

OPEN EVENINGS GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

THE MOST USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT WOULD BE SOMETHING IN FURS.

No. 1, Alaska Seal Sacques, -	\$250.00 worth	\$300.00
No. 2, for -	200.00 worth	250.00
No. 3, for -	185.00 worth	225.00
No. 2, Electric Seal Sacque, -	85.00 worth	125.00
No. 1, Electric Seal Sacque, -	95.00 formerly	135.00
No. 1, Astrakhan Jacket, -	90.00 formerly	125.00
No. 2, Astrakhan Jacket, -	80.00 formerly	115.00
Russian Lynx Circular Capes, length 30-inch, at	13.00 formerly	18.00
Electric Seal Circular Capes at	25.00 formerly	35.00
Astrakhan Circular Capes at	15.00 formerly	25.00
Monkey Circular Capes at	35.00 formerly	48.00
Mink Circular Capes at	75.00 formerly	100.00
Brown Marten Circular Capes at	65.00 formerly	85.00
Stone Marten Circular Capes at	55.00 formerly	75.00
Beaver Circular Capes at	60.00 formerly	80.00
Otter Circular Capes at	75.00 formerly	90.00
Seal Circular Capes at	90.00 formerly	120.00

MUFFS.		
10 dozen Electric Seal -	-	\$1.49 each, formerly \$ 3.00
10 dozen Astrakhan -	-	1.49 each, formerly 3.00
10 dozen Monkey -	-	2.98 each, formerly 4.50
10 dozen Mink -	-	8.49 each, formerly 15.00
10 dozen Beaver -	-	8.49 each, formerly 15.00
10 dozen Stone Marten -	-	8.49 each, formerly 15.00
10 dozen Brown Marten -	-	8.49 each, formerly 15.00
10 dozen Nutria Beaver -	-	2.49 each, formerly 5.50
50 dozen American Seal -	-	1.49 each, formerly 4.00

NECK SCARFS WITH ANIMAL HEADS.		
20 dozen Electric Seal -	-	\$1.49 each, formerly \$ 3.00
20 dozen Brook Mink -	-	1.49 each, formerly 3.00
20 dozen Brown Marten -	-	3.49 each, formerly 6.00

Children's Fur Sets—50 dozen different styles of Children's Fur Sets at \$1.49. Children's Carriage Rugs at \$1.49. A special offer after 6 o'clock in Ladies' Neck Scarfs with Animal Heads at 98c. Gents' Seal Caps and Gloves at lowest prices.

One lot of Coats, formerly sold for \$25.00.
Your choice for **\$17.49.**

LOT No. 2—Formerly sold for \$15.00.
Your choice for **\$11.50.**

LOT No. 3—Formerly sold at \$18.00.
Your choice for **\$13.50.**

LOT No. 4—Formerly sold from \$12.00 to \$20.00.
Your choice for **\$7.00.**

LOT 1—In Cloth Capes, formerly sold for \$25.00, we offer for **\$15.00.**

LOT 2—Formerly sold for \$15.00, we sell for **\$10.00.**

OFFERING MACKINTOSHES for **\$3.50**; formerly \$5.00.

These Prices Will be Good for Saturday and Monday Only.

IN OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

We offer you the handsomest Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets for less than cost,

We can also show you an elegant line of Children's Silk Hats and Caps at half price.

Will close out the balance of our Feathers, Birds, Jets and Ribbons at prices that cannot help but please you. Feather Boas, **\$2.49**; formerly \$4.

The newest thing in a Child's School Cap, **79c.**; formerly \$1.50.

YOU WILL ALSO FIND A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SLEIGH ROBES AND COACHMEN'S CAPES.

J. BOLZ, THE ONLY PRACTICAL FURRIER IN THE CITY.
138 WYOMING AVENUE.

Why the West Asks for Free Coinage

Interesting Presentation of the Other Side of This Question.

JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN EXPLAINS

The East, Even More Than the West, is Interested in the Restoration of Silver as a Money Metal.

At the time of Senator John P. Jones' announced withdrawal from the Republican party, of which he had long been an able and distinguished leader, The Tribune, in reviewing his reasons for that step, took occasion to say:

Let it even be assumed that the masses of the Republican party of today entertain beliefs identical to free coinage, in the prospect of continued Democratic administration more auspicious for the prosperity of the silver states than the return to power of intelligent and responsible Republicans, upon whom mainly argument and rational explanation are seldom lost? The position of the great majority of the rank and file of the Republican party upon this coinage question may be expressed without recourse to bewildering figures or recondite discussion. It is one of unprejudiced hostility to silver, but simply of profound regard for the honor and stability of a currency "every dollar of which," in the forecast words of General Harrison, "shall be the purchasing equal of every other dollar," and have behind it, if necessary, the equivalent of a dollar in real value. We, in the east, do not believe it to be feasible to open the nation's mints to the silver of the world; but few of us are so sinners in our devotion to protection as to wish ill fortune to come to the silver producer in American mines by American capital giving employment to American labor. The use of silver as a money metal, up to the limit of the safety of the national credit and up to the limit of the solvency of the American treasury, is conceded to be wise, right and proper; but we submit, for the consideration of our western friends, that this limit will be sooner reached under Democratic anarchy than it will be under the control of experienced and prudent Republican statesmen, to whom the formulating of progressive financial legislation is not an impossible task.

Among the numerous letters which this expression elicited was one of particular merit from the pen of Judge C. C. Goodwin, editor of the Salt Lake Tribune. The increasing interest taken by all classes of people, east and west, in what may be conveniently called the currency problem, and the apparent certainty that this question will figure more largely in the politics of the coming eight or ten years than it has figured in the past, induce us to give space to Judge Goodwin's letter. At the same time, we throw our columns open to a general discussion of this subject, conditional, of course, upon space limits, and invite contributions from those of our readers who may wish to supplement or refute statements in the following expression of western opinion:

Judge Goodwin's Letter.
"You are entirely right when you say that you find no provocation to flippancy in the loss of comrades like Senator Jones. When you say, 'We cannot bring ourselves around to the radical belief that they are less honest and less patriotic than the inhabitants of other places,' you make people in the west smile, because, if you knew something of the hearts and the heads of the west-

ern men, the motives that prompt their private and their public actions, you would never talk about there being any question about their honesty and their patriotism. You declare that from your standpoint 'they are mistaken and from this distance they have acted unwisely.' That is possibly true. In Jones' case I think it is quite true, except that Senator Jones desires to succeed himself, and to do it he will have a majority vote of the legislature of Nevada, and the men of Nevada have grown tired of waiting for the men of the east to devote a few hours to the study of the silver question, because they know if they would, the east would be as clamorous for silver as the west. You misunderstand the motive of Senator Jones and the other men who, like him, wander away from the Republican party, because their real position is that they do not believe that either the Republican or the Democratic party will do justice to silver. They believe a new party will have to be started. In that I differ from them, because I believe that enough of the prominent Republicans of the east will see better sense now and nomination time in 1896 than unless they begin to do justice by silver they will be utterly overthrown in the presidential election, and that with that overthrow, their party will go where the Whig party went.

The Value of a Dollar.
"You state the position of a great majority of the rank and file of the Republican party upon the coinage question. Are you sure that what you state is true? You assert that it is not one of unprejudiced hostility to silver, but simply of profound regard for the honor and stability of the currency, every dollar of which, in the forecast words of General Harrison, shall be the purchasing equal of every other dollar, and have behind it, if necessary, the equivalent of a dollar in real value. Did you ever stop to think what made the value of the dollar? Did you ever stop to think that neither gold nor silver has any intrinsic value, that it is only the recognition of the nations of the world of these metals as money that gives them any value? If you were dying of thirst on the desert and had \$1,000 in gold in your pocket, you would gladly give that money for a pint of cold water. That shows you that gold of itself is not of any account.

"Now, up to twenty-one years ago gold and silver in our country were both held as money of ultimate redemption, and when so recognized, silver in our country was worth a percentage over gold. In that year, the government of the United States, by a statute, declared that silver was no longer money. That is, it made a single standard of gold, and everything had to be measured by gold, everything had to be redeemed in gold. You know the effect of that. Was it not to reduce the money of this world, so far as our government could, one half? Did you ever realize the effect?"

Some Pennsylvania History.
"I do not know how old a man you are, but if you can remember back far enough you will recall that gold lost half its purchasing power in Pennsylvania between 1849 and 1859. That is, measured in anything like property, it took twice as many dollars to buy anything in 1859 as it did in 1849. Why? Simply because the placers of California and Australia had doubled the money of the world, and property is valued by the amount of money in any country of the world. Now, when our government, joining with Germany, did what Great Britain did in 1816, refused to recognize silver as money and

put all the burden of the world's work on gold, the natural results followed; gold began to appreciate. If you look around you in Pennsylvania you will see that it has appreciated 50 per cent. That is, measured by anything that you gentlemen in Pennsylvania have to sell, it takes twice as much to buy \$100 worth of gold as it did in 1872. There is no exception to this, whether it be wheat, iron, coal or anything that you have to sell, or, stated the other way, anything you have with which to buy gold. You know that the products of Pennsylvania are worth more every year than all the products of all the silver states combined. That being true, then you men in Pennsylvania are much more interested in having silver restored than are the men of the silver states, as what you have to sell is worth more than what they have to sell. And when you say the great rank and file of the Republican party in the East believe as you do, can you tell why they do? Have they ever studied the question? Is it not true that they get their opinions manufactured for them in the great press of the East? Is it not true that that press is controlled by the creditor class of this nation, and that the great masses are being outrageously robbed all the time without knowing that fact?"

As to Farm Mortgages.
"If you have time, go up to the county recorder's office and ask him how the mortgages on the farms will compare with what they were twenty years ago, and see if they have not doubled. Investigate a little and see if the farmers will not tell you that their farms have fallen 50 per cent. in value in the last fifteen years. Go beyond that, and that the great masses are being outrageously robbed all the time without knowing that fact."

Charges There Was a Conspiracy.
"I mean no disrespect to you, but I beg to tell you that you are groping simply in the rudiments of this question, because you have never tried to understand it. You have taken the word of the great press of New York and Philadelphia, and perhaps of some money-lender in Scranton, and believe that because the money-lender deals in money, he must understand the question, and you do not know that this condition came because there was a conspiracy organized by some men beyond the sea, to 'destroy' half the money of the world and put the tollers of the world in perpetual bondage.

"Do you know that we have to pay in interest and dividends to Great Britain every year an amount of gold that is equal every twenty years to all the gold in the world, and do you want to wait until England shall agree to reduce that gold one-half in its value?"
"The real estate of the United States, according to the last official statement, was mortgaged to the amount of \$6,000,000,000, drawing interest at an average of 6 1/2 per cent. That involves all the workers of this country. The proceeds go to the few money-lenders. Can you not see how much to their interest it is to keep men like you declaring every day that every dollar must be as good as every other dollar? Try to take other views; that what our government says is good is good, and that if our government would open an unlimited demand for silver, it would be worth as much as gold in a week, and that that change would be like a transfusion of new blood to all the shrunken arteries of business in this country and it would be as though we had discovered a new mining region from which \$2,500,000,000 could be exhumed in a year.

Accompanying a copy of the published statement in which the senator from Nevada explained the reasons which dictated his withdrawal from the Republican party, Senator Jones, in a personal letter to the editor of The Tribune, written soon after that severance of political ties was completed, says:
"I thank you very much for the kindly tone of your article, and the sense of fairness by which it is pervaded. I have not been equally well treated everywhere, I can assure you. If you have read my speech of 1890 on the protective policy I need not express to you the extreme regret with which I have seen the Republican party sever all connection with silver money in this country. The party which stands for an independent industrial system for the United States should not be afraid of a monetary system which, if it did nothing else, could keep every man at work in this country, letting the people of other countries to attend to their own monetary affairs. The Republican party favors, of course, independence of Europe, so far as concerns our industries—that is, so far as concerns the production of commodities in this country, yet in so far as concerns money, with which alone our industries can be conducted, it appears we can only use such material as is used by the people of Europe! A protective policy can be but lamely protective while so incongruous a monetary system prevails."

A New England Parson.
It shall be said of him, he found
A flower in every human face;
In pathways where most thorns abound
He lingered for some hidden grace.

For those who sang of sunny days
And those who sorrowed he had cheer;
Yet could he walk through lonely ways
And find communion ever near.

The world was sweeter for his care,
The heights were won he sought to win;
For love through him made all things fair,
And all things fair through love are kin.
—Charles K. Bolton.

THE LOVE OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

BY E. T. SWEET.

'Twas Christmas eve, and Kitty and I sat before an open grate watching the dying embers, just as they do in all stories where lovers sit up late and make remarks that would appear very silly in print. It is needless to inform the reader that Kitty and I had been "keeping company" for several months, and that the progress of our affair had been so marked that no youth of the town had ever ventured to offer to escort Kitty home from choir practice or prayer meeting, or, in fact, any of the after dark social gatherings when I was in the vicinity—and I was generally on hand at the proper time.

As we sat by the fire on that Christmas eve it seemed as though we were both controlled by some strange influence. Kitty was unusually non-communicative and there was a far off, dreamy light in her round brown eyes as she gazed steadily at the coals upon the hearth that occasionally brightened or died away as the breezes of the night shifted and turned in their mad ways, chattering hymns of thanksgiving and praise. They were followed by hosts of strange-looking people of every age who welcomed the victors with tokens of admiration and respect.

While I stood gazing upon the brilliant scene in wonder, a pair of arms stole about my neck and brown eyes gazed into mine.
"It was Kitty."
Like the others, she was attired in a white robe of some clinging material; her hair was confined by a band of gold and wide gold bracelets of curious design encircled her plump bare arms.
"Oh, my hero!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "They say you were the bravest of the brave. The victory was due to your efforts. I am so proud of you!"

"But where are we?" I asked as my wonder increased. "What means this strange gathering?"
"Why, don't you remember, you said last night that we had met before. So we had. Once in a thousand years the world moves backward and spirits that have been blessed by a second communion with each other then, if they so desire, may resume their former existence. We have returned to our old life. Time has moved backward thousands of years since we sat by the fire light. I am again your wife and you are the conqueror; the hero of many bloody wars. At your frozen nations of the earth quake with fear."

"Your last act in slaying the barbarian chieftain is but the crowning of many deeds of valor. But come, let us to the feast that awaits you and your sturdy warriors. Sweet music shall fall upon the ears of the brave; red wine shall flow in torrents, and I—I will be ever near!"
"But how can this be?" I said. "Theosophy teaches progress. The world should not turn backward. We are taught to look for something higher at each stage of our spiritual existence."
"Ah! this is because last night, instead of looking forward to a higher state of existence you seemed anxious to recall the scenes of past ages. You were dimly searching for the clue that would bring back some forgotten dream. The time was right for the transmigration. You desired to unveil the past at the

upon me and I longed for an opportunity to test the steel in the terrible weapon that I carried.

Suddenly a moving mass of humanity appeared before us, and the cries of my companions were answered by shouts of defiance from the enemy. We pressed on unflinchingly. The blood-curdling yells of the barbarians in front of us only seemed to whet our desire for strife.

Soon we reached them, and the great hairy brutes, creatures dressed in skins and armed with terrible looking clubs and javelins rushed upon our army. One veritable giant, who seemed to be the leader, singled me out for a combat. As he approached I felt it would be a battle to the death, yet I was not afraid. His great bearded eyes seemed to emit fire as our weapons clashed in mortal combat. At last I succeeded in reaching an unguarded point and my sword went crashing into his skull and he fell with a groan.

As their leader went down the barbarians retreated sullenly and shouts of victory from my warriors rent the air. The battle was ours. Joyfully we turned our faces homeward and accompanied by many prisoners marched in the direction from whence we came.

As we approached a strange walled city the gates were suddenly opened and lovely maidens, dressed in flowing robes and with garlands of fragrant blossoms in their hair ran out to meet us, chanting hymns of thanksgiving and praise. They were followed by hosts of strange-looking people of every age who welcomed the victors with tokens of admiration and respect.

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instant that one of the thousand year lapses of our affinity had expired, and your wish was granted. When you joined the army of wild warriors, our souls were released from our bodies of the nineteenth century, and we have now begun again our pilgrimage to the state of perfection which we were several thousand years nearer last night than we are at present."

"There are our bodies now?" I asked. "Come with me and I will show you."
In an instant we were again in the dimly-lighted room before the flickering fire. Two forms were faintly outlined sitting side by side in front of the fireplace. Kitty's head rested upon the shoulder of her companion, whom I recognized as myself. Both were apparently asleep. And yet Kitty still stood by my side arrayed in the garb of centuries gone by.

"When it is again day here," said Kitty, solemnly, "they will be found dead. No one will know why they both were suddenly cut off in the bloom of youth. 'Heart failure' perhaps some will say, others may suggest poison. Post mortems may follow, and sorrowful scenes will result. But the mystery of their strange death will never be solved."
"Come, let us away. We must not look upon the house of sorrow. We will begin our existence again, and seek for greater spiritual achievements later. Come, my hero! a thousand noble lords would bend the knee in thy presence. Let us away."

"I cannot! I cannot!" I groaned. "Oh, why did it thus turn the scale of our progress. Curses upon my folly! Cur—"

"Merry Christmas," rang a voice in my ear. "Why, Tom, what's the matter with you? Do you know that we have both been asleep? What made you groan so?"
"Why—I was at your transmigration, you know," I gasped. Then I discovered that my armor and sword had disappeared and that Kitty's arms were encased in large sleeves of the prevailing fashion; her head dress, too, was decidedly up to date; and I further observed that we were sitting side by side in the chairs.

There is no doubt that my countenance wore a ludicrous expression of sickly bewilderment as I related the foregoing to Kitty.
"Well, you are my hero, any way!" said Kitty impulsively, even if you did not slay the barbarian." And as the clock tolled the hour of midnight I began to feel proud and warlike again.
By the way, I am employed during business hours as superintendent of the ribbon counter in old Ben Serge's dry goods store, and in our courtship at least Kitty and I are progressing.

SOME NEW "DONT'S."

Don't make your own dresses unless you can do it really well.
Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.
Don't wear feathers in your hat and patches on your boots.
Don't wear a sailor hat and a blouse after your 40th birthday.
Don't pinch your waist. Fat, like murder, will out—somehow.
Don't clothe yourself in man's apparel and expect the courtesy due to a lady.
Don't forget that although veils are becoming to most faces, fast veiled in lace stockings do not look well on the street.
Don't emulate the ostrich; the new flourish in your hat does not divert attention from the ragged condition of your skirt lining.