

HARDY, YOUNG & CO.

Headquarters for the Finest Fruits in the City.

Consisting of Dehesa, Valencia, Sultana and loose Muscatel Raisins, finest Vostizza Currants cleaned ready for use, finest Italian Olives, Sap Sago, Pine Apple and Roquefort Cheese, Seven Crown Figs and Dates, French Prunes, GRENOBLE WALNUTS, ALMONDS, FILBERT AND PEACAN Nuts, Finest in Market. Candies of the Best Quality.

IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

We carry a fine line of all the Latest Novelties: Black Silks and Silk Lace Dresses in Patterns, suitable for Christmas Present; also a fine lot of

Basket and Celluloid Novelties,

In great varities, elegant line of Ladies' and Gents' Slippers in Alligator and Felt Lined.

Having closed out that old Stock of Goods before Removing to our New and Commodious

Store the New Constitution Building where everything is new.

HARDY, YOUNG & CO.

OGDEN COLLEGE.
W.M. A. ORENCHAIN, A. M., PRESIDENT.

DEAR SIR:
I am more than pleased with my "Howe" Ventilating Stove, and cannot say too much in its praise. In the first place, it is the only base burner I have ever seen that is constructed on correct principles, while in heating capacity and economy of fuel it is all that you claim for it. In the fresh air which it warms and diffuses throughout the house there is a balminess of temperature which I have never found in the heat of any other stove; not even when sitting close to the stove is there any sense of oppressiveness.

Very truly yours,
WM. A. ORENCHAIN, Pres.

The "Howe" Ventilator stands today the most remarkable discovery in heating stove construction. We will cheerfully refund the price of any stove not proving Perfectly Satisfactory.

E.C. Coffin Hardware Co.

Dealers in
Hardware for the HOME, MINE, MILL, MECHANIC,
PROGRESS BUILDING.


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A
VERY FINE COOK
I CAN SEE BY YOUR LOOK
MUST SUPPLY YOU FAT TODDLERS,
DEAR, LITTLE WEE WADDLERS.
IT WOULD NOT BE STRANGE
IF YOUR MOTHER'S NEW RANGE
HASTA WIRE GAUZE DOOR
ON THE OVEN, SO MORE
WHOLESMORE FOOD COMES TO YOU
LITTLE ONES, IS IT TRUE?
IF YOU WANT THE BEST,
BUY THE
CHARTER OAK,
WITH THE WIRE GAUZE OVER DOORS.


The "Howe" Ventilator stands today the most remarkable discovery in heating stove construction. We will cheerfully refund the price of any stove not proving Perfectly Satisfactory.

BUT THE MOUNTAINEER OVERALL.

IT IS THE BEST.

The Utah Marriage Endowment Association

CAPITAL STOCK, \$60,000.

OFFICERS:
C. M. COFF, Pres.; F. T. MATHER, Vice-Pres.; J. E. DAHMER, Sec.; P. A. H. MATHER, Treas.

THE UTAH MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION, Incorporated under the laws of Utah Territory, with a Capital Stock of \$60,000, now offers to its members the greatest inducements of any institution of the kind ever organized.

The object of this Association is to endow its members with \$600 at their respective marriage.

All Correspondence promptly addressed to:

MAIN OFFICES: 56 W. Second South St., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



Hotel Templeton,
NOW OPEN.

Corner Main and South Temple Streets.

The Only First Class House in the City.

All Modern Improvements including Bath
Rooms, Gas and
Electric Lighting,
Steam Heating, Rapid Elevator, Sewer and 4 Systems of Fire Escapes.

DIRECTORS.

D. C. YOUNG, Pres.;
W. M. CANNON, Vice-Pres.;
A. C. YOUNG, Secy. & Treas.;
L. G. HARDY;
G. G. HARDY;
ALONZO YOUNG.

Proprietors.

ALONZO YOUNG, Owner.

Central Hotel Co.

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I. Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Thursday, December 14, 1880

SARAH BERNHARDT.

THE LITTLE WOMAN WHO IS "VIN DE SELLE" IN EVERYTHING.

Bernhardt's little scheme for applying a live snake to her breast in the death scene in "Cleopatra" extended to the stage door, and the audience quite used to being freshly foisted by her on the production of each fresh play. When Bernhardt puts her genius at the service of her charlatanry the result is such glorification of the snake that the boulevards itself appears to be but which they love her for. Parisians will not soon forget how Bernhardt advertised one piece by going to a horse fair, buying two splendid animals, for lack of other accommodations, in her magnificently fitted studio. Next morning all Paris was agog.

"How can you allow such wanton destruction?"

"Ah," said the Bernhardt, her eyes bright with maternal devotion, "how could I deny Maurice anything?"

It is Paris yet done talking of how she passes an angel at Maurice's wedding, a ray of light sifted through stained glass falling softly upon uplifted face as she knelt at the altar wrapped in religious ecstasy. This was almost as good an advertisement as the snake, though it did not startle the public so much.

Parisians were too much in awe of her to notice that she had started all France—Brennan had become insane. No, said meneurs, the journalists and dramatic critics, you have never seen such a body as she is in her jaws, and though he was past middle age there are few men who would care to meet him in a rough and tumble fight even now.

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Several months later Allison was seated at the dinner table in the principal hotel in Albuquerque, N. M. The Territorial court was in session and the hotel was crowded with guests. Pretty soon a Mexican, dressed in a sombrero, entered. The man whom Allison had shot at Durango, came into the dining-room and took a seat opposite to him.

"Your name Allison?" asked the Mexican.

"Yes, Jim," was the response.

"Then you are a dead man," and the muzzle of a big forty-five navy revolver crept up on the edge of the table. There was a loud report; a gun had been fired.

Allison had shot him under the heart, but he had been shot in the back, and as soon as they found out what was the trouble they resoled their meal, and the hand-to-hand combat carried on until Allison had his clerks carry out the wounded.

If court had not been in session Allison would probably never have been indicted. As it was, however, a bench warrant was issued, and a sheriff was told to bring Allison into court at once. He met him on the street as he was riding out of town.

"What's up now? What's wrong with me?"

"Oh, it's only for killing the grasser. I guess there won't be any fun over it."

"All right," was the response.

"But you must give up your weapons," said the sheriff.

"Not much. I'd think I'm a terrible fellow," said Allison, without being pushed up for it, "and now you want me to give up my weapon. Well, you don't get 'em without a fight."

"All right, Jim," replied the sheriff. "You're as blame yer mutch."

So the sheriff and his prisoner rode off to the court house, the latter having two revolvers in his belt and carrying a heavy Winchester across the pommel of his saddle. And so he stalked into the crowded court and got down in front of the room. The court was all ready, and then the judge booted in Allison. The sheriff had his revolver across his knee, and his clerks carry out the wounded.

This was the moment for which Bernhardt had been waiting. In two hours a card from her was in every newspaper office in the city. She was not insane; she could not be, because she had been shot; she hoped to convince the public by her production of—, in which she should open the week following.

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There was only one Bernhardt. She is unique, that is to say, with all her mystery. Paris remembers her to credit that she sincerely loved Damala. She pulled him out of the gutter, and in spite of much, at the end she mourned him.—Syracuse News.

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