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CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE  
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THIS INSTITUTION, having for its objects the consolidation of the Mercantile Interests of this Territory, and the distribution of General Merchandise to the people

At a Small Margin of Profit,

Takes pleasure in announcing that its business is fully organized and

## Wholesale Stores

ARE

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In the splendid building formerly occupied by

Wm. JENNINGS & Co.,

KNOWN AS THE

## EAGLE EMPORIUM,

AND IN THE

## OLD CONSTITUTION BUILDING,

LATELY OCCUPIED BY

ELDRIDGE &amp; CLAWSON.

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## EMPORIUM

Will be found a Complete Assortment of

## DRY GOODS,

## CLOTHING,

## HATS and CAPS,

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND AT THE

## OLD CONSTITUTION BUILDING

A FULL LINE OF

## GROCERIES,

## HARDWARE,

## STOVES,

## QUEENSWARE,

AND

## Agricultural Implements

The various Co-operative Firms, Jobbers throughout the Territory, and the Public generally, are cordially invited to call and examine this immense Stock of Goods, as the inducements offered are such as must insure their Liberal Patronage.

Parties at a distance, wishing to order Goods either by letter or telegraph, are assured that their Goods will be promptly and carefully packed, marked and forwarded, according to instructions, ON AS GOOD TERMS AS IF THEY THEMSELVES WERE PRESENT.

The services of Messrs. H. S. Beattie, John Clark, James Phillips, and other well-known Salesmen are secured, which is a guarantee of satisfaction to the Patrons of the Institution.

H. B. CLAWSON,

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Salt Lake City, March 10, 1899.

w6 1f

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W. D. Thomas,

S. D. Megeath,  
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## MEGEATH &amp; Co.,

## Forwarding and Commission House,

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Receive and Forward Goods to the Territories of COLORADO, UTAH, MONTANA, &c.

Charges for Advancing, Storage and Forwarding at reasonable rates.

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Mark name in full, as we will not be responsible for wrong delivery of goods marked with initials or in [ ] w5 1f

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## COOKING STOVES

Bake Quicker, Better and with less Fuel than any Stoves made.

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They were awarded the Premium at last Louisiana State Fair, also at last St. Louis Fair, Oct. 1898, after actual trial in Baking with the leading Stoves made East and West.

We also manufacture the Celebrated PARAGON COAL COOKING STOVE, Which is superior to any Coal Cook Stove made.

BUCK & WRIGHT,

720 & 722 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

Manufacturers of all varieties of Cooking and Heating Stoves. w2 1y

## EDINBURGH.—THE MODERN ATHENS.

The following "Notes on Old Edinburgh" are from the pen of "The Englishwoman in America," Miss T. L. Bird. She has visited the worst slums of the Thames District, London, the "water side," Quebec and the Five Points and mud huts of New York, but she finds more dirt, degradation overcrowding and shamelessness in Edinburgh than in any of them. She says:

"It stands proved, most conclusively, that Scotch Calvinism and Puritanism, vaunted as they are, fail utterly to produce even ordinary decency in their very capital. The lower floor of John Knox's house is one of the worst spirit shops in the city, and John Knox's church is the centre of an area, densely packed with 44,400 human beings, living and dying like swine. Close by John Knox's house is a well, the only water supply of the district, and here, from six in the morning until nearly midnight, stand women, girls and children struggling for their turn, some, often having to wait three hours! Though this wretched district is the best paying property in the city, no pipes or taps are to be seen. In thirty-seven houses which we visited, this water grievance was enlarged upon. On a seventh story in one wretched den, the husband was down with the fever crying for water. The wife burst into tears, sobbing out, 'Oh, God only knows what it is to slave after the water, it's killing me and him too, and in the glen we came from, the bonnie burn ran by the door.' They were evicted peasants from Perthshire.

"In this part of Edinburgh, the population of a village is constantly crammed into the six or seven stories of one house. 'In no other city,' says the writer, 'could tenements be found without gas, without water-pipes, water-closet, or sink or temporary receptacle for ashes, and entered only by one long, dark stone stair, which return such enormous profits to their owners as from forty-five to sixty per cent. Scarcely elsewhere does one roof cover a population of 290,248, or 240, persons, living in dens, honeycombed out of larger rooms, without ventilation, without privacy, and often without direct light. In no other city is the respectable mechanic compelled, for want of house accommodation of a proper kind, to bring up his family in a tenement which deserves indictment as a nuisance, or to pay £5, £6 or £8 a year for a den swarming with vermin, with only a wooden partition to keep off the sights and admit all the sounds of haunts of the most degraded vice. In Edinburgh, which, in more respects than one, is set on a hill and cannot be hid, there are 13,209 families, comprising not only the vicious and abject, but large numbers of the poorer laboring class, living in houses of but one room, and of these single rooms, 1,530 are inhabited by from six to fifteen persons! Further, by the last census, 120 of these shelters, for they are not houses, were reported as without windows, and 900 were cellars, nearly all of them dark, and many damp. These figures give the astonishing result that the families living in one room, and often herding together in closer proximity than animals would endure, comprehend 66,000 persons, or considerably more than one-third of the population of Edinburgh!"

## THE EDINBURGH SATURDAY NIGHT.

"As the night goes on, the crowd becomes more drunk and criminal until the legal hour of closing the spirit shops, when hundreds of pallid, ragged wretches are vomited forth upon the street to carry terrors into their dark, crowded homes. The majority are half-mad, and almost wholly desperate. Men and women, savage with drink, are biting, scratching and mauling each other; the air is laden with blasphemies, brutal shouts from the strong; cries from the weak; blows are dealt aimlessly; infants at midnight cry in the wet street for mothers drunk in the gutters or police cells; young girls and boys are locked out for the night by parents frantic with drink; viragos storm, policemen here and there drag an offender out of the crowd amidst the chaffing and coarse laughter of young girls bearing the outward marks of a life of degradation; mothers with infants in their arms lie helpless in the gutters, to be trundled off to the final ignominy of the police cell; wretches scarcely clothed, whom the daylight knows not, slink stealthily to some foul cellar lair—and all this, and worse than this, from the Tron down the Canon-

gate, and along the Cowgate, and in the Grassmarket, and in numbers of the lanes and alleys, broad and narrow, which border upon them. The district we visited by day we visited also by night, to find that at 11 p.m. the whole population of the lanes previously described was astir, mostly from evil, partly from the impossibility of quiet; that small children were still out among the influences of the closes and the street, and that there was no sign that the night had come, except the darkness and the increased overcrowding of many of the rooms. The dark, narrow passages were in several places almost impassable, owing to the dead-drunk men who lay across them; the rooms were thronged and stifling, and sick and well, drunk and sober, vicious and virtuous, were all huddled together with only a pretence of separation. Whole families were sitting in the dark, or cowering round fires which only rendered the darkness visible. 'A horror of great darkness' rested on all the houses. The noise was hideous. Decent people might well be afraid of going to bed. Half the inmates were under the influence of drink. Drunkards tumbled up the long dark stairs, and reeled down the dark passages, with shouts and imprecations, destitute even of the instinct which teaches a wild beast the way to its own den. Sounds of brawling, fighting, and revelry came from many of the rooms. Here a drunkard was kicking through the panels of a neighbor's door; there two dead-drunk women lay on a heap of straw; here a half-tipsy virago protested to us with the air of a tragedy queen, that 'she took in none but respectable lodgers.' Here a man, mad with drink, tore his wife's throat with his nails. One woman presented a disgusting scene of revelry and vice. In the next a feeble woman was stifling the moans of a dying child. 'And that day was the preparation.' It was the Edinburgh Saturday night, and over the din and discord of city sins, and over the wail of city sorrows, came the sweet sound of St. Giles' bells, announcing that the Sabbath had begun."

## DEATH OF LADY JANE GRAY IN THE TOWER.

She paused, as if to put away from her the world, with which she had now done forever. Then she added: "I pray you all, poor Christian people, bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved through no other means than the mercy of God in the merits of the blood of his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers." Kneeling down, she said to Feckenham, the only divine whom Mary would allow to come near her. "Shall I say this psalm?" The abbott faltered "Yes." On which she repeated, in a clear voice, the noble psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy goodness; according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences." When she had come to the last line she stood up on her feet and took off her gloves, and kerchief which she gave to Elizabeth Tylney. The Book of Psalms she gave to Thomas Brydes, the lieutenant's deputy. Then she untied her gown and took off her bridal gear. The headsman offered to assist her, but she put his hands gently aside, and drew a white handkerchief round her eyes. The veiled figure of the executioner sank at her feet, and begged her forgiveness for what he had now to do. She whispered in his ear a few soft words of pardon, and then said to him openly, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Kneeling before the block, she felt for it blindly with her open fingers. One who stood by her touched and guided her hand to that which it sought, when she laid down her noble head, saying, "Lord, into thy hand I commit my spirit," and passed, with the prayer on her lips, into everlasting rest. —Hepworth Dixon.

A missionary in Brownsville, Texas, has succeeded in uniting all the Protestants—"Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans"—in one Congregational Church.

## A RICH LION STORY.

I remember a story told me some time ago, relating to an acquaintance of my own. He is a queer fellow, full of fun and always ready for a joke, and has a ludicrous way of making faces and emitting curious howls, which I will defy the most solemn Methodist to witness unmoved. The nature of the man renders what I am going to tell you