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UP STAIRS, EMPORIUM BUILDINGS.

A full first-class Stocks of

STAPLE DRY GOODS

NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
AT LOW PRICES !!

Wholesale Buyers and Co-operative Dealers, please inspect.

Retail Dep't,

EMPORIUM BUILDINGS.

THE FINEST DISPLAY

AND
Assortment of Goods

We cut in any lengths, at a small advance on wholesale.

This is the Department for Families.

GROCERY AND HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

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An IMMENSE STOCK

And in each branch a Great Variety.

IMPLEMENTS, TOOLS and MACHINERY,

All on the premises.

Miners' Supplies a Specialty.

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DEPARTMENT.

HOME-MADE

AND

IMPORTED!!

Manufactured from

HOME-MADE, FRENCH, GERMAN, ENGLISH and AMERICAN

FABRICS

Fine Cassimeres, Cloths and Trimmings

On hand for Gentlemen ordering their own

First-class Fitters and Workmen to fill all orders promptly.

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DRUGS,

Patent Medicines, Perfumery,

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English Ale and Porter, Averill Paint, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Glass, etc.

Prescriptions from Physicians will have special attention.

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DOBBINS'

ELECTRIC SOAP!

The best in the world!!

Strictly Pure!

No Sand!! No Rosin!! No Clay!

No Adulteration of any kind!!

Children can do the Washing.

No washboard required.

No Boiling Needed.

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Triple-Scented

TOILET SOAP!

No Toilet Table is complete without it!

The best Emollient in the Market

KRUGHAT

THE GENUINE

Turkish Bath Compound

The only Boot Polish that will produce a Brilliant and Lasting Shine, and at the same time preserve the Leather, is

DOBBINS'

Electric

Boot Polish.

Makes old Boots look like new ones!

And Calr-skin Mke Patent Leather

It is put up in a Patent Box, the greatest novelty of the age. The Box alone is worth more to keep than the price of Box and Polish combined.

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WM. CLAYTON, Notary Public, S. J. JONASSON, Conveyancer.

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MINING and other Companies Incorporated under the Laws of Utah.

DEEDS, Bonds, Contracts, Powers of Attorney, and Legal Instruments of all kinds Drawn with Accuracy and Dispatch.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of all kinds of Instruments of Writing Taken.

Particular Attention given to the Settlement of ESTATES, ANNUITIES, and Collection of Money in Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Inquiries by Letter Promptly Answered From long experience and acquaintance with the business, and the determination to be moderate in our charges, we feel confident of a fair share of Public Patronage.

OFFICE - East Temple St., over Dunford & Son's Store, a few doors North of 1st National Bank. W38 1y

The Place to Buy TOYS, FANCY GOODS AND PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS! Is at ALF & FOOTE'S DOLLAR STORE! W38 to dec. 31

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: That cash entry No. 702 for the City Site of Parowan, Iron County, Utah Territory, made Oct. 14, 1871, embracing the S W 1/4 N W 1/4 Sec. 13, S E 1/4 Sec. 14, S 1/2 N E 1/4 Sec. 14, N 1/2 of N E 1/4 Sec. 23, N 1/2 N W 1/4 and N W N E 1/4 Sec. 24, Township 34 South, Range 9 West, containing 760 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

EDWARD DALTON, Mayor. Salt Lake City, Oct. 14, 1871. W37 3m

DIED.

Died in this city, Nov. 18, 1871, of asthma and dropsy, THOMAS BURCHELL, aged 41 years, born at Blackwood, Monmouthshire, Aug. 4th, 1830. Baptized April 30, 1856. Arrived in Salt Lake City Sep. 15, 1859.

It can truly be said of Bro. Burchell that he was an honest man and that he lived the life of a Saint, was trustworthy and faithful in all the relations of life, a good husband and a kind father, discharging all his duties as an elder in the Church of Christ with honor and integrity. He was perfectly willing to pass behind the veil and try the realities of another life. When conversing with one of his brethren upon the subject only a few hours before he died, he said, "Not my will, but God's be done." His confidence was unshaken in the truth of the Latter-day work.

"God's will be done," our brother said, And soon his spirit homeward fled; His sickness' gone, his race is o'er; He's landed on the heavenly shore.

This faithful, honest, truthful one Will wear the crown he fairly won: On earth he put in God's trust, And now he's numbered with the just.

J. S. D.

[Com. Millennial Star, please copy.]

At American Fork, Oct. 20th, of paralysis, ISAAC PLUNKET, aged 82 years, 8 months and 18 days. Born in Upper Canada.

At Bishopswearmouth, August 20th, of small-pox, FANNY, daughter of Benjamin S. and Agnes Newton, aged 15 years, 8 months, and 18 days. Also, October 22, at the same place, and of the same disease, LAURA, sister of the above, aged 1 year, 8 months and 18 days. - Mill. Star.

THE NOVEL READING DISEASE.

Physicians are familiar with a complaint which, although sufficiently specific, has yet no name of its own. The patient suffers from an alarming and morbid thirst, and consumes a perfectly fabulous amount of fluid, almost always of an unwholesome nature. Tea in a highly diluted shape, eau sucre, raspberry vinegar and water, soda water or some other such abominable mess, is taken by the gallon, and the unnatural craving is stimulated by indulgence.

"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops Nec sitim pellit."

Wholesome food is refused; no exercise is taken, and the patient finally sinks into a flabby and sickly condition, which nothing but severe and determined treatment will shake off. This dropsical habit of body finds its exact analogue in the species of mental dropsy which is produced by over-indulgence in three-volumed novels. This terrible complaint is one of the worst evils which modern civilization has brought with it. Its progress is gradual, very insidious, and often almost imperceptible. At first all that is noticed is that the sufferer is apt to be found bent over a novel at unnatural hours—as, say, in the early morning, or in the middle of a beautiful summer's afternoon. Soon, however, the disease becomes more pronounced, and in its worst stage novels are got through at the rate of three or four or even five a week, or at an average, in a severe and chronic case, of some two hundred and fifty or three hundred a year. At first some discrimination is exercised, and one writer is, perhaps, preferred to another—Mr. Trollope, say, to Mrs. Ross Church, or "Ouida" to the author of "Guy Livingston."

Very soon, however, the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all power of distinction and appreciation is lost. In this stage the unhappy patient can no more go without her novel than can a confirmed dipsomaniac without his dram. The smaller circulating libraries, which lend out very second hand novels indeed at a penny a volume, are put under contribution, and any amount of garbage is swallowed wholesale. Quality is held absolutely of no importance, and quantity is everything. The very process of reading becomes more or less mechanical, and seems to afford a species of mechanical pleasure or satisfaction, a novel of the feeblest possible type being read as religiously from cover to cover, and yielding apparently as much enjoyment as if it were a second "Romola." It is no common thing for a young lady in whom the complaint has assumed a chronic form to have read the whole of Scott, the whole of Thackeray, the whole of Annie Thomas, the whole of Mrs. Ross Church, the whole of Mrs. Braddon, the whole of Lawrence, and into the bargain, some four or five hundred novels by less famous hands. When the disease is thus confirmed, the dropsical habit of mind becomes apparent. The conversation of the patient becomes flabby and limp. Her interest in all ordinary subjects—except, perhaps, the latest fashions, or the more scandalous portions of evidence in the Tichbourne case, or the marriage of the Princess Beatrice—flickers feebly in the socket and finally dies out. The last stage—that of absolute imbecility—is now, unless very powerful remedies are exhibited, a mere matter of time.

It is too clear, unfortunately, why it is that so many women thus waste their time and rot their minds. They read novels, exactly as some young men smoke and drink bitter beer, for sheer want of something to do. What a woman needs is an application which shall enable her to read and follow the Parliamentary debates instead of the police and divorce reports; and when women are thus educated, then feeble novels and feeble novelists, will vex our souls no longer, to the horrible extent to which they irritate us at present. Of such an education we may say that it is not to be got in books, unless, indeed, books can give sound, healthy common sense, and wholesome interest on common subjects. But men can give it by making the women of their families their companions; and that they should neglect to give it, shows, after all, how inveterately deep-seated is the extraordinary notion that the intellectual difference between men and women is one of kind and not of degree. - Ec.

SUMMONSES.—We are now prepared to supply Justices of the Peace with Blank forms of Summonses. Other Blank forms also for sale at this Office. - W38, 11/14-15