DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

OUR WORKING GIRLS.



NOT AS I WILL.

Eindfolded and alone I stand. ith unknown thresholds on each

hand; hand; he darkness deepens as I grope, (fraid to fear, afraid to hope; t this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as 1 go, That doors are opened, ways are made, That doors are opened, ways and hat Burdens are lifted or are laid By some great law unseen and still Unfathomed purpose to fulfill, "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait; Loss seems too bitter, gain too late; Too heavy burdens in the load, And too few helpers on the road; And joy is weak and grief is strong. And years and days so long, so long! t this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as I go. That I am glad the good and ill By changeless law are ordered still, "Not as I will."

"Not as I will." the sound grows sweet Each time my lips the words repeat; "Not as I will," the darkness feels More safe than light when this thought steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless And unrest and all loneliness, "Not as I will," because the One Who loved us first and best has go

midst of elms, maples and apple trees. It is a big place, well suited to enter-taining, and is generally full of guests. A music room on the first floor is the favorite rendezvous; it was once the kitchen of the homestead. It has a great rag rug on the floor and its walls are decorated with old-fashioned china, while a tall clock and a flax-wheel complete the old-fashioned character of the place. Mrs. Wiggin takes an active bait in the work of the old ortho-dox church on Tory Hill, playing the organ when her services are need. She is also active in the village improve-ment society which keeps up the walks

and paths and picturesque bridges about the neighborhood. Mrs. Wiggin writes in the morning, getting to her table at half-past seven. In the summer she carries her work into the orchard; in the winter it is done at her quaint desk in a dainty study. Penclope's Irish Experiences are being told in the Atlantic Monthly.

ing. He was 'educating' cream by indoctrinating it with microbes of fer Preparations are on foot in Warsaw ment from older, better cream. I could see with my own eyes in his test-tubes to celebrate the twenty-fifth literary anniversary of Henryk Sienkiewicz. the little cluster of spores which not only hastened ripening, but made the some sort of celebration appears to have already transpired, but the orginew cream richer than it would have been if left to nature. Of course banal plans have been outgrown and the subscription started for the purpose of purchasing an estate for the novelist cillus culture is a dairy commonplace now, and drummers hawk rival butter has increased beyond all expectation. A feature of the celebration is expected to eption of a m Czar of Russia, who is wil known to be a reader of Henryk Sienkiewicz's novels. The question has arisen as to the propriety of a reply from the novelists of Poland, whose people cannot polite-ly acknowledge the Russian yoke and whose aspirations for nationality no one has done more than Sienkiewicz to advance. To address the czar in the Russian language would be to incense his countrymen, while to use Polish would be ungracious, to say the least. In a former emergency of this kind, Sienkiewicz tactfully employed Latin, of which he is a master. Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, of Brooklyn, has just completed a book, the general conclusion of which is that immortality is a moral achievement, not a natural endowment as is commonly elieved. His argument is adapted to the demand of extreme skeptics and is conducted on the thoroughly scientific lines insisted on by the rational school of thinkers. It is a fresh discussion of the old problem of immortality, and a revision of traditional beliefs by the light of modern knowledge concerning psychological conditions and biological processes. The author himself applies to his book the term "a study in spirit-ual biology." The MacMillan company will soon publish the book. It has been remarked that at the pres ent moment literary England is divided into two classes: those who wrote "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" and those who are writing parodies upon them. The conjectures as to their au-thorship are endless, while the positive assortions regarding it are nearly as Sun's guess is probably as good as any:

Sentimental Tommy wrote them. The Monthly Review, published by Mr. John Murray, who issued the volumes, prints a poem by the "writer" of the love let-ters. This disposes of the fiction of senuineness, but does not divulge the authorship. As to the reason for which the lover broke off the match, the con-census of opinion is clear: no lover

sensus of opinion is clear; no lover could possibly have stood any more

ship will be more and more practiced. Messrs.M.F. Mansfield & Co, are now

bringing out "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," the work of a clever person-

age habituating the literary world, who goes at the matter like this: "Of course

the poor ophidian mother's anxieties in such a connection (their contemplated

marriage) are preporsterous. I rea-soned with her. I said, 'Mamma, even if

Cholmondeley, and Miss Marie Corell

as literary as you make 'em? Yet which of them, O excellent mother mine! has yet brought her husband to

At a ball given by Senator and Mrs. Gwin of California, in 1858, in Washing-ton, Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, the author of "A Book of Remembrance" (Lippin-

cotts), went arrayed as a Quakeress

Her cousin appeared in the same kind of a garb. At the ball was President

Buchanan, not in costume, and the Quakeress constantly addressed Mr. Buchanan, as "Jeems," much to his ap-parent amusement. Once, when they

were near him and the crowd was

great, he said, "Shall I make room for you to pass?" One of the Quakeresses

answered promptly, "Jeems, thou art in a tighter place than we are."

Brentano's of New York issue a

paper covered edition of the authorized French version of Rostand's "L'Aig-lon." Those who saw Bernhadt in this

great play and who read French will find it interesting to go through the

play carefully and note the splendid verse of the foremost French dramatic

All interested in the work of Frank Norris, the young San Francisco nov-elist, whose stories. "McTeague" and "A

Man's Woman," gave him wide reputa-tion, will be pleased to hear that Dou-

bleday, Page & Co., have in press the first volume of his new trilogy on "the apotheosis of wheat." It is entitled "The Octopus" and is founded on the bloody Mussel slough fight of the San

Joaqin settlers against the railroad.

Miss Harriet Stark, the author of The Bacilius of Beauty, issued some lit-

tle time ago by the Frederick Stokes Co., has written the following letter to

the story: "Three years ago I spent a day with Prof. H. W. Conn of Wes-

leyan University, who was applying bacillus culture methods to buttermak-

publishers explaining the origin of

by

poet of the day.

off half convinced."

HOW TO HELP THEM.

Life to the most favored is not always full of sunshine, but to the average American girl or woman who is obliged to work for her living, and, perhaps to help others at home, life is often a heavy drag in consequence of illness.

Women who work, especially those who are constantly on their feet, are peculiarly liable to the development of organic troubles, and should particularly heed the first manifestations, such as backache, pains in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach, irregular and painful monthly periods. faintness, weakness, loss of appetite and sleep.

The young lady whose portrait we



MY88 ELLA BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohlo. publish herewith had all these symptoms, and in addition leucorrhoea, and was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. First, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., describing her trouble. received in reply accurate instructions what to do to get well, and now wishes Mrs. Pinkham to use her name to convince others that they may be cured as she was.

Mrs. Pinkham extends the same helping hand, free of charge or obligation, to every ailing woman in Amer-ica. If you are sick you are foolish not to write to her, it costs you nothing, and she is sure to help you. Don't wait until it is too late-write to-day.

sued, a story of ancient Persia, in troducing the court of King Darius and the aged Prophet Daniel. After A Tale of a Lonely Parish, a sketch of rural life in England, one of his most popular books appeared-Saracinesca, which with Sant' Ilario and Don Orsino forms a trilogy describing the history of an Italian noble family of that day, and indeed forms a complete study of Rome from 1865 to 1887. Marzio's Crucifix (1887) is the tale of an athelstic arti-san who carves in silver. This pos-sesses a psychological interest, and that element deepens in Witch of Prague (1882), a hold and thrilling tale of hyp-nation Baul Patos (1887) relates notism. Paul Patoff (1887) relates personal experiences of a visit to Turkey; With the Immortals (1888) an attempt to reanimate dead celebri ties. ties. Greifenstein is a tragedy which takes place in the Black Forest, and tells the fortunes of two noble German families. It is valued for its accurate descriptions of the Korps Studenten, with their extraordinary ideals of romance and honor, tempered with foam-ign eber and sabre-cuts. The Cigaret-te Maker's Romance is a pathetic sto-ry of the madness of Count who is promised a soul if he can gain a woman's love. From romance and fancy, Mr. Crawford turns to New York life in The Three Fates, and Skariatine; Khaled, a fanciful tale of a genie in Katharine Lauderdale, with its se-quel The Ralstons. Marion Darche ls also an American story. Adam Johnston's Son depends upon a sim-ple tale of love fir its interest; in Casa Bracclo, The Children of the Adam King, and his Taquisara (1896), the author returns again to his familiar "mileu," Italy. Via Crucis, published last year, was a tale of the Crusades, and In the Palace of the King is a story of old Spain. The singular thing about this dong list of novels from their cosmopolitanism o aside is the interest and skill subject. which Mr. Crawford's novels are al ways written. If there ever was a born story-teller, surely he is one.

gestions and themes for compositions on the subjects treated therein. At the end of the book are added short bio-graphical notes on each of the authors appearing in the book .- American Book ompany. * * *

Easy Steps in Latin. By Mary Hamer, of the Taunton, Mass., High Schol. Edited under the supervision of John T. Buchanan, principal of the Boys' High School, New York. This book will, we are sure, appeal to

This book will, we are sure, appeal to those teachers who desire a text-book which will afferd the maximum of in-formation with the minimum of need-less and formal labor. The methods employed are those which have been tested in the author's classes, and com-bing breathy and sheather with our bine brevity and simplicity with a na-tural and common-sense system of in-struction. The lessons are so con-densed that they may be readily learned by the average pupil in an hour. The number of sentences is reduced to give time for more practice in repetition while many novel and helpful feature are introduced to interest the learner and hold his attention. The vocahularies give familiar terms rather than merely military words; most of the lessons include drill or English derivatives or synonyms; classes of deriva-tives have been introduced earlier than usual to call attention to final syllables; and quotations from English poetry serve to fasten incidents or characters discussed in the pupil's memory. As regards practicality and helpfulness, we do not remember having seen any other befor characters other brief elementary Latin book which impressed us so favorably as this, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

MAGAZINES.

The opening article of The Arena for April will prove startling to conserva-tive patriots who pin their faith to the Declaration of American Independence. It is from the pen of one of the pro-Pa.-Leon C. Prince, LL. B., who as-serts that both the Constitution and the Declaration are obsolete instruments. The paper will encourage the defenders of Imperialism, while oldfor dismay, Dr. R. Osgood Mason, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, discusses Professor Fiskebs emarkable new book, "Through Nature o God," in its relation to the New Thought, and shows that the funda-mentals of a scientific religion are al-ready clearly defined in the minds of advanced thinkers. The Rev. E. P. Powell makes some interesting prophe-cies of the twentleth-century import cles of the twentleth-century import, and declares that the pursuit of agri-culture will soon afford the only true felicity of life. An interview with Er-nest H. Crosby on "Count Tolstoy as Philosopher, Prophet, and Man," is an edifying presentation of facts by a guest of the sage's Russian household, the interest of which is greatly aug-mented by an elaborate sketch of Mr mented by an elaborate sketch of Mr. Crosby's life and work from the pen of Editor Flower. Other features of the number are: "The Empire State's In-sane," "Itinerant Speechmaking in the Last Campaign." "Advantages and Abuses of Southern Paral Sciences" Abuses of Southern Penal Systems," and the usual editorial and book review departments. The lishing Co., New York. The Alliance Pub-

The readers of "Mind," the able exponent of the "New Thought," will be glad to know that the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., contributes the first of another series of papers to the April issue. His subject is "The Training of Thought as a Life Force," "Mental In-fluences" is the title of an article, which is also the first of a series on metanhysical trains by Charach Prodic netaphysical topics, by Charels Brodie Patterson, one of the editors. Alwyn M. Thurber, the late editor of Universal Truth (recently absorbed by Mind), writes upon "Our Safety in Thought and Action." J. A. Plummer answers Pilate's query, "What is Truth?" in a most suggestive way. Alida Chanle Emmet contributes some extremely plain talk "concerning woman." "Do minion," a poem by M. P. Stanton, pre edes an encouraging article on " versality in Religion," by **H**. "Uni versality in Religion," by H. W. Graves, W. H. Phillips presents some "Are We Free?" which is followed by a beautiful allegory from the pen of A. A. Haines, entitled "The Sun and the Oak." Mrs. Inglese's occult story is continued and the Data Halan Var ha continued, and the Rev. Helen Van-An erson contributes some luminous meta physical "answers to correspondents." in the "Family Circle" department. John Emery McLean has four editorials and some instructive reviews of new books. The eighth volume opens with this number.-The Alliance Publishing company, New York.

of an Easter bonnet, and has the usual masterly touch of character sketching that has made the author notable amongsi the short story writers of the day. "Struck Out," "The Price of the Barker's Rabbits," "Eskimo Joe and



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11

fore us on the road, and still For us must all His love fulfill--Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE TIDE OF DESTINY.

Serene I hold my hands and wait. Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate For, lo, my own shall come to me,

I stay my haste, I make delays, For what avails this eager pace? stand amid the eternal ways. And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; or wind can drive my bark astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

at matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; by heart shall reap where it has sown, And gather up its fruit and tears.

e waters know their own and draw he brook that springs on yonder height

flows the good with equal law nto the soul of pure delight.

foweret nodding in the wind ready plighted to the bee maiden, why that look unkind? or, 10, thy lover seeketh thee.

stars come nightly to the sky, tidal waves unto the sea: ime nor space, nor deep, nor high, n keep my own away from me. -Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE WINDS.

a sluggish lags my pulse, I plead learing the far horizon's blur.

tarting the rune-chant of the fir. bringing for mine earnest need bracing tonic of the snow. en I incline to dreams, and fain, th half-shut lids, would lounge and

the boughs swing langorously above low, thrush-litanies of love, fipples goldenly the grain, south for me! the South for me!

a melancholy suits my mood, ong to list, 'mid lapsing leaves, The misty East discourse of pain ils thin minor, and the rain, th ancient sorrowing imbued, te plaintive patter round the

when the pilgrim zest is strong brackened pathways mounting hlei

Along the hill-slopes to the crest, Then would I have the ardent West ing me his buoyant welcome song. is me his old ecstatic cry.

with the veering winds that sweep mpyrean I am one; ag close kinship unto each.

al-3) mpathies of spirit-speech, they or shrill, or low, or deep, oss the face of God's white sun!

NOTES.

Douglass Wiggin (Mrs. Geo. C. is an eastern woman by birth, er early life she went to Calishe founded at Santa kindergarten, thence going rancisco, where her free kinens won her a place in the of the poor. Quite by chance make money for her pet plan. rote a kindergarten tale. Undly the story sold into the hunthousands of copies. Most of ggin's work since she left Calihas been done in Maine, where as an old colonial house, now ened Quilleote. It stands the prin-one of a cluster of houses in the



If at last she tires of the fault finding of a dyspeptic husband and leaves him? The worst of the dyspeptic is that he does not realize his own meanness. His world is entirely out of perspective. Dyspepsia and other diseases of the

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germs all over the country: but the idea was newer then, and it made upon me a deep impression. That night I took a way train from Middletown to Hart-At one station, midway, a group ford. of factory girls came aboard. Nearly all were very pretty; their bright eyes their merry chatter, made everybody in the car more cheerful. The very lamps burned more smilingly. The strange alchemy I had seen, the beauty before The strange me-was it any wonder that the idea flashed upon me: 'What if there were a Bacillus of Beauty! Would not all the world be at the feet of its discov-What would happen to his first ? Forthwith I resolved that there lient? should be in fiction at least, one perfectly beautiful woman, one creature so radiantly lovely, so glowing with

health and happiness and color, so rare in face and unapproached in form. all should marvel at her. And there-after I falled to notice. My thoughts had begun to weave the story of Helen Winship. . . .

An Indiana girl-baby has been chrisan inducate girl-baby has been chris-ened Alice of Old Vincennes, and the publishers have performed the god-fatherly duty of sending the child a silver cup properly inscribed. In view of the volumninous character of recent Hoosier literature, the incident suggests the delightful possibility of a pretty custom which may make it no longer possible, as now it is, to tell the age and politics of a citizen of Indiana by his initials. Most of the children of that commonwealth have hitherto been named after Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, O. P. Morton, Bluejeans Williams, or Thomas Hendricks.

The Rev. H. R. Hawels, whose death is reported, was not only a remarkable and very unconventional preacher; he was all his life a prolific writer, and when one considers his frall physique and the demands of his church, his literary production seems enormous. scarcely a newspaper or mag-There is azine in London in which he has not signed his name. He found time, too to edit Cassell's Magazine for a season He found time, too, He wrote best upon his favorite hob by, music. Great musicians, old vio-lins, and church bells gave him material for many volumes. Those who have attended his services at St. James', Marylebone, will remember that he occasionally illustrated his discourse by a solo upon the violin.

Andrew Lang has called Marion trawford the most versatile of modern novelists. Since the appearance of Mr Isaacs nineteen years ago, he has written thirty novels distinguished for their variety of subject and treatment. A glance at the work of these two score of years will not be without interest especially as his latest novel. In the Palace of the King, is already one of the most popular of the season. Mr Crawford was born in Bagni di Lucca. Italy, August 2, 1854. He is of mingled ancestry. His father, Thomas Craw-ford ,the sculptor, was a native of Ireland, and his mother was an American He spent his early childhood in Nev York. After studying at Cambridge, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and Rome, he went to India, in 1897, and edited the Indian Heraid, at Allahabad. There he became acquainted with a Persian jewel merchantwho suggested the mysterious personality of "Mr. Isaacs." Returning to America in 1881, he wrot

the romance which bears this title. The fantastic creation, with its Oriental fla vor, its hints of Anglo-Indian, the in-troduction of Ram Lal, the shadowy adept of occultism, and the striking fig-ure of Mr. Isaacs, with his graceful languor, Iranian features, blazing eyes, and luxurious tastes, bestowed imme-diate celebrity upon its author. This was followed by Dr. Claudius, which, although less romantic, showed in-crease in constructive skill. This be-came more marked in To Leeward, the unlovely and tragic story of a wife's infidelity and of society in Rome. The tale of a peasant boy who became a famous tenor is the theme of A Ro-

man Singer, issued in 1884; and in the same year he published An American Politician, in which are discussed the party spirit and corruption of Ameri-can politics. In 1885 Zoroaster was is-

BOOKS.

There have been many picturesque stories of hold-ups in Chicago, but none that shows quite so much presence of mind as the tale told George Ade in his little book, "Doc' Horne." In the book it forms one of the hero's largest and least rellable romance, and it may not be generally known that it is derived, nevertheless, from a real experience. Mr. Ade has walked the streets of Chicago at all hours of the day and night and has become so familiar with many types of character that he is really equal to any emergency. But he never proved it so effectually as on this particular occasion. was returning home through deserted streets at an early hour of the morn-

ing, when he suddenly became con sclous that he was being followed by two disreputable figures. He under-stood at once that his turn had come, and it came at an unpleasant mo-ment-one of those rare moments when the journalist was liberally supplied with money. He had an instant to set his wits to work, for the thugs were half a block away, the thugs were half a block away, and he managed in that time to transfer his roll of bills to a stamped envelope which he carried in his pocket. Then he looked for a pencil to ad-dress the letter, but to his con-sternation found that he had none. Turning sharply upon his pursu-

ers, when they were still fifty feet away, he disarmed them by asking, with much courtesy, for a pencil. Somewhat disconcerted, one of the men fished one out of his pocket and handed it to Mr. Ade, who rapidly wrote his own address upon the en-velope as they stood under the lamp-post, and put the letter, sealed and addressed, into the mail-box. Then he looked his assailants in the eye and told them what he had done. Sheepish as they were under his implied accusation and the helplessness of their defeat, they were not with-out appreciation of his readiness and nerve. "Say, but you're a good 'un!" was the admiring tribute of the taller of the two-a tribute which seemed to call for action on the part of Mr. Ade. Fortunately the midnight closing ordinance was not in active op-eration at this remote and barbarous period.

. . . Introduction Lessons in English Literature is a new book by I, McNeill, president of the Seventh Wisconsin State Normal School, and S. A. Lynch, teacher of English in the Central High school,

This book is the outgrowth of experience and observation in teaching Eng-lish to beginners. A number of se-lections are given from the leading au-thors, and this number has been restricted to allow of careful and thor-ough study of the meaning and forms of expression employed. The selections chosen represent the principal forms both of prose and poetry. Each of the selections is followed by general exercises which t reat of its themes, its plot, and the lesson or moral suggested by it. Then come special exercises which explain grammatical and rhetorical points and all historical, legendry, and geographical allusions contained in the selections, concluded with sug-



A NERVE PLAGUE

"It Is Alarming." Says Dr. Bennett, the Electrical Authority, "to Really Know the Vast Number of Men-and Women, Too-suffering From Those Wasting, Nervous Disorders Which Take the Vitality, Vigor, Strength, Ambition and the Very Life Itself Out of the Suffering Victim-Electricity Will Cure All These Weaknesses and Restore You to Perfect Health and Vigor if Properly Applied"-The Doctor Guarantees His Method of Applying Electricity to Cure in Every Case, and if It Falls It Does Not Cost You a Cent-Read About His Electric Belt and Secure His Book-It Will Interest You.

Many persons say it is wonderful the suc-

Many persons say it is wonderful the suc-cess I nave made with my Electric Belt. It is not at all wonderful; my success is entirely due to the merit of my belt -- It is due to the fact that one cured person always tells an alling friend the remedy wolde Cured person always tells an alling friend the remely which made the ure are many electric beits, but none like mine. It is gotten up on different princi-ples. I do not care how on a man or woman has suffered or to what stare their allmonts have reached, my Elec-tric Beit will make them strong, healthy and vig-orus again. Vitality and vigor—strong, ro-bust the sufference of the strong strong healthy and vig-orus again. Vitality and vigor—strong, ro-bust health—may again be yours by the applica-tion of the right current of electricity applied right. As a reward for my study, research and discovery the United states Goreira ment has streak use of my method of applying Electricity to the weak, vigorles, nervous systems of men and women. I cure not the cause of your weakness. If the weak you strong as Mother Nature intended you to be. If my Belt fails to cure (which is not a tail likely), it shail not cost you a cent. T guarantee the cure.

guarantee the cure.

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