early days. He occupied the home on the estate at Silver Heights owned by the governor of the Hudson Bay Company, who is now known as Lord Stratcona, Canadian Commissioner in London. Lord Gordon Gordon's hospitality was a byword from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Silver Heights was the center of the social life of the little settlement on the banks of the Red river. What if there was a cloud over the past of a gentle mannered host with fascinating gifts and of lavish generosity? The Northwest Settlement, the new-born province of Canada, took him, as was the way of the frontier, for what he appeared to be. The intimate friend of the provincial ministers of the crown, of the judiciary, of the officers of the military and of the better class of professional men, he was also the comrade of the half-breeds and Indians on many a buffalo hunt or canoe trip into the untraveled north.

Copies of Debret and Burke, the chroniclers of the British peerage, were not on the book shelves of the then isolated settlement, and it was easy to convince the recipients of the generous hospitality of an aristocratic looking young man of refined and scholarly tastes that he was a Scottish lord who had escaped from the meshes of a net set by an unscrupulous Wall Street operator.

While Gordon was the guest of gubernatorial dinners and the host of great hunting parties, Jay Gould had not been idle. Several attempts had been made on hunting trips to inveigle the youth across the border to a spot where he could be arrested on a criminal charge. The crime of obtaining money under false pretences was not extraditable under the Ashburton treaty, and various were the schemes which Gould tirelessly set in motion to bring Gordon within the clutches of United States law.

Kidnapping was attempted twice, and once was almost successful. In the dead of night the Chief of Police of St. Paul, with two United States constables, handcuffed Gordon in his bed at Silver Heights, and on swift horses bore him toward the United States border. The body servant of Gordon, his foster brother, it was said, a young Highlander who was believed to be the sole repository of the secret of his mysterious life, aroused the town of Winnipeg, a few miles away. An armed rescue party was at once dispatched in pursuit. The attorney general wired Pembina, the border town toward which the kidnappers had ridden, and great was the jubilation along the Red river when the news came that the men of Pembina had forced the release of Gordon from the quasi-official kidnappers at the point of the revolver.

The breakers of international law were taken prisoners and prosecuted by Atty.-Gen. Clark, and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Representations were submitted to the British government, and a long and serious correspondence took place between London and Washington regarding the matter.

Foiled in his attempt, detectives were sent to Great Britain by Gould to ferret out the career of Gordon in Scotland. That career, so far as they could learn, began in the Princes street jewelry shop of Mr. Marshall in Edinburgh. Beyond that nothing could be discovered. But pertinacity, time and money do much, and the agents persuaded Mr. Marshall to take a trip to Toronto, and there on Canadian soil lay an information against one styling himself Lord Gordon Gordon, charging him with obtaining jewelry under false pretenses, specifically mentioning a Venetian casket of antique workmanship.

In the depths of winter the journey of the Canadian police officers was made, and the arrest consummated one night when a northern blizzard made the trail between Silver Heights and Winnipeg almost impassable. Gordon took his arrest with the cool insouciance that was his distinguishing characteristic. He sent for his solicitor, John F. Bain, principal lawyer of the province, who had been his personal friend and professional adviser throughout the many complications of his short life in the Canadian west.

"This is an action on the part of the crown and on the part of the Canadian government, and I have to inform you," said Mr. Bain reluctantly, "that it will be impossible for me to act for you. I have been the adviser of the crown for several years in Winnipeg, and have been specially instructed in this case on its behalf."

Gordon looked thoughtful for a minute, and the silence in the little house grew oppressive.

"You can go thus far and retain your standard of professional honor, Bain," said Gordon quietly. "You can tell me if those legal papers carried by these men are any good and if they are sufficient to compel me to appear in a Toronto court."

"They are," answered the lawyer. "Do you notice that they specifically describe that Venetian casket in which is the love letter of Mary Queen of Scots to Adam Gordon? You know several people have seen it. That will be sufficient to compel you to appear for trial."

"Strange fatality," said Gordon almost dreamily as he exchanged a look with his servant, who stood in the doorway of his adjoining bedroom. "From Adam Gordon, the page of Mary's court in Holyrod, 300 years ago, who died for his devotion to one who lives to win men's hearts, that letter has brought nothing but ruin to his race. But, heigho! that's an old, old story. And this means a journey to Toronto. We go by the Dawson route through Canadian territory. I suppose?"

There was some hesitation in the police officer's face, when Gordon put the question to him.

"We shall try, and may get through that way. It has been a bad winter. It would be easier to go down through the States."

Gordon looked earnestly at the unsteady eyes of the police officer for a minute, and said quietly: "I see it all. Jay Gould has won. Away from Winnipeg, we shall be in St. Paul in a week and with his money and influence at work it means conviction. I see what it all means, but needs must when the devil drives," said he lightly. "A cold night, isn't it? I must wrap up."

He retired to the bedroom, a few steps away from which the police were aware that there was no other outlet than the door, and he and his servant busied themselves apparently with the question of the clothing requisite for the journey.

"We shall have to make a search of the premises, sir," said the policeman.

"In a minute, officer," said the soft, indifferent voice from the inner room. "Grant, help me with these shoes. Thank you, and now good and faithful old friend and brother—goodby." And it must have been then, in the clasp of hands in the semi-darkness, that the baleful casket with its historic contents were passed, for the police officers never found it, and Grant disappeared from the Red River Settlement that night.

"You had better hurry a little, sir," said the policeman. "You have many friends in these parts, and I want to get on the road before daylight."

"To St. Paul," said Gordon, appearing at the doorway. "I shall take a shorter road. Goodby, Bain."

There was a curious smile on his boyish lips and a defiant upraising of his head that recalled the gallant bearing of the gay Gordons of old in senate or on battlefield, and then—the flash and crash of a revolver shot and Lord Gordon fell dead in the center of the room, carrying the mystery of his life with him.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

A Cold Settled in His Kidneys.

A. J. Jennessee, 920 Butler St., Chicago, writes: "I am a switchman and am out in all kinds of weather. I took a cold which settled in my kidneys and I was in bad shape. I tried several advertised remedies with no benefit, until I was recommended to try Foley's Kidney Cure. Two-thirds of a bottle cured me. Sold by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

TREATED HERSELF LIKE AN OSTRICH.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—At the Salop infirmary a woman succumbed to an operation, the other day, which brought to light one of the strangest collections of miscellaneous objects that ever found lodgment in a human stomach. This is the list of them as catalogued by the surgeon who performed the operation:

32 hairpins.
19 nails.
17 fragments of glass.
14 needles (darning and otherwise.)
5 safety pins.
4 horseshoe nails.
4 screws.
2 coins.
2 pieces of chalk.
1 hook.

The woman, the wife of a poor man, was first admitted to the infirmary suffering from an injury to her thumb, which necessitated its amputation. She returned to her home much depressed in spirits, and there her condition grew steadily worse. At last she acknowledged to her husband that some three weeks before she had begun swallowing various articles with the intention of putting an end to her existence. He had been such a good husband to her, she said, that she felt the least she could do for him was to relieve him of the burden of her support. Every time she swallowed one of the queer things, she said, she had hoped that death would speedily ensue, but after the hook failed to kill her she had been forced to the conclusion that she could not rid herself of life by such means. When she was again admitted to the infirmary it was found that in addition to the strange diet she had adopted she was suffering from an internal tumor. She died within a few hours after the operation had been performed.

DON'T USE POOR OIL

For use on sewing machines, bicycles and all purposes requiring a fine lubricant the best is cheapest in the end. Genuine Singer oil can only be obtained at Singer stores. Look for the red S. 43 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

IN HUMOR'S SPHERE

Kwoter—You know they say "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Grumbell—Yes, but most of us continue to be poor relations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hyker—I hear you have left the bank in which you were formerly employed.

Pyker—Yes, three weeks ago. I'm in business for myself now.

Hyker—So? What are you doing?

Pyker—Looking for another job.—Chicago News.

"What's the matter?" asked the optimist: "I thought your uncle had left you $100,000?"

"He did," replied the pessimist, "but confound it, he provides in his will that I've got to use $150 of it to buy him a tombstone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Patient—Great Scott! Doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment!

Physician—My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.—Chicago Tribune.

"What did you think of that cigar I gave you? It was an Admiral, you know."

"Well, well, how appropriate! There's something about that cigar that's suggestive of an admiral."

"What's that?"

"It's rank," and he might have added that it made him seasick.—New Yorker.

The Employer—Look here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only engaged you yesterday; and I believe you've been asleep ever since!

The Employed—That's what I thought you wanted, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted—An office boy, not over sixteen; must sleep on the premises."—Judge.

Ex-Senator "Billy" Mason of Illinois went into a furnishing goods store a day or two ago and asked to see some neckties.

"Here are some fine ones," said the clerk, "for 25 cents apiece."

"Do I look like a man who would wear a 25-cent necktie?" demanded the senator.

"I beg your pardon," the clerk replied. "The 15-cent ones are on the other counter."—New York World.

THE APPLE DEALER.

State Geologist Kummel, of New Jersey, was talking about forestry, which can, he claims, be made very profitable in the little state of white sand and scrub.

"What is needed," he said, "is intelligence, a business head, the same sort of ability which, though often misapplied, still makes John Maldment's store the most popular and successful one in a 50-mile radius.

"John Maldment sells everything. Let me give you an example of his talent.

"A woman, warm and furious, got out of a dearborn wagon the other day, and entered Maldment's big, cool, store.

"'Look here,' she said, 'that rocking chair you sold me yesterday was no good.'

"'Why so, madame?' Maldment asked.

"'Why,' said the woman, 'the rockers are not even. As you rock, the good-for-nothing chair keeps sliding sideways all over the room.'

"Maldment threw up his hands.

"'By jingo,' he said, 'I made a mistake and sent you one of our new patent rockers, warranted not to wear out the carpet all in one place. That style costs $2 more than—'

"But the woman had turned, and was already nearly out of the store.

"'Mistake or no mistake,' she said, 'I won't pay the extra $2, and I won't return the chair—so there.'"

1780 The Leader for 125 Years 1905

Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa

Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780, DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards in Europe and America

MAYOR JOHNSON CALLS ON ROCKEFELLER.

Some great excitement has been caused from the fact that Mayor Tom L. Johnson with 50 members of the American Press Humorists' association made a call on John D. Rockefeller recently. They were received by Mr. Rockefeller in a very genial manner, and shown all over his Cleveland estate by him. He invited the visitors to cut all hte flowers they wanted, and seemed pleased that he had the opportunity to entertain them. After his guests had spent about two hours in his company, Mr. Rockefeller said: "I have been delightfully entertained, and I want you to come again some time."

OLD MEXICO VS MODERN MEXICO.

THE past, and with many the present, idea, of Old Mexico is, that it is a hot, sultry, unhealthy country, infested with insects, reptiles and treacherous Indians, without a safe government.

But the facts are (which will not be disputed by the better informed) that modern Mexico, in its central parts, has a most delightful climate, the temperature ranging from 60 to 85 degrees Farenheit, with ample rain fall for producing corn, cereals, fruits and pasture, and an abundance of water for the irrigation of sugar cane and other crops, during the dry season, and for producing power and transportation.

In central Mexico the heat is never equal to that of the heated term of the United States; the climate is tropical, or semi-tropical, not on account of the heat, but because it is never cold; in winter mild and pleasant, cool and invigorating in summer; afternoon and evening showers are followed by dry days of sunshine.

Very few people have any idea of the beautiful climate of central Mexico, and that it is even more attractive in summer than at any other season. The wind never blows and still the air is constantly moved by a gentle zephyr, keeping the large banana leaves in constant motion.

This is a land of perpetual summer, or rather spring, of ever-blooming flowers and trailing vines, where the grass is always green and sparkles with heavy dew every morning. Where the cattle and horses can roam in their pastures of paradise, watered by the giggling springs, and shaded by the century oak, with never a mosquito or horsefly to annoy or disturb their tranquility.

There are vast areas of virgin soil, and much that has only been cultivated to a depth of from three to five inches. The latter when cultivated by modern American agricultural implements to a depth of eight to ten inches is instantly changed into the most productive spots on earth.

There is plenty of good common labor (Peon) at from 15 to 25 cents gold, per day, not subject to strikes, and always on hand. The Peon prefers to live and labor upon the Hacienda where he was born and near the graves of his ancestors.

Prices of agricultural products range higher here than in the United States and the variety is much greater.

Forests of pine and oak, equal to any in the world, abound, easy of access and transportation.

Scores of Railroads are pushing their surveys and construction in every direction, and several trunk lines are completed extending lengthwise and crosswise of the country. There are several navigable rivers, connecting the interior with the harbors on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the importance of which will greatly increase with the progress and completion of the Panama canal.

The roving bands of outlaws and plunderers that formerly roamed the country and terrorized its inhabitants, by a fine stroke of diplomacy by President Diaz, became the protection and security of the whole country and its inhabitants. It was done in this wise. The president called in the chiefs and leaders of these bandits from the entire Republic and with them, held a conference and made them this proposition. If you will surrender and lay down your arms, and become the soldiers and servants of the republic, it will pay you $1.00 per day, supply each one of you with a fine horse, saddle, etc., and three suits of clothes each year. The proposition was accepted, an army of 8,000 cavalry enlisted.—the flower of the republic, and now, whenever a man, or party of men, want to prospect or exploit the country, he can be furnished with two or more of these soldiers to accompany and remain with him as long as he thinks there is any danger or necessity for it, free gratis; the same is true, and can be done with reference to a Hacienda, if any disturbance arises.

Modern Mexico, with President Diaz at its head, has one of the most stable and best policed governments on earth.

The precious metals and useful minerals, both anciently and recently discovered, and undiscovered, exceed that of any other locality. Miners from all parts of the world are pouring into Mexico and mines are being opened everywhere. The old mines, abandoned, ages ago, at first sight of water, are now pumped out and made pay good profits.

Also agriculturists, manufacturers, and promoters of various industries, backed by American and European capital are now scouring the republic in search of the best propositions, and are rapidly securing them.

Under these conditions old Mexico will not only become modern Mexico, but will in the every near future become the choicest and most prosperous nation on the western continent. Its present government, from President Diaz down, extends a most cordial welcome to citizens of the United States to come and share in the profitable development of the country and aid in the education and upilting of its people. Concessions and favors are granted without stint.

At the rate of this influx of American men and money, in a few years Mexican interests will be so closely identified with ours that by mutual consent and the wishes of both nations the barriers between the two countries will be entirely removed.

Extract from Speech of American Minister—"Gen. Powell Clayton, at a farewell banquet offered him by the American club, in the City of Mexico, on May 21, 1905, said:

"I wish to speak briefly concerning the character and growth of the business of the American mission at this capital which was established May 6, 1825, eighty years ago. I find by reference to its archives that the volume of business during the past eight years amounts to one-fourth of the entire business of the 72 preceding years.

"I want to congratulate you, my friends, who have invested your money, your labor, and your energies in Mexico, upon the peaceful and prosperous conditions that exist here, and upon the security that the government so wisely administered by President Diaz, gives to persons and property."

PRICES OF PRODUCTS.

Holstein and other improved breeds of cattle are now being imported into the republic from the United States at a good profit.

These cows bring, in and about the larger cities, from $250 to $300 Mexican, and bulls, fabulous prices.

Coach horses from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds are in great demand at from $1,500 to $2,000 a span.

Mutton from $6 to $12 Mexican per head.

Good beef, lamb, veal, etc., bring better prices in Mexican cities than in the United States.

Good range the year round, and good herders at $10 per month must produce good profits on livestock at above prices or even less.

Rough lumber, $75 per thousand.

Railroad ties, $1.

The net returns per acre of sugar from 10 Haciendas in 1904-5, was from $160 to $260 gold. The average yield was 45 tons of cane per acre with from 8 per cent to 13 per cent sugar, averaging nearly five tons, or 10,000 pounds per acre. Retail price, 10c per pound, whole sale, 8½ cents pound, for the white granulated, and about one-half that price for the brown. From 60c to $1.25 per gallon for "aguaridente."

Corn brings $1.50 to $2 Mexican per bushel, and yields without irrigation from 80 to 100 fold, one crop. The usual rental paid the owner for use of corn land is one-third, net, or one-half when seed and oxen are furnished.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

(Eugene Field.)

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home!
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

GODBE PITTS,
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS,
101 MAIN ST.

"DRUNKENNESS"
Cigarette and Tobacco Habits Cured by
TRIB

Each package contains a full four weeks' treatment and a guaranteed cure. Read what other people say of "TRIB:"

Mrs. J. S. Watson, La Grande, Ore., writes:

"Your request for a reference about "TRIB" received and will give you the words of praise only that your treatment deserves, and that is much.

"My son was a hard drinker and tobacco user for twenty years and has taken many advertised cures for both liquor and tobacco, but never stayed with it longer than one month at any time until I got "TRIB" for him. He took "TRIB" about ten months ago and has not used either liquor or tobacco since the fourth day he commenced to take your treatment. He has gained 20 pounds and is home with me every night he is in town. You may use my name to tell people "TRIB" is all you claim for it."

Each treatment is GUARANTEED by us; it is our way of doing business with you. Price, $12.50.

F. C. Schramm, Cor. 1st So. and Main Sts., "where the cars stop."

Doull Drug Co. Owl corner, next door to new Postoffice.

Sole Agents.

HOFFMAN'S HAIR TONIC

Grows hair—makes weak thin hair strong and vigorous. Keeps the hair free from dandruff, and is only

$1.00 A BOTTLE—Money Back if It Fails.

$100 REWARD for any case of dandruff or falling hair that it fails to cure effectively and permanently.

767 So. 11th St., Denver, Colo.

Hoffman Remedy Co.

Dear Sirs: Having recovered from erysipelas, I found that my hair was falling out very fast. One bottle of Hoffman's Hair Tonic not only stopped my hair from falling, but started a new growth of hair. Thanks to your remedy. Very truly yours,

J. M. QUIRK.

FOR SALE BY

ANSTEE BRICE DRUG CO., 44 Main St.
GODBE-PITTS DRUG CO., 101 Main St.
W. H. DAYTON DRUG CO., 80 East 2nd South.
VAN DYKE DRUG CO., 280 South Main.
F. C. SCHRAMM, 1st So. and Main, "Where the cars stop."
Z. C. M. I., 112 So. Main.

Auction Sale

Of Unclaimed Express Goods, Packages, Trunks, Boxes, Bundles, Valises, Etc., Etc., at Salt Lake City, Utah, October 6th, 1905.

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Rocky Mountain Division,
Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 1, 1905.

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that property addressed as per list below, remaining on hand unclaimed or otherwise in the office of The Pacific Express Co. at various points in the states of Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming and Washington, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at the office of the company in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Friday, Oct. 6, 1905, unless same is called for and charges and costs paid before said date. Sale to begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue from day to day till sold.

J. W. ROGERS, Superintendent.

J. A. SANBORN, Agt., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Name of Consignee.	Description of Article.	Ch'ges	Name and Address of Consignor if Known.
Coalville, Utah—			
E. Barrman,	1 Pkg.	$ .60	
Echo, Utah—			
J. Snyder,	2 Pkg.	Paid	Arbuckle Bros., New York.
Lund, Utah—			
A. Hartman,	1 Sack	.90	
Logan, Utah—			
Udell & Co.,	1 Box	Paid	Novelty Works, Baltimore, Md.
Milford, Utah—			
E. Wadley,	1 Box	.60	
Ogden, Utah—			
J. J. Jackson,	1 Grip	Paid	
W. P. Long,	1 Box	2.75	Globe Co., Portland, Ore.
J. B. Iman,	1 Trunk	Paid	
Oasis, Utah—			
V. Larson,	1 Bike	Paid	
Stockton—		Paid	T. M. Roberts, Minneapolis, Min.
O. Wahlburg,	1 Pa.		
Salt Lake City, Utah—		4.00	L. Murphy, Dillon, Mont.
M. Gonazles,	1 Box	3.25	Cent. Elect. Co., Chicago, Ill.
J. G. Micgley,	1 Box	6.05	
W. Rampton,	1 Box	67.20	Owner, New York.
Henry Miller,	1 Crate, 2 Boxes	3.75	
S. W. C.,	1 Box	3.59	Diamond P. C., Philadelphia.
E. Thomas,	1 Box	7.88	Domestic Garbage Co., Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Western Supply Co.,	3 Crates	11.00	
H. Yarrow,	1 Trunk	15.40	
Ida Walker,	1 Trunk		
Wood's Cross—			
C. R. Jepperson,	1 Box	.80	

ARLINGTON, ORE.—
G. B. Cullen, 1 Trunk; R. J. Palmer, 1 Trunk.

BAKER CITY, ORE.—
A. Taylor, 1 Box; G. Wright, 1 Pkg.

BOISE, IDA.—
H. Bacon, 1 S Case; M. Clark, 1 Box; First National Banks, 1 Box; G. D. Propper, 1 Can; E. Wilson, 1 Pa.; H. T. West, 1 Bdl.

BUTTE, MONT.—
Lambs Sisters, 1 Pkg.; J. Ray, 1 Tel.; A. Roper, 1 Pkg.

BLACKFOOT, IDA.—
S. Deusky, 1 Bundle; E. Stormer, 1 Bike.

COLFAX, WASH.—
E. A. Brown, 1 Box; A. Kemmensky, 1 Box; M. McDonald, 1 Pkg.

CALIENTE, NEV.—
J. Dalo, 1 Box.

DILLON, MONT.—
H. J. Miner, 1 Pkg.

ELGIN, ORE.—
Achurch & H., 1 Box; C. Brown, 1 Pkg.; J. Martin, 1 Pkg.; H. B. Royce, 1 Box.

EMMETT, IDA.—
O. Ellis, 1 Pkg.; W. Little, 1 Pkg.

GOLDENDALE, WASH.—
M. Chappelle, 1 Box.

GLENN'S FERRY, IDA.—
P. Roche, 1 Box.

HOOD RIVER, ORE.—
Geo. Barrett, 1 Tel.; A. Smith, 1 Box; W. C. Sanders, 1 Pa.

HUNTINGTON, ORE.—
J. Gibbs, 1 Trunk.

HEPPNER, ORE.—
J. Beaver, 1 Bal.

KETCHUM, IDA.—
J. B. Hastings, 1 Pkg.

LEWISTON, IDA.—
Gedden & Co., 1 Box; T. Barrish, 1 Pkg.

MONTPELIER, IDA.—
H. B. Whitman, 1 Pkg.; J. Sanderson, 1 Box.

MACKAY, IDA.—
R. A. Squires, 1 Gun.

MERIDIAN, IDA.—
L. Briggs, 1 Grip.

MT. HOME, IDA.—
W. S. Babcock, 1 Box.

MILTON, ORE.—
S. Finley, 1 Pkg.

ONTARIO, ORE.—
F. M. Gibler, 1 Box.

PENDLETON, ORE.—
J. T. Ray, 1 Tel.; L. Dorman, 1 Table; R. Strarr, 1 Pkg.

PORTLAND, ORE.—
J. Thorsen, 1 Pkg.; Capron S. F. Co., 1 Crate; Coast Agency Co., 1 Box; G. W. Craighead, 1 Box; P. Conville, 1 Box; Frye Grocery Co., 1 Pkg.; J. A. Higgins, 1 Box; A. T. Jack, 1 Pkg.; Lowengart & Co., 1 Pkg.; W. Quigley, 1 Pkg.; H. Wicks, 2 Pkg.; C. E. Rogers, 1 Pkg.

PRESTON, IDA.—
J. Daily, 1 Box.

POCATELLO, IDA.—
A. Lindstrom, 1 Grip; W. H. Maxwell, 1 Trunk; J. Miller, 1 Pkg.

PAYETTE, IDA.—
E. Zimmerman, 1 Box.

SPOKANE, WASH.—
Lockwood & R., 1 Box; K. Yaman, 1 Basket.

SHOSHONE, IDA.—
C. A. McPhee, 1 Tel.

ST. ANTHONY, IDA.—
A. McCune, 1 Bundle.

THE DALLES, ORE.—
Thos. Jackson, 1 Bundle.

THORNTON, WASH.—
S. Parker, 1 Box.

WEISER, IDA.—
N. Powers 1 Trunk.

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—
W. Cowles, 1 Box; D. Brown, 1 Box.

LA CROSSE, WASH.—
W. W. Balentyne, 1 Box; F. Ellis 1 Box.

GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Highest prices paid for raw furs, and live wild animals. R. Stenzel Fur Co., The only practical Furrier in Utah. Makes all kinds of Furs to order, repair, clean and re-dying. Now is the time to place your orders with us.

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267-269-271 South Main St.,
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WHOLESALE TRADE ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

If You Should Find $47.95

And charge it up to the profit side of the ledger, wouldn't it please you?

A man owed the Halliday Mercantile Co. $47.95, and said he would not pay it. He left for Idaho. We made him pay last week. Turn in your old bills and let us find some money for you.

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