

fitted for the task,

The last number of the "Academy"

majority of whose aches appear to emanate from a lower portion of the

human body than occupied by the

A poet is what he is, and it is idle

a wan and weary muse; his phileso-by of life is attenuated and anaemic:

never escapes from himself. He is

Il cries and laments and regrets. The

tired of rapture, and he 'would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood.' We have searched his book in

vain for one single, healthy emotion.

Something has died in my heart; is it

death or sleep?
I know not, but I have forgotten the

And yet in his own perverse way Mr.

Symons is a poet. His diction is sim-ple, and often exquisite; many of his

passages have a haunting and melan-holy beauty, but it is the beauty of

A well known American writer ex-

presses himself as follows on the sub-ject of literary remuneration: At the present moment of writing the twentieth century may be likened

unto a cornucopia bursting with possi-

period that lies before us will prove sensationally rich in material progress,

in new inventions and in the develop-ment of electricity and other forces

even less understood, is something not to be doubted. But a subject of far greater importance to my mind—be-

cause I am vitally interested in it my-self—is what this cornucopla contains

in the way of rewards for literary ef-fort; and I may add that I am much

more deeply interested in the plums at the top, representing, let us say, the

first two decades of the century than in those at the bottom, which will not

e poured out until the last. Far be it from me to write anything

that might encourage the incompetent to rush into literature or drift into journalism-to quote the usual phrases—but my firm belief is that we are just entering upon a period in which the high class writer or specialist in literature will enjoy a far greater degree of prospecify than any of his kind have

of prosperity than any of his kind have

tion improves during the next twenty

"Is your mamma cross? Mine is

Hush!' when you laugh or make a

awful cross! Does your mamma say

little bit of a noise? My mamma does.

The mother who overheard this account of herself would feel heart-broken

to think of the shadow cast by her misery

on those she loved. Yet her condition is

point of torture. Lack of appetite and loss of sleep increase her weakness.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

Her nerves are strained to the

She has nerves, papa says,"

real.

bilities of all sorts, upon which most us are looking with feelings of interest and anxiety. That the hundred years

meaning of spring.'

emotion, not of feeling.

RECOGNITION.

muzed and dumb with almost human anding hosts of hell draws near lay war with Destiny,

AUGURY.

The time is due, nor may be long including with the clear, but with so a brave new song The bods will bran to hear.

IMPOTENT. These things, too mighty for man they

to complain that he is not something else. But when a poet has the gifts that Mr. Arthur Symens undoubtedly possesses, one cannot but regret that he he unleashed flame, and the unhould cultivate just one poor little leid of all the world's pastures. His chained sea; surious wind that masterly files, the mocking light of rainless skies. ris horse, stalking far abroad, th man the little, to call an God. —Margaret E. Sangster. sun never shines upon him, the birds never sing. He is tired of sorrow, he

THE LATTER DAY POET.

ain't very much of a poet; Kin tickle the gods with his pen, josh along somehow er other, And jes keep a writin fer men.

know at he's blissfully dwellin' With both o' my feet on the ground

over have tackled a sonner couldn't write one of I tried, put all the folderois on It thout gittin' somepin' inside. r I understand er you fix it At no one kin tell what you mean,

mind ain't forever a-strayin' ight there like the bump of a log. da't got no "study" ner "den;" e with my folks an I like it, An' jes keep a-writin' fer men.

INDIGNATION.

Indignation in a moment storms! chest, bribe, steal, thrust orphans Indignation in its armchair snores. arry Lyman Koopman in Morrow

ck old proprieties, cross local forms,

NOTES.

Illiam Dean Howells, the foremost as in American letters today, is to ganized house of Harper & Brothdepartment of the "Easy Chair"

er's Magazine, made famous by e William Cartis, and abandoned list death is to be revived by Mr. b., and he will also contribute at entical articles on contempora. 17 affairs to the North Ameriasi arrangement Messrs, Har-

cathers have secured from Mr.
buth periodical and book
a sil of his future works,
stating of the "Easy Chair"
pers Magazine was established
bonald G. Mitchell (Ik Marve))
e first incombate. itis began his work in connect the "Easy Chair" in 1853, an

the Easy Chair in 1853, not the position until shortly be-death. ells' association with the te has been of long standing.

Study," a department of lite-ment and criticism which hap-plemented the "Cosy Chair," hars appeared scriptly in Har-Accade, the most metable being is siver Weiding Journey," which

Horse's first journalistic work sone for the Cincinnati Gazette he Columbus State Journal, From a 185 by was United States con-

Such a condition may, in general be traced to disease of the delicate womanly organism, a cure for which is found in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the therves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had been a constant sufferer from uterine disease for five vears." writes Mrs. J. A. Steorts, of Vankec Dam. Clay Co., West Virginia, "and for six months previous to taking your medicine I was not out of six room. Could not walk or stand, as there was such pain and drawing in left side and bearing-down weight in region of alterus, accompanied with soreness. I suffered constantly with headache, pain in back, shoulders, arms and chest; and could not sleep nor ile down. When I had taken three bottles of the medicine the periods were regulated, I was not so nervous, could sleep well, and the pain in side and bearing down had vanished. My health is better at this time than it has been in five years."

Dr. Pierce's Pelleta stimulate the liver. nerves, encourages the appetite and in-

onal books or the December will be years in the same proportion that it has during the past two decades, he will have no reason to complain of his

When I consider the state of the writer of twenty years ago, the small prices which his work commanded and the wretchedly small market that was open to him, I feel that we of the present day have ample cause for thanks-

ent day have ample cause for thanksgiving.
In 1880 there were but three magazines of any importance—Harper's.
The Century and The Atlantic—and it
was not until about that time that
the first named was forced by the example of its most formidable rivel. The
Century, into printing the signatures
of its authors. Unless my memory
fails me "McLeod of Dare" was printed
in the early part of this year without in the early part of this year without William Black's name. The Century was looked upon as the highest reward of merit, and the young writer who suc-

looked down upon us was indeed a wide one in those days, and I used to fancy that I could detect a glance of conscious superiority on the fare of nearly every one of those "immortals," and there were not more than forty of them at that time.

They had but scant reason for undue them who made as much money as the best reporters, and even when they developed from magazine backs into novelists, their rewards were not much better. Even the very best literary men of the day, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, Stedman and Steddard found it advisable to follow some other calling basides literature in order to provide thems. themselves with the comforts and lux-

As for the American dramatist, he was simply an object of general ridi-cule twenty years ago. When Julian Magnus and Emile Lancaster actually succeeded in selling "Conscience" to Clara Morris, and when Bronson Howand Moris, and when Bronson Howord began to be regarded seriously, and
A.M. Palmer and Augustin Daly bought
a play apiece from Edgar Fawcett, some
of us thought that the millennium was
at hand, but not one of us could have
foretold the good fortune that was in
store for certain American dramatists
of the year 1900 and thereabouts.

The twenty years just past have done
more for the American literary man The last number of the "Academy contains a little critical writing about "Images of Good and Evil," by Mr. Arthur Symons, whom it rather upkindly calls "A Poet with the Heartache." We copy, says the Evening Post, a portion of what it says, as equally applicable to certain of our young American versifiers, the professional critical says.

more for the American literary man than the eighty that preceded them. And not the least among the many blessings which these two decades have bestowed is the invention of the type writer, which enables him to double his output without additional labor. In place of the three great magazines, there are now at least half a hundred periodicals that pay good prices, to say nothing of the dully newspapers, and

particularly their Sunday editions, many of which print signed contributions from the very best and most distinguished writers in the world.

I have a firm belief in the betterment of the literary man's condition during the years that lie directly before the total that the directly before the part that he have don the force. us, and that belief is based on the pop-ularity of the one cent newspapers and their five cent Sunday editions. They are spreading the reading hubit among classes that formerly read nothing but the bare news of the day, and are add-

The following letter which appeared in the New York Evening Post recently has caused something like a sensation in magazine circles: To the Editor of the Evening Post;

Sir: Will you be kind enough to let me explain in your columns that the novel entitled "The Congressman's Wife," which appears in the January name attached is not printed as I wrote it, and is published as it stands against my protest? When it came to me in proof, I found that the editor, Mr. Arthur Grissom, had made an appalling number of verbal changes, all unnecessary, many trifling or ally, several lu-dicrous, two c staining errors of speech. In one instance the original phrase has been restored; but the other changes have all been retained. Some of them I did not object to-they were of so little consequence. I did wonder, however, why these should have been made at all. Three or four seemed to me to be improvements, though the language first used had adequately conveyed the meaning. The quality of the editing may be judged from this characters, a young graduate of Harvard, as Northerner, had remarked. "Well, I guess it's all over," the editor made him say, "It looks like it's all over." other phrases, Mr. Grissom declared that he had "merely edited the manuscript according to the elegancies of The Smart Set." I then tried to with-

draw the story; but Mr. Grissom refused to give it up.

JOHN D. BARRY.

R. H. Russell has issued a large and unique Bernhardt souvenir. This is a departure of the usual run of the Russell souvenirs in that it contains 36 pages, with a historical and critical sketch of Madame Bernhardt with an autograph introduction by herself. There are sixty-five splendid pictures showing her in all her famous roles and in her home, together with a portrait of her in her girlhood, and reproducof her in her grinood, and reproduc-tions of many cartioons and other draw-ings of her by well-known artists. The price of this is 50 cents. It constitutes a notable addition to the Russel list of theatrical publications,

The first of a series of stories by Carmen Sylva (Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania) which the Woman's Home Companion will print during 1961 will appear in the February number of that magazine. It is entitled "A Festival in Heaven," and is illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

The minor poets of England, who are hardly as multitudious as the minori-ties of America have lately had a promising addition in the person of Mr Gilbert Chesterton, who has just pub-lished "The Wild Knight and Other Poems," which, amid a good deal of Poems," which, amid a good deal of immaturity, contains several strong things of an individual kind. Here is one of them:

VULGARIZED.

All around they murmur, "O profane Keep thy heart's secret hid as gold;' But I, by God would sooner be Some knight in shattering wars of old.

In brownish outlandish arms to ride. And shout my love to every star With lungs to make a poor maid's name Defeat the iron ears of war,

Here, where these subtle cowards .To stand and so to speak of love, That the four corners of the world Should hear it and take heed thereof.

That to the shrine obscure there be One witness before all men given, As naked as the hanging Christ, As shameless as the sun in heaven.

These whimperers-have they spared to One dripping woe, one reaking sin?
These thieves that shatter their own graves

To prove the soul is dead within, They talk: by God, it is not time Some of Love's chosen broke the girth

In the last number of the Landon Academy is a symbosium of opinions from famous literary men on books which have appeared in 1900. Among them Frederic Harrison says that 'the only first-class book of 1900 has been Maurice Heweti's 'Richard Yea and Nay.'"

Grace Gallatin Estan-Thompson has written a charming book in "A Woman Tenderfoot," which she has illustrated with a great variety of pictures, many of them in the margin. It is a record of her open air life in her frequent hunting trips with her husband, and it includes a good deal of her philosophy, which is William Black's name. The Century
William Black's name. The Century
a good deal of her philosophy, which is
was looked upon as the highest reward
of merit, and the young writer who succeeded in selling a story or poun to
this magazine was considered well
along on the road to fame.

Between the magazines which offered along on the road to fame.

Between the magazines which offered little else but glory to those who were not on the upper rounds of the ladder, giving her the full details of the three not on the upper rounds of the ladder, and the daily newspapers from which most of us gained our bread, there yawned a wide gulf, dotted here and there with such stepping stones as Puck Wild Oats, Frank Losie's Weeks by to which were added later the Mcs. ly, to which were added a contributor of the growing periodicals. The gulf that yawned between Park Row and the serene literary heights from which the additions and contributors and methods of securing the greatest comfort. The book will be a greatest comfort. The book will be a possible. In the open air. (New York: Double-day, Page & Co.)

"The House Behind the Cedars," by Charles W. Chesnutt, is a North Carolina story of a quarter of a century ago, and an illustration of the rigid social degradation attaching to an attaint of negro blood, even though invisible to the eye. It is a well told story, without race offense or direct moralizing, of a beautiful North Carolina village girl who, while on a visit to her brother in South Carolina, a lawyer of repute and unquestioned social standing, wins the heart of a young man of aristocratic instincts, and engages herself to him in marriage. A business matter taking him to the village of her birth, he there incidentally learns that there is a re-mote attaint of negro blood in the veins of herself and brother, not discernable to the eye, and at once cancels his marriage engagement by letter, reluctantly giving his reason therefor. He dare not brave public opinion by giving her his name. They are sincerely attached, and the blow is severe to both. She utters no complaint, but bravely bears the burden of her grief. She becomes a teacher among the lowly, and finally passes peacefully away, while he is hastening to ask her forgiveness.

"The Conscience of Coralie," by F. Frankfort Moore, is the story of a bright young American girl, whose in-dulgent millionaire father, engrossed in the business of feeding Europe through the avenues of cold storage, permits her to swell the measure of her accomplish. ments by a visit to aristocratic and titled friends in England, to one of the snares are laid for her, in some of which she barely escapes entanglement, but she emerges from the campaign with the approval of her conscience and the man of her choice at her feet. The story is full of social movement, politics, diplomacy, intrigue and love, with something of a sprinkling of nonsense.

It is a common thing in school buildbut on the whole the culmination is attractively arranged and served with

MAGAZINES.

The January Outing is full of good things that will appeal to sportsmen or lovers of life in the open air. Among the features are Charles G. D. Roberts' "The Moonlight Trails:" Howard E. Hillegass' "Portuguess East Africa as a Hunting Field: "T. S. Van Dyke's "Gambel's Pariridge, the Elusive Game Bird of Arizona," and "The Pioneer Sportsmen of America," by Charles Hallock, with many pictures of veterans. Football enthusiasts will find not only a critical review of the geason, but an article on the teams at West Point and Annapolis. The number is richly The January Outing is full of good oid Annapolis. The number is richly

The Living Age, which comes weekly and is full of the best foreign literature, announces for the new year two serials. "A Parisian Household." a clever story of Parisian high life, by Paul Bourget, translated by Mary D. Frost, and Edmondo de Amicis' striking autobiographical sketches, "Memories of My Childhood and School Days." A noteworthy feature of recent numbers has been Dr. Morrison's papers on the siege of Pekin. The Living Age gives an American reader the cream of the Eng-lish and Continental reviews for 86 a It is printed by The Living Age

"Mind" for January opens with an article by Canon Hastl Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey, London, entitled, "God Is Love," which, a foat note states, embodies the substance of a sermon delivered by Canon Wilber-force in Westminster Abbey some time ago. Permission to publish it in Mind was given by the distinguished spenker to Editor Patterson, who had the pleasure of listening to the discourse when he was on his last visit in Eng-land. In "The Dartrine of Non-Resist-ance" John Hay Chapman discusses the logical and scientific application of that exceedingly problematic doctrine "Re-"The World We Live In," is an article by S. F. Meachern, M. D., in which the author states the result of scientific that the universe is a mental and in no way a sense-conception, "Social In-duence of the Fine Arts," "Religious Training in Public Schools," and "Soul Growth" are other important articles in the number, and the magazine departs from its usual line in presenting a serial story, "Mata the Magician," a serial story, "Mata the Magician,"
the first chapter at which promises an
interesting portrayal of occult phenomena and incident.

The departments are unusually attractive and the complete number up to
its usual excellent standard.—Alliance
Pub. Co., New York,

The serial story now running in the Youth's Companion entitled "Tilda Jane" is one of the most fascinating that has appeared in recent years. The story is of a waif of an orphan assylum who runs away from her unsympathetic guardians, and whose adventures in cluding the search made for her make most interesting material for the

make most interesting material for the Companion's readers.

A clever short story is "Curtis's Orange Crop." and the noted writer of animal stories, Ernest Seton Thompson has an interesting story of a dog.

A thrilling incident of adventure is related in the story of an Indian boy saving the life of his companion who has fallen from a cliff to the edge of a precipice, by tyling a rope to his own precipice, by tying a rope to his ow ankle in order to make it long enoug for each the unfortunate victim of the accident. The departments are also made up of articles of unusual interest.

—Pery Mason Co., Beston.

In His Good Time.

The old doctor had measured out the soothing powders and fastened his sad-dle bags. His patient lived in a lonely farmhouse, far from drug-shops and

neighbors.
"This medicine is only to quiet the pain?" she asked, as her mother took it from him and went out.
"Yes."

"There is nothing more to be done, The old man took her hand and stroked it gently for his only answer. She was a gaunt, middle-aged woman who had suffered for many years. He wondered why she wished to may any

wondered why she wished to stay any longer. He had known her since she was a child, and he could speak candidly to her. They were alone. She had been a faithful Christian woman.

He hold up the lean hand, of which every knuckle was distorted by pain.

"These clothes are nearly worn out, Sarah," he said, tenderly. "It is time you had a new garment."

"Yes," she cried passionately, "if I knew that God would give it to me! But what do we know of that place there beyond? Nobody has come back to tell us!"

The doctor was slient, watching her anxiously. She was in no condition for

This old body is ugly and worn out, I know," she went on, excitedly, 'but it is I! I cannot think of myself in any other shape. And in a few days it will be retting yonder up on the hill. Where shall I be then?"

The old man walked up and down the room. He knew that the end was near. How could be help her? Suddenly be

How could be help her? Suddenly be carso back bringing a little pot in which bloomed some mignoneite.

"Sarah." be said, "a few weeks ago I saw you plant some little black seeds in this earth. Out of them has come this beautiful, fragrant thing. The black husks of the seed still lie rotting in the earth. "If God so clothe the grass of the field... shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Give it to me!" she said, quickly. He placed the little pot in her hands. Her syes were full of sudden tears. The

Her eyes were full of sudden tears. old man went out quetly and left her alone with God and the poor little com-forter that He had sent.

The next day the doctor was summoned in haste, but when he came he found that she had already thrown aside her old garments and had gone to be clothed anew by Hlm who makes all things beautiful in His own good time.

Too Hurried.

A "tenderfoot" who was trying his luck on a Western ranch was at first horrified by the table etiquette which

horrfiled by the table etiquetts which prevailed among his associates.
One day his feelings evidently came so near the surface that a cowboy whose performances with a table-knife of unusual size had aroused the tender-foot's amazement, paused with another knifeful of food half-way to his lips.
"What's the matter?" inquired the cowboy with disconcerting promptness in the tone of one who means to be an swered.
"Ab-er-nothing," hastily responded

the tenderfoot.

"Look here," cried the cowboy, with an accompanying thump of his unoccu-ped hand on the table. "I want you to understand that I've got manners, but I haven't got time to I haven't got time to use 'em-that's

EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

Vision Impaired by the Defects af School Buildings.

The number of children wearing spectacles whom one meets in the stree gives rise to the reflection that in a with these advantages supplemented by the more solid attraction of unlimited dollars, she is everywhere given something more than a kindly greeting. She is beset by fortune hunters, and shares are laid for her, in some of which room, for it is there, in nine cases out of ten, that injury is first done to the delicate organs of vision. Even in the most modern buildings erected for edu-

It is a common thing in school bulle ing architecture to place the black board between two windows with the result that the little ones are blinded by a glare in their endeavors to decishining black surface. The character of the print in the average textbook too, has to bear the blame for the condition of many nearsighted children while the pernicious habit of studying at home at night has made its thou sands blind.

sands blind.
Some day the parents and education, all authorities of the land will awaken to the fact that they are raising half blind men and women to carry on the world's work, and then there will be a change in school methods, so far, at least on the volume to the second methods. change in school methods, so tar, at least, as they relate to the science of opties. This science, by the way, is taught in our schools from an early grade, but those who teach do not seem to take any interest in the examples of its misapplication that are continually before them. before them.

VITAL FORCE | Is what Is tacking in me

you a legal written guarantee that my Belt will cure you; if it falls I will refund every cent you pay me for it.

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Entirely different and must not be confused with other electric belts. It has soft, silken chamols covered spunge electrodes which prevent that frightful burning and blistering caused by all other belts, which have bare metal electrodes. My Belt can be renewed when burned out for only yes; no other can be renewed for any price, and when burned out for only yes; no other can be renewed for any price, and when burned out is worthless. I absolutely guarantee my Electric Belt to gure Varloose Veins, every form of Weakness in either sex; restore Vitality; cure Rhaumatism in every form, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles. Constipation, Stomach Disorders, Nervous and General Debitty, Lame Bock, all Female Complaints, etc. Write to-day for my book, "The Finding of the Fountain of Eternal Youth." Sent tree, postpaid, for the asking, Book will tell you all about it. Sold only by

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Concentrated Ly

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CONFERENCE PAMPHLET.

The verbatim report of the proceed-The verbaum report of the preceedings of the seventy-first semi-annual conference of the Church is now printed and for sale at the Deseret News office. The pamphiet also contains an account of the General Conference of the Deseret S. S. Union, held Oct. 7, 1900. Price per copy postpaid, 15 cents.

Nervous Prostration

A Noted Boston Woman Describes its Symptoms and Terrors.-Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics.

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs - I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue - oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb. No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection

of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prestration Cured.

often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON,

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM; - I | "I had nervous prostration was suffering such tortures terribly, caused by female from nervous prostration that | weakness. I suffered everylife was a burden. I could thing; was unable to eat, not sleep at all, and was too | sleep, or work. After a while weak to walk across the floor. I was induced to try Lydia E. My heart was affected so that | Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I really began to improve on taking the first bottle. I continued to take the medicine, and am now better in every way, and feel like a different person. I am simply a well woman."

MRS. DELLA KEISER, Marienville, Pa

196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

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MME, A. RUPPERT'S WORLD RE-NOWNED FACE BLEACH AL-MOST WITHOUT COST NO MATTER HOW BLEMISHED

THE SKIN, FACE BLEACH WILL MAKE IT PERFECT



Madame A. Ruppert says:

'My Face Bleach is not a new, untried remady, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing forever pimples, freckles, moth patches, blackheads, eczema, tan, sunburn, sallowness, roughness or redness of the skin, and for brightening and beautifying the complexion it has no equal.

It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin.

The marvellous improvement after a

delicate skin.

The marvellous improvement after a few applications is most apparent, for the skin becomes as nature intended it should be, smooth, clear and white, free from every impurity and blemish, it cannot fall, for its action is such that it draws the impurities out of the skin, and does not cover them up, and is invisible during use. This is the only thorough and permanent way.

During this month, I will offer to all a trial bottle of my world renowned Face Bleach, sufficient to show that it is all that I claim for it, and any render of this can send me 25 cents in stamps or silver, and I will send the trial bottle, securely packed in pialn wrapper, scaled, all charges regarded. prepaid.

My book 'How to be Beautiful' will be

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Time. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative
notually restores gray hair to its natural
color. Can be used on any shade of hair,
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ekin nor rub off. Perfectly harmless and
always gives satisfaction.

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ening and healing the face and hands.

Time, Ruppert's Hair Ton'c positively removes dandruff, all scalp discusors, stops falling hair, and in many cases restores Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oti Complexion

Made. Ruppert's Almond of Competion Soap, made of pure almond oil and wax. Delightful for the complexion and varianted not to chap the most delicate skin. All of the above folict preparations are aways kept in stock and can be had from our local agent.

Mine, A. Ruppert's Celebrated Complexion Specialties are for sale in Salt The Lace House Co.

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Dear Sirs,-In reply to your favor I would state that I have used the Putnam Nail for several years, and have advised my friends to use it only. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I prefer it to all others.

Oras tily Mit Pormas.

The Putnam Nail enjoys the distinction of being the only Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed nail made by machinery, and which imitates the old hand process.

ROBERT BONNER INSISTS ON ITS USE. All others are COLD ROLLED and SHEARED, as an examination of their edges near the point will show, and are liable to SPLIT or SLIVER in driving, to injure and perhaps kill

the horse. The above picture, from a photo representing Mr. Bonner in the act of handing his smith a Putnam nail, while superintending the shoeing of Sunel, will be sent in the form of a half tone, size, 5x8, on thick, white 1 per, with wide margin, on receipt of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.

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