

WHITSUNTIDE IN OLD ENGLAND.

Visit to the Famous Belle Vue Gardens.

MANCHESTER'S BIG RESORT.

Utah People Mingle With the Giddy Throng and See the Sights Displayed.

"Where shall we spend our holidays this Whitsuntide?"

This is a question more easily asked than answered, and after thinking it over in our minds and commenting upon it for a considerable length of time, our thinking apparatus receives a sudden relief by the happy suggestion, "Let us go to Belle Vue!"

"When?" is the next question. "Whit-Monday," the answer; and so it is decided. Our party consisted of myself, my partner, Elder Worthington, and two ladies. The day was warm and sultry. We boarded the 12:50 p.m. for Manchester, which landed us in Victoria station, No. 6 platform. How shall I describe this scene of activity? Thousands of men, women and children, with boxes, trunks, valises, sticks, umbrellas, grub-baskets, vans of furniture, golf sticks, bicycles, etc., walking, running, whistling, shouting, singing, gazing; some of them gasping for breath, others waving every rail-road official such questions as, "What is the Blackpool train?" "What time does the train leave for Glasgow?" "Does this train stop at Rochdale?" "Will you check my baggage for me?" "Has the train for St. Ann's gone?" Verily, patience is a virtue, and these railroad officials must lay in a good supply for such trying times as these. Occasionally a look of anxiety crosses their manly brows as they try to answer these inquiries, but, in general, this quickly changes to a smile of sunshine the moment the pain of the hand comes in contact with the proffered tip. The trains are constantly moving in and out of this busy thoroughfare, and one is led to ask himself the question, "Where are they all going to?"

After twisting and turning around a number of baggage trucks, and waltzing with some of the passers-by in our endeavor to extricate ourselves from this surging mass of humanity, we descend a flight of steps, which lead to a subterranean passage, the scene of many an underground collision, in spite of the fact that passengers are warned to "keep to the right." This subway, which passes under the railroad itself, leads us on to No. 5 platform, from which we finally emerge into the streets of Manchester, which are crowded with pedestrians from every part of the globe. Passing the "Manchester Cathedral" on our left, we soon make our way into Market street, which is crowded with people, traps, omnibuses, and vehicles of every description. This street is a scene of business activity. The most prominent piece of business being Lewis' store, where we decide to pay a visit. Almost everything salable is sold in this establishment. We pass down, but low into another part of this large building, and from there into the cellar; the charge for admission being one penny. There we find a miniature lake with boats sailing on it. To the left is the electric light plant, which gives electricity for the building. To the right, however, is going on. A little further on is a model working gold mine. In every nook and corner may be seen automatic machines of every description.

Having seen everything worth seeing we pass out into the street again. My friend Worthington starts our lady guides with the exclamation: "Look! my watch is gone!" and for a moment it seems to be too true, and then Elder Worthington, who has been watching us, takes the precaution to remove it himself. We pass up Oldham street, and pay a flying visit to Smithfield market, our object being to lay in a stock of nuts for the monkeys of Belle Vue. By this time the "water spouts" of old England have been turned loose, and the rain pours down in torrents. We seek shelter in the doorway of the grocery shop, and when the storm abates we make our way to Piccadilly. "This way for Belle Vue; all Belle Vue way here," cries the anxious looking individual standing on the steps of a rickety bus nearby. At the foot of this picture, written in letters of fire, the title, "Defenders of Our Empire."

This finishes the siege of Ladysmith, so we make our way outside as quickly as possible to catch a train for Manchester. The train is lined with traps and cabs. We are seated in trap cars, and inside we can sit on top and after a ride of three miles we find ourselves in Piccadilly once more. A brisk walk through the streets, and we are once more in Victoria station. Now to find a train for Heywood. We have to wait till 11:30 p.m., but finally we get seated in a second class compartment, and the signal being given we move out of this scene of rowdiness, and are soon in Heywood, where we bid good-bye to Belle Vue and our pretty guides.

J. D.

monkey cage and pass on to new fields of instruction.

We next took a sail around the lake on board the S. S. Little Eastern, but as this bears no resemblance to an ocean voyage, we decided to try the "Ocean Waves." This is a large swimming machine built to imitate a real ocean voyage; and surely the sensation produced by the rolling of the vessel is almost a perfect imitation, though it is not. When Master Wu only developed that, when he played, he did not play at being boxers.

Worshipped questioned Mr. Wu on the situation in Pekin, who then brought him his own cabin boy, eight years old, to light on the situation while they took him to and from his hotel. The mawkish sentimentalists contributed to his punishment. Putty old gentlemen rushed up to him on ferries to grasp the hand that had grasped the empress dowager's; elderly females sought to penetrate Madame Wu's privacy that they might offer her their sympathy that might ease, and those that were bakers of sugar cookies made up to lay Master Wu, and, gazing at him with moist eyes, murmured, "Poor boy! Poor boy! So young, and yet a Chinaman!"

Mr. Wu made no sign, nor did he ask the state department for protection, bearing it all with that Oriental indifference to pain or ability to suffer in silence of which we have been told. We were told that he was too young to do very any of our sympathy from the Americans who were besieged in Pekin, it should go to the Chinese who have been interviewed in America.—The Saturday Evening Post.

JOHN F. HOWELL,
Sheriff of Salt Lake County, Utah.

D. L. Wells, Attorney.

J. M. Thomas, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of Zion Benefit Building Society is hereby called for the purpose of increasing their shares, by amending Section 1, Article IV, of its Constitution by striking out the words "one million five hundred thousand" and substituting "one million six hundred thousand" and inserting in lieu thereof the words "also by striking out the words 'sixty thousand'" and inserting in lieu thereof the words "seventy thousand," also to amend Article IV, section 1, by adding after the word "annual" the words "to be issued to subscribers, either borrowers or investors, from time to time as the Board of Directors may determine and direct." Also to correspondingly amend Article IV, section 2, by striking out the words "one million five hundred thousand" and substituting in lieu thereof the words "two millions," and by amending Article IV, section 3, by striking out the words "to be issued to subscribers, either borrowers or investors, from time to time as the Board of Directors may determine and direct." To be held at the office of the Z. C. M. Factory, No. 40 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, on Wednesday, October 10th, at 7:30 o'clock P.M.

By order of the Board of Directors.

EDGAR HOW, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 24th, 1899.

MARY ANN LUND,

Administrator of the Estate of Waldemar Lund.

Dated October 1st, 1899.

D. L. Wells, Attorney.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF UTAH, COMING ON THE 11th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1900, for the sale of Salt Lake State Land, in the city of Salt Lake, on the 11th day of September, 1900, in the matter of the estate of Waldemar Lund, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate will sell said property at public sale, on confirmation by said court, the following described real estate, to-wit: Two by ten rods, beginning at a point two rods east from the southwesterly corner of the property of John A. Salt Lake City, surface, thence north ten rods, thence east two rods, thence south ten rods, thence west two rods, to the place of beginning, said sale will be made on the 11th day of October, 1900, at 12 o'clock noon at the west door of the County Court House in the City and County of Salt Lake, State of Utah, on the 11th day of October, 1900, at 12 o'clock noon at the west door of the County Court House, on street, between Fourth and Fifth South streets, Salt Lake City, in the term of sale cast on confirmation by the court.

MARY ANN LUND,

Administrator of the Estate of Waldemar Lund.

Dated October 1st, 1899.

D. L. Wells, Attorney.

NOTICE FOR BIDS.

FOR SUPPLIES FOR THE UTAH STATE FAIR, Said bids will be received at the Warren's office until noon on the 11th day of October, 1900, for furnishing the following supplies:

1,000 pounds straight grade four, 15 tons lump coal and 250 tons lime shale, more or less, to be delivered f. o. b. track side, Salt Lake City, surface, thence north ten rods, thence east two rods, thence south ten rods, thence west two rods, to the place of beginning, said sale will be made on the 11th day of October, 1900, at 12 o'clock noon at the west door of the County Court House in the City and County of Salt Lake, State of Utah, on the 11th day of October, 1900, at 12 o'clock noon at the west door of the County Court House, on street, between Fourth and Fifth South streets, Salt Lake City, in the term of sale cast on confirmation by the court.

GEORGE N. DOB, Warren.

Utah State Prison, September 1899.

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INTERNATIONAL MINING COMPANY, Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

There is delinquent on the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 1st day of August, 1900, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Cert. Name Shares Amt. Cert. Name Shares Amt.

Edward H. Rush .. 1,000 100.00 James P. Olsen .. 15,000 10.00

John K. Johnson .. 1,000 100.00 James P. Olsen .. 10,000 10.00

Roger Elte .. 1,000 100.00 James P. Olsen .. 10,000 10.00

Jacob Kopf .. 1,025 100.00 James P. Olsen .. 10,000 10.00

John Birch .. 1,000 100.00 James P. Olsen .. 10,000 10.00

John W. Peck .. 1,000 100.00 Max Pointner .. 25 10.00

M. B. Wels .. 1,000 100.00 A. W. Carlson .. 25 10.00

Edward H. Rush .. 70 7.00 A. W. Carlson .. 50 5.00

Jacob Kopf .. 281 27.34 Niels Sine Jensen .. 15,000 10.00

John Birch .. 281 27.34 Niels Sine Jensen .. 3,000 10.00

John Birch .. 165 16.50 Niels Sine Jensen .. 3,000 10.00

G. W. Peck .. 1,012 101.20 Christen Jensen .. 5,167 34.44

Philip Soder .. 1,000 100.00 Christen Jensen .. 2,000 13.33

John Birch .. 1,000 100.00 Christen Jensen .. 2,000 13.33

George Macleod .. 12 1.00 Christen Jensen .. 2,000 13.33

E. M. W. Young .. 1,000 100.00 John E. Blaggs .. 44 3.00

A. C. Spears .. 500 5.00 John E. Blaggs .. 5,000 300.00

Robert C. Callaway .. 2,500 20.00 John E. Blaggs .. 5,000 300.00

E. G. Hinze .. 1,000 100.00 David Blackhurst .. 20 1.00

M. Kopf .. 10,000 100.00 David Blackhurst .. 12,500 85.00

Jacob Kopf .. 1,000 100.00 David Blackhurst .. 12,500 85.00

John Birch .. 1,000 100.00 William S. Burton .. 68 4.00

John Birch .. 10,000 100.00 William S. Burton .. 68 4.00

George Macleod .. 1,000 100.00 John D. Burton .. 100 1.00

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