

SEVEN WALLED- COLD DRY AIR- REFRIGERATORS.

The Glacier Takes the Cake

We'll sell you an Ice Box as low as \$2.75. A Refrigerator as low as \$4.75. But we advise buying a GLACIER, the only absolutely cleanable Refrigerator in the market. Prices no higher than other dealers ask you for trash.

- We are selling—
- A good \$19 REFRIGERATOR for \$6.48
 - A \$20 REFRIGERATOR for \$8.00
 - A \$25 REFRIGERATOR for \$10.00
 - A \$30 REFRIGERATOR for \$12.00
 - A \$35 REFRIGERATOR for \$14.00
 - A \$40 REFRIGERATOR for \$16.00

Lamps.

We have the finest and largest assortment of lamps in the city, embracing Library, Hall, Table, Vase Lamps and Banquet Lamps. The Banquet Lamp, from a fad, has grown to be an abiding feature. Our prices are lower than any other house in the city.



THIS REFRIGERATOR, plain front— \$6.48



10-piece English Decorated Dinner Set— \$6.50



This Beauty only \$9.00.

Crockery.

Don't buy a cheap white common Dinner Set when you can buy us.

A HANDSOME DECORATED BLUE OR BROWN 10-piece Haviland Shape Dinner Set for only \$6.50

Baby Carriages.

A look at our stock and variety will convince you that we have the only complete line of Baby Carriages in the city. We don't keep 'em; we sell 'em.

- \$7.00 CARRIAGES— \$8.00
- \$15.00 CARRIAGES— \$10.00
- \$20.00 CARRIAGES— \$12.00
- \$25.00 CARRIAGES— \$15.00
- \$30.00 CARRIAGES— \$18.00

CARPETS, RUGS AND MATTINGS.

Although crowded to our eyes by the rush of business, we have not yet disappointed a customer.

- Where but at the People's Furniture and Carpet Co. can you get Moquets at 87c a yard, with border?
- The best body Brussels at 87c a yard.
- The best Tapestry Brussels at 62c a yard.
- The best Velvet Carpet at 87c a yard.

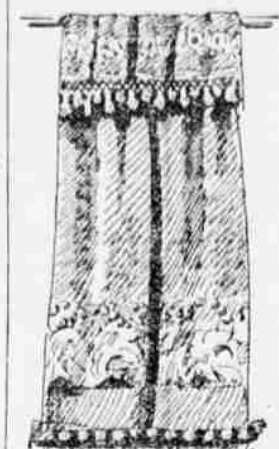
Our Carpet Dept. has been a revelation to close buyers.

RUGS.

What is cooler for summer and in complete taste for a bedroom floor covered with matting and Japanese Rugs? \$7.50 will do it. We can sell you a good Japan Rug, oriental pattern, for \$5.00; large size, 6x9, for \$9.50. We have 150 Smyrna Rugs, size 30 inches, which we will clean out at \$1.98 each. These are worth \$3.50 each.

DRAPERIES AND SHADES.

- \$6.00 Chenille Portieres, per pair, for \$3.48
- \$9.00 Chenille Portieres, per pair, for \$4.78
- \$12.00 Chenille Portieres, per pair, for \$7.48
- \$1.50 Lace Curtains, per pair, for 98c
- \$2.00 Lace Curtains, per pair, for \$1.20
- \$3.00 Lace Curtains, per pair, for \$2.00
- \$4.00 Lace Curtains, per pair, for \$3.00
- \$5.00 Irish Points, per pair, for \$3.00



Chenille Curtain, like cut— \$2.95

Write for catalogue of Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Gasoline Stoves, Parlor Goods.

OPEN SATURDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS.

Our Terms are Very Liberal.

- Cash, Weekly or Monthly Payments.
- \$10.00 worth... \$1.00 down, \$1.00 week, \$1.00 month
 - \$20.00 worth... \$2.00 down, \$2.00 week, \$2.00 month
 - \$30.00 worth... \$3.00 down, \$3.00 week, \$3.00 month
 - \$40.00 worth... \$4.00 down, \$4.00 week, \$4.00 month
 - \$50.00 worth... \$5.00 down, \$5.00 week, \$5.00 month
 - \$75.00 worth... \$7.50 down, \$7.50 week, \$7.50 month
 - \$100.00 worth... \$10.00 down, \$10.00 week, \$10.00 month
 - \$200.00 worth... \$20.00 down, \$20.00 week, \$20.00 month

WE ARE THE LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHERS IN THE WEST. WHATEVER OTHERS ADVERTISE YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES LOWER.

People's Furniture & Carpet Co.

THE HARDY ALPINE GUIDES

Instances of Their Bravery and Remarkable Endurance.

PERILS OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Faught and Trained from Infancy to Scale the Rugged Heights—Men of Great Strength, Indomitable Courage and Simple Habits.

(Copyright, 1895.)

Some years ago an English clergyman—Rev. A. G. Girlington—wrote a little book to prove that mountaineering without guides was not only possible, but pleasant. It is an exceedingly interesting volume, but as it transpires in the course of its pages that Mr. Girlington has never cared through an expedition of first-rate difficulty, but in the course of his unassisted Alpine pilgrimages fallen into a Bergschlund, and been benighted on the face of a precipice, and courted destruction by sitting down to lunch in the track of an avalanche, the lesson that most people will draw from it is hardly the lesson intended by the author. On the contrary, the great majority will infer rather that, if they wish to climb difficult places without perils to their necks, they cannot afford to dispense with the aid of these hardy pioneers, or a university professor. Allow me, then, to take the case of a typical, though purely imaginary, guide, and sketch his career from the beginning.

Yet, though the truly great guide, like the post, is born, not made, he will, before he can be great, to train himself almost as attentively as though he wished to be a circus gymnast, or a university professor. Allow me, then, to take the case of a typical, though purely imaginary, guide, and sketch his career from the beginning.

BEGINS AS A BOY OF TEN.

An first of all let us picture the raw material at the age of 10 thereabouts. You are on a walking tour, tramping, let us say, from Stalden up the Saas-Grubel. You have raised some mischievous hamlets on the way, and you become aware of a small boy running after you and offering to relieve you of your knapsack. He is probably an underling, for the Saas-Grubel is not a hard race. His manner of walking is ungainly, for the dwellers among the mountains invariably acquire a lumbering gait. But you notice that he goes well. After a ten miles' trudge—and much of it up hill—he has hardly turned a hair, and all the way he prattles to you merrily. He has been up the Bluffin, he tells you—an affair of more than 13,000 feet. His father took him there at the beginning of the season. He is a guide, and he, too, means to be a guide when he grows up. And so, no doubt, he will, but first he will have a lot of things to learn.

First of all, he must learn the character of porter—a carrier of blankets and provisions, and it may be of a camera. He will eagerly look out for the chance to serve as porter under some guide like Melchior Andereg or Emile Rey, who is an admitted master of the craft. When such a chance occurs he will not stand out obstinately for the extra fee, but will cheerfully suffer the head guides to deduct from it any commission that he likes. Sometimes he may even go so far as to volunteer his services without any fee at all. For he knows that it is only by taking part in difficult expeditions, so difficult, that he will be able to learn the things he needs to learn—the best way of cutting steps, the signs by which a man may detect the tracks of avalanches, and the lay of concealed crevasses, and determine whether the snow on which he is about to walk will hold its place, or crack and slide away with him down the slopes into cavernous abysses. All these things, and many more, he will gradually learn, and presently he will be permitted to serve as second guide where two are taken, and later he may even lead a party that is trying to find a new route up the Dent Blanche. But, before he does that, he will have to go to school and pass examinations, and obtain certificates of his proficiency.

A SCHOOL OF GUIDES.



AVOIDING A FALLING BOULDER.

Here, for example, is the story of a great deed done by the brave Peter Knubel on the Lyssakum.

GREAT DEEDS DONE.

The Lyssakum, it should be remarked, is one of the most disagreeably dangerous mountains in the whole of Switzerland. Most of the route lies along a ridge of snow, and a deep slope on one side of it and a precipice veiled from view on the other. The ascent on this occasion had been made in safety, but during the descent an accident occurred. The party, of course, were secured together by the rope. One of them slipped. The impetus of his fall dragged his nearest companion from their foothold, and the whole weight of the three falling men came upon Peter Knubel. He knew that he could not withstand it, and he had only a fraction of a second in which to decide what he would do. On the instant, before the rope had time to tighten, he threw himself over the precipice, crashing through the cornice, and hung suspended in mid-air, balancing his whole weight and checking their fall long enough to enable them to get their ice axes into play and cut themselves fresh steps and haul old Peter up onto the ridge again.

It was a gallant deed, but it does not stand alone in the gallant history of Alpine adventures. Peter Knubel's famous leap took place in 1871. In 1880 Ulrich Almer saved a party in exactly the same fashion, by a leap exactly similar, on the Ober Gabelhorn, and other guides have done the same thing in later years, both on Monte Rosa and on the Pic Bernina in the Engadine. This latter story, indeed, has a special horror of its own which makes its recital to the smoking room of the Riffhausa or the Zermatter Hof

the capital of the Canton Valais. It holds its classes at times of the year when guides and porters are mainly unemployed; and our guide will have to pass through it with the best of actual practice of his craft. We may presume, he knows already. He has no actual need to join the glacier parties formed to study step-cutting, and the use of the rope, and the passage of difficult crevasses. But there are theoretical classes which are very useful to him. He learns the topography of Switzerland from large official maps. He has the opportunity of learning such foreign languages as English and Italian, and, finally, whatever degree of efficiency he may have shown, he gets an official testimonial bearing witness of it. This he will have pasted into a little book, which will also contain a printed list of the different fees which he is permitted to charge, or the various excursions and written recommendations from his various employers; and this equipped he will go daily into the mountains, carrying his life in his hands.

Several times, he writes, "Old Michel endeavor to impress on me the urgent necessity of the greatest care in making their toilsome pilgrimages from Chonix. Among them was an Englishman, who had just provided himself with green spectacles, a veil, and socks to go over his patent leather shoes, and who only wanted a guide to complete his preparations. Going up to Rey and pointing first to the Mer de Glace, and then to the chapeau, he inquired: 'How much?'

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Doing so many doughty deeds, the greater guides may be forgiven if they are a little touched with vanity; and when they have the chance to display it with an unobtrusive and refreshing naïveté that almost makes it an attractive quality. Once, for example, the late Prof. Tyndall said to his favorite guide, Bernin, who afterward perished in an avalanche on the Haut de Cry: 'Sie sind der Garibaldi der Führer, Bernin!' (you are the Garibaldi of the Führer, Bernin!) and Bernin simply answered: 'Nicht wahr?' (Am I not?), as though the flattering proposition were one of those solid truths that no one cares to argue. And then there is the story of the great Courmayeur guide, Emile Rey. I tell the story in the words of Mr. C. D. Cunningham.

One morning at the Montevener, we were watching the arrival of the 'polyglots' as an ingenious person once christened the crowd, composed of nearly every nationality, who may daily be seen making their toilsome pilgrimages from Chonix. Among them was an Englishman, who had just provided himself with green spectacles, a veil, and socks to go over his patent leather shoes, and who only wanted a guide to complete his preparations. Going up to Rey and pointing first to the Mer de Glace, and then to the chapeau, he inquired: 'How much?'

MEN OF SIMPLE PIETY.

Last among the characteristics of the guides it is pleasant to be able to record their simple piety. Not all of them, it is true, are equally pious; nor is the piety in any allowed to interfere with the pastime of shooting chamois at times and seasons of leisure. But in many cases a simple piety is no restraint upon strong language when the state of rocks or snow provokes it. Yet, at heart, most especially in Germany and France, and even in Switzerland, they will not climb on Sundays; that is a rule that no brilliant guide will ever break. It is a frequent part in the public offering of prayer and praise. To illustrate this article with an anecdote which Mr. G. S. Barnes tells of the guide Joseph Emboden.

Joseph is a great traveler. He has been all over Europe; and he has climbed the Himalayas with Mr. Graham; and once, in 1877, he led a search party after an accident on the Lyssakum.

'When the bodies had been recovered,' writes Mr. Barnes, 'Emboden signed to the guides to kneel down in a circle round them. Then he said a prayer, while they chanted the responses. The prayer, indeed, the thickly falling snow, the black rocks of the Dent Blanche, from time to time visible far above, and the chant of the kneeling guides, were all so merged together, that a solemn and impressive scene never to be forgotten. When the guides knelt in this accident, were a few days later, formed at a distance of some miles, and once in the course of his carefully recorded the funeral procession and was so attentive to every detail. He was told, it was Joseph Emboden.

THE OLD TUNE.

Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

From out a wilderness light it flowed,
Fragrant and sweet as the hair of a rose;
From its breast soft sunlight glowed,
And still it glided where the jasmine blows.

An old sweet tune of other days!
Full of the tints of the autumn time;
The leaves are falling, and the wind is low,
Gathered and fell like thoughts in rhyme.

May never again that once-loved tune
Fall in my heart as a stream that flows!
Let it run as it will, a vibrant form,
Fragrant and sweet as the hair of a rose.

A NEW EPOCH IN SCIENCE

Discovery of 'Argon,' the Taird Element in the Atmosphere.

MADE BY TWO MEN SIMULTANEOUSLY

Interesting History of the Preliminary Experiments of Prof. Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh—Personality and Laboratory of the Former.

(Copyright, 1895.)

LONDON, April 28.—(Correspondence.)—If you will walk in at the gates of the University college, London, and take the first path to the left, push open the huge oak doors, turn sharply to the right and open the first door to the left, you will find yourself in the private laboratory of Prof. William Ramsay, one of the two authors of the recent important discovery that in addition to the long familiar oxygen and nitrogen, the atmosphere contains a third element, which the discoverers have named 'Argon.'

The large bottle that stands close to its neck, is the one. The bottle is half full of water and half of argon. The argon is the half that looks as though it contained nothing. Any one can see for himself that it is argon inasmuch as he cannot see anything.

When I walked in I found the professor in charge of a photographer. The discoverer of argon was trying in response to many fervent appeals, to look pleasant. The photographer had him up in a corner of the laboratory securely ringed by the most delicate glass tubes, bulbs, and bottles, so that the slightest movement of protest on his part meant serious destruction, and a professor of chemistry looks upon broken glass much as a mad dog does upon a bottle. 'Bottles? I had never seen so many good bottles put to base uses. There was a total absence of that sort of thing in the laboratory. The professor was wearing a crown of glory. Not even a highland man in kilts, with a far-reaching background of loch and mountain, on one of them. They all show a bilious blue, which is entirely foreign to the nature of a properly brought-up bottle. The professor was instructed to look the white and blue, and he looked at the bottle of which he tried to do. It was an ideal position in which to catch a subject for an interview.

PROF. RAMSAY IN PERSON.

Tall, 42 (he does not look more than 35), a Scot (speaks without a trace of the lilt of his birth), black of hair and whiskers, kindly eyes, frank, plain-spoken, painstaking, accommodating. To be sure, he is generally itself, for all his days have been spent with his bottles and pipes.

Most of his subjects on which the professor will talk. These are argon and the University college, London. Unfortunately the first time he yet had little to say for the element has only been discovered, and like a new-found continent, it has to be explored, and its features traced one by one. The professor has a deep understanding of the nature of the newly found element, that he has had to give a wholesale order to a glass blower for suitable receptacles to carry out to his fellow workers in the corners of the earth.

Prof. Ramsay was born in Glasgow just 43 years ago, and his parents, being well-to-do, were able to give their son a sound education. First, in his native city, he attended the university, and later at Tubingen, in Germany, he pursued his studies with great industry and intelligence. Returning to Glasgow he was at once appointed as assistant to Prof. Ferguson, and in that position he labored for six years. However, the authorities at Bristol University college having marked Prof. Ramsay as a coming man, appointed him professor of chemistry in 1878, and before twelve months had passed he was installed principal of the college. In this position he continued again for six years, and at the end of that period he was elected to the University college, London, an invitation to take the chair of

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST

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You will have meals on time if you use QUICK MEAL Stove.

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The 'Quick Meal' is the Best.

PHOF. RAMSAY'S CLASS.

In Prof. Ramsay's class are 120 students, the great majority of them over 20 years of age. For these rooms and well fitted out laboratories are provided and a deep into one of the hottest experiments in a remarkably short time. As against this, the professor does not deny that his lady pupils lack initiative. However, he has two ladies at present engaged in investigating new subjects, and they are pursuing their research with energy, skill and considerable penetration. One of these ladies is preparing a paper on the subject, to be read before a scientific society.

IN EXTREMIS.

While children lean their cheeks in droves, And pray for their mother's knees, and all the air Is sweet with vesper-bell, See the spent Day against the sunset stand, Her smoldering torch down-drooping from her hand, With vague regret I watch each ebbing grace, Come, Twilight, gentle nun, before her Shall cool and ashen be; With thy gray skirts, as thou art she lies, And sprinkle her with incense from thine even; She hath been kind to me.

Prospective Army Retirees.

In the five years ending April 1, 1890, there will be 135 retirements for age in the army. The list includes one lieutenant-general, two major-generals, seven brigadier-generals, forty-four colonels, seventeen lieutenant-colonels, twenty-five majors and thirty-four captains. The different branches of the service are represented as follows: General officers, five; adjutant-general's department, five; judge-advocate-general's department, one; quartermaster's department, nine; subsistence, eight; medical, fifteen; pay, seven; engineers corps, five; ordnance, including two storekeepers, four; post chaplains, four; cavalry, sixteen; artillery, ten; infantry, forty-one.