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The Old Constitution Building!

TEN THOUSAND FARMERS WANTED TO READ THIS.

A Committee of Farmers and Mechanics were appointed by the D. A. & M. Society, at the late Territorial Fair, to examine all Imported Wagons on exhibition at the Fair, and they recommended

THE COOPER FARM AND FREIGHT WAGONS AS THE BEST.

The Genuine Fish Brothers Farm, Freight,

And Spring Wagons, and other Light Vehicles, including the "Frazier," "Park," and "Road" Carts have a well established reputation in the Territory.

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Are Second to None in the Territory and have only to be tried to be prized above all others.

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For one or two horses, has only to be seen to be admired, and is unsurpassed for Strength and Durability and cannot be beaten in the Hay Field.

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Which you have only to try and then appreciate. For any of the First-Class Goods in large or small quantities, write or call on us for prices and terms. In addition to the above we carry a Stock of Wagon Hardwood and Plank, and do General Repairing of All Kinds of Vehicles in a workman-like manner and at

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155, 157 and 159 South, First East Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday - June 19, 1886

RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 6, 1886.

President D. H. Wells:

Dear Brother.—On the 26th of April we met an English steamer at Berout, a circumstance which saved us six days on our journey here. The principal islands passed on the way are Cyprus, Rhodes and Patmos, the latter noted as the place of banishment of John the Revelator. At Tschanak Kalessi, we left the ship and took a small boat down the Dardannelles to Kum-Kale, from whence we set our foot over the plains of Troy to the Schlieman excavations at the city made world renowned by Homeric inspiration. Kum Kale probably occupies the place of landing of the Grecian heroes on their way to conquest and to fame. The rich lands of of the Trojan plains are carelessly cultivated. The shepherd boy gazes with curiosity upon the stranger, and the plowman stops his donkey and ox to take a look at the passer by. The Turkish dogs here are so near starvation that I was not obliged to pay them the homage I did those of Greece and Palestine. At the point of a small plateau extending about three miles from the base of the mountains, Schlieman has discovered ruins which he claims to be those of ancient Troy. His claims, though not perfectly satisfactory in answer to some important features of the excavations, are generally accepted as sufficient for historical researches. Some classicists, however, contest the point as an open question; but we accept it as all right of course, and would feel somewhat indignant, I suppose, if any one should hint that we had not been on the site of ancient Troy. The place is known to the Turks by the name of Hissarlik. We entered the gateway at the southwest side, and after climbing up and down, wandering around in the trenches and gazing at the few remaining scattered relics for a couple of hours, we wended four way back to the little *sauks* which lay rocking in the waters near the mouth of the Homeric *Simoeeis*. The principal relics were removed to European museums, and a part to the museum in Constantinople. On our return from Hissarlik, we followed in our skiff the east shores of the Dardanelles till sunset. As soon as the sun sinks in the west, no ship is allowed further up the Dardanelles than *Tschanak-Kalessi*, and no person allowed to pass the quarantine. At dusk we found our way on shore near some flouring mills and obtained a bed and bench in a bar house. There are several advantages derived from such slumbers. One never oversleeps, and stagnation of the blood is not likely to set in from lying too long in the same position. Then besides the average bench is too high for a common flea to make it in one jump. Long before day-break next morning our oars were splashing away in the waters by starlight, and a little after sunrise we entered the port at Tschanak-Kalessi, from whence we took an English freight steamer over the Marmora sea to Constantinople. We asked the captain if he could take some passengers on board. "Yes," he replied, "if you can sleep on deck." We had slept in worse places than "on deck," and had an answer in less than a second. We reached Constantinople on the morning of the 2nd inst. at a very early hour, in time to rouse our companion here from slumbers made sweet by dreams of being released, on the way home, etc. How consoling it is that one may dream of things months and sometimes years before they occur. We found Brother Spori in good spirits, but with bad eyes—too much study by lamp light. The Turks, Armenians and Greeks have had their spring festival since we returned, an event we were indeed pleased to witness. We are glad to be back. It is so home-like to listen to the night revelries of the Constantinople dogs, and hear the unearthly shouts of the *Hamals* selling on the streets every species of merchandise from beads and buttons to household furniture. We were delighted to see the Orient and learn something of its people. The weather has been all and the household fauna more than we could have desired. We preached the Gospel wherever we could, and had many interesting and remarkable times discussing with fellow travelers and others the meaning and intent of Holy Writ. We often bore our testimony to the restoration of the Gospel, and felt the better for it every time. The Jewish and Christian colonies of Palestine, with a single exception, do not inspire one with much hope of their conversion.

Brother Lyman leaves here Tuesday, the 11th inst., for Vienna.

Kind regards from the brethren.

Yours in the Gospel,

J. M. TANNER.

—*Mill. Star, May 31st.*

A Woman's Diary.

A North Side husband has torn the leaf of one day out of his wife's diary and forwarded it to me. The date is Monday, April 5th. The entry is as follows:

The people who live in the lower flat appear to be very nice. I think I shall like her. She was telling me last night how it was that she came to marry her husband.

The servant girl of the people who live in the flat below hasn't the sense she was born with. She told our girl that we were to have Tuesday for wash day. Monday has always been our day, and shall be until I die.

8:30 a.m.—Have just told our girl to go at her washing and get it out.

9:30—The girl in the flat below is also washing. Have told our girl to get her washing out first.

10:30—Rev. Dr.——, our pastor, has just called. Good man, but his sermons are so tedious. Wants to know when we are going to bring Gertie down to have her baptized. Mart says not until July. Afraid to have water put on Gertie's head in cold weather. Mart knows.

12—Time for lunch. Girl says she can't get our washing out first and get lunch at the same time.

12:30—Never was so hungry in my life but told the girl to get out the washing.

1 p.m.—Our girl is down in the back yard with the clothes-line. Girl in the flat below out with her line. I wonder if that woman down stairs thinks that I am going to stand that sort of thing.

1:15—Girls are calling each other names in the back yard. Our girl has one end of our line tied to a post. She has it stretched to the other post. Veni, vidi, vici. Sic semper tyrannis! Home rule in the top flat.

1:20—The woman in the flat below has told her girl to cut our line. I knew she was a vixen the first time I saw her, I mean the woman, not the girl.

1:25—The girl is cutting our line; later. She has cut it. Our girl has thrown the ashpan, ashes and all, over the back porch, and ashes have settled on the clothes of the woman in the flat below.

1:30—There are footsteps on the stairs. I hear the rustle of the dress of the woman in the flat below! There is a knock on my door.

1:50—She has gone. I guess she will not come again. I put a flea in her ear which will keep her out of the back yard.

2 p.m.—Saw a messenger go into the flat below with a hat box. I wonder if that woman is going to rag out in a new hat before I get mine. Our girl has her clothesline out again, and our washing is all out.

2:30—I wonder what kind of a hat she has—the mean thing.

3—Our washing is still there.

3:30—I wish I could see what sort of a bonnet she has. But I am too proud to ask her forgiveness. Besides it wasn't my fault.

4 p.m.—What's the use of keeping your enemy down when you've got 'em down? Magnanimity is one of the ruling principles of our house. I am going down. I can afford to do it, because our washing is in.

5 p.m.—I feel better. I went down stairs and kissed her, and told her she could have the back yard next Monday, all to herself. That broke her back—I mean her pride. Then she kissed me, and we sobbed it out together. Then I saw her bonnet. It is a jewel. It is very becoming to me.

6:30—How quiet the house is. Gertie is asleep and Mart is reading his papers. The little motto over the door, "God Bless Our Home," seems to be living. My new bonnet is ordered and will be here in the morning. It will cost $6 more than here. Gertie has just woke up.—*Chicago Herald.*

A GHOSTLY COFFIN.

A Wheeling (Va.) special has the following to say: On a prominent street in the city, daily passed by hundreds of people, there stands a two-story brick building, around which clings an air of mystery which renders it an object of curiosity to the entire neighborhood, and which affords to those inclined to be superstitous an unfailing sourse of weird and blood-chilling stories. The building is an old one, having been erected some forty years ago, and is at present occupied by a German laborer and his family, in whose composition a dread of the supernatural appears to have no part. The roof of their domicile is an old-style peaked one, and upon the side facing the street there may be seen faintly when the weather is dry, but very prominent when rain is falling, the suggestive outlines of a full-sized coffin. This grim reminder of the fate which must finally overtakeu all stands with its feet toword the eaves and its head to the comb or apex, and from the opposite sidewalk assumes on sunny, bright days, a somewhat reddish tinge. When the roof becomes wet with falling rain the outline becomes more distinct, and in heavy storms it stands forth as prominently as though printed in jet-black ink upon virgin paper. For many years this unplesant object has been visible, no one being able or willing to solve the mystery with which it is surrounded. Once the owner of the premises caused the shingles of the roof to be removed and replaced with new ones, in the hope of thus getting rid of the sign of the grave. For a time he seemed to have been successful, but one day, during a heavy rain, a passing pedestrian familiar with the story glanced at the roof, and there, faint yet perfect, was the old coffin. Since that time the impression has gradually became more distinct, until it is now as bright as before. People in the neighborhood talk vaguely about a mysterious disappearance and a probable murder years ago, but of this nothing definite can be learned. Certain it is, however, that many believe the outline of the coffin is not of human origin, and this is silently makes it the spot whereon crime in some form or other was unquestionably committed.

A Word for the Women.

Every now and then some sour and jilted bachelor or some exasperated benedict declares that women never rise to the highest spheres of creative art or literature, never make any great invention, and that though in exceptional cases they may be useful at times and occasionally ornamental, they are seldom brilliant; hardly ever reliable and "gae ill to live with" at the best. Of course this is all a slander that cannot be too often refuted.

Recently an esteemed Cincinnati contemporary gave facts to show that out of 22,000 patents issued for inventions last year ninety were issued to women; that one Yankee girl had invented a mammoth bustle which had became the rage, another a dishwasher and a powder puff, and so on up to ninety, showing that the American feminine intellect is not hollow in these historic days; that in fact, the American feminine intellect is enlarging itself in bustles and in that most promising of all fields, the American kitchen.

Looking into what are called the higher spheres, though in truth a good dishwasher is pretty high, the sour bachelors might be reminded of George Elliot in fiction, Mrs. Browning in poetry, Rosa Bonheur in painting and Mrs. Dr. Walker in modern reform. It is true that these women are not equal to the greatest male geniuses of all time, but when compared with the best men in their respective lines in these times they do not need the American girl's mammoth bustle to lift them into prominence and fame. And a woman's genius for bearing with and forgiving the poor conceits of men is something grander than the highest gifts of art, invention or song.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Clay Lands.

Clay land, usually heavy and tenacious, unless eficient in potash is less benefited by wood ashes, for the tendency is to make it more compact; sandy and gravelly soils, usually loose and friable and at the same time deficient in potash, are directly benefited by ashes. The light soils are usually too loose for either grass or the small grains, and the effect of ashes is to solidify as well as to supply the wants of mineral plant food. The grass crop is much helped by ashes, especially on dry land, and in ordinary cases a greater profit will be derived from a given quantity applied to meadow or pasture than when used for grain growing. Moreover, the ashes are very lasting. But I think nowhere else will they pay better than for potatoes. I have been in the practice of applying wood ashes, one part, mixed with plaster two parts, to the potato land soon after planting, or as soon as the germ begins to break the ground, putting a large handful on each hill. I have also applied gypsum, ashes and salt, mixed in about equal portions by weight, in the hill when covering the seed, which produced the finest and cleanest tubers I ever raised, and in good yield; and I regard this treatment as a sure remedy for scabby potatoes, so common on many farms

The Latest Fancy.

Parisiennes have taken an extravagant affection for birds, which about equals the pug-dog mania now on the wane. The mania for birds is as strong as it was in the days of the Empress Josephine. In every fashionable boudoir you will find on a plush covered table, amid books, reviews, bon bonnires and feminine trifles of all kinds, a lovely cage of carved ivory, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl or chased silver, which imprisons two or more rare exotic birds, or a pair of green love birds. The seeds which they eat are held in a silver cup; they drink from little bowls of Bohemian glass. The bottom of the cage is sprinkled every morning with the saw-dust of a scented wood in place of sand.

Lastly, the rarest and most beautiful hot-house flowers are attached between the bars of the cage for the birds to smell and pluck to pieces with their bills. To what extravagance will fashion next lead her votaries! The cost of keeping a whole family moderately is trifling in comparison with what is now wasted on pets.

Lincoln's Last Signature.

Senator Kellogg of Louisiana claims to have the last commission that was signed by President Lincoln, which was an appointment as Collector of the port of New Orleans. On the 13th of April, 1865, Mr. Kellogg was appointed, and it being desirable that he should get to his post as soon as possible, Secretary McCulloch decided that his bond could be made here. Governor Yates, Wilson Shafer, who was afterwards made Govenor of Utah, and King Cutter of New Orleans, became his sureties. The bond was filed the afternoon of April 14th, and Mr. Kellogg's commission was at once made out by the Secretary of the Treasury and taken to the President for his signature. Mr. Lincoln signed it a few minutes before he left the White House to go to the theatre where he was assassinated. Governor Kellogg has received many offers from autograph hunters and others for the document, but prefers to keep it himself, and at his death will leave it to some historical society. —*Washington Letter.*

Remitted the Fine.

Judge Z——, of an Indiana court, a prominent and leading member of the bar, but given at times to "look upon wine when it gives color to the cup," appeared in court one morning a good deal under the "influence," and on such occasions he was not particular in the observance of decorum or the usual courtesy before dignified bodies, and for a breach of judicial etiquette was fined fifteen dollars by the court.

Judge Z—— did not demur, but some days after, when duly sober, the "court" detailed him as special judge.

Gravely taking his seat and duly opening court, Judge Z—— ordered the clerk to turn back on the docket to the second entry of the fine, and said:

"Mr. Clerk, enter an order remitting that fine of fifteen dollars against this court," which was done.

Then turning to the Sheriff, he added: "Mr. Sheriff, you will proclaim at the courthouse door that this court is now open for the transaction of regular business."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHY SENATOR SPOONER DOES NOT DRINK.—Spooner is not a teetotaler, and has never had much to say one way or the other about temperance, but it is a fact that he never touched a drop of liquor of any kind. Whenever he is questioned about it and about the general subject of temperance he replies indifferently: "I have three boys that I love. They have never smelled liquor in my breath, and they never shall." That's the only temperance argument that he has ever made.—(*Galveston News.*

Cricket.

"The girlful game of cricket" flourishes in England. The other day a match between eleven of a well-known girls' school in Surrey, and eleven of the ladies of the neighborhood took place. The ladies wore their usual costume, and the school girls attired in white tunics, Eton blue caps and sashes to match, black stockings and white knickerbockers. They also wore red roses as a badge, while their opponents wore white. The school were the victors—making as many as ninety-nine runs in their second innings—and retired amid great applause, wearing the white roses of their opponents.—*London Letter*

Training for Her Station.

Five years ago a remarkably bright and pretty girl of 17 worked in a San Francisco laundry. The son of wealthy parents fell in love with her. She returned his passion, but said she would not marry him, as he wished, because she was uneducated and coarse. Then he offered to send her away to school. She accepted this offer. During the ensuing four years she was in Montreal convent, very apt and studious. The training wrought all the change that was desirable, and the wedding took place, with a long tour in Europe afterward. The couple returned to San Francisco lately. To show that she had neither forgotton nor was ashamed of her former employment, the bride gave a grand supper to those of her old companions who could be brought together.

A RUSSIAN CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Following M. Pasteur's discoveries in France, a new remedy for hydrophobia is reported from Russia. It consists of the onion shaped root of the water-plantain, which flowers in summer. The roots should be collected in the month of August, dried and grated; the powder should then be spread on bread and butter, and so administered to the patient. It is said that two or three doses are sufficient to cure hydrophobia in its acute stage, either in man or animals, and it is claimed that the remedy has never been known to fail. The subject is, at any rate, deserving of the attention of our doctors.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

JAMES THOMPSON. HENRY MOORE.

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$700 A splendid Building Lot, 3¼ east front by 10 rods; 15th Ward.

$550 A Building Lot in 17th Ward, 3 rods front by 6 rods deep, only 1½ blocks from Temple Block.

HOUSES AND LOTS.

$1500 A new adobe house of 4 rooms, hard finish, pantry and closets well finished and painted, lot 2¼x10 rods, in 7th Ward.

$4000 Two new brick houses, 5 rooms in one and 6 rooms in the other; lot 2¼x10 rods, good cellars, closets, etc., city water, located in 15th Ward.

$3000 Frame house, adobe lined, 8 rooms, closets, etc., lot 2½x10 rods, 2nd South, 15th Ward.

$1050 A house of 4 rooms, porch front and back, lot 5x20, a good stable, etc., on Fourth West and Fourth North sts.

$1350 New brick house of 4 rooms, good pantry and closets, good flowing well, stable, etc., lot 3x20 on Third West.

$1600 Adobe house of 5 rooms, well finished, with closets, etc., lot 3x10, Second South, close to D. & R. G. depot.

$600 Frame house of 4 rooms, adobe lined, lot 3x10, South Temple street. $300 down, balance on the instalment plan.

$950 Adobe house of 2 rooms and kitchen, lot 5x20 rods, full of good fruit trees, one and half blocks west of gas works on South Temple street.

$4000 A 2 story brick house, 7 large rooms, 2 pantries, well finished, 2½ blocks west of Main st.; lot 5x15 rods.

$2000 A No. 1 business corner, near the D. and G. depot, 5x6½ rods. This is very cheap and must be sold.

$2000 House of six rooms and store, lot 5x10, near the depot.

$3500 Brick house, 7 rooms, buttries, cupboards, etc. Two story barn, etc. Second south close to Main Street.

$700 Adobe house of 4 rooms, lot 4x10 rods, fenced, stable etc., 5th ward.

$850 A new adobe house of 3 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 3x10 rods.

$400 Frame house of two rooms, lot 2½x7 rods, Seventh West Street.

$1200 A new adobe house of 3 rooms lot 3x6, nice orchard, close to Temple Block, Fifth Ward.

FARMS.

$6000 190 acres of good bench land, adjoining Pleasant Green, 30 acres under cultivation, balance can be cultivated, all fenced, good dwelling house of 3 rooms, buttery, cellar, etc., very extensive buildings, hay loft for 15 tons of hay, about 200 fruit and shade trees, $800 water right, 1 team, 2 wagons, sulky plow, 2 other plows, iron harrow, 72 steel teeth, roller, lander, mower, rake, 8 head of horned, 8 head of pigs, 150 chickens; in fact, every thing on said farm, subject to lease for 2 years from October 1st, 1886.

$350 Forty acres of farm land, North Point, good land and cheap. Must be sold soon.

$1000 160 acres patented land, 6 miles from Temple Block; also 160 acres school land adjoining.

$850 40 acres of bench land under canal, with or without 13 shares water right, at $10 per share. A good stand of lucern on 10 acres; Hunter Precinct, 10 miles from city.

$600 Forty acres of No. 1 land, in North Point, fenced on two sides. This is a bargain; call early.

$800 Forty acre of good farming land, loamy, sandy soil, on bench at Pleasant Green, 11½ miles southwest from city, all fenced. Also 40 acres adjoining can be purchased for $900, same kind of land.

$2700 One hundred and twenty acres of farming and meadow land, 8 miles from Temple Block. Adobe house, two rooms, stable and outhouses, etc. Forty acres under cultivation, all fenced. Fifteen acres in lucern. Water right. A very cheap farm.

$600 Thirteen Acres of Good Lucern Land, half mile west of the city.

Several other farms south of the city and in other places. Call and see us.

FOR RENT.

$5.00, Two rooms and kitchen, on North Temple, 2½ blocks west of Main street.

$4.00, Two rooms on Center street.

$5.00, Two rooms, Third Ward.

A business house, suitable for a store or boarding house. In a good location and a splendid building, 6 rooms, up stairs. Call soon.

$5.00, house of four rooms, South Temple Street.

$25.00, house, 7 large rooms, 2½ blocks west of Main, on South Street.

$5.00, house of 2 rooms, First South 2½ west of Main street

$6.00, house of three rooms, 16th Ward.

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