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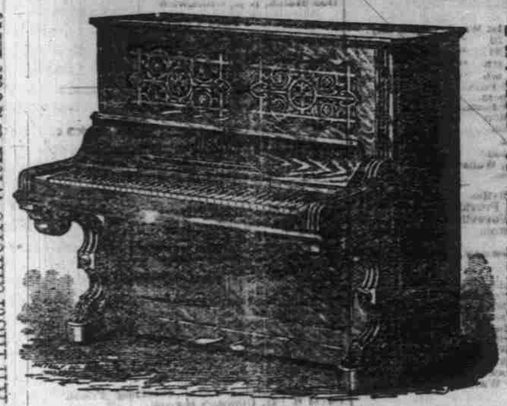
ARE NOW WELL STOCKED WITH

WEBER PIANOS!

An Instrument with a Soul in it



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WHICH WITHOUT DOUBT

EXCEL ALL OTHERS

For Sympathetic, Pure and Rich Tone, with Greatest Power.

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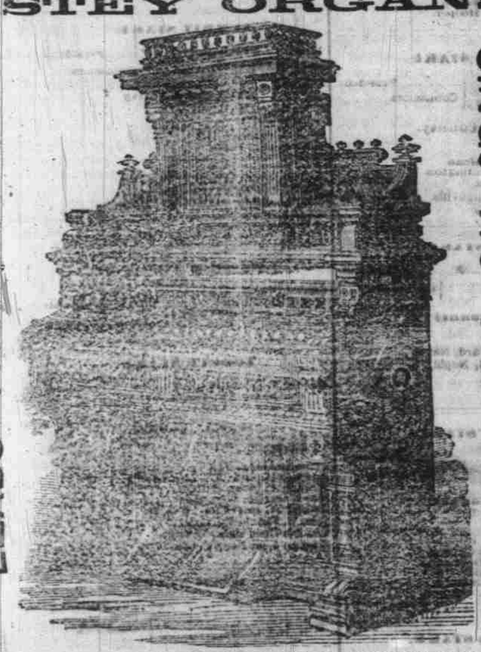
LEADS THE WORLD!



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For Quality of Tone and Touch and Great Power they are without equal. We also have the

STORY & CAMP & STIRLING ORGANS,

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STRINGS AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

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DAYNES & COALTER, Agents.

Used and Recommended by all our Leading Teachers.

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And all other Styles and Make from the Cheapest.

THE MUSICAL PRODIGY

A Little Child Can Play It.

Interesting to Old and Young.

THE GEM ORGANETTA,

A Little Musician for Home Amusement.

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THE GRAND DISPLAY OF MUSICAL BOXES,

FROM $1.25 TO $75.00.

Also Flutes, Clarionette, Drums, Harmonicas, and everything in the Musical Line.

Sheet Music A Specialty.

DAYNES & COALTER,

Hooper Block, Main Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

LEGAL.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court within and for the County of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah.

Before the Hon. Elias Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the Estate of John Van Cott, Deceased.

JOHN GABBOTT, EXECUTOR OF THE Last Will and Testament of John Van Cott, deceased, presented to the Court a verified petition for authority to sell personal and real estate belonging to the Estate of the said John Van Cott, deceased, to pay existing debts against the estate and the debts and expenses of settling the estate, and the Court having examined said petition, it is ordered by the Court that the said petition be filed, and the matters in said petition be set for a hearing on Monday the 4th day of February, A. D., 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House in Salt Lake County and Territory of Utah, and that all persons interested in said estate appear in court at the time and place herein set for the hearing, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted; and that this Order be published in the DESERET NEWS daily in ten successive issues, the last of which shall be published at least five days before the said 4th day of February, which said newspaper is published in Salt Lake City and of general circulation in said County.

Done in open Court, this 18th day of January, A. D., 1884.

E. SMITH, Judge of Probate.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, County of Salt Lake. } ss

I, John C. Cutler, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the Order to hear the petition to sell Real Estate in the matter of the Estate of John Van Cott, deceased, as appears of file in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 18th day of January, A. D., 1884.

[SEAL.] JOHN C. CUTLER, Probate Clerk.

d48 10d

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary V Young, deceased.

Order appointing time for hearing Petition.

UPON READING AND FILING THE petition of LeGrande Young, praying for the admission to Probate of a certain document, therewith filed in this Court, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the said deceased. It is ordered that Saturday, the Second day of February A. D., 1884, be and is hereby appointed for the hearing of the proof of the execution of said Will, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the County Court House, Salt Lake City.

It is further ordered that the Clerk cause due notice thereof to be given by publication in the DESERET EVENING NEWS for ten successive issues before said day, and personally served on the heirs of said deceased residing in said County, and that a Subpœna be issued requiring the subscribing witnesses to said proposed Will to be and appear at the time and place above specified.

Witness my hand at Salt Lake City, this 19th day of January A. D., 1884.

E. SMITH, Judge of said Court.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, County of Salt Lake. } ss

I, John C. Cutler, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the order appointing time for hearing the petition of the proof of the execution of the Will of Mary V. Young, deceased, as appears of file in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 18th day of January, A. D., 1884.

[SEAL.] JOHN C. CUTLER, Probate Clerk.

d 10t

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Guardianship and Estate of Elizabeth Smith, Priscilla Smith and Emma Pearl Smith, Minors.

Notice of Guardians Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, made on the twenty-first day of December, A. D., 1883, in the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Elizabeth Smith, Priscilla Smith and Emma Pearl Smith, minors, the undersigned, the guardians of said minors will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on after Tuesday the fifth day of February, 1884, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Elizabeth Smith, Priscilla Smith and Emma Pearl Smith, minors as aforesaid in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Salt Lake City, County of Salt Lake, Utah, and being part of lot (6) six, in block (75) seventy-five, Plat "A" Salt Lake City Survey, particularly described as follows:

Commencing one rod East from the North-west corner of said lot and running thence East two rods, thence South ten rods, thence West two rods, thence North ten rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty square rods.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication, and before the said fifth day of February, 1884.

All bids or offers must be in writing and delivered to the undersigned at her residence, 29 N. West Temple Street, Salt Lake City.

Dated January 19th, 1884.

SUSAN E. SMITH, Guardian of the persons and estates of Elizabeth Smith, Priscilla Smith and Emma Pearl Smith. d 43 3w

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Horace Gibbs, Deceased.

Notice of Administrators Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT in pursuance of an Order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, made on the 10th day of January 1884, in the matter of the Estate of Horace Gibbs, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrators of said Estate, will sell at Private Sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Friday the first day of February, 1884, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Horace Gibbs, deceased, at the time of his death, all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by the operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said estate at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Salt Lake City, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Being part of Lot eight (8) in block one hundred and three (103), Plat A, Salt Lake City Survey, beginning at the Northeast corner of said lot, running thence West twenty (20) rods to the Northwest corner of said lot, thence South two (2) rods, thence East twenty (20) rods, thence North two (2) rods to the place of beginning, containing forty (40) square rods.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. All bids or offers must be in writing and set at the residence of John Tingey, No. 120 N. Second West Street, or delivered to the undersigned.

Dated Salt Lake City, January 16th, 1884.

JOSEPH BULL, JOHN TINGEY, Administrators of the Estate of Horace Gibbs, deceased. d 4d

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ann Reeve Hawk, Deceased.

UPON READING AND FILING THE petition of James Watson, praying for the admission to Probate of a certain document, therewith filed in this Court, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the said deceased. It is ordered that Saturday, the Second day of February A. D., 1884, be and is hereby appointed for the hearing of the proof of the execution of said Will, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the County Court House in Salt Lake City.

It is further ordered that the Clerk cause due notice thereof to be given by publication in the DESERET EVENING NEWS at least ten successive issues before said day, and personally served on the heirs of said deceased residing in said County, and that a Subpœna be issued requiring the subscribing witnesses to said proposed Will to be and appear at the time and place above specified.

Witness my hand at Salt Lake City, this 20th day of January A. D. 1884.

E. SMITH, Judge of said Court.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, County of Salt Lake. } ss

I, John C. Cutler, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the order appointing time for hearing the petition of the proof of the execution of the Will of Ann Reeve Hawk, deceased, as appears of file in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 20th day of January, A. D. 1884.

[SEAL.] JOHN C. CUTLER, Probate Clerk.

d 10t

Parents BUY Children's Shoes with

A.S.T.Co.

BLACK TIPS PROTECTING THE TOES

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, . Feb. 2, 1884.

WAS IT A DREAM?

The experience which I am about to relate occurred a number of years ago. I have often purposed to narrate it, but have been deterred by a feeling of hesitancy difficult to enterpret even to myself. It was partly the feeling that I could not narrate it; that produced so profound an impression on myself as might seem almost meaningless when described coldly to another. Nor now do I think it necessary to refer to the circumstances, not in my own experiences but in those of an unknown friend—who I hope may chance to see these lines without knowing from whom they came—which have finally determined me to fulfill the long-delayed and hitherto but half-formed purposed.

Jennie had gone away, for the first time since our wedding day, called to her home by a great sorrow, and left me alone with the children. One of them was that night a little ailing;—why is it that children will always take occasion of their mother's absence to exhibit their bodily infirmities? Business, too, had gone wrong; the anxieties at the office were many and great, and in Jennie's absence there was no rest at home. The children were at last asleep; and I sat down before the library fire to indulge in the doubtful luxury of hearty homesickness. Everything seemed awry; and in my tired mood I was as peevish and fretful as the sick child whom I had just rocked to sleep. I took up one book after another; but the pages were meaningless, and I finally laid the last one, unread, away, and sat looking into the fire, and giving myself up to my own feverish, restless, unquiet mood.

I do not know how long I had been sitting thus, thinking to no purpose, but only borrowing all the trouble I could from past, present, and to come, and piling it about me, and, as the burden grew, growing more peevish and discontented in my longing for rest, when I became conscious of a strange presence. It did not seem to me—rather let me say that in thinking of it since, it does not seem to me—to have been in the room; and yet, if I were a painter, I could paint, I am sure, its aspect, so indelibly is it fixed in my memory. But it, and the figures which followed it, I could not afterward locate in any part of my library, nor do they seem now to have had any relation to space or other subjects. The figure was that of a woman wearing the flowing robe of the ancients. In her hand was a volume; by her side, as though inseparably connected with her, were a globe and a microscope. Her forehead was high; her aspect intellectual; her expression severely grave.

"What is the matter?" she said. I say "she said," and yet in thinking of it afterward I remembered that there was no sound either in her speech or in mine. Our converse was one of mutual understandings.

"I am very, very weary," I said, "and I want rest."

"You need sleep," said the figure.

"I cannot sleep," I replied. "My brain is in a whirl; and yet I cannot think. My thoughts are like the whirlpool in the Niagara. They go eddying round and round in an endless circle. I can neither avoid the current nor make it move forward to a destination."

"A warm foot-bath and a dose of chloral might do you good."

I shook my head. "Can they minister to a mind diseased?" I asked. "No. I want some one either to take this growing burden away from me, or to give me strength to carry it. If Jennie were here she would do both."

Philosophy shook her head slowly, gravely, sadly.

"Imagination," she said. "There is no real succor for a mind oppressed or a heart homesick. A weary brain is like a rheumatic joint; physic may do something for both; but for life's burdens philosophy has no relief. It can neither lighten the burden nor strengthen the heart. It can only bid the weary nerve himself to wrestle with his fate till the inevitable end. It can only bid the heartsick bear the bitterness with what ourage he can summon in himself. You are only one link in an endless chain—a cause and an effect. You can neither alter the past nor the future. Fight the battle out as best you can; yet, after all, remember, no bravery can change the eternally determined issue of life's campaign. You can no more control destiny than the chip on Niagara can determine the resistless flow of the river which bears it to the final plunge."

As she spoke, she faded from my vision, if vision it can be called—for I saw her not—and another figure took her place. I took no special note of the dress, except to think afterward that she had doubtless spent more thought than her retiring sister had done upon her appearance. In one hand she held a guitar; in the other, a pamphlet novel, carelessly flung open; a play-bill was thrown across her arm, on which I caught the words "bright, sparkling, vivacious." She glided with a rhythmical motion into her place in my thoughts; and, in the pauses in our conversation, hummed a gay air, while from her guitar, untouched by her, every now and then issued the reminiscence of a song or an airy waltz. "Come unto me and rest," she said.

"And who are you?" I asked; and I struggled up from my reclining posture before the fire and looked at her earnestly. She was fair to look upon; young, pretty, with a graceful movement and a cheery smile, breaking now and then into low, rippling laughter.

"I am Pleasure," she said.

"But you do not dress as I have seen you in the art galleries," I replied.

"No," she said; "I have grown wiser and more modest."

"And I do not see your wine cup."

"No," she replied; "Pleasure has no wine cup. She who carries the wine cup is Dissipation; a false pretender who wears my garb and sometimes steals my name, but is no kin to me."

"And can you give rest?" said I; "for rest is what I want."

"Aye, that I can," said she. And then she hummed a snatch of one of my old college songs, "Laugh, boys, laugh."

"Yes," said I, "I remember that. We did have good times at college. But life's burdens are none the lighter for that now."

"What would you have?" said she; "Pleasure all the time?"

"No," said I; "but Rest all the time."

"You are unreasonable," she replied. "I will take you to the theater, and you shall forget your real sorrows in the imaginary sorrows of Hazel Kirke or Esmeralda; I will dance to you or with you, and your heart shall forget in the merry round its heart-sickness; I will read to you the romances of Scott, or the sentiment of Dickens, or the mystery of Wilkie Collins, and you shall not know that Care is crouching at your doorpost to spring at you to-morrow; I will sing to you, and you shall forget the burden that lies at your feet."

"Yes! yes!" I replied, "I know you of old; and I like you, on occasion, well enough; and I shall invite you her sometimes; often, perhaps. I like your song and your story. But, when your song is ended, the burden is there, at my side, just as heavy as it was before; and when your story is over, Care remains crouching at my door to spring at me when I go out. This is not what I want to-night."

"O—yes; that's true enough," she said, carelessly. "I cannot abide old Wrinkled Care, nor sweaty, grimy Work, nor black-robed Sorrow. I hate them, every one. I will not live under the same roof with them; not I."

"And I," said I, wearily shaking back in my chair, "want a Comforter who can smooth the wrinkles out of Care's brow, and wash the grime off from Work's face, and take the crape from Sorrow and put a star of hope on her brow. Some other time, kind Pleasure, but to-night take your song and your story, your drama and your dance, to hearts less burdened than mine."

She spoke, Pleasure faded into another figure. And it seemed to me—or rather now seems to me, for at the time I gave the matter no reflection—not as though one figure departed and another came, but rather as though one figure faded into another. It was the figure of a noble woman of middle life, dressed in the costume of a Sister of Charity; a calm face looked out from the deep, shadowing bonnet; a face more beautiful than either of the others. Around her neck was a rosary; in one hand a cross of olive wood; in the other, a prayer-book.

"My child," she said, in tones of unfeigned pity, "come with me and rest." Her voice was beautiful in its quietness; and a soothing influence stole into my heart from her very presence.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Charity," said she. "God's appointed guardian of His children. He is the Father; I am the Mother; and He has appointed me to be the cure of souls, and to carry their burdens for them. I stand between every contrite heart and God. I will be your comforter—confessor. I will carry your burdens and solve your doubts; I will heal your wounds, and cure you of your sorrows, and give you joy or say, 'Go in peace.' I will shield you from remorse, and a profound sleep from fear. I will guide you through life, give you entrance unto at death, and lead you to the paradise of God."

"Have you been long ministering this comfort to hearts oppressed?" I asked.

"This eighteen hundred years," replied the figure.

"And have you found many to accept it?"

"Innumerable thousands," replied the figure. "They have cast their burdens upon me; and I have carried them."

"Your most faithful subjects are in Ireland, France, Italy and Spain, are they not?" I asked.

"I have many in other lands," replied the figure; "but these are especially the lands of the faithful, the subjects of my will and the recipients of my care."

"I thank you," said I, as I sank back in my chair again, "for your well intentioned kindness; but I would rather bear my own burdens and carry my own cares than bear the burdens which your long sway has laid on Ireland, France Italy and Spain."

I fancied a gleam of passionate wrath flashed from the before calm blue eyes, and as the figure faded away I thought I heard the word "Anathema!" in tones quite different from those of the seductive invitation; but the departing figure made no other response; and I was alone again.

How long I had been alone I know not, nor what order my thoughts had taken, nor whether they had taken any order. But at length—if indeed it were at length; perhaps it was at once; I took no note of time—I found myself listening to an inaudible Voice from an invisible Presence. If this seems like a contradiction—as I think it does in words—it did not seem so at the time in experience, nor does it now in recollection. There was no figure, nothing to be heard or characterized. It was a silent, voiceless impression. At first it phrased itself in the words, "Come unto me and rest;" then in the words, "I have come that ye might have life." Like melodies in a bit of music, these chased one another through the silence; then, like movements in a fugue, were woven together into one strange harmony of invitation.

"But," I cried, "I do not want life. I am weary of life. I want rest—rest from life's burdens, cares, sorrows, toils—from life itself."

And still the two voices wove themselves together in the harmony of my thoughts: Rest—Life—Life—Rest. And there came a new Voice in the harmony, like a trio growing out of the duet: "Take my yoke upon you."

"I want no yoke. I am weary of the harness."

"There is no rest save under the yoke."

"I am sick of life's burdens and of its disappointments. I want to lay them off."

"Every one must bear his own burden. Every heart must know its own bitterness."

"Is there no rest for the weary?"

"Yes! rest in work, not from work; to the burden-bearer, not from the burden-bearing; under the yoke, not away from the yoke."

And then the fugue began again: "Come unto me and rest." "I have come that they might have life more abundantly."

And as I sat and mused, wondering what the mingling voices might mean, a strange panorama passed before me. I saw the Hebrew boy in the empty pit, in the slave dealer's clutch, in Potiphar's household, in the Egyptian prison; and coming out of this long burden-bearing refined, and fresh for the cares of the empire, I saw the youth of Hebrew birth, of Egyptian adoption, of Midianitish education, carrying the nation of faint-hearted and faltering ones through forty years of such burden-bearing as few mortal men have ever known, and going up to the Mount to die, at the age a hundred and twenty, with his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated. I saw the shepherd boy—poet, warrior, exile, king—singing out of the darkness of the limestone caves of Southern Judea the songs of rest in the Lord and patient waiting for him. I saw the first foreign missionary of the Christian faith cut off from all friends, in prison, with the care of all the churches coming on him daily, looking out serenely from his prison window, and sending the message of good cheer to his brethren in Philippi, "I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content." I saw the master-workman of the Reformation, in his shop, where the guns of the battle were being cast, working as no forge-master ever worked, and singing as he blew the fires and beat upon the anvil;

"And let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit."

as the voices, which had begun as a sweet duet, swelled into a great chorus from unnumbered burden-bearers, all taking up the glad refrain, "Life—Rest—Rest—Life," I turned to take up once more the burden I had so longed to lay down; it was there still; but strangely light; and as I took it, and the panorama faded, and the chorus diminished and vanished in the distance, one voice alone remained; and this is what it said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for as thy day so shall thy strength be."

Since that night I have known many an experience of weariness. But whenever I have prayed for rest from life's burden it has seemed to me that I could hear the answer from above in the words, "I have come that ye might have life; and that ye might have it more abundantly." I hope that my unknown friend may find in this narrative of personal experience some succor for himself in his own weariness; and that it may prove a not unwelcome Christmas message to other hearts that ask for rest, but need life.

Yours, etc. LAICUS.

KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.—The other day a very nice young lady, who lives somewhere out on the line of the Providence road, while coming between the post at the Park Square entrance to the Commons, accidently collided with a man who was rushing blindly in the opposite direction. The stiff rim of his tall hat came in violent contact with the bridge of her nose. The young lady did not scream nor call out for the police, but to the great astonishment of the owner of the hat, suddenly drew off and hit him three sound blows on the shoulder.

"There," she said; "hit my nose again, you old clown, if you dare." He either did not dare or preferred not to, for after giving her a blank look of amazement he trickled quietly across the square, occasionally looking back, and presently got out of sight. The incident was nearly forgotten by the young lady, until yesterday it was vividly recalled to her mind when she opened a Christmas box and found a pair of boxing gloves and a pair of hard wood dumb bells. A slight suspicion that there was some mysterious connection between this little remembrance and the encounter on the Common dawned gradually upon her mind.—*Boston Globe.*

TESTING SEEDS BY FIRE.—In the purchase of seeds one is apt to be deceived. A correspondent of the *Journal d' Agriculture Pratique* recommends a test which he has used for many years with complete success. It is that of fire. Take at random a number of seeds from the bag; say eight. Put some live coals on a shovel, and deposit each of the seeds successively thereon. Blow the coal, and watch how the seed behaves. If the combustion is slow, merely giving off smoke, you may conclude that the seed had a damaged germ; if, on the other hand, the seed leaps and turns about on the coal, producing a dry sound (tac) proportional to the size, it may be inferred to have good germinative qualities. In this way the proportion of good and bad seeds may be ascertained. As for the larger seeds, such as acorns and chestnuts, it is sufficient to throw them into a fire, and keep them in view. If the quality is good this will be indicated are long by detonation of the seed.

London has a larger population than many a European state with a sovereign and a parliament. There are in London more than double the number of people in Denmark, including Greenland; nearly three times as many as in Greece; more than eighteen times the population of Montenegro; some thousands more than Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira; nearly treble the population of Servia; more than double those of Bulgaria; three quarters of a million more than in Holland; more than Sweden or Norway or Switzerland.

There have been various methods resorted to for the purpose of clearing the snow from railway tracks, such as using steam or hot water in connection with the snow-plow. The latest departure, however, in this branch of railway engineering, appears to be the use of a combined snow-plow and cannon, which is provided with a triple mouthpiece that when fired it would loosen the snow and allow of its removal by the plow. The mechanism of reloading and firing is under the control of the engineer, being operated entirely from the locomotive cab.

JAMES THOMSON. C. J. THOMSON.

THOMSON'S

Real Estate Agency.

Notary Public,
Houses Rented,
Collections Made,
Money to Loan.

Houses and Lots.

$3100 A nice Adobe House of 3 rooms, and had in good style, lot 2x8 rods, all fenced in itself. Hydrant water and gas. A good chance for a person to keep furnished rooms as a portion of the house is rented for $40 per month, or will rent the place to a person buying the furniture; on S. L. line between the two Depots; 10th Ward.

$1400 A House of 4 rooms; lot 2x8 rods on car line, 13th Ward.

$3000 A new Brick House of 6 rooms, 2 halls and hall, high ceilings and finished in good style, nice lawn; lot 51 1-2 feet front by 10 rods deep; close to car line 13th Ward.

$650 A nice Lot of 2 1-2x10 rods, close to C. C. depot, 16th Ward.

$1600 A one roomed Adobe house and good cellar, summer kitchen; lot 2x20 rods, in 10th Ward near Utah Central depot.

$2000 A modern Adobe house of 6 rooms, well and outhouses, etc.; lot 8x15 rods, nice location, near Utah Central depot, 16th Ward.

$1750 A House of 2 rooms and kitchen; lot 4x20 rods with a south and north front, will make two nice building sites; a splendid orchard, 400 gallons of cider made last year, on Jordan street, 10th Ward.

A new modern 2 story Brick house of 9 rooms and bath room, large halls, all finished in first-class style; lot 80 feet front and 12 rods deep, nice lawn and shades, large barn and nice spring on the premises, first-class location, close to Main street, a nice residence for a business man; on market for a short time. Call at our office for terms.

$8500 A modern style 2 story Adobe House of 8 large rooms, 2 large halls, 4 rooms with nice ornamental and iron mantels, both rooms and water closet on 2nd floor, water and gas pipes all through, high ceilings, large pantry, 5 closets and 2 good cellars; lot, 8x10 rods, all set with the choicest fruit trees and vines of all kinds; also lawn and ornamental trees, shrubbery, etc.; also, a large and well finished barn and carriage house and everything first class under. A beautiful residence and a bargain, on South Temple Street, west.

$3600 Adobe House, 5 rooms, large store room, good cellar, nice lawn and shade trees; lot 3 by 8 rods on South Temple Street, West, near stain, city water, etc.

$3100 A well arranged and convenient House of 8 rooms and cellar, city water and gas laid in; corner lot 87 feet by 180 feet deep; a large adobe barn; outhouses, etc. First class location; close to business, 2 blocks from Main Street.

$2750 A new 2 Adobe double dwelling house, 8 rooms in each dwelling, large porch, east front; everything well finished and in first class order; good well, etc.; lot, 2 1-2x10 rods; one block from U. C. R. R. depot, 16th Ward.

$3700 A new Rustic House, modern style, of 8 rooms, large summer kitchen, with bath room and closets, nice lawn, lot 5 1-2x10 rods, all fenced to itself, a desirable house 2 blocks East of Main.

$2300 A new Adobe House of 4 rooms, closets etc.; lot 2 1-4x10 rods 2 1-2 blocks west of Main, 7th Ward; a bargain.

$3600 A new Brick House, 11 rooms, mansard roof, lot 4 1-4x15 rods; stable, 12x16 feet; on car line, 7th Ward.

$1150 A new Adobe House of 3 rooms, storehouse and cellar, good well and pump; lot 2 1-2x6 rods, 2 blocks from U. C. R. R. depot, 16th Ward; very cheap.

$1000 A Frame House of 3 rooms, well finished, good well and pump; lot 4x4 all fenced; 1 1-2 blocks East of Main, 6th Ward.

$400 A Rustic House, 2 rooms; lot 21-2x10 rods; can be paid in installments, 21st Ward.

$500 House of 3 rooms, good cellar and summer kitchen; lot 8x10 rods; 21st Ward.

$1550 House of 3 rooms; large stable, never-failing well; corner lot fenced on 1st South Street, 4th Ward.

$4000 A very cheap and good investment; new Rustic house of 6 rooms; lot 42x80; city water and gas; close to car line in 7th Ward, one block from Main St.

Building Lots.

A First-class Lot of 8x10 rods, south front, choice location, city water, in 7th Ward, 2 blocks from Main street.

$2500 A first-class corner Lot, 8x7 rods; city water and gas on car line, 7th Ward, 2 blocks west of Main Street.

$1500 A fine lot of 2 1-2 by 10 rods; city water; South Temple St., 3 blocks east of Main St., 13th Ward.

$525 A nice Lot of 8x8 rods, well-laid orchard; 11th Ward; close to business.

$650 A choice Lot of 8x8 rods, south front, close to Captain Hoopes', 16th Ward, or as to car line.

$200 A rod front, 10 rods deep, Building Lots in 19th Ward.

$120 A cheap Lot, 4x9 rods in 8th Ward.

$135 A Lot 4 1-4 by 8 rods, near Denver & Rio Grande Railway.

Farms.

$2000 A Farm of 45 acres, 10 acres in lucern, 6 acres in pasture, the balance under cultivation; house and barn; located on County Road, Kay's Ward, Davis County.

$600 A choice 5 Acre Lot with tree on; about, on north side of Agricultural Park, all seeded to lucern; good water right.

$400 Twenty acres of No. 1 Land, under County Canal, $170 in water right, 2 miles west of city.

$1600 One hundred and twenty acres of good Farming Land, under County Canal, in Pleasant Green, 80 acres ready to seed.

$2500 Fifteen acres of Grass Land, all fenced to itself, close to city.

A Part of Business Property, corner lot 70x187 1-2 feet on First South street, near Continental Hotel; will pay good interest on the price asked for it. A bargain.

A Splendid Corner Lot of 10x10 rods in 17th Ward, close to Utah Central depot.

$2750 A new Frame house of 7 rooms, nice brick cellar, granary and cellar, well, stable, corral, 6 a. and 5 acres of good Farming Land, orchard and lucern patch, 2 miles north of city in Jordan House Ward.

$1000 A Farm of 40 acres of good land, a new Adobe house of 3 rooms, a solid well of good water, stable, etc., 4 miles west of the city in Pleasant Green.

$2200 A Farm of 40 acres, all fenced, a good house of 4 rooms, large rock cellar, granary and stables, good water right, 6 miles from city.

$500 Forty acres of good Farming Land, 3 miles from city.

$1100 Sixteen acres of Farming Land, a pretty finished Brick house of 3 rooms, good water right on County Road, close to Perry's on East side of Jordan River.

70 acres of Farming Land, close to F. Lauer's farm on County Road, at $35 per acre.

$400 Ten Acres of Land on County Road, near R. A. R. C. Depot, good water right.

$1200 A Five Acre Lot, close to Liberty Park.

Special.

A splendid Rental property, consisting of Store and Basement Rooms, will rent for $60 per month, or will sell on easy terms; cheaper for cash; close to Main, corner 2nd South, close to car line.

A number nice Houses and Lots, close by; very cheap.

A Farm of 40 Acres; will exchange for city property.

Horses, Harness and Spring Wagon, also goods; just the thing for a peddler; will exchange for city property or land.

Stock of 40 Acres; Horses, Harness and grain will, in Pleasant Green; will exchange for city property.

Pleasant Lands to be sold on the installment plan.

City Houses and Lots to be sold on the installment plan.

The Excelsior Bakery

HAVING BUILT A NEW BUILDING in the place formerly occupied by the Little Bakery,

MR. E. SCRACE

wishes to announce that he has

RE-OPENED

— AT —

No. 10, East Temple St., S.

And will be pleased to have his old friends and the public call on him for their

Bread, Buns, Cakes, Candies

— AND —

GROCERIES.

He also takes this opportunity to thank the public for past favors. † 6m

For Rent.

A House of 8 rooms near Central depot 19th Ward; $16.

A House of 4 rooms and 2 closets, 19th Ward; $12.50.

A House of 4 rooms near D. & R. G. depot; $10.

A House of 5 rooms, city water; First South street; $12.

Business Ground to Lease on reasonable terms.

Three rooms and cellar, on the hill, 17th Ward; $12 per month.

New House of 4 rooms, 7th Ward, 21-2 blocks from Main St.; $18 per month.

House of 6 rooms and cellar, city water and gas, 2 blocks from Main St; $30 per month.

OFFICE: 157 S. MAIN STREET,

OVER CARTER'S GUN STORE.

DR. P. STEINHART,

SPECIALTIST,

FORMER PARTNER OF

DR. MINTE,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HAS PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN SALT LAKE CITY,

No. 261, Main Street,

Opposite Overland House,

In Union Block, Room No. 1, First Floor.

Can be consulted daily from 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m. and from 6 to 7 o'clock p. m. Sundays from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

HE HAS HAD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS experience in the special treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Mercurial Affections of the Throat, Skin or Bones, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heart and Kidney Diseases.

TAPE WORM Expelled in 24 Hours.

NO CURE NO PAY.

PILES

TREATED AND CURED SUCCESSFULLY

Consultation at the office is Free and invited. Thorough examination and advice, including analysis of urine, $3.00 Come at once—do not put it off.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

JOHN C. SANDBERG,

DEALER IN AND MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY,

SOUTH TEMPLE ST., OPPOSITE VALLEY HOUSE,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. I RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE THAT I AM now prepared at my place of business to make to order all kinds of FURNITURE. Furniture of various kinds always on hand.

SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY. The best FURNITURE POLISH and CLEANER prepared and sold.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired. Jobbing promptly attended to. Give me a call and I shall try to give satisfaction.

Shop and place of business opposite Valley House, No. 103 W. next door to Co-op Furniture Co. Store. † J. C. SANDBERG.

PRICE & CLIVE.

Turkeys! Turkeys! Turkeys!

TAME GEESE! TAME DUCKS!

TAME EASTERN QUAILS! WILD DUCKS!

We have a good supply of all kinds of

Poultry, Fish, and Game!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

SEND IN ORDERS EARLY AND GET YOUR CHOICE AT

58 W. First South Street. *PRICE & CLIVE.*

J. P. ENGSTROM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Imported & Home-Made

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GEO. W. KELSEY & SON,

— DEALER IN —

Groceries and Provisions.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

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ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

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TIN, SHEET IRON & COPPER WARE

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO

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XMAS MINCE MEAT!

XMAS RAISINS!

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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