. The Bible and prayer book (Mrs. Botkin is an Episcopalian) show evidence of daily usage in the well thumbed condition which has worn the gilt from the edges of the leaves in a broad band. The "library" contains a beautiful Japanese umbrella palm, in a yellow jardiniere contrived by Mrs. Botkin from a mackerel kit. Further evidence of her skill with the carpenter's tools will be seen in a wall cabinet, several foot stools and a quaint two-shelved table of octagonal shape.

The deep window seats are filled with boxes of coleus, nasturtiums and violets blooming in odorous profusion. Outside there riotously clamber the English ivy and vivid scarlet geraniums

Mrs. Botkin's Aged Parents Have Never Learned of Her Conviction.

forming a beautiful screen before the window, but they cling for a support to iron bars.

From the little garden which she was permitted to make and cultivate are drawn the lettuce, radishes and other vegetables of easy culture that appear on her table. Relatives in northern California send her at stated intervals butter and fruit. These supplies, with the addition of whole wheat bread and a meat only as her appetite demands it, form her simple menu.

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Interest in her case has never sustained a decline in the curiosity of the San Francisco public. Even now on visitors' day curious strangers take up a position outside of her vine-screened windows endeavoring to peer in.

A gentleman who has been closely connected with the case from the beginning remarked to the writer:

"All the employes who have come in contact with Mrs. Botkin since her incarceration have had something good to say of her. As yet I have never heard one criticise her in any way."

The prisoner has every moment planned to keep brain or hand busy. In addition to accomplishing a certain amount of sewing for herself and her mother, Mrs. Botkin has, since in jail, pieced a number of silk quilts. She has also learned to weave baskets. A certain portion of the day is allotted to her diary, which now fills some dozen large ledgers. Another portion is devoted to the study of Spanish and French and another to exercise for reduction of flesh, which under the jail regime is increasing.

Before this accusation had been cast upon Mrs. Botkin her husband, William C. Botkin, formerly well known in Kansas City and Joplin, where he had mining interests, had sued for a divorce. She had contested her suit successfully in more than one court, the charges not being sustained. Last October he again brought suit against her and won, Mrs. Botkin, in view of her closely impending trial for life, not appearing in the lesser suit. When Mrs. Botkin was first arrested for this crime her husband, though he had been seeking a divorce from her, hurried to her aid, offering his moral and financial support—on one condition. No woman in Mrs. Botkin's trouble, penniless and seemingly friendless, was in a position to refuse aid even with a dozen provisos attached. The offer was accordingly accepted, the condition regarded, the battle fought, and Mrs. Botkin lost.

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Three days after she received her sentence, life imprisonment, notice of suit for divorce was again served on her, this time on the grounds of her sentence. Her lawyer, a practitioner, not of the firm of Knight & Heggerty, however, announced his determination to contest the suit again and told Mr. Botkin that he would have to wait until the final courts ordered his wife to San Quentin to make his grounds valid.

It is said that Mr. Botkin thereat immediately proclaimed his intention of going up to Ferndale, the residence of Mrs. Botkin's parents, and informing them that their daughter, whom they supposed to be in Europe on pleasure, was in reality under conviction for the greatest of crimes. The lawyer is credited with rising to the occasion by saying:

"Really? Go ahead, but first make sure you are not having your trouble for your pains."

However brave a front was displayed to Mr. Botkin, that gentleman was scarcely down to the street before a message of warning was on the wires to Ferndale. The citizens of the little town seemed to constitute themselves into a vigilance committee, with a single object in view—to keep a crushing sorrow and bitter humiliation from two of their old friends. For several weeks all strangers were subjected to a strict surveillance. Did one step from a train a swift messenger appeared at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Browne to tell the younger members of the family that "a strange man just got off at the station."

No avenue was left unguarded through which by any carelessness or malice a hint could creep through. The old couple were never left alone on the veranda or in the yard for a moment, kind neighbors alternating with the family in maintaining a vigilant watch over all who came near the house.

The Ferndale paper, a weekly, had regularly given news of the case at the time of its trial. However, so far as this paper was concerned there was no "Botkin" trial—it was the "Dunning case," and the prisoner was never referred to as Mrs. Botkin, but simply as the "accused." The editor trusted to Mr. Browne's extreme age, though he still continued to be devoted to the papers, to overlook any inaccuracies in his newspaper reports. The San Francisco paper due daily at Mr. Browne's residence generally lost a page at the dealer's before being delivered. On more than one occasion "the train failed to bring them." This was when they could not be skilfully mutilated. Perhaps there is no other instance recorded in which an entire community so unanimously and so zealously conspired to do a disinterested kindness.

Mr. Browne lived for three years after his daughter's conviction, then died in absolute ignorance of her trouble. The mother, now 83 years old, lives on with no other thought than that her daughter is merely prolonging her European trip.

THE DEACON AND HIS CONSCIENCE

(New York Evening Sun.)

"B'gosh, I'll never f'rgit the time Deacon Squillers' mare wuz stolen," began old Bob Fleming as he propped his feet onto the rim of cylindrical stove standing in the center of the tavern floor.

"It happened 'bout two weeks afore Chris'mus an' it wuz a hard blow to Squillers, who wuz a man born with a fondness f'r dumb beasts. He wuz perticulully fond o' the stolen mare an' wanted to git her back agin badly. So he offered $16 f'r her return an' no questions put. He remember'n the ole adage 'bout money makin' the mare go an' he thought money'd bring her back, too. When Deacon Allen heerd o' this offer o' course he immejetly skedaddled over to see Squillers an' git a gen'ral description o' the horse. Allen wuz shrewder than a she wolf an' the meanest man f'm here to anywhere. He'd look f'r a needle in a haystack ef he wuz being paid by the hour f'r the work.

"'What's the characteristics o' the animile?' asked Deacon Allen.

"'Wa-al,' drawled Squillers, "he's ez solid as the treasury o' the United States, 'cept that his left ear continnerly hangs down an' wouldn't prop up ef a steam whistle screeched the Declaration o' Independence 'longside it.'

"A droopin' ear wuz enuff f'r any detective f'r a clew, an' Deacon Allen started out on his cruise o' investigationment. 'Course this wuz all acted on the part o' Allen, as yer will afterwards learn. Wa-al, on Chris'mus mornin' who walks into Squillers' yard but Deacon Allen, leadin' ahind him a horse with an ear hangin' ez limp ez a cow's tail in winter time.

"Now, there wuzn't a man in the hull country c'ud beat Squillers in a horse deal, an' it wuz known that he bested David Harum wunst, though nuthin' wuz mentioned 'bout it in that 'ere vollum he got out. So w'en he sees Deacon Allen comin' into the yard with a horse, his mind wuz made up in a minute.

"'I told y'r I'd bring her back, Nat,' began Allen.

"'Bring who back?' says Nat with sober look in his wrinkled face.

"'Your horse, o' course. Found her grazin' 'bout five miles out.'

"'But, hemlocks, 'taint my horse ye got thar.'

"'Tint,' almost shrieked Allen with a look of surprise.

"'No, 'taint. But I'll tell ye what I'll do. Allen, seein' ez y'r taken back some'at: I'll take the beast off y'r hands, seein' ez I'm in need o' a horse to replace the one that wuz stolen. Ye've taken all ye trouble to search for my benefit an' I want to sort o' compensate ye. I'll give ye eight dollars f'r the horse.'

"'But y'r reward wuz f'r $16, deacon, an' I think ez y'r replacin' y'r lost horse he'd ought to be worth the hull amount.'

"'Taint f'r me to argy, Allen; ef I don't buy her the horse ez on y'r hands an' I think to you $8 in the hand ez worth a stud o' horses in the stable; ye've no use f'r 'em.'

"Deacon Allen hestitated a few minutes an' then he bursts out: 'Wa-al, let's have the eight,' an' ez Squillers handed over the money there wuz a dubious look in his face, an' ez Allen took it the look in his face wuzn't jes' right, nuther; jes' ez though one didn't know whut to think o' the other.

"'Well, a hull year went by an' ez next Chris'mus come around ole Squillers lay dying. He had gotten out o' bed one cold blustery night 'cause he heerd the horse kickin' an' feerd the critter wuzn't fixed comf'table. That night he got this here new monia an' the doctor ups and tells him that his time's cum, an' he'd better make things ez easy ez possible. Squillers said he wuzn't afeerd to die an' added: 'There's on'y one crooked deal against me, an' I want to set it right, Doc, before I go. Will ye send f'r Deacon Allen?'

Deacon Allen cum right over, an' the two deacons meetin' wuz a picter I'll never f'rgit. Squillers extended his feverish hand an' says in a tremulous voice, while all on us stood about with anxious silence:

"'Deacon, do ye remember last Chris'mus?'

"'I do.'

"'Do you remember my mare that wuz stolen?'

"'I do.'

"'Do ye remember how ye brought back a horse an' I acknowledged the critter didn't belong to me?'

"'I do.'

"'Well, Allen, I lied to ye and' I've been ez full o' remorse ez a country farmhouse with city relatives in summer time. I lied thet time jes' to save $8. It wuz my mare an' I skun you out o' $8. F'give me, Allen, an' unless you do I don't want to die.'

"Allen raised his tear-stained face, which wuz bowed all during Squillers' confession, an' when the dyin' deacon had finished Allen said:

"'Nat, I f'give ye ez on'y an' ole friend kin f'rgive—pervided ye in your turn f'rgive me.'

"'F'rgive you!' said Squillers in a gruff, hollow tone o' voice, while the rest on us wuz gittin' ez itchy ez a mongrel dog, wantin' to know whut he needed f'rgiveness fer.

"'Yes, f'rgive me,' Allen went on 'fer takin' thet $8.'

"'But ye deserved it, Allen; ye deserved it.'

"'No, I didn't, for 'twuz me thet stole yer horse.'

"Squillers only groaned an' then his life flitted out, an' thet wuz jes' thirty Chris'muses ago tonight."

THE NECESSITY FOR REFORM WORK

(Chicago Tribune.)

The president of the Neighborhood Improvement association had dropped in at a meeting of the Political Purity league and had taken a back seat, hoping, perhaps, to escape the notice of the chairman, but the hope was destined to disappointment. He was discovered and compelled to take a seat on the platform.

"Don't ask me to make a speech," he pleaded, in a whisper, as he was dragged down the aisle by the chairman. "I haven't the ghost of an idea in my head tonight."

"That will be all right," he was assured. "Just a word if you feel like it, and if you don't feel like it you needn't say anything."

But after a speech or two had been made, and the hunger of the audience for oratory found to be apparently unappeased, the presiding officer arose and said:

"We have with us this evening, fortunately—providentially, I may almost say—a gentleman of whom you have all heard. His work as the president of an organization kindred in some respects to ours is familiar to all of you. Neighborhood reform—material reform—goes hand in hand with political reform. The one complements and supplements the other. We need a basis of material reform—neighborhood reform—on which to build the superstructure of political reform. We are fortunate indeed in this opportunity of listening to one who is working with such magnificent success in a field of labor which, as I may say, adjoins ours, and we shall treasure his advice, which he knows so well how to give. Gentlemen of the league, I have great pleasure in introducing President Pnoodles of the Neighborhood Improvement association, who will now address you."

Amid the loud clapping of hands Mr. Pnoodles arose, with a ghastly smile on his face.

"Mr. President," he said, "and gentlemen of the Political Purity league, not having prepared myself to make a speech this evening, and not being expected to be called upon to—to make a speech, in fact, I find myself—er—unprepared. Your president, in fact, almost promised me I should not be called on to say anything. But"—here he brought his hands together in front of him, finger to finger, in the shape of a pointed arch, and assumed a severe expression of countenance—"as your president has well said, your organization'—accent on the gan—"and the one of which I have the honor to be the president are kindred organizations, perhaps I cannot do better than to point out some of the lines along which we are working."

The speaker took a drink of water and proceeded:

"What we want, Mr. President and gentlemen, is reform. I say reform. We are working along the lines of reform in the Neighborhood Iimprovement association. We meet together and we—we work along those lines, as I said before. In working along those line we have to take into consideration what we want to do. That is the first thing. Now, what do we want? We want reform, as I said before, and I may say, for your encouragement, that in working along these lines we work together, gentlemen. We work together. You can't accomplish anything along—along these lines unless you work together. That is the first thing. We have got to have unity, gentlemen, unity of purpose, unity of action, unity of—of whatever we have got to do along these lines. I say we have got to have unity. What is reform? What is political purity? It is something we have got to have gentlemen. Take the old fable of the bundle of sticks. That shows what can be accomplished, gentlemen, when you work together. And I want to say right here that nothing is ever accomplished in this world along the lines of real reform unless we work together. If we try to work separately what do we accomplish? Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Vigorous applause at this point enabled the speaker to collect himself for the next onslaught.

"And so I say, gentlemen," he proceeded, with increasing emphasis, "that it should be an encouragement to us when we find ourselves animated by the same spirit and working along the lines of reform, as I said before, whether it be in neighborhood matters of in purifying the politics of this great country of ours, cemented together, gentlemen, by the blood of our revolutionary forefathers."

"Now, gentlemen, I did not expect to address you when I came in, as I said before, and as there are several eloquent gentlemen to follow me I will yield the floor, but before I take my seat I want to leave this thought with you, that whatever we do along the lines of improvement or purifying the politics of this magnificent country of ours we can not fail, gentlemen, we cannot come short of success in each and every effort along these lines if we work together. I thank you, gentlemen."

And the applause of the audience was loud, prolonged and enthusiastic.

How They Are Judged.

(Washington Star.)

"Do you subscribe to the theory that people's characters are made by what they eat?"

"No," answered the scientist; "but judging from the advertisements I should say that in many cases their reputations are made by the medicines they take."

WALKER'S STORE.

VALENTINES FOR A MULTITUDE.

Thousands are here! And love's sweet story, in a thousand ways, is told in rhyme and prose. No day in all the year is more revered than St. Valentine's. Happy saint whose magic spell can evoke the tenderest sentimentalism, and for a day at least turn a world from its work-a-day way into remembering "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." Hearts, Cupids, flowers, of course, decorate all valentines. Silk, paper, celluloid, is formed into pretty shapes. Come see them; no one could tell of such a variety. As little priced as 1c each up to $2.00.

Stationery Store at South End of Main Aisle.

Early Spring Arrivals of Tailor Gowns and Separate Skirts.

The suits are etamine. More of this sheer fabric will you see the coming season than ever before— both in gowns and skirts. The blouse—the omni-present, with variations that wonderfully improve is again with us. One of the handsomest gowns on show right now is a dark navy blue, lined with white silk and touches of white in the trimming, a close second is an effective black and white mixture that has this combination carried out in the trimming. But then there are others. Come and see all. $20, $25, $27.50 up to $75.

The separate skirts are no less interesting—indeed the variety of kinds is broader than that of the suits, just at the present. Walking and visiting, $5.00 and upward.

$1 to $1.25 Wool Waistings, 55c a Yard.

The last announcement at underprice! And they are just the sort of fabric you'll want for your first spring waist. Silk stripe, dot and figure patterns on blue, rose, red, green, brown, tan grounds. A splendid assembly of some of the choicest wool waistings. Were $1 to $1.25 a yard. Monday and week—55c.

90c Corduroys--50c a Yard.

No more serviceable material is there than corduroy and these are the splendid quality desired for boys' suits, women's waists, dresses or separate skirts. Eight shades to choose from—tan, navy blue, gobelin blue, pink, old rose, reseda, green and brown. To close out all reduced from 90c a yard to—50c.

Winter Hoisery and Knit Garments That Must Away.

Women's wool union suits, gray or cream, beautiful garments as you may judge from regular price, exquisitely fine, broken line of sizes, of course, reduced from $3.50 to—$2.50.

Women's wool vests and drawers, gray or white, nicely finished, perfectly woven, reduced from $1.25 each—to—$1.00.

Children's fleeced gray cotton shirts, pants and drawers that were 35c each, now—25c.

Children's fleeced black cotton stockings instead of 35c a pair—25c.

Women's black cotton stockings, ribbed tops, regularly priced 60c reduced to—50c.

New Lot of Cocoa Brush Door Mats at "Special" Prices. Other Carpet Store Offerings.

A lot of excellent cocoa brush door mats has just arrived. Bought for the one and only purpose of making a sale time. Two sizes;13 by 24 inches and 17 by 27 inches. Those that should sell for 75c go at—50; the $1.25 at—85c.

New granite, ingrain art squares are here; pretty spring colorings and patterns; well worth coming to see. Sizes 3x3 yards, 3x3½ yards, 3x4 yards. Very reasonably priced—$3.75, $4.25 and $5.00 each.

New couch covers, too, are on show. Rich Oriental effects, mostly, and 50 to 60 inches wide, three yards long, $2 each and upward.

Two dozens of full size rope portieres—won't be long now until you'll be thinking of them with other spring needs—in all colors, formerly priced $3.50, reduced to—$1.98.

Fine Toilet Soaps For a Tiny Price.

The choicest of soaps—exquisitely perfumed, refined and pure are the Pinaud and Roger & Gallet, so an underprice occasion on them should not be lightly passed by. Sale Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday:—

Roger & Gallet Violet, Heliotrope, Peau d'Espange and Santa; Pinaud's Royal Daisy, Carnation Pink, Violet, Lilac and New Mown Hay. Sold always at 35c a cake, three days—22c.

A New and "Special" Buy Of Choice Platte Val. and Imitation Torchon Laces---10c and 5c a Yard.

We think that of all the special sale lots we've ever happened upon, none can compare with these in beauty of pattern design or quality goodness. Now, then, though we wait to know what you "think." Many of the patterns are entirely new, all are pretty. Monday and week:—

Platte Val edgings and insertions, 2 to 9 inches wide, that would readily sell at 25c and 30c a yard, for—10c.

Imitation Torchon insertions and edgings, 2 to 4 inches wide, worth up to 15c a yard for—5c.

Rubbers, Leggings, Artics For Men, Women, Children. Greatly Price-Lowered.

The ground hog came out, peeped at the bright sun, blinked his eyes and went back to sleep for six weeks longer. So the weather man said. Despite such prophecy the shoe store says winter foot togs must get out. Monday and week:—

Men's rubbers that were 90c a pair for 70c; the 80c for 50c.

Men's canvas leggings, sold regularly at 85c and $1.00, reduced to—50c; boys' from 75c to—40c.

Women's buckle arctics and Alaskas instead of $1 and $1.25—75c. Children's reduced from 80c and $1 to—50c.

Velvet, broadcloth, leather and corduroy leggings for misses and children that were $1.50 to $1.75, go at—85c.

Large boys' rubber boots, sizes No. 3 to 6, reduced from $2.50 to—$1.95.

SHOE STORE REMOVED NEAR ARCH.

Writing Paper at Half Prices.

A small lot of beautiful writing paper—exquisitely finished, perfectly milled, in dainty tints and white, that sold originally at 75c up to $3.00 a box for clearance now—HALF REGULAR PRICES.

Some addressed writing paper. Salt Lake City engraved at the top, instead of 35c a box—17c.

Splendid Corset Reductions.

Cleaning up certain lines. Altogether the assortments make a goodly showing, but the size lists are incomplete and so early buying is advisable. Monday and until gone:—

Batiste corsets, white, black, drab; straight front; these sizes 21, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29 and 30. Formerly $1.75 and $2.50, clearance price—95c.

Girdle corsets, batiste and nicely boned—particularly suitable for slender figures and misses—prettily trimmed, white, pink, blue, drab black; sizes 18 to 26. Sold always at 50c, reduced to—39c.

Twelve dozens of washable sanitary Kay bands, reduced from $1.00 a dozen to 50c; each—5c.

The "Ideal" shoulder brace, adjustable, practical, good, in sizes for women and misses, instead of 75c each—19c.

Bags, Chains, Candle Shades.

A little group of pretty silk candle shades, delicate tints only, that were 15c up to 85c each. Monday and while they last—HALF THESE PRICES.

Calf skin and ooze leather shopping, or theatre bags, draw string in the tops, sold formerly at 75c to $3.75 each, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday to clear them out—HALF THESE PRICES.

An odd assortment of bead chains, coral and others, for a three days' sale the 40c, 45c and 50c kinds go at—27c; the 75c at—38c.

Dress Shields, "Olympia," double covered and washable, in size 4 only, for clearance instead of 30c a pair—15c.

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Every Train--- Every Day

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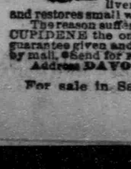

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Special Stockholders' Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a special meeting of the stockholders of the New York Bonanza Mining company will be held at the office of the company, room ——, D. F. Walker building, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 21st day of February, 1903, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering a resolution passed by the board of directors authorizing a quit claim deed to be made for a portion of the company's property to R. G. Wilson in consideration of 35,000 shares of stock of the company.

Dated Feb. 4, 1903.

W. H. IRVINE,
J. C. LYNCH,
JOHN M'SORLEY,
H. BARNETT,
Directors.