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Wakeman's Wanderings.

ODD INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL AND
OBSERVATION.

London, April 3, 1893.—It is no wonder that the cockles of a Briton's heart, be he Irishman, Scotchman or Englishman, thrill with fondness and affection as he recalls, in any foreign land, the immediate environment of the home-spot that gave him birth. Were he but a cotter's child, and knew in his youth-time hours only the fierce and painful stings of penury, there is still an untellable charm in the backward vista centering in the lowliest British home.

It is because rural England—and it is almost equally true of rural Scotland and Ireland—in nearly every square acre is so endearing, in its age, association and natural winemess, that those who possess it, or those who have left it and, for the absence, hold it more intensely close and precious, will justly brook no belittlement any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and, sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple belongings—beautified by effort, followed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and shortcomings—without pitching both him and his sneers incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country, such a well kept and delicious old garden, such a smiling level in sunshine and sun and comfortable one in storm and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of ease and interest, coupled with those human sympathies and symmetries that cynic and prig are incapable of interest in any land but his own, though one he, he cannot now and then reserve a kindly enthusiasm, he here and there pricked into serene admiration, in this place and that find tender and associative interest.

In less than three hours' journey, on an English day in May-time, what memorable scenes of interest, of striking quality and of recollections and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Still more carefully fastid are the things one will see and feel, as innumerable hamlets, steadings and halls are passed. Glorious old manor houses back from parks and houseless forests. Thatched roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ancient elms, beech and lime give tempting vistas above broad roads, fringed with lights and shades, and as gray and smooth as some old cathedral floor. Cupped bridges with time, may tell, give place here and there to dozers, rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden asphodel, or

wide meadows and tiny marshes where daisies the yellow margined, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a brown-rippled pool. Hawthorn lanes are white above and beneath as banks of green moss. Great masses of bones, sallow trail from copse and hedge, and in, around and above all this May-time nature-beauty, thrushes and blackbirds, high above the roaring of your train, flood all the day with song.

In the tremendous subject lesson and historic roundels which each tiny bit of the face of England affords, there is a no more impressive study than that of English villages and their folk. These villages are the most delightful of all objects in every panoramic rural scene. Closer study reveals countless hidden beauties—her even age and decay here possess a marvellous beauty and charm—in the artistic and vagrant mind. And their quaint, quiet life, of whom I shall occasionally speak in another article, though regarded as dumb and sullen by many, will provide one of the most interesting sociologic studies to be found in any land.

Although many characteristics of English villages differ in different shires, or in different parts of the same shire, they all have the same typical picture in the memory, when considered as a part of the landscape. I never yet came to an English village, and I have visited hundreds, on foot, that I had not the same general feeling of picturesque affects as all others. This, too, what ever its relative topographical situation, it was just the same whether nestled in an Avon, Wharfe, Derwent, or Tamar valley; clumped upon a heavy southern down, half hidden in the shadows of a midland hill or peak; toppling along the edge of ragged chine or flinty burn; or wedged into the stone face of some dreary southern moor.

There it stood, ever a distinct and characteristic picture in itself. A rift of low arching cottages, of gay, solidities of white and gray and red, at either side, became lost towards the center in lush shade and shrubbery. Then a few gables, quaint and odd. Then another mass of cottages, closer and of darker hue. Then a pointed mass of higher gray, and red, roofs and outcroppings of bare garden-town structures. And finally, the highest mass of foliage, dominated by perhaps a battlemented roof, above which always rises a lone square, centuries old tower that tells of the English parish church, from Land's End to the misty Cheviot Hills.

I sometimes think, wonderful and compact a storehouse of historic relics, of generated art and of splendor in rural life, castle, hall and manor, ruin as old England truly is, that after all the sweetest part of one's wanderings in experienced awe from the best lines of travel among those gray and white, which the centuries have sustained and beautified even in their age and decay.

Come with me then, sagittally, into a few of these lovely old homesteads of rural England. Not far to the north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty Ormskirk. It is half village and half town, for the spindles are humming here as almost everywhere in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Two lines, white roads leading from green fields, which were impossible masses in olden times, rising to a gentle eminence intersect the place, and the verdure growth of four hundred years above hides from view the red-tiled, ancient houses, the quaint old shops, the stately, rental inn, and the historic church tower.

The old church, looming above the red tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously surrounded—low, scabrous tower and steeply the pile of gray, mellow and ivy-matted as its involuntarily suggest

a gigantic tree lopped off, in its lower trunk, where huge battlemented towers slope out of whose sides, where the people rises, has sprouted a second, slender tree. The tradition goes that two experienced masons, destined of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and steeple, yet disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energies upon both, each independent of the other. The earliest of the renowned Verelox and Standley are buried here. Mossy, lichened, shimmering, grave, the entire place is a woodland picture of tender repose, and is but one of scores of winesome Lancashire villages blending, how-lying and hushed, in the pleasant landscape between the thunderous towns of mills.

What precious old bits of gray and sunshine and green are the half deserted villages of Cockermouth and Hawkehead up here in the English lake region, the former in Cumberland, and the latter just inside Lancashire, where that county pushes a finger arm up among the scars, fells and pikes of the English Alps! Cockermouth itself where Wordsworth was born, is but one of the many quaint old Cumbrian villages, which seem as ancient any mossy as the rocks out of which they were born. It is a sweet, dim, dreamlike and soulful old spot, for the Derwent river sweeps melodiously by, and the Cocker river, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here, and law agents to Sir James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of Lonsdale. The house where the poet was born is a long, two-storied, hipped roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a

stately abode in its time. A tier of nine windows, in the second and third in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the area between the street wall and the houses are several pretty trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the bank of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkehead lies midway between the shores of the English lakes, Windermere, and Conistone water, near which may be found the home of John Ruskin, and nestles prettily beside the beautiful Lake Windermere. It is by far the most antique village in the lake country. The old schoolhouse is standing just as Wordsworth left it. It is no more than a tiny stone dinginess, with wide, low windows, a single broad low door, and a white-washed schoolroom interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head.

The schoolmaster, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scarred old plank is accordingly peeped as a precious relic. Every one who remembers the good old dame, Anne Tyson, with whom Wordsworth lived, and who was so much a mother to him during his boyhood's days at Hawkehead. Her cottage is still standing; and

"The snow white church, upon the hill," made famous in the "Prelude," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing. But the old life-world voice of Hawkehead with the handloom; you will never find more than a score of workshippers at service within it, and the inconspicuity is so reduced that the village rather hinders the dim old link that remain to this old but deserted shrine.

Here again are types of villages, one

in the north and another in the west hiding of Yorkshire, neither like the scores of many hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales, but standing quietly and stoutly against the thundering storm, defiant of change and the tempests of centuries. Come with me now down Stannemoor's white, and look down three square dead old flowers.

There lies the stoniest stall of the ancient village—a winding, cobbled, grass-green street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs have fallen in. To the east the eye catches a glimpse of the classic Grotto of Ribblesby. To the north, the dells and dells where flows the River Fens. To the south, the glen of Greta, where three river tumblers and tugs. These fairs, late stone structures, the first of houses from the Greta bridge way, would and ghostly under huge sycamores, was formerly another. Dabbers Hall, Richard Cobden once owned it and made it his home.

Then the Unicorn Inn, with its series of outbuildings, empty and moss-grown. Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and Crown. Then, lying westward, a little Norman Church. Near it, the ruins of a Norman castle. Behind these ruins the ancient Roman station Savatara, where are remains of battlements and a aqueduct. Then, round and unroofed, heavy on either side to the westward, where you will see, still standing just as Dickens described a veritable Robinson Crusoe's Hall in his "Nicholas Nickleby." A long, cobbled street, one story high, with a fine strap, gluing out buildings behind, and a turn and station adjoining.

The other is Haworth. Seen at a distance it seems a half-defined line of gray across which is the lofty, moorly Harroth moor. There is but a single street, closes sometimes extend to a

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COMPARATIVE STATEMENTS.

Deposits 1873, \$ 10,520.51	Deposits 1883, \$ 137,280.23
Deposits 1874, 11,070.72	Deposits 1884, 138,110.64
Deposits 1875, 16,119.70	Deposits 1885, 142,780.12
Deposits 1876, 19,148.02	Deposits 1886, 195,063.88
Deposits 1877, 21,058.84	Deposits 1887, 207,331.56
Deposits 1878, 20,012.71	Deposits 1888, 428,404.79
Deposits 1879, 42,703.50	Deposits 1889, 626,790.52
Deposits 1880, 69,071.01	Deposits 1890, 874,281.97
Deposits 1881, 90,457.30	Deposits 1891, 791,621.11
Deposits 1882, 133,078.98	Deposits 1892, 875,194.04

Deposits January 6th, 1893, \$1,203,260.42.



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