

Miss Francis Eddy of Ogden and Mrs. Miss Eddy of Phillipsburg, Kas. Miss Eddy is a teacher at the local and blind school and Mrs. Eddy is looking for a location for his family.

Miss Bessie Peck, one of the former teachers of the Proctor academy, and later of Gordon academy of Salt Lake City, has sailed for Germany, where she will study for two years.

Miss Lottie Jackson is now at Pratt Institute to spend two years, in which time she expects to complete her course in art.

CLUB CHAT

The Ladies' Literary Club reopened its work this week and yesterday held its first general session. The program consisted of the inaugural address by Miss Mary E. Hance, followed by a vocal and instrumental music and a social hour which was enjoyed by a number besides the members.

The German section meets next Thursday at 10 a. m. The members have been fortunate enough to secure Rev. Mr. Graebner for instruction and are anticipating an interesting year.

The Chofan will begin its work next week.

ART INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

The Utah Art Institute will give its fourth annual exhibition at Provo, opening on Monday, at the B. Y. academy, on Sept. 15, and continuing one week.

A large number of pictures have been sent down by local artists and a fine display is promised. The president of the institute, with Mrs. Alice M. Hance, and Messrs. Taggart, Hafen and Evans will be present during the week to attend to the details of the exhibition. The award of prizes will take place on Tuesday. It is expected that the event will be a very successful one as many people from outside places besides the local residents will attend. The art institute exhibitions mean much for the art education and culture of the state, and the efforts of the institute to place these at the benefit of the people should be largely encouraged, especially as no price is charged for admission.

BEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

A new Shaw anecdote has made its appearance. It is published in this week's issue of the Saturday Evening Post, and reads as follows:

"Secly, Leslie M. Shaw, the new head of the treasury department, is intensely devoted to his wife and family. In all his public life this fact has been noted by those who have had an opportunity to observe closely his relations of a more personal nature. The spirit of companionship between the secretary and Mrs. Shaw is quite delightful, and it is safe to say that the following story cannot be duplicated in public life in Washington:

Shortly after his election as governor of Iowa, and while Mrs. Shaw was still at the family home in Denison, the governor one day scribbled this address on an envelope containing a long letter which he had just written to his wife:

"To the Best Woman in the World, Denison, Iowa."

"All there was to indicate the origin of the communication were the words, 'Executive Office, State of Iowa,' up in

one corner of the envelope, but Mrs. Shaw got that letter on time, and the postmaster at Denison smiled as he tossed the bulky package into the Shaw box. He did not hesitate for a minute for Mrs. Shaw had lived in the town for a score of years and had never made an enemy. The postmaster knew her consideration for other people's feelings, her kindness of heart and consistent wish to do good to those about her.

"Thereafter many a similarly incensed missive caused a smile to light the faces of the railway mail clerks and the postmaster, but the letters never halted for a second when started to their destination. Letters, papers, books and almost everything mailable in various styles and manners of chirography, without a single thing to indicate the origin of the package or the identity of the sender.

"Gov. Shaw frequently offered to answer with his friends that any of them could address any mailable package as he had done and it would be delivered without delay and without any preliminary investigation. His answer was never accepted, for his friends knew that no letter ever delivered in Iowa more promptly reached its destination than the ones sent to 'The Best Woman in the World, Denison, Iowa.'"

WHAT HOME MEANS.

Recently the "Brown Book" of Boston offered prizes for the best definition of home. The prize winner and some of the other definitions follow:

Prize winner: "Where each lives for the other, and all for God."

Honorable mention:

Wife, child, single nook, Dog, pipe, fiddle, book; That's home!

An inn, where love is landlord and contentment chief guest; The place where one is treated best and grumbles most.

Home is a corporation whose preferred stock is contented children.

That place where the heart is and the soul is sent.

Home is the sculptor's workroom to shape man's destiny.

Home, happiness, wealth, harmony, heart-ease, holiness, heritage, heaven, hope.

Home is where we express our worst and best selves.

Where we keep everything but our temper, criticisms and advice.

To some a place to eat, sleep and wash.

God's kindergarten, where souls are trained for humanity and heaven.

Simply two words, namely, love and mother.

A loving wife, a good table and a clean bed.

A man's rest—a woman's joy—a child's paradise.

Neat wife. Sober, industrious husband. Respectful children. Out of hand.

Home is love's bank, and our account is never overdrawn.

God's thought. Childhood's refuge. Maidenhood's dream. Woman's heaven. Man's inspiration.

Home is God, father, mother, babies, love, education and eatables.

Maid sublime, meals on time.

None scrappy—all happy.

Home is where love rules—unselfishness, tact and harmony exist.

Home—"The center of gravity in the sphere of life."

Home is the result of learning to bear and forbear.

Bright and cheerful place, pleasant wife, kiss at the door.

Home is where mother is, be it humble or great.

Home is what we make it, either heaven or hell.

Father, mother, brothers, sisters, plenty to eat, wear and share.

Home to mankind is as the hub to the wheel.

My happy little wife, Blue-eyed baby, And God, always.

Home is where the heart finds its greatest content.

Where loved ones "bunk" together.

The best school for making true men and women.

Where love reigns supreme.

And filthy dirt is never seen.

Home is an abode of love, where life's struggles are sweetened.

The dearest early shelter from the cradle to the grave.

A fortress of love, guarded by purity and unceasing industry.

God's blessing to mankind; the safeguard of the world.

THE NEW OLISHA WAIST.



This pretty waist is of white organza tucked all over, with a wide band of handsome embroidery down the front, and narrow bands of close muslin embroidery on each side. The tucked elbow sleeves are finished with tucked ruffles edged with embroidery. The collar is tucked two ways and finished with an embroidered tucker. It buttons at the back.

SARCASM TAUGHT LESSON.

How Two Young Men Were Put on the Right Track—Found Theory and Actual Practice Quite Different.

The young man who is just beginning his business or professional life is likely to get some pretty hard knocks before he fully adjusts himself to his occupation, and a sensitive youth may become somewhat discouraged. It is a rough world that is encountered, and the men in it are accustomed to enforce lessons in the manner that is likely to have the most lasting effect. It may be harsh criticism; it may be sarcasm, but it is pretty sure to be forceful.

For the benefit of youths who enter upon their duties with the usual enthusiasm, self-confidence and optimism, expecting to climb the ladder of success two rungs at a time, and then are unexpectedly shocked by a cold shower, two amusing and instructive incidents may be given. As both relate to men who have since achieved success in their chosen field—literature—their stories may serve to encourage others who make mistakes and are reminded of them in a way that shocks their sensibilities. The tales are worth telling in any event.

Both of the young men worked temporarily on a newspaper and received their lessons from that master teacher, the city editor. Neither was an entire novice at writing, and each thought that he could tell a story as well as the next man. They were ambitious and enthusiastic, anxious to do the best work possible, and possessing more than the requisite amount of self-confidence. That is what made the blow hurt in each case. One was assigned to do an inquest, and as the case was a sensational one he undertook to make the most of his opportunities. He gave a graphic description of the scene, told all about the witnesses, made the most of the various dramatic incidents—in brief, he prepared a word picture of which he was proud. When he handed it to the city editor he waited for the word of praise that is so dear to every conscientious worker, and so seldom given. The editor's face was impassive as he went over the story before handing it to a copy reader; there was absolutely nothing in his expression to indicate either approval or disapproval until he had finished the last page.

"This is a good bit of descriptive writing," he said at last in a very quiet, matter-of-fact way, "but the kind of kind was quite the regular thing."

"I'm glad you think so," returned the writer, pleased to receive even this commonplace commendation.

"Very dramatic and intense," went on the city editor, in his cold, expressionless way. "It would please the readers of the Hearsthouse Gazette immensely, but for newspaper publication, don't you think it would be just as well to make incidental mention of the verdict?"

Everyone within hearing laughed and the crestfallen youth retired; but it is safe to say that he never "forgot the verdict" in anything that he afterward did. He had learned something, and perhaps the lesson was the more effective because it hurt.

The other young man was equally enthusiastic and equally self-confident. He knew how things ought to be done and he was fairly aching for a chance to make a reputation for himself. He would be original; he would show the old-timers a thing or two that would open their eyes. When the opportunity presented itself he wrote a masterful story, congratulating himself that he had abandoned the beaten path and had proved that he was progressive and capable of independent thought. Now, of course, originality is an excellent thing, but it is always well to thoroughly master a business or a subject before attempting to introduce innovations.

"As a story," said the city editor, "this is fairly good, but the news—the real news—is not given until the last paragraph is reached."

"Of course," answered the young writer confidently; "that is art."

"Oh!" said the city editor, as if he had just stumbled upon a great but hidden truth. "That is art, is it?"

"Why, yes," replied the writer. "So many stories are artificially ruined by treatment, you know. I wrote this with great care and worked gradually up to the climax."

"Ah!" said the city editor. "But in the newspaper business we run the climax first."

The writer was a decided shock. He had been so satisfied with his effort that, as he had expressed it, he "felt as if some one had turned the hose on him." But he very meekly offered to rewrite the story.

"Oh, never mind," returned the city editor; "I'll shuffle the pages."

Both of these men are now quite well known in the literary world, but they have become more methodical and painstaking than they once were, and they have lost the self-assertiveness of inexperience.—Detroit Free Press.

HIS VACATION.

Dimpleton—Had your vacation this year?

Van Blumer—Yes; don't I look it?

"By Jove, so you do. Never saw you looking better. That isn't the way a vacation always affects a man."

"No, but this was an exceptionally good place. You probably won't believe it, but it was the most extraordinary place I ever spent a vacation in, and I'm going there next year, as there is nothing like it."

"Good table?"

"Best in the world. Wasn't a thing I wanted I didn't have."

"Pleasant people?"

"Delightful. And the best of it was it was so informal. We could do just as we pleased."

"Restful?"

"I should say so. Never was in a place where I could rest better."

"Beds good?"

"Great! Private bath, too."

"It'll be expensive."

"On the contrary, it was the cheapest place I ever spent a vacation in."

"Good heavens, man! Tell me where it is."

"Home."—From Life.

IOWA'S "OLD TOPER" CURE.

Iowa has a law which provides for the confining of habitual drunkards in insane asylums. It is popularly known as "the old toper law," and its enforcement is reported to be having a wonderful effect. Many men who for years clung to the habit of getting drunk regularly have reformed and become more or less useful as citizens.

If such a law has the desired effect in Iowa it might well be tried in other states. The insane asylum is the proper place anyway for people who are habitual drunkards. Surely no sane man ever is an habitual drunkard, though drunkards, like all other insane people, always get very indignant when they are accused of being mentally unbalanced.

If a sojourn of a few months in an insane asylum will cure a drunkard it will be well to enlarge the asylums at once and have "old toper" laws adopted everywhere.

GOVERNMENT STATISTICS.

The following excerpts from the reports for the week ending Sept. 7, of the treasury bureau of statistics at Washington will be of interest in Utah.

Of interior trade movements the report states that for seven months ending with July, 1902, the receipts of live-stock at the five markets of Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and St. Joseph reached a total of 24,222,084 head, in contrast with 35,223,972 head for the corresponding period of 1901. There is a difference of 1,101,878 head to be supplied before the receipts of the current year shall equal those of last year.

Analysis of stocks of cut meats at the five markets of Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, and Milwaukee, show that on July 31 of the current year there were on hand 209,004,087 pounds. On the corresponding date of 1901 the combined stock consisted of 279,801,345 pounds.

During the half-year to the end of June, 1901, there arrived at San Francisco 13,315,222 bushels of wheat. For the half-year to the end of June, 1902, the total receipts were 17,125,743 bushels, being a gain of 38.6 per cent over the receipts of the preceding year.

The report of the Pacific coast salmon pack for a series of years gives the total for 1901 as 5,050,793 cases, including Columbia, river, Sacramento river, Puget sound, and outside rivers, British Columbia, and Alaska. The largest output for any preceding year was that of 1898, amounting to 3,133,640 cases of four dozen one-pound cans each.

Happy Time in Old Town.

"We felt very happy," writes R. N. Beville, Old Town, Va., "when Buckle's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head."

It delights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Boils, Ulcers, Eruptions. Infallible for Piles. Only 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug department.

Tired Mothers.

It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides.

It makes a shop of the home—a shop, too, where sixteen hours make a day and yet there is much working over-time.

Hood's Sarsaparilla helps tired mothers in many ways—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, and assures restful sleep.

F. M. TEETS' BARGAIN STORE.

CHEAPEST STORE IN THE WEST!
We Have

Just Received Our New Fall Stock!

And Can Give You GREATER BARGAINS THAN EVER.

Hosiery and Underwear.

Misses' and Children's seamless ribbed hose . . . 8 1-3c
Boys' heavy ribbed double knee hose . . . 12 1-2c
Misses' and children's wool hose . . . 12 1-2c
Ladies' long sleeves under vests . . . 12 1-2c
Ladies' fleeced under vests . . . 20c, 25c, and 35c
Children's union suits . . . 20c and up
Men's heavy socks . . . 8 1-3c
Men's wool socks . . . 12 1-2c, 15c, 18c and 25c
Men's ribbed underwear . . . 25c, 35c and 50c
Men's heavy fleeced underwear . . . 48c
Boy's heavy fleeced underwear . . . 25c and 35c
COME AND SEE THESE GOODS.

Dry Goods.

Nice outing flannel . . . 45c, 6c and 8c
Canton flannel . . . 5c, 6c, and 8c
Good sateen . . . 25c and 35c

Hats and Caps.

Boys' and Men's caps . . . 10c, 15c and 25c
Boys' hats . . . 25c, 50c and 75c



Men's new Fedora hats . . . 75c, 98c and \$1.25

We Have the Cheapest Line of Tinware in Town!

If You Want Bargains in Hardware Come And See Us.

Clothing!

Special Bargains.
Boy's school suits . . . 75c, 98c, \$1.50 and up
Boys' knee pants . . . 20c and up
Men's suits . . . \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 \$7.00 and up

Shoes! Shoes!

Children's shoes . . . 65c, 75c, 98c and \$1.15



Ladies' shoes . . . 75c, 95c, \$1.25, and up
Men's heavy all leather shoes . . . 98c

Notion Bargains.

Good pins per paper . . . 1c
Good needles per paper . . . 1c
2 doz. hooks and eyes . . . 1c
Basting thread . . . 1c
Best aluminum . . . 1c
White tape . . . 1c
Sewing machine oil . . . 5c
Curling irons . . . 3c and 5c
Kid hair curlers . . . 3c and 5c
Hat pins . . . 5c doz.
Rubber fine combs . . . 3c, 5c and 8c
Good money purses . . . 5c and 10c
Ladies' pocket books . . . 10c, 15c, 25c and up
GRANDPA'S WONDER TAR SOAP . . . 5c
Castle soap . . . 1c
GOOD LAUNDRY SOAP 8 BARS FOR . . . 25c
Ladies' embroidered handkerchiefs . . . 5c
Baby's bibs . . . 3c, 5c and 10c

Bargains for All

Best wood hat racks . . . 10c
Best wood towel rollers . . . 10c
Wood salt box . . . 10c
Chair seats . . . 10c
Fire shovels . . . 5c
Egg whips . . . 1c
Potato mashers . . . 2c
Can openers . . . 2c and 5c
Toasters . . . 3c and 5c
Paring knives . . . 3c
Tack pullers . . . 3c
Tack hammers . . . 3c and 5c
Shoe blacking . . . 2c and 5c
Shoe polish . . . 8c and 10c
Shoe brushes . . . 10c, 15c, and 25c
Stove brushes . . . 10c



Scrub brushes . . . 5c and 10c
Coat and hat hooks . . . 1c



Tea strainers . . . 1c

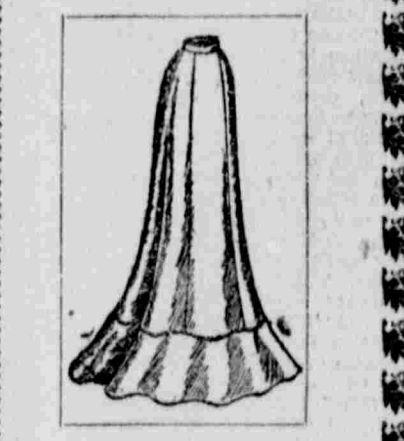
Ladies' Wrappers, Waists and Skirts.



Fleeced lined wrappers . . . 59c, 75c and 98c



Ladies' flannelette waists . . . 48c, 75c and up
Ladies' percale waists . . . 25c



Broad brilliantine skirts . . . 98c
Ladies' cloth skirts . . . \$2.50 and up
Sateen underskirts . . . 48c, 75c and 98c

Carpets and Rugs.

Yard wide hemp carpet . . . 14c
Yard wide Ingrain Carpet . . . 25c, 33c, and 45c
Brussels carpet . . . 48c, 65c, and 75c
Nice line of rugs at . . . 95c, \$1.25, \$2.00 and up

Mrs. Frank Grosvenor, No. 212 Twenty-first St., Galveston, Tex.



For three years after my marriage I felt peculiar bearing-down pains such as I had never experienced before. I tried different remedies but found it was only money wasted. I then consulted a physician who treated me for two months and then said my ovaries were diseased and that I would never get well unless I had an operation. I knew that would mean that I would never have a child and I dreaded the ordeal. I changed physicians but found this did not help me any, and I was in despair.

My sister-in-law then visited me and when I told her of my trouble she said: "If you had used common sense and Wine of Cardui you would not have been in such a plight." She had used it in her own home and it had carried her through three times when she had children. I sent for some at once and took it faithfully and now find to my great joy that it was all she claimed for it. New strength and with it new hope came back to me and it seemed as if every dose gave me new life. Within three months I was changed from a dragged-out mortal weary of life to a hearty, healthy woman full of ambition and life. No operation was needed and better than all I became the mother of a little girl, the pride and joy of the household. I have had two other children since without a particle of trouble. I am well and never take any medicine but Wine of Cardui. I only write that other poor sick women could benefit of this life-giving medicine and would take it without spending time and money on doctors, who don't care.

Mrs. Frank Grosvenor.

WINE of CARDUI

Remember the Place When You Come to the Fair and Conference.
TEETS', 54 MAIN STREET.