

Thursday - August 24, 1871.

From Temple Bar.  
TOO MUCH ZEAL.

[CONTINUED.]

From the hour of our leaving Jaffa until our return to Beyrout, Frank had been most uncomplaisant. Frank could persuade him to visit scenes of interest in our company, or even at the same time. We had to wait for him here. Dear, loving Susan explained that we were only sight-seers, and he something more. We grumbled, and were satisfied. Frank's capacity for disagreeing with every one and disarranging every plan had entered into the sublime.

By the time we returned to the coast the quails had begun to arrive. Beyrout is not a pleasant residence, and as the season required some repairs, the prosecution of the question, regarding living on board of the vessel, an expedition was planned to place about twenty miles off, on the sea, where the best shooting could be had. We were to "rough it" in an old half-ruined fort, with the aid of six camel-loads, of camp bedding, sparkling Moselle and other wines, potted treasures of all sorts from the stores. Accidents would happen in the best regulated "roughing," and when two cases, which were fondly counted upon to contain biscuits, turned out to be gun powder, Willie was very cross.

The quail were inconstant, as usual; one day we got a hundred shots within a mile of our starting point; the next day not a single one. Still we enjoyed our immensely—ladies and all—for there was plenty of sketching to be done, and the novelty of their life in the old fort amused them. The only drawback was the absence of our Captain, who was obliged to remain behind at Beyrout on business for a week. Even Frank was sociable. For the first time in his life he appeared to be contented with himself and his surroundings.

I dare say, if the truth was known, that old Charley Napier was responsible for knocking all military importance out of the fort. What remained of it had served once for a lazaretto, and was partitioned off in the usual Turkish style. A square block of solid masonry entered through a massive door, over what had been a moat, but was now half filled up with ruins and rubbish, a small courtyard leading to a broad, low staircase, and at its top a spacious hall, out of which all the other rooms opened. Such was our dwelling. A table made of two old doors supported on caeks, and five wine-cases for chairs—such was our furniture. The ladies had their coats from the yacht, our hammocks. What would you more? If we had had nothing but our quail, and the red mullet which Templar's cookswain—a cunning hand with a net—brought us every morning, we should have lived like fighting cocks.

"How bright the fire flies are!" said Kate Templar one night when we had finished dinner, and were grouped round the open window. "See there, in that date grove! They make quite a glow."

"Fire-flies don't give that light, Kate," said her sister-in-law. "What you see are sparks of a fire. Look, Willie! It's a blazing up now."

"You're right, Susan. It is a fire, sure enough," replied Templar. "But what the deuce does it mean? I hope it's not some confounded fellow from the town come to spoil our sport."

As he spoke another fire, and another, and another, broke out in the dark wood, and the distant hum of voices reached us on the night wind.

"By Jove, it's a regular encampment," cried our host. "There'll be no shooting for us to-morrow, Max, unless we want to be bagged ourselves. I've seen that sort of fellows quailing on the Marmora, and they'll shoot a bird right in your face."

"Well," I replied, "the country's wide enough, if there is only a good pass of birds. Let them go their way and we'll go the other."

"Anyhow, it's a bore to be interrupted," and we so comfortably," grumbled Templar, lighting a cigar; "but I suppose they've as good a right here as we."

The silence which followed was broken by a voice below.

"Is that you, Templar?"

"By Jove, it's the Pasha!" exclaimed Willie, starting up. "Two days before his time! This is jolly!"

"Come down—I want you. I want Max, too. I—my horse is hurt—I won't keep you ten minutes. Are you quite well, Mrs. Templar? And your sister? Ah, that's famous. Come down like a good fellow, Templar, at once."

We went down, and the first thing we saw in the courtyard was a tall Turk in green turban and flowing kaftan leaning against a horse, which was certainly in a bad way. As we approached, the Turk threw off turban and beard, and there stood the Colonel, looking very pale.

"Why, you old masquerader—," began Willie, but Max cut him short.

"There is no time for that sort of thing," he said. "I put on this disguise to pass through your blackguards. You will be attacked at daybreak."

"Attacked?"

"Yes, attacked—twenty to one."

"In God's name, what for?"

"Because that precious brother-in-law of yours has been at his old work—abusing the religion of the country."

"Impossible! He cannot speak two words of the language."

"Look here," he held out four papers, printed in Arabic and Turkish he never would keep with us. He would go about alone—and why? To scatter broadcast these precious things. You can't read them, but take my word for it who can, that there is not an insult he has spared."

"Max, I cannot and will not believe."

"No matter; they believe, and that's enough. You might as well attempt to argue with a pack of hungry wolves as with them."

"Who are they?"

To be continued.

One Trial Suffices to prove that Dooley's Chemical Yeast Baking Powder is superior in every respect to any other ever manufactured. It is put up in 1/4, 1/2, 1 and 5 pound cans, which contain that quantity of powder by actual net weight, while the majority of Baking Powders offered fall short from one-eighth to one-half of what is represented. Ask your grocer for Dooley's, and you will be satisfied with no other. Manufactured by Dooley & Brother, 25 New Street, New York.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

## Grand Fall Opening,

Z. C. M. I.

## RETAIL

## DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT.

By the time we returned to the coast the quails had begun to arrive. Beyrout is not a pleasant residence, and as the season required some repairs, the prosecution of the question, regarding living on board of the vessel, an expedition was planned to place about twenty miles off, on the sea, where the best shooting could be had. We were to "rough it" in an old half-ruined fort, with the aid of six camel-loads, of camp bedding, sparkling Moselle and other wines, potted treasures of all sorts from the stores. Accidents would happen in the best regulated "roughing," and when two cases, which were fondly counted upon to contain biscuits, turned out to be gun powder, Willie was very cross.

The quail were inconstant, as usual; one day we got a hundred shots within a mile of our starting point; the next day not a single one. Still we enjoyed our immensely—ladies and all—for there was plenty of sketching to be done, and the novelty of their life in the old fort amused them. The only drawback was the absence of our Captain, who was obliged to remain behind at Beyrout on business for a week. Even Frank was sociable. For the first time in his life he appeared to be contented with himself and his surroundings.

I dare say, if the truth was known, that old Charley Napier was responsible for knocking all military importance out of the fort. What remained of it had served once for a lazaretto, and was partitioned off in the usual Turkish style. A square block of solid masonry entered through a massive door, over what had been a moat, but was now half filled up with ruins and rubbish, a small courtyard leading to a broad, low staircase, and at its top a spacious hall, out of which all the other rooms opened. Such was our dwelling. A table made of two old doors supported on caeks, and five wine-cases for chairs—such was our furniture. The ladies had their coats from the yacht, our hammocks. What would you more? If we had had nothing but our quail, and the red mullet which Templar's cookswain—a cunning hand with a net—brought us every morning, we should have lived like fighting cocks.

"How bright the fire flies are!" said Kate Templar one night when we had finished dinner, and were grouped round the open window. "See there, in that date grove! They make quite a glow."

"Fire-flies don't give that light, Kate," said her sister-in-law. "What you see are sparks of a fire. Look, Willie! It's a blazing up now."

"You're right, Susan. It is a fire, sure enough," replied Templar. "But what the deuce does it mean? I hope it's not some confounded fellow from the town come to spoil our sport."

As he spoke another fire, and another, and another, broke out in the dark wood, and the distant hum of voices reached us on the night wind.

"By Jove, it's a regular encampment," cried our host. "There'll be no shooting for us to-morrow, Max, unless we want to be bagged ourselves. I've seen that sort of fellows quailing on the Marmora, and they'll shoot a bird right in your face."

"Well," I replied, "the country's wide enough, if there is only a good pass of birds. Let them go their way and we'll go the other."

"Anyhow, it's a bore to be interrupted," and we so comfortably," grumbled Templar, lighting a cigar; "but I suppose they've as good a right here as we."

The silence which followed was broken by a voice below.

"Is that you, Templar?"

"By Jove, it's the Pasha!" exclaimed Willie, starting up. "Two days before his time! This is jolly!"

"Come down—I want you. I want Max, too. I—my horse is hurt—I won't keep you ten minutes. Are you quite well, Mrs. Templar? And your sister? Ah, that's famous. Come down like a good fellow, Templar, at once."

We went down, and the first thing we saw in the courtyard was a tall Turk in green turban and flowing kaftan leaning against a horse, which was certainly in a bad way. As we approached, the Turk threw off turban and beard, and there stood the Colonel, looking very pale.

"Why, you old masquerader—," began Willie, but Max cut him short.

"There is no time for that sort of thing," he said. "I put on this disguise to pass through your blackguards. You will be attacked at daybreak."

"Attacked?"

"Yes, attacked—twenty to one."

"In God's name, what for?"

"Because that precious brother-in-law of yours has been at his old work—abusing the religion of the country."

"Impossible! He cannot speak two words of the language."

"Look here," he held out four papers, printed in Arabic and Turkish he never would keep with us. He would go about alone—and why? To scatter broadcast these precious things. You can't read them, but take my word for it who can, that there is not an insult he has spared."

"Max, I cannot and will not believe."

"No matter; they believe, and that's enough. You might as well attempt to argue with a pack of hungry wolves as with them."

"Who are they?"

To be continued.

One Trial Suffices to prove that Dooley's Chemical Yeast Baking Powder is superior in every respect to any other ever manufactured. It is put up in 1/4, 1/2, 1 and 5 pound cans, which contain that quantity of powder by actual net weight, while the majority of Baking Powders offered fall short from one-eighth to one-half of what is represented. Ask your grocer for Dooley's, and you will be satisfied with no other. Manufactured by Dooley & Brother, 25 New Street, New York.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

TEARING, TEARING!

POSITIVELY NO SMALL POX!

PLENTY OF ORE

LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON!

TANNER BROS.

## Repository of Music!

Established 1860.

## First Class PIANOS!

Can be obtained of us at Manufacturers' Prices, and on easy Monthly Payments.

## MASON &amp; HAMLIN ORGANS!

ARE TRIUMPHANT IN EUROPE AND AMERICA!

Read the 1000 testimonials of the Best Judges in these countries—Mailed by us Free. They are After a Most Severe Test Trial—Thirty of them having been hauled 1000 miles across the Plains in Ox Wagons, and after six years' constant use, are pronounced by the purchasers to be as good to-day as when received. We offer

Triumphant in UTAH!

Proofs Most Convincing.

"We, the undersigned, take pleasure in saying that the Mason and Hamlin Organs, purchased of you have been in constant use for six years, and have given perfect satisfaction. They are at good to-day as ever and somewhat improved in tone. We have loaned them in every respect to the Manufacturers claim for them. We recommend them to be First Class instruments, and are sure to give satisfaction."—J. Carrington, W. Robinson, T. McKean, A. H. Raleigh, R. V. Morris, R. T. Burson, J. W. Fox, J. D. T. McCallister, P. Keeler, Salt Lake City; L. H. Woods, Brigham, Springville; Thomas Durian, R. Benson, Ferrowan, D. Casser, Nephi; J. Snow, Brigham City.

WHAT OUR MUSICIANS SAY.

After having purchased the Mason & Hamlin Organs for their own use, and investigated the merits claimed for Organs of other Makers:

"Of all the varieties of Organs with which we are acquainted, we unhesitatingly recommend the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the Best and sure to give Perfect Satisfaction."—J. H. Briggs, Designer and Builder of Salt Lake Great Organ; George Carman, Conductor of Tabernacle Choir and Philharmonic Society; C. J. Thomas, Conductor of Salt Lake Musical Orchestra; Green Pratt, Jr., Teacher of Piano and Organ; John Tullidge, Teacher of Music; John Chamberlain, Organist.

Send for our New Circular, Mailed Free.

Calder Brothers.

NOTICE

TO CARPENTERS & BUILDERS!

H. DINWOODY is

Removing his Machinery to his

NEW FACTORY!

One block West and two and a half blocks

South of the

TOWNSEND HOUSE,

WHERE HE WILL BE PREPARED IN A FEW DAYS TO

Work Flooring,

Surfacing, and do

Turning and Scrowl Sawing, &c.,

At Reduced Prices!

DRIED FRUIT!

We are desirous of Buying All the Fruit Crop of this Territory that we can obtain.

We will pay Cash, the Highest Price

in the Market, for

Dried Peaches, Apricots, CURRANTS.

RIGGS, LECHTENBERG & CO.,

One Door North of C. Savage, Main St., SALT LAKE CITY.

AGENTS WANTED, In every Settlement, to buy

Fruit, to whom a Liberal Commission will be paid.

FURNITURE!

N. P. COLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

in

FURNITURE & BEDDING!

Nos. 220 to 226 Bush St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE Above House is the Most

EXTENSIVE on the Pacific Coast, and the class of Goods sold are of a Superior

quality, notwithstanding the Exceeding Low Prices they are selling them for.

A. S. GOULD & SON,

CONVEYANCERS!

MINING DEEDS, Agreements and Bonds for Claims, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, Leases, Concessions and other instruments of writing drawn and executed with dispatch.

Mining Companies Incorporated under the Laws of Utah.

A. S. GOULD,

NOTARY PUBLIC

AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

For New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Montana, Nevada, California, Iowa and other States and Territories.

EAST TEMPLE ST.,

near Wells, Frank & Co. SALT LAKE CITY.

A. J. BELL & CO.,

Dealers in

MINES & REAL ESTATE!

WE offer ourselves our facilities for Selling Real Estate, as well as Mining Properties in as good as any other portion. Eighteen years' practical experience is some guarantee for success.

Office, Opposite

SALT LAKE HOUSE,

In Taylor's Block, Room 6.

August 7, 71.

BREWER, DENNIS & CO.,

CHICAGO & OMAHA

LAGER BEER,

Ale and Porter,

Wholesale and Retail.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED BY THE QUART OR IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT.

GODDARD'S BUILDING BASEMENT,

Salt Lake City, 1 door South of First National Bank.

BREWER & LAPHAM.

FOR SALE!

FIRST-RATE TWO HOUSES OPEN

July 15, 1871.

J. C. LITTLE.

## NEW YORK TRADE

ROBERTS, READ &amp; CO.,

Manufacturers and Jobbers of

HATS.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars

And Fine Syrups.

No. 45 &amp; 47 Park Place, NEW YORK.

2. GODFREY & SONS,

IMPORTERS OF

FRENCH CALF SKINS.

Wholesale Dealers in Leather Findings.

No. 29 Spruce St., NEW YORK.

Tanners' and Carriers' Tools.

Boot and Shoe Machinery

American Clock Co.,

Sole Agents for

E. A. Welch, New Haven, Conn. Thomas and Gilbert Clocks.

CORLAND STREET, NEW YORK

105 Lake St., CHICAGO.

Sold by Zion's Co-operative,

Salt Lake City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.

LOCKWOOD & HANNINGTON

Wholesale Dealers in

LOOKING-GLASSES

AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES.

Mirrors, both French and German; also Par, Mantel and other kind of Frames made to order.

No. 315 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

Edward Todd.

Joseph Monaghan

Manufacturers of

GOLD PENS,

Pen and Pencil Cases, Toothpicks, etc.

1 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK

MERIDEN CUTLERY CO.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of

TABLE CUTLERY,

And exclusive makers of the PATENT

HARD RUBBER HANDLE CUTLERY.

49 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.

Benedict, Hall & Co.,

Boots and Shoes,

Nos. 134 and 136 Grand Street, corner Crosby,

137 10th NEW YORK.

BURTIS & FRENCH,

Importers and Jobbers of

CROCKERY!

China, Glassware, Keramic Goods, etc.,

No. 13 Barclay St.,

4 doors below Astor House, NEW YORK.

RANDALL & WILLIAMS,