



DECEMBER.

Sweet inconsistency has ruled her sway.
Often the sunny smiles of Spring
Seemed melting through
The pured up lips of Winter; hints of
May
Lay in the flushing eastern skies; the
blue,
Warm hollows, shining through the
southern rift
Of mists hung low where chiselled
hill-shapes lift
Crests oiled with a hundred hues of
day
Might have led closely to a drifted
le.
Of Summer—so near by, and prescient
was its gle.
In the translucent haze of afternoons,
And nestling fall of darkness—mild and
wan
As Spring's reluctant twilight when
she swoons
At the Night's kiss—in every mood a
clue
Of yielding winsomeness—of yearning
love was drawn—
As if her sullen will were fashioned new
To meet the promise of the Century's
dawn.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

AWAKENED.

Beside the cradle of her little child
Late vigil had she slept,
But when it ceased to moan at her, and
smiled,
Both babe and mother slept.
Without, a storm hung like a bird of
prey
Above the sulen sea,
Watching a ship that flew upon her
way
Past the black ledges three.
Down, down it swooped, its cruel tal-
ons rent
That hapless, quivering length.
The waters churned beneath them ere
she spent
The utmost of her strength.
The groan of guns was on the purple
air,
Mixed with the wind's wild breath,
And piercing shrill the shrieks of sheer
despair
Rose from the gates of death.
But not one sound of all this mad up-
-roar
The sleeping mother heard.
She slept till night was gray, then
slept no more—
Her little one had stirred.

ALICE LENA COLE.

LIMITATION.

From the smooth beach I took one
grain of sand—
What countless myriads of them
must be
Filled up to make the islands that with-
-stand
The mighty onslaught of the surging
sea!
And I pondered came the thought
to me,
How this great world of water and of
land
To God is but a tiny grain which He
holds in the hollow of His open hand.
By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

NOTES.

The Daily Chronicle, in connection
with its review of Miss Braddon's
novel, *The Idol*, commends her at-
tempts to edify a serious audience, but
are inclined to believe that the veteran
novelist need not exert herself un-
necessarily to win lasting recognition.
The day is fast coming, says *The*
Chronicle, when the writer, who con-
sents or desires merely to interest, who
achieves a splendid popularity, who
makes a shelf full of novels with a
circulation of 50,000 copies, can no
longer be denied a chair in the
academy of letters or dismissed as in-
artistic. Miss Braddon has always
been interesting, has never been dull,
has represented varied life very much
as it is—and this for thirty years or so.
Some day a very serious article will
be written about her "art" in the
Nineteenth Century, and the atone-
ment of the literary world which has
described her as a yellow-back rail-
way novelist will be complete. Miss
Braddon has written over sixty novels
since 1852. Previous to entering upon
her literary career she appeared on the
Brighton Theatre Royal in 1857. Dur-
ing the five months following her in-
itial performance she impersonated
fifty-eight different characters. Her
stage name was Mary Leyton. Though
she is now known to the public as Miss
Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell,
and a widow.

The death of Charles Dudley War-
ter, on the nineteenth of October, re-
moved a conspicuous figure from the
rapidly thinning ranks of our older
authors, causing heartfelt grief to
hundreds of his personal acquaint-
ances and the tens of thousands of his
friendly readers. Among our men of
letters, the oldest group now repre-
sented among the living is the one
which was born in the third decade of
the century, and to that group, says
the *Dial*, Mr. Warner belonged. It
was a notable set of men, for it in-
cluded among the dead such names as
Parkman, Curtis, Baker, Taylor,
Brookingsham, Whitcomb, Winthrop,
Lead, Hayne, and Johnston, and still

happily included among the living the
honored names of Dr. Edward Everett
Hale, Donald G. Mitchell, Col. W.
Higginson, Charles G. Leland, Richard
H. Stoddard, Henry C. Lea, Charles
Elliot Norton, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.
With the last-named of these men Mr.
Warner was exactly contemporary,
having 1829 for the year of his birth.
Mr. Warner's long and busy career in-
cluded many things besides literature.
In its activities, and for some time, at
least, the pursuits of the letter were sub-
servient to an incidental occupation than a
chosen vocation.

Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies*
Home Journal, will make his first ap-
pearance in the East as a lecturer this
winter. Two years ago he made a
tour of the South and Southwest,
where he has gathered with crowded
houses. For his Eastern appearance
he will have a new lecture entitled
Explaining the Editor, which has never
been delivered. It is an informal talk,
in which the aim is to tell the public
something about the way editors are
run, and to explain how many manu-
scripts a year are received, how many
are accepted, and why most of them
are declined; to answer the questions
"Are all manuscripts really read?"
"Do editors exist in magazine offices?"
to explain how
young writers are nursed and devel-
oped, and to state what prizes are paid
to authors why magazines do not
print better material, and so on. Mr.
Bok will deliver his lecture for the
first time at Vassar College.

"Herod," Stephen Phillips' new play,
recently produced in London, will short-
ly be issued in this country in book
form, by John Lane of the Bodley Head.
It was first produced at her majesty's
theater on the 1st of October. The
drama deals with Herod's execution of
Aristobulus, the brother of his queen,
Mariamne. Herod's jealousy and con-
demnation of the queen herself, his re-
morse, etc. It is in blank verse, and
is said to be as strong and as strikingly
a poetic production as his "Paolo and
Francesca."

News comes that General Lew Wal-
lace's famous story of "Ben Hur,"
which has already been translated into
French, German and Turkish, is soon
to be published in Greek. General
Wallace recently received a request
from a Greek gentleman of Constanti-
nople for his permission to make the
translation, and his publishers, the
Harpers, are now in correspondence
concerning the matter. The letter of
this would be translated to not without
interest. "Some time ago," he says,
"a friend of mine gave me a German
book, advising me to read it with at-
tention. I never read novels, so I in-
tended to give it back without having
opened it. But then one day being un-
occupied I took it carelessly and began
to read it, and it impressed me so much
that I read it again and again, and did
not let it translate any of it to my
father and brothers. I looked for a
Greek translation of it, but there is
none. From that time the idea has
possessed me to translate 'Ben-Hur' in-
to Greek, and for this it is my duty to
ask your excellency's permission. I
am sure all Greeks will enjoy it as I
enjoyed it."

The masculine members of the Ar-
nold family, it is intimated, have not
viewed with any great approval the lit-
erary productions of their thoughtful
relative, Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Mat-
thew Arnold, it is said, did not give
at his niece's work a very enthusiastic
welcome. He had a convincing formula
which was not exactly logic: "No Ar-
nold can write a novel, if Arnold's
could, I should have written one my-
self." As for the late Thomas Arnold,
the lady's father, the *London Chronicle*
declares that he did not find it easy to
follow with very close interest his
daughter's pages. The critic of the
Dial Mail Gazette, by the way, says
in discussing Mrs. Ward's novels that,
while he has fully admired their clear-
ness of thought and delicate observa-
tion of social and psychological life,
he has felt himself almost repelled by
the characters held up to his sympathy
and esteem. "The heroine of *Helbeck*
of Bannisdale," he adds, "irritated me
almost to madness, and I would have
avoided a considerable distance to avoid
meeting the lady called Marcella. It
seemed to me that Mrs. Humphrey
Ward ignored the evil quality of arro-
gance of assumption. One seemed to
be expected to take these ladies at
their own valuation. She seemed to for-
get that the assumption of superiority
is the worst of all the most elemen-
tary sort of bad manners, and that it
is altogether inconsistent with personal
grace or charm."

A curious story is being told concern-
ing the facts which caused the publica-
tion of one of the most popular novels
of the day. Some months ago a New
York publisher heard that Mr. John U.
Lloyd, a prominent chemist in Cincin-
nati, had written a rather remarkable
story. He had no right to print it. It had been
committed to him as a joke and an
amusement, and the manuscript was
bound to tuck away in his li-
brary, where it was to remain until his
death. The publisher, of course,
asked permission to see it. On read-
ing it he immediately recognized it as
a novel of great force, individuality,
and interest.
The author was unknown, and the

risk may at first have seemed hazard-
ous. The story was called "Stringtown
on the Pike," and "serialized" in a lit-
erary paper. So deep was its effect, and
so instant, that before the date of its
publication in book form 10,000 copies
had been sold—a remarkable feat for
an author then almost unknown.

A second edition was put on the
press and sold within a week, and the
date of publication; a third edition was
sold in the next week; while the fourth
edition is now selling and a fifth is in
preparation (all within one month from
the date of publication).

And why is all this? Why, amid the
mass and ruck of current fiction, does
the public suddenly find interest in this
tale of Northern Kentucky? Be-
cause characters are absolutely
alive, absolutely American, and truth-
ful to the last degree. In tragic inter-
est the story has not been found want-
ing. In perfect portrayal of some of
those types of society that draw up
the South and West—the parson, the
colonel, the slave, the soldier, the ne-
gro (victim)—nearly all of them—of
the wide war, especially all and advent-
ure—the book is quite alone in its
class.

In certain Western cities it immedi-
ately leaped into the position of the
"best selling book of the day," and its
vogue is working steadily Eastward.
Of the hundred or more notices, public
and private, which the publishers have
received, but three are adverse, and
these three amounted virtually to
praise.

Still another edition of the Rubaiyat
of Omar Khayyam comes from New
York. It is from the press of William
Doxey, and the illustrations
are by Florence Lundberg,
a San Francisco girl who has studied
art in Paris and Berlin and who has
a hit of some of the best drawing.
From this book of old Omar's she has
caught the genuine Oriental spirit, and
the decorative borders and many of the
plates are admirably done. It is like a
panorama of the East, with its bar-
baric wealth of pearl and gold. This
series of pictures, in which the artist
has tried to reproduce the imaginings
and the longings of the Persian poet,
is an endeavor to make the student
contrasts between black and white the
artist has touched on Aubrey Beards-
ley's territory, and in several figures,
with masses of jet-black hair, we seem
to hear the echoes of the eccentric
draughtsman of genius. Most of the
work satisfies the eye and the imagina-
tion, which is high praise for designs
that are into comparison with the
work of Elton Wood. Mr. Doxey has printed
the book in fine style on heavy laid
paper and has given it an artistic cover.
Put up in a box it is one of the hand-
somest books of the year.

Andrew Lang is mourning over the
decline of intellect. Why he does so is
difficult to say, for Mr. Lang's versatile
and voluminous writings find a ready
market and many readers. Yet in the
Critic he discourses in this manner:
"The human intellect, like the service,
has long been going to the dogs. Old-
fashioned people tell us that 'nobody
reads anything but newspapers' and
novels. Many critics in the serial re-
views apologize for noticing a work
that is not avowedly a work of fiction.
Most reviewers long dropped the
hypothesis of pretending to do any ac-
quaintance with the subjects of histori-
cal, antiquarian, anthropological,
mythological and other erudite books.
They have above their ignorance, un-
ashamed. Poetry is still a drag in the
market, except when some new bard is
welcomed as an exquisite blend of
Shakespeare and Racine. 'Literary gas-
p' is concerned only with the wealth
attained by the publication."

Mrs. Stephen Crane has received a
letter from Rudyard Kipling stating
that he has read "Wounds in the Rain"
with admiration. This work of
Stephen Crane has been more favorably
received than anything written by him
since "The Red Badge of Courage,"
with which it has been favorably com-
pared by many reviewers. It has
been required four editions to be put
on the press in the short time since its
publication. Mrs. Crane writes to the
American publisher, Frederick A.
Stokes company, New York, of her late
husband's work: "The 'Red Badge'
is to be dramatized." David Belasco.

Stephen Crane was "discovered" by
English readers, and it looks as if a
new American writer in Crane's own
field is to win noteworthy recognition
from the same source. The publishers
say that a large edition of "Who Does
There?" has been taken up by English
readers. This is the story of a spy in
the civil war, and a love story, too; but
its interest turns on the spy's loss of
memory—amnesia—while in the en-
emy's camp. The first American edi-
tion was exhausted the day after its
publication by the MacMillan company.

The illustrated edition of "David
Harum" is said to begin its career with
a popular welcome which indicates that
a very large percentage of the readers
of the half million or so copies already
sold proper to add the handsome illus-
trated edition to the list of its suc-
cesses. The first American edi-
tion was exhausted the day after its
publication by the MacMillan company.

Lloyd Mifflin does not seem inclined
to let the boys fade or be forgotten
which he has fairly earned by the three
volumes published in such close suc-
cession.

"Badly Crippled."

Rheumatism at its worst is a sort of
living death. It chains a man to a chair
or binds him to a bed, and metes out to
him a daily martyrdom. At the best
rheumatism is a painful malady, in-
terfering alike with pleasure and busi-
ness.

To cure rheumatism it is necessary
to eliminate from the blood the acid
poisons which are the cause of the dis-
ease. This is effectively done by the
use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery. It carries out of the blood the
corrupt and poisonous accumulations
which breed and feed disease. It in-
creases the activity of the blood-making
glands and sends an increased supply of
rich, pure blood through vein and
artery to strengthen every organ of the
body.

"I had been troubled
with rheumatism for
years, and could not
leave my bed, writes
Mr. J. McKnight,
of the Williamsburg Co., S. C. 'I was badly
crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them
gave me to do. None did me much good. I
gave up. The pains in my back, hips and legs
land at times in my head, would nearly kill
me. My wife said I must die. I took five bottles
of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four
vials of 'Felt's Kidney and Bladder Pills' and
after suffering twelve years with rheumatism."
Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are
powerful aids to the cleansing of the
clogged system. By all dealers in
medicine.

son. This Christmas season sees an-
other by the same deft hand, a collec-
tion of sonnets, entitled "The Fields of
Dawn." The title is appropriate, for
the period referred to is supposed to be
in the author's youth, and the
time covered is one year, beginning
with early April, running through the
seasons and ending with the following
spring. The region described in the al-
lusions to nature is southern Pennsylv-
ania, bordering on the Susquehanna.
Among "Later Sonnets" a division of
the same book, we find the following:
And now seems fair to me to say,
A COLORED SERVANT, UNABLE TO
READ.

With what a wonder born of mystery
She lifts the books, and reverently
grave,
Moves 'mid the voiceless oracles; how
brave
She bears the doom which naught can
mollify.
With longing eyes, perhaps with yearn-
-ing high,
She turns the fervid page which
Shakespeare gave
To all, it seems, but her, who was a
slave,
And never sees a book without a sigh.

Justice is God's! Let not her heart re-
bel;
For knowledge, like that flower which
bloms at night,
May burst at last full-blown on
her sight; And they who here, forsooth,
seemed learned and wise,
May wait without the wall of para-
-dise.
The while she enters in, through serv-
-ing well.

In stately, flowing and polished verse,
P. J. Money-Coutts discourses of "The
Mystery of Godliness," maintaining
that God, being an infinite conception,
can never be attained by minds start-
-ing from a finite beginning.

We cannot reach the perfidious place
Where God has surveyed of the land;
We shall not ever understand.
We shall not ever understand.

Who worship the Eternal, yearn
Eternally; and each advance
In her endeavor to make the student
contrasts between black and white the
artist has touched on Aubrey Beards-
ley's territory, and in several figures,
with masses of jet-black hair, we seem
to hear the echoes of the eccentric
draughtsman of genius. Most of the
work satisfies the eye and the imagina-
tion, which is high praise for designs
that are into comparison with the
work of Elton Wood. Mr. Doxey has printed
the book in fine style on heavy laid
paper and has given it an artistic cover.
Put up in a box it is one of the hand-
somest books of the year.

Mr. Money-Coutts has a forcible way
of putting things:
Not even by faith shall God be mocked;
How can the universal rays
Be any offering except he be locked
Into the casement of a phrase?

His not the Heaven of Heaven burns;
But Heresy in every crude
Conception of the God-head burns
A taper of Infidelity.

BOOKS.
Among the novels of 1900 which deal
with the psychology of their charac-
-ters as the chief thing of importance—
and this group is in America relatively
smaller than in previous years, owing
to the voracity of the adventure story—
one of the most prominent is Mr.
James M. Barrie's *Tommy and Grizel*
(Scriveners). Mr. Barrie takes up
the story of a Sandys, where he left
him in the closing chapter of *Senti-
mental Tommy*. Tommy becomes a
famous author in London, hunted by
society and by the critics. Grizel loves
him with the love of a noble, full-
hearted, and true woman, but Tommy
is not good enough for her, or is too
good, as you please. He is somewhat
too much of an artist and decidedly
too little of a man to take "the per-
fect love." His dangerous delirium of
nerves, his quick power of idealization,
his dramatic self-consciousness, lead
him to make fierce love to Lady Phi-
lippenworth, while he is Grizel's sweet-
heart. Then, strengthened by remorse,
Tommy marries Grizel, and there are
months of happiness, to end in the
tragedy, with its shameful surround-
-ings, which kills off Tommy, without
a great deal of sorrow, it must be said,
from Grizel's well-wishers. Mr. Barrie
makes this character, which is all his
own, with a rare literary subtlety
which is also his own. Even the dark-
est spots in his hero's career are re-
lieved with the great tenderness and
the delicate humor, which thumbe
every work of Mr. Barrie's; and while
there will be many, doubtless, who
profess hatred for Tommy, there will
be few indeed who do not admire Mr.
Barrie's ever subtle and delicate art
expressed in the telling of the story.

For sale at Cannon's Book Store, 11
Main street.

"The Campaign of the Jungle or Under
Lawton Through Luzon," is the
fifth volume of a series of tales by Ed-
ward Stratemeyer, entitled "The Old
Glory Series." In which three American
boys—the Russel brothers—are taken
through various adventures in the ser-
vice of the nation's flag. The present
story is complete in itself, and nar-
rates the career of Ben Russell in the
Philippines under Gen. Lawton's com-
mand including a series of thrilling ad-
ventures befaling the boys, together
with a number of historical incidents
which make the volume doubly interest-
-ing. The volume is bound in red cloth
with illustrations throughout the book,
and is a delightful reading for youths—
Published by Lee and Shepherd, Boston.

"Ednah and Her Brothers," by Eliza
Orne White, is an entertaining story
for young people, the narrative detail-
-ing the incidents in the lives of Ednah
Beverly and her three brothers Donald,
Gordon and Jack. The story is made
up of the details of everyday life of the
children, their plays, studies, pastimes
and daily living—but is told in so clever
a manner as to delight and interest the
reader. Some of the adventures the
children take part in are most amusing,
among them the episode of the "treas-
-ure of the wine-press" projected by a
youthful playmate of the Beverly chil-
-dren is most startling in its originality.
The book is published by Houghton,
Mifflin Co., Boston.

Lord Rosebery, in his monograph Na-
-poleon (Harper & Bros.), has written
an entertaining and in some respects a
brilliant book. The occasion for writing
which seems to have been created by
him for the purpose of freeing his own
mind rather than by any dubiety in the
verdict of the world respecting the per-
-sonality of his subject, and his handling
of the various personality is not con-
vincing enough to justify the phrase,
"The Last Phase," which it assumes to
be. His book will be read with more
interest in England and more abundantly
by those whose knowledge of Napoleon
is limited to popular histories of his
warlike career than by those who have
made, or sought to make, a study of his
character as revealed in his conduct, an
analysis of his singularly forceful na-
-ture, the fascinating superiority of his
unique genius. The story of Napoleon's
captivity at St. Helena and the igno-
-minious treatment to which he was
subjected by Sir Hudson Lowe is clear-
-ly and briefly set forth, and the govern-
-ment which sanctioned it, if it did not
directly order it, is held up to the un-
-mitigated contempt of mankind. It was
worse than a crime, it was a blunder.
It was brutal, it was silly and it was
mean.

"Proverbs Improved" is a sprightly
little book containing twenty-four col-
-ored pictures by Grace A. May, with
verses by Frederick Chapman. The
pictures are amusing because they dif-
-fer so radically from the usual cuts that
illustrate books of proverbs, and the
rhymes and the verses are amusing.
The book has a handsome cover in col-
-ors.

Higher Algebra is a work by John F.
Downey, M.A., C.E., Professor of
Mathematics in the University of Min-
-nesota.
We take pleasure in announcing the
publication of Downey's Higher Alge-
-bra, which is designed as a text-book
in universities, colleges, and technical

schools, the first fifteen chapters being
adapted also to use in high schools and
academies by students who have some
knowledge of elementary algebra. Un-
-like most text-books on algebra, the
demonstrations constitute a very im-
-portant feature and are given in a way
that enables a student to reproduce
them. The plan used here is that which
gives so much definiteness in the teach-
-ing of geometry. Each general prin-
-ciple is followed by a concise, logical
demonstration, containing only the rea-
-soning necessary to establish it, while
all illustrations and explanations by
special cases are given in separate ar-
-ticles. The student thus soon learns to
know what is demanded in a general
proof, and to distinguish between rig-
-orous demonstration and verification or
illustration by a special case. Another
characteristic feature is the substitution
of short processes for many of the long
and tedious ones in common use; these
have been introduced at the begin-
-ning of the respective subjects and are
used wherever applicable. To guide the
student in the application of prin-
-ciples to numerical examples, many
suggestions, observations, and model
solutions have been added, which will
prove very helpful. While in many re-
-spects the book is a wide departure
from the texts of the day, only those
methods, whether old or new, have been
given which long experience with large
classes has proved to be the best—
American book company.

MAGAZINES.

The leading feature of the January
Arena, which begins the twenty-fifth
volume of that standard review, is a
symposium on "Christian Science and
the Healing Art." There are four
contributors, who write from opposite
though equally authoritative view-
-points. The discussion is candid, dis-
-passionate, lucid, and unusually free
from overstatement. It may be read
with equal profit by those who are op-
-ponents of Mrs. Bddy's cult, and will
be found of absorbing interest to any
intelligent mind. Another contribution
of the "advanced" order is "The
Spiritual in Literature," by Sam A.
Underwood, who presents some startling
proofs of the widespread belief in
communication with the departed.
Other splendid articles are "Prob-
-lems in Sociology," by Prof. W. H. Van
Ornum; "The Legal Road to Social-
-ism," by W. H. Phillips; "The Pan-
-American Exposition," by Frank E.
Elwell, and the first of a series of
papers on "The Criminal Negro," by Miss
Frances A. Keller, whose portrait forms
the frontispiece to this issue. An in-
-terview with Joseph Haworth, giving
the noted author's reminiscences of his
experience with the classic drama, is
an interesting feature. Editorial com-
-ments on "Topics of the Times" and
"Books of the Day" conclude a remark-
-able 25 cents' worth of the best read-
-ing matter issued by an American pub-
-lishing house. The Alliance Publishing
company, New York.

Cave for Children Diarrhoea.
"About five years ago I was troubled
with catarrh of the lower bowels," says
C. T. Chisholm, 484 Dearborn Ave., Chi-
-cago, and although I consulted several
eminent physicians who prescribed
medicines, I found they failed to in any
way relieve me, and the trouble al-
-most became chronic. After suffering
several months, I one day concluded to
try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy, and I beg to assure
you that I was most agreeably sur-
-prised to find after taking two doses
of the remedy that I was completely re-
-lieved of the disease, that had cost me
so much trouble and annoyance. I am
thankful to say that I have not suffered
from it since."



Christmas Afterthoughts.
Did you forget some one?
Did you get a better present
than you gave?
Why not even up the score
with a New Year gift?
It is a perfectly proper.
For such an occasion gold and
silver articles are perhaps more
appropriate than anything else.
We have many desirable and
beautiful articles suitable for
New Year presents.
Prices that will enable you to
start the year on an economical
basis.

JOHN DAYNES & SONS,
JEWELERS, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
26 MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

PUTNAM



Is now on sale by the DESERT NEWS.

NAILS and SUNOL.

New York, Nov. 12, 1896.
PUTNAM NAIL CO.
Dear Sirs,—
In reply to your favor I
would state that I have used the Put-
-nam 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.

One of the most famous
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.
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