

Handkerchiefs

Expecting that as in the past, Ladies' Handkerchiefs would continue the most popular of articles for Holiday Gifts, we secured such a line as we are sure was never before displayed in the city. Among them

French and Irish Embroidered Hemstitched,
From 10c. to \$3.00 each.

Swiss Hand Spun Linen, Hand Embroidered,
From \$2.00 to \$10.00 each.

French Silk Bolting Cloth, Hand Embroidered,
From \$1.25 to \$3.50 each.

Hand-Made Duchesse Lace Edges,
From \$1.00 to \$11.00.

If you are in doubt as to what to buy this is your chance.

Respectfully,

Millerspaine,

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Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

Canon City Whitebreast Walnut Springs

AND ANTHRACITE.



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Lime Hair Plaster Cement

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For 1890

Consider SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—\$3.00 a year.

The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a **NEW DEPARTMENT** and **ADDITIONAL PAGES**, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

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PIANOS

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NOVELTIES

A Little Nonsense.
"Boys, be wise, here comes a fool!" exclaimed a great theologian, ceasing to amuse himself by jumping over chairs and tables, as he saw a solemn, pedantic friend approaching.
"You don't know the luxury of playing the fool," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, as he lazed in his own drawing room to a tune of his own singing.
"You are a father, Senior Ambassador, and so we will finish our ride," said Henry IV of France, when the Spanish minister discovered him riding round the room on a stick with his son.
Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, was once found by a friend trying to balance a peacock's feather on his nose. His competitor in this contest of skill was Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian.
Dean Swift used to amuse himself by harassing his servants with cords and driving them up and down stairs, and through the rooms of the deanery.
Faraday played marbles and ball with little boys, and took part in charades, playing once the "learned pig."
William Pitt delighted to romp with children. He was once playing with his niece and nephews, who were trying to blacken his face with a burnt cork. A servant announced that two members of the cabinet desired to see him on business. "Let them wait in the other room," said Pitt, catching up a cushion and belaboring the girl and boys. They got him down and were actually daubing his face, when he said, "Stop; this will do. I could beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting longer." A basin of water and a towel were brought in, and the great prime minister washed his face, hid the basin, and then received the two lords.
Dr. Battle, an eminent London physician, used to amuse himself by gazing at the faces of his patients. He was such a successful mimic of "Funch" that he once saved a patient's life by imitating that character. The patient was suffering from a swelling in the throat, and the doctor, turning his wig, appeared at the bedside with the face and voice of "Funch." The sick man laughed so heartily that the swelling broke, and a complete cure followed. Man is the only animal who can laugh; he, therefore, relishes a little nonsense.—Youth's Companion.

Green Rays and the Optic Nerve.
Herr Elers, a German experimenter, has found that the human eye is more sensitive to green rays of light than to red rays, and to red more than to blue rays. Since the red rays are those of longest wave length, and the blue those of shortest wave length, it follows that the eye is most susceptible to the rays of medium length. This fact may explain why it is that some people, in passing by a hedge or paling through which the sun is shining, sometimes see a succession of green and red flashes in the eyes. The green rays of the sunlight which pierce the openings in the fence may stimulate the optic nerve first, while the red rays are perceived a moment later.
Again it may account for the beautiful phenomenon of the "green ray" (rayon vert) in which Jules Verne has built one of his charming tales. The green ray is a flash of bluish light which appears to proceed from the glowing disk of the sun just as its upper limb vanishes below the sea. It is only seen in certain states of the weather, and the Red Sea is a good place to watch for it. Some have supposed it due to a reaction of the optic nerve, on the withdrawal of the sunbeams, but since it can be seen just before the sun rises from the sea, or even from behind a mountain, it is more likely to be a consequence of the greater sensitiveness of the eye to the green light of the solar spectrum.—Exchange.

The Violin Workers.
In Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, Klingenthal, Fleissen, Rohrbach and Greditz, in Saxony, are about 15,000 people who do nothing else day after day but make violins. The inhabitants, from the little arch to the old gray-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all are engaged in making some parts of a fiddle. A good instrument consists of sixty-two different pieces. The older men make the finger board from ebony, and the string holder or the screws. The small boys make themselves useful by looking after the glue pot. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts the different pieces together, and this is the most difficult task of all.
The women generally occupy themselves as polishers. This requires long practice, and a family who has a daughter who is a good polisher is considered fortunate. Even a young man, when he goes a-wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher, and if she is, it certainly will increase his affection for her at least twofold. The polishing takes a good deal of time, some of the best violins being twenty and even thirty times polished. Every family has its peculiar style of polishing, and they never vary from that. There is one that makes nothing but a deep wine color, another a citron color, yet another an orange color, and so on.—Lewiston Journal.

Shining Shoes by Steam.
During a recent trip to New York city a sign in front of a Sixth avenue barber shop, reading, "Shoes shined by steam while you wait," attracted my attention, and wondering what next would be introduced in the line of labor saving machinery, I walked in. On a boot stand, such as are found in all the hotels, was a row of nickel plated machines, about two feet square. I placed my foot into an opening, my foot resting on an iron stand; the man in attendance turned on the steam, and a set of stiff revolving brushes were set in motion, and in a jiffy my boot was cleaned of the accumulation of mud and dust. I then took out the foot and placed it on a rest, while the operator applied the blacking by hand in the old fashioned way. I then stuck the foot into another machine just like the first, and in less than a minute my boot shone like ebony, and the shine lasted all day. The whole operation of cleaning and shining was done in less than three minutes. The brushes are on cylinders like those which were used in the hair brushing machines so popular fifteen or twenty years ago.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LEAVE YOUR BURDEN AT DE BOTTOM OB DE HILL.

Roland Reed's Great Song published through The American Press Association by especial permission of Newhall & Evans' Music Co., 171 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Words and Music by FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. You may
2. You may

cheat, if you please, For to live at your ease; You may yank in de nick-eis Till your ent ap-ple jam Wil de mag-no-lia ham, But it goes 'gin de na-ture, An' you

mon-ey pus-ses fill; But your soul will be lost, Bet-ter count up de cost, Ar! Lab your surely will be ill; For de ham it will spile, Cause your ap-pe-tite to rile, And leab your

bur-den at de bot-tom ob de hill! When de cam-el can jump Wil his bur-den at de bot-tom ob de hill! For a long time a-go, Lived a

two-cor-ner'd hump, Thro' de eye ob de nee-dle, An' den back a-gin at will, Den de big whale, you know, An' he swallow'd Mas-sa Jo-nah Like an an-ti-bil-lious pill; Jo-nah

rich en-ter in, By de teeth ob de skin, And leab de bur-den at de bot-tom ob de hill! would not di-gest, Made de whale heave his chest, And leab de bur-den at de bot-tom ob de hill!

CHORUS. First time, Sop. Solo; Second time, Chorus.
Up de hill keep elim-in', elim-in', Waggin' a-long, Weary de feet! Don't you hear them chimin' chimin',

Refrain after 2d verse and Chorus, ad lib.
Ringin' de bells so sweet? Dese charmin' bells so sweet! Dese charmin', charmin' bells!.....

Piano or Melodaphone Accomp.

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