A CANTER.

When the breath of the morning is cool and free,
And the smile of the sun in the heavens is seen,
... forget that the world has its ills
... taking a canter across the hills.

... from the bustle and everyday grind
... the ... of the thoroughbred kind,
... the heart thrills
Then taking a canter across the hills.

... the body seems fettered in listlessness,
... the blood goes sluggishly through the veins,
... better than powders and better than pills
... for a canter across the hills.
—Susie M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

A PULL FOR LIFE.

I was passing an evening with Jack Rollins, the noted landlooker and sportsman. The latter phase of his occupation, however, has come in later years. In the old times he was dependent on his daily toil for subsistence.

He has a comfortable home now, a nice family and an assured income, so that he can afford to talk lightly of his old life while roughing it in the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin.

"So you wish me to give you a little of my experience while looking land, Jim?" said Harlan.

I assured him that nothing would please me better, since I knew he must have met with some interesting experiences during the long period of his time in life. Jack was not given to "blowing his own bugle," yet at times, under the mellowing influence of a hickory ... a winter's evening, he would talk of the lore of the woods and his adventurous ...

It was a blustery night outside, and Jack sat before the fire holding little ..., his youngest child, and smoothing her dark ringlets with his big brown hand. I could see that he was in a reminiscent mood, so I waited patiently for him to speak.

"Do you know, Jim," he said at length, "I was never frightened but once in my life? I have met with many dangers, but nearly always I could see my way out somewhere, and managed to remain fairly cool through it all. But on one occasion I quite lost my head, and very nearly my life."

I nodded as he ceased to speak, and he proceeded:

"It was ten years ago last November that Delph Wender and I set out on a ... weeks' tramp, looking land in the region about the headwaters of the Fishegon. The weather was cool and ... for hunting, just the season of the year for big game, so Delph and I took along our Winchesters, with plenty of ammunition.

"We meant to bring down some game, and should we find plenty of timber on the land we had been sent to estimate, ... quite a Nimrod in those days, and would rather hunt than eat.

"On the afternoon of the fourth day we halted on the bank of a large lake. The land we desired to look over, on which we were to estimate the amount of standing pine, was on the opposite side of the lake. To go around would be a ... day's tramp, while across the water was a matter of only six or eight miles.

"'If we only had a boat, Jack,' said Delph, 'we could save two days' tramp.'

"'We must find one,' I returned. 'It's not likely this lake has ever been plowed by boats—Indian canoes, at any rate. I see a house over yonder, let us investigate.'

"We did so and found an old fisherman, who was the owner of a small skiff in good condition—just the thing for our purpose. The owner agreed to lend the boat on condition that we would return it soon. Of course we promised, and were soon launched upon the water.

"We doffed our packs and laid them in the bottom of the skiff. We each had a belt, from which hung hatchet and cartridges. Our rifles we placed carefully in one end of the skiff. The craft was small and had but one set of oars. I was something of an athlete in those days, and so it seemed natural enough for me to take the first turn at the oars. Delph promised to spell me when half our voyage was covered.

"We had gone perhaps a mile from land when the wind rose and sent the white caps tumbling across the bosom of the lake. At the outset I enjoyed this. Our little skiff rose and fell like an ocean steamer on the Atlantic. Presently a great wave splashed over the side, nearly drenching Delph. The wind was cold and cut like a knife, and I could see that my wet comrade was shivering with an icy chill.

"'Let me take the oars,' he said. I shook my head. A strange thrill shot over me at that moment and I realized that we were in danger. Our only safety lay in keeping the skiff out of the trough of the sea. Each moment the waves rolled higher and the breeze stiffened to a gale.

"Delph crouched in the stern, his face blue, his teeth chattering. He was freezing, while I was perspiring freely. It was too late to turn back had we desired. The water scurried along our sides, splashing at times over the low gunwale.

"I dared not look ahead, but kept my gaze fixed to the rear, upon the foaming water and receding shore. We must have been three miles out when Delph cried in great alarm, 'We're sinking, Jack!' and I thought the same myself for the moment, as the stern of our craft seemed to sink down, down, until the great waves hung over us with awful threatening. A bucketful of water splashed into the boat, and then we rose to the crest of a huge wave.

"'We're all right yet, Delph,' said I, although the smile on my face was but a ghastly attempt at pleasantry. At length I found myself tiring under the terrible strain at the oars. I looked imploringly at Delph. He seemed to understand and moved as if to rise to his feet.

"'No, no, don't,' I cried sharply. 'If you get up now we are lost! Keep your seat. I will hold the skiff alone.' The task was a harder one than I had bargained for, however. It was a very difficult matter to dip the oars properly in such a heavy sea.

"It taxed all my coolness and knowledge of boating to hold the frail skiff straight across the boiling sea. A single misstep now would send us to the bottom. When I realized this I confess I felt alarmed. It was yet a long distance to land, and I knew that, strong as I was, the situation was drawing ... that my endurance to the utmost.

"'I—I wish I could help you,' chattered the blue lips of my companion. I made no reply, but set my teeth hard and urged the skiff more swiftly on its course.

"The wind seemed to rise each moment. Great sheets of water splashed over my person and the hiss of the boiling sea seemed like the mocking growl of a hungry animal about to spring upon its prey. I breathed hard. I was tiring with the awful strain.

"I fain would have called on Delph, only I knew should I relinquish the oars for but one second it would end the struggle. I must sit where I was and hold the nose of the skiff out of the trough of the sea till land was reached else we were lost. Could I hold out? This was the supreme question of that terrible moment.

"I was wet with perspiration, and my once stalwart frame trembled from the long and unwonted exertion. I now realized with a shudder that my strength was departing. It seemed to me at that moment that there was no possibility of our reaching land again.

"I had on my heavy beaver coat, and a belt strapped about my waist, loaded with hatchet and cartridges. With these I should stand no show in the struggle for life in the water which at that moment seemed inevitable. I dared not drop an oar to lighten myself. At length I looked at my chattering companion and bade him remove my belt. He did not move, but seemed frozen in his seat.

"'In heaven's name!' cried I, 'take off this belt, Delph. It's heavier than so much lead.' He moved then to obey me, trembling with the wind and cold. After some difficulty he managed to reach me, and with no little effort succeeded in removing my belt, which he laid in the bottom of the boat.

"This seemed a slight relief, yet, as my strength was fast leaving me, I realized that it could be but a question of a very short time ere the struggle in the cold lake must begin.

"'Can you swim, Delph?' I asked breathlessly.

"'Not a stroke,' he replied, and then I realized all the more the dangers of our position. In such a storm it would be impossible to cling long to the boat when once it was overturned, as it must be the instant I should drop the oars. How long could I hold out? My hands were blistered and swollen, while my arms trembled from weakness caused by the terrible strain.

"I caught the glance of Delph's eyes. There was an appeal in them, combined with a look of such terror, I shall never forget. He seemed to read my thoughts and tried to appear cheerful and unconcerned. He even tried to strengthen me with words of hope.

"'We're gaining all the time,' he said in an unsteady voice. 'Hold out a little longer, Jack, and we are safe—just a little longer.'

"Just a little longer. Ah! I cannot tell you, Jim, what my feelings were at that moment, when it seemed that the last nerve in my body was strained to its utmost, ready to snap at any instant, while perspiration poured from me in streams. Just a little longer! I could not do it. I felt strangely, horribly weak. In vain I tried to nerve myself, to send new strength into my trembling arms.

"'I cannot stand this,' I cried huskily. 'Make ready for the plunge, Delph!'

"'Hold on a little longer, Jack. You must! We're almost out of the billows. Hold fast, hold fast, Jack!' almost screamed my frightened companion.

"I said not a word. I could not speak again if I would; I was too weak for that, and so clung numbly to the oars, and worked them like one in a dream. The waste of mad waters seemed like a dim, foggy, roaring Niagara, fast receding in the distance.

"The white face of Delph grew less distinct each moment; then came a terrible roar, like the crash of a thousand pieces of artillery, and a black pall covered the scene. All was over!

"Something blinding in its glare next filled my vision. It was several moments before I was able to gaze about. I lifted an aching hand and felt beside me. It touched solid earth. I beheld several grim faces and the blaze of a fire. Overhead was a tent covering.

"I was on dry land surely. At this moment the face of Delph bent over me, and a smile filled his eyes, now no longer strained with an awful fear.

"'You're all right, old fellow,' he said, with a hearty laugh. 'Just as our skiff struck the shore you fell over like a log and I had some trouble getting you away from the water. These are fishermen and friends. Yes, the guns and ammunition are safe, providing the water hasn't spoiled them. Please lie still while I bring you a cup of hot coffee.'

"Ah! that was the happiest moment of my life. How soothing was the sound of the crackling fire and the smell of the hot coffee. Under the combined influence of these I revived and was soon out of danger, although it was a long time before I recovered fully from that fearful experience. I shall not forget that ride on Forest lake to my dying day."—James McKinney Merrill in Yankee Blade.

A Poor Season.

"Fish are not biting worth a cent this season," remarked the Illinois fisherman.

"What's the reason of it?"

"Big floods. You see they get out into the fields and cork themselves on worm fences!"—Chicago News-Record.

A DUTCH WEDDING IN IOWA.

How the Fantastic Bridegroom Delivers the Invitations.

"Hochzeit! Hochzeit!" was the strange and unusual cry which reached the ears of all listeners as an odd looking personage on an equally odd looking horse dashed down the one street of a small Iowa town. To all unconcerned this incident would have ended there had not a woman's curiosity been aroused. The rider wore a white felt hat, and from its broad brim flowed ribbons of many colors and various lengths, though none exceeded two yards or were less than one.

Over his coat, which, seen in the semivisible condition, looked like buckskin, were pinned handkerchiefs of all sizes, qualities and colors, from the daintiest of white lace to the most dashing of silk mufflers. Mingled with these were neckties of every description, though all of a feminine character. This rider, although a sturdy Dutchman, had not sufficient area on which to display the finery he had gathered, so it was pinned, tied, twisted and festooned on the beast he rode. Even the horse's tail was kept from contact with the miry road by broad bands of red and blue ribbon, but its legs showed signs of a long and muddy journey.

This odd bundle of nature, art and merchandise proved to be a wedding invitation. He stopped at the house of the favored ones and sang something not quite so short as his previous song, "Hochzeit," but quite as musical; whereupon the head of the family thus invited replied in song with a verse probably as old and set by custom as the first had been. He then added another bit of brilliancy to the already well plumaged rider; but should the invitation have found him unprepared with a suitable dainty offering to the bride elect he would have given a piece of money, which seldom exceeds a quarter of a dollar. With this the rider, who, by the way, is the one interested next to the bride at the coming "Hochzeit," buys some trinket and pins it upon himself.

These invitations are always delivered two weeks before the wedding, and on the happy day the bride endeavors to wear as much of the finery her lord to be has gathered as possible. But these trinkets don't take the place of wedding presents. The latter are in most cases substantial, useful and costly. The wedding or "Hochzeit" generally begins Friday and lasts three days.—Chicago Tribune.

He Did Not Go Away.

A sturdy little German had stood in the line for an hour without making, it seemed, much progress toward the ticket office, which was the goal of his ambition. The place was uncomfortably warm and at last he stepped out of the line, having first bestowed searching glances on the men directly in front of and behind him, to fix their faces in his memory.

He was gone about twenty minutes, and returned looking much refreshed by his outing. He was evidently gratified to see what progress had been made during his absence, and with a beaming smile approached his old place in the line.

The guardian of the peace stopped him.

"Hold on!" he said. "You can't go in there. Go down to the foot of the line!"

"But dis is my blace," said the little German.

"Can't help it," returned the policeman. "You shouldn't have gone away. You've lost it."

"I say you hef not righdt you hef not righdt!" cried the foreigner, in mingled indignation and perplexity. "Vhen a man goes out and comes in again, does he vent avay?"—Youth's Companion.

About Hosiery.

English hosiery is still considered the best in quality, and some of the finest cotton hosiery is still made in England, but the prices are higher than those of the same quality of German make. The French make the best shaped silk hose, but in cotton they are too heavy. It is about twenty years ago since the new English patents in machinery were introduced in Germany, and since that time they have made many further improvements, and today Germany excels in variety of colors and weave.

Some of the black hosiery has the yarn dyed, but that kind is not very popular in this country, as the finish is not so perfect as when the dye is given after the stocking is woven—it lacks gloss. Black silk hosiery was never more worn than at present, and some that is embroidered in colors is as beautiful as it is possible to imagine, and is sold much cheaper than formerly and on a par with the low prices that prevail in all silk fabrics.—Dry Goods Economist.

Oddities About Alphabets.

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country because they had in their alphabet no f, r or l; a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley or rey—without faith, law or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b; "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"—Blackwood's Magazine.

The race for the White House between Baby Ruth and Baby McKee will be a pretty one.

Paris will greet the opening of the Twentieth century with a world's fair. Thus far Paris has made international expositions pay better than any other city. People like to go to Paris.

An orator who objects to the present order of things says that our social system is responsible for the two increasing classes in this republic—tramps and millionaires. One fact, however, he loses sight of. The millionaire class is increasing relatively in this country faster than the tramp class.

The largest stone statue in the world is situated at Bamian, on the road between Balk and Cabul. It is 173 feet high.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

[illegible]

JAPANESE LIVER PELLETS.

[illegible]

UNDERTAKERS.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

Joseph E. Taylor,

Pioneer Undertaker of Utah.

Manufacturer and Dealer in All Kinds of Metallic, Wood and Cloth Covered

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Full Line of Coffin Furnishings kept constantly on hand.

Telephone and Telegraph Orders promptly filled.

Bodies preserved in their Natural Condition without extra charge.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Factory and Warerooms: No. 253 E. First South,

One and a half blocks east of Theatre.

TELEPHONE No. 70.

Joseph William Taylor

UTAH'S LEADING

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

Carry the Largest and Most Complete Stock of

COFFINS, CASKETS,

And Undertakers' Goods in Utah.

Wholesale and Retail ... Prices lower than ever offered in Utah.

LOTS AND GRAVES Furnished in any Cemetery in the city.

All orders filled Day or Night in the Shortest Possible Time.

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS NEVER CLOSED.

Nos. 21 and 23 WEST TEMPLE STREET.

P. O. Box 954. Telephone 351.

BEST OAK TANNED

Leather Belting.

A. O. COOK & SON,

415 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

AT Z. C. M. I.

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S

$10, $14 and $18 Suits,

FOR MEN AND YOUTHS. Write us at once and we will send you ... samples of goods, a self measurement blank and tape measure FREE. We warrant goods and guarantee workmanship and fit. Boys' Suits, $7, $10 and $11. Buying all goods strictly for cash and in larger quantities than any ... enables us to offer many cash bargains ... by any other house. All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all. ... if goods are not satisfactory. Address

ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.

341 and 343 Monroe Street, CHICAGO.

THE

Thomson & Taylor Spice Co.,

Importers and Manufacturers of the

FINEST SPICES

AND

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

KNOWN TO THE TRADE.

Proprietors of the Famous Brand of

RED CROSS LYE.

Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake,

CHICAGO.

Star Horse Nails,

Polished or Blued,

Have been sold by Z. C. M. I. for over 12 years. They are the BEST NAILS MADE, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a shoe longer than any other.

MADE BY THE

UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. and branch stores.

Very Little Money

Is as a rule of very little service. That is a rule that don't hold good with our midsummer CLOTHING. Little money will make you look well dressed and will make you feel comfortable these warm days.

You are positively guaranteed in our house the following facts: That you get the best goods, the best make, the best fit, and that we have but ONE PRICE, and that the VERY LOWEST.

J. P. GARDNER,

141 Main Street.

BANKS.

Deseret National Bank

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Paid-up Capital, - - $500,000.00
Surplus, - - $500,000.00

DIRECTORS:

L. S. Hills, President.
Moses Thatcher, Vice-President.
W. W. Riter,
J. R. Barnes,
J. T. Little,
J. C. Cutler,
James Sharp,
Henry Dinwoodey,
D. H. Perry,
F. W. Jennings,
George Romney,
J. R. Winder,
E. R. Eldredge.
H. S. Young, Cashier.

Receives Deposits Payable on Demand,

Buys and Sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, London and all the Principal Continental Cities.

Safe Deposit Vaults, absolutely burglar and fireproof. Boxes $5 to $30 per year.

Wilford Woodruff, President. Geo. M. Cannon, Cashier.

Cash Capital ... [illegible]
Cash Surplus ... [illegible]

ZION'S SAVINGS BANK

AND

TRUST COMPANY,

Nos. 1 and 3 East Temple Street.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Established 1873. Incorporated 1882.

DIRECTORS.

Wilford Woodruff, President.
George Q. Cannon, Vice President.
Joseph F. Smith, Lorenzo Snow,
Angus M. Cannon, Francis M. Lyman,
Heber J. Grant, Anthon H. Lund,
James Jack, Leonard G. Hardy,
George Reynolds, T. G. Webber,
H. B. Clawson.

Oldest Savings Bank in Utah, with deposits greater than all others combined.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.

Savings Deposits in any sum, from $1.00 up, received and interest allowed at 5 per cent. per annum, compounded four times a year. Correspondence solicited, and any ... carefully attended to.

UTAH COMMERCIAL

AND

Savings Bank,

SALT LAKE CITY.

Capital, - - $200,000
Surplus, - - $30,000

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Five Per Cent. Interest Paid on Savings Deposits, Compounded Four Times a Year.

NICKEL SAVING STAMPS FOR SALE

AT THE BANK OR ANY OF ITS AGENTS.

DIRECTORS.

Francis Armstrong, P. W. Madsen, [illegible], T. W. Ellerbeck, [illegible], Thos. W. Jennings, [illegible], Samuel McIntyre, [illegible]

B. H. SCHETTLER,

WHO DOES A

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

AT NO. 60 MAIN STREET,

Opposite Co-op., and

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

SAPONIFIER

[illegible] SAPONIFIER, and take no other. Penn'a Salt Manf'g Co., Philadelphia.

PLEASE REMEMBER!

That we still carry a Complete Line of

Disstons' Celebrated Saws,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Cross Cut, Drag, One Man Upright, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Tenon, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, etc., also

Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Tooth

And TRIUMPH,

For Felling Trees with, and are Selling at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Also a Full Stock of these Renowned RASPS and FILES always on hand.

Z. C. M. I.

FLOUR SACKS.

BURLAPS

OMAHA, NEB.

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH

Corner Main and South Temple Streets, Salt Lake City.

Capital, - $500,000. Surplus, - $40,000.

HEBER J. GRANT, President. WM. B. PRESTON, Vice-President.
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph F. Smith, Chas. S. Burton, Wm. B. Preston, Nephi W. Clayton, Abraham H. Cannon, Frank Y. Taylor, Spencer Clawson, Philo T. Farnsworth, Elias Morris, H. M. Wells, Henry A. Woolley.

Commercial Banking in all its Branches. Accounts Solicited Large and Small.

GRANITE IRONWARE.

IS LIGHT HANDSOME WHOLESOME DURABLE

Manufactured only by the

ST. LOUIS STAMPING CO.

ST. LOUIS.

For Sale by all Stove, Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers.

FOR BROILING BAKING BOILING PRESERVING

The BEST Ware

MADE FOR THE KITCHEN.

Cook Book and Price List FREE on application.

JAY C. WEMPLE COMP'Y

BROADWAY, NEW YORK. | WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

EMPIRE

WINDOW SHADES AND SPRING ROLLERS

ARE THE BEST MADE.

Sold by all Dealers. These Goods are all Hand Made.

BICYCLE HEADQUARTERS.

BROWNING BROS

Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, Washington Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Bicycles, Tricycles and Velocipedes, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Lawn Tennis Goods, Tents, Hammocks and Sporting Goods of every description.

All Kinds of Sporting and Blasting Powder, Caps, Fuse, etc., etc. Drop in and see the National Typewriter, cheapest and best. Send for our New Catalogue, free to all.

JAMES-SPENCER-BATEMAN CO.

TINNERS

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

DEALERS IN

Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.

GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS

No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.

BEING IN A POSITION

To supply the wants of every gardener, or any one who may be engaged in gardening just now, and nearly everybody is—attention is called to our stock of

GARDEN TOOLS, GARDEN AND LAWN HOSE, LAWN MOWERS AND LAWN SPRINKLERS,

All of the Most Improved Make and Standard Grades. We are prepared to offer a small line of

Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Gasoline Stoves

And Stock of CUTLERY at Prices much under the market.

BIG INDUCEMENTS TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE COMPANY,

PROGRESS BUILDING.

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I., - - Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.